ArtistWhoPaints InDungeon

crawled by waffle and carthwal

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (1)

Episode 1

I became a picture.

“…….”

This is not a memorial photo, it's a real painting.

“…….”

It also fell into the middle of a cabin in the forest.

“…Should I consider it as returning to farming?”

I was treated like a possessed portrait while living a normal life, but it was fun so it was okay.

* * *

Sergio was an art teacher.

If we were to explain why he, a respectable member of society, became a portrait possessed by a ghost, it was because Sergio, unable to escape the burning school in time, was trapped in the art room and became absorbed in his own painting.

“…….”

It's true.

“If I was going to die anyway, I wanted to die in my favorite place.”

That was the art warehouse, the place where the landscape painting of the cabin in the woods was kept, the place that eventually made him a talking picture.

“As I live, I have had experiences like this.”

Geo sat on the bench and took in the scenery in the painting.

“…….”

The air is mild.

The sound of birds chirping in harmony, as if they were singing in a choir. The spring breeze is light and soft like swaying silk.

Jewel-like sunlight streaming through the lush leaves. The right temperature and the thick scent of the forest, as if soaked in dew… .

"hmm."

It was peaceful.

“Good.”

It's been about a week since I came to my senses in the cabin in this picture.

‘I’m not sure exactly how long I’ve been here because the flow of time has been so irregular…’

It's natural for a resident to inspect a new home. Geo has figured out a few little rules in this picture.

First of all, everything he draws here becomes real.

“…….”

Sergio, who was observing the apple I had drawn, put it down. The ripe apple had a nice scent.

I was proud.

'I am free from food expenses.'

As expected, I am special.

It was very welcome news to Sergio, who was a possessed portrait artist, a gourmet and a glutton.

If you draw an apple, it becomes a real apple. If you draw a bag of salt, it becomes real salt. The same goes for kitchen utensils other than food, such as pots and spatulas, and plants, such as flowers and trees.

'One thing that everyone might be wondering at this point.'

People can't draw.

I tried to draw a human being with watercolors, thinking I might be the first to do so, but all I got was a warm corpse, not a living, moving human being.

“It’s fortunate that the limits are clear.”

Geo was scared. For him, who values friendship, peace, and love, the ability to create humanity would only be detrimental.

Above all, Sergio's dream was closer to that of a building owner than a creator.

'I was relieved that I didn't have any powers that would ruin the cuteness and elegance of my life.'

And the second rule.

“…….”

Geo's gaze fell on a picture frame hanging on a wooden pole.

“Is it like a front door?”

Through the frame, Geo could see the scenery outside.

“It may be because of the importance of communication that tells us not to grow old alone.”

It was also possible to interact with reality and go outside the picture at will. Compared to the many haunted portraits Sergio knew, it had a high degree of freedom.

'It's me after all.'

Even if you become a painter, you can't go down the same path as others.

Geo was very satisfied with his uniqueness, which was unprecedented in human history. It seemed that there were not two such things in the world. If there were, it would be fate, so it was even better.

“…….”

Anyway, leaving that aside.

“…There seems to be no reason to go out into this smoky society and start a new life.”

Why bother leaving this clean area?

“In just a few years, a lot has changed from what I remember….”

It was a bitter thing to mutter at the ripe old age of 29, but that was the reality. It had already been about 30 years since the fire.

'Exactly 31 years.'

After realizing this, Geo leisurely returned to the painting. This talking potato was not confident in adapting to the new society.

“It’s probably been a long time since you were reported dead, so why would you leave here and subject yourself to some kind of biological experiment?”

I didn't want to suffer needlessly when I had this peaceful house where I didn't even have to pay for food, let alone electricity.

“I’m a little worried about the kids in my class… The world has changed so much that I don’t know how they’re all doing.”

31 years ago, when the fire happened, the Earth seemed to have turned upside down.

'Call it a catastrophe.'

From that day on, the world seemed to have changed completely.

When he saw the unbelievable sight of a businessman in a suit wielding a bow and fighting a monster as big as a house, Geo, who was extremely scared, meekly recognized his identity as a drawing.

“That might happen as you live.”

Even if this body dies and is reborn a hundred times, and my bones are not dust and my soul is still intact, I still prefer the peaceful and comfortable life of a haunted portrait to the modern society where I am at odds with monsters.

“There are many different ways of life in the world, and one of them is the life of a portrait….”

And at this point, let's discuss the third story.

"…hmm."

This forest is another ecosystem.

“Should I go collecting?”

Geo took a sturdy basket with him. He planned to bring a lot of food.

'All I drew was a two-story cabin and the forest surrounding it, but as I wandered around, I found plants and terrain features that I had never drawn before.'

It seemed like it was created based on Geo's imagination.

“…….”

Rustle.

"hi."

“Beep.”

"okay."

Geo watched as a rabbit jumped out of the bushes and rubbed against his feet.

'It's small.'

It was much smaller and rounder than the common Korean rabbits, which seemed to reflect Sergio's preference for small, harmless things.

'I like it.'

I liked the fact that it seemed like it couldn't hurt me, and that Sergio himself could win if they fought seriously.

'Is it because I, the owner of the painting, am harmless that only harmless creatures are placed there? That's a plausible guess… .'

After that, creatures that were slightly different from reality occasionally

passed by Geo.

A squirrel with round, puffy cheeks. A sparrow with fluffy feathers like it’s winter. A deer with jewel-like, clear eyes and a slender neck… .

“…….”

Geo thought.

Fourth rule.

“…Even though it’s our first meeting, he’s so kind. He must recognize me as his father.”

All beings in this picture show favor to Geo.

'Is it because I drew this place?'

Even though it was a painting, Geo was still a painter, and this world was also a work of art he created.

'It might be natural that the guys living in such a work would be friendly to me, their master.'

Geo walked in the opposite direction of the stream.

“…I’m a freeloader with nothing to do, so I’ll find a sunny spot and take a nap.”

He was on his way to the spring that was the source of this vast forest.

'It would be better if you collect some on the way.'

Sergio was still a gourmet and a glutton. He could eat as much as he wanted and sleep as much as he wanted, though he was not hungry or sleepy.

'If I eat too much, I feel bloated, or if I can't fall back to sleep right after

I've had a good night's sleep... But it seems like I'm still maintaining my basic lifestyle pattern.'

Anyway, being able to eat as much as you want was a huge advantage.

"…ah."

Geo, who was following the stream in the opposite direction, found some red, round berries.

“This would be perfect as a snack.”

It was a thin tree, barely 2m tall, with branches that were bent like overturned plates. The thin branches were full of fruits the size of beads sold at stationery stores.

The berries were spread out in a mound on long branches, and their shape was more similar to a cherry tree than a grape tree.

“If you dry it in the sun, it might have a texture similar to raisins….”

At that moment, Geo's 'system' explained the small, red fruit.

Mung bean fruit

It is red in color. It is sweet and sour, and mainly sweet. It is a spherical fruit with a diameter of 1 cm at the smallest and 2 cm at the largest.

Method of preparation: Make a paste by mixing the dried fruit into powder and the juice of the lulupu, and then make a dumpling. Dry it in a dark place for more than a week. It is a good medicine for bleeding and recovery.

“…If you could give me some notice before you come out….”

Rule number five.

“…Yeah, I guess this will take some getting used to. Time will heal the wound.”

Actually, this is the rule of this forest, but… Sergio seems to have awakened. It’s a phenomenon that appears in people with superpowers after the ‘Great Calamity’.

It was strange that the people of Earth now call those with superpowers 'hunters'.

'That's how I became a person with superpowers.'

What should I say?

“It’s like a game.”

I felt like I was dropped into a healing game of gathering and cooking.

'I guess I should say that it was fortunate that I was able to easily accept this unfamiliar environment thanks to that feeling.'

It wasn't about escaping from reality by saying that this was a game. It was just about 'being in a harmless and convenient environment like a game, so it's easy to adapt to.'

"…hmm…."

Geo reread the system and checked the basket. There was still a lot of space left.

“…Should I put in more?”

He picked the berries so hard that the bottom of the basket turned red. Then he separated the berries by making spaces between them with large, clean leaves.

It was to make space for other forage items to be placed, and thanks to that, I was able to find another herb not long after.

“What was that?”

A small flower that resembles an orchid.

Bye Bye Bye Bye

It has a light blue color. It has a soft vanilla cream scent. It is edible when boiled in hot water for 10 minutes. It blooms in the place where the forest butterfly of 'Forest of Oblivion' died. The petals resemble the wings of the forest butterfly.

Method of preparation: Blanch in hot water to remove toxicity, then dry in a dark place for 10 days. If dried on the leaves of the Dorong Dorong tree, the medicinal effect increases. If you steep the dried flowers on low heat for a day, you can use it as a medicinal tea with a good aroma. It is excellent for stopping bleeding, restoring immunity, and increasing it.

'The taste was quite different, but at least the texture was similar to well-cooked spinach.'

You might wonder what spinach with a vanilla cream flavor is, but it was surprisingly good to eat. It was good to eat as a snack after boiling it once.

'The texture is also fun because it's soft enough to be crushed like a ripe chestnut when you mash it with your tongue.'

By the way, 'dorongdorong' refers to a tree in this forest that is as plump as a baobab tree but much shorter.

The round, curled leaves are plump and sticky like water-filled balloons, and since there was a deciduous tree like this near the hut, Geo could easily obtain the leaves.

“Just in case.”

Geo continued to gather diligently. It was necessary to gather over a wide area, as not only food was needed, but also medicine for emergencies.

Geo, who continued collecting like that, arrived at the spring that was the source of the stream.

"……."

Todok.

Uruk… .

"……."

Spring water trapped in pure white tree roots, as if collecting sunlight and moonlight.

Between the springs, which sparkled as transparently as glass, there were flowers blooming as thin and beautiful as silk made of jewels. They were abundant flowers that somehow resembled lotus flowers.

"With this…."

Lulupu

A flower with a rich bud. It can only grow in clean water, and uses that water to bloom. A fully bloomed Lulupu will retain its shape even if it is broken. However, it can only extract juice from the petals if it touches warm water. It is edible, but has no taste other than a strong scent.

Method: Place the petals in warm, edible water and wait until they dissolve and release juice. Never touch the process. The resulting juice can be used with various medicines.

Available recipes: Blood balls using mandarin oranges and rurupu juice.

“If I make medicine, I’ll probably use it someday.”

Toouk.

I put the basket down.

‘I don’t think I’ll ever use it, but I was bored anyway… .’

He thought it was very suitable for new content, so he washed his hands clean in the spring water and reached out to the lulupu flower.

Geo cut the flower stem with his characteristically blunt and gloomy face. The way he handled the flower was quite delicate, unlike his dull expression.

'It would be fun to take it by the roots, but this isn't the type of plant I usually grow... . Since it's a flower made of water, I can't tell where the roots begin and end. I have to be careful because if I try to do it recklessly and the population decreases, I'll be disappointed.'

The Rurupu he picked was already a fully bloomed flower, so it didn't flow out like water. This meant that Geo had picked the flower correctly.

“It smells good.”

Geo carefully placed the flower buds into the basket.

There were about 20 flowers blooming in the spring, but I picked only three just in case. The petals themselves were so large and plentiful like lotus flowers that picking several seemed like a waste.

'The stem is quite sturdy, but is there any other way to use it? It feels like fiber, and if you tear it lengthwise into small pieces, it looks like it will peel off like threads… .'

Within, Geo had collected all the flowers.

“I think this is enough.”

Geo decided to slowly get a feel for the exact dosage while making the medicine, and put the basket of flowers back on the floor.

Then I admired the well.

“…….”

Choke,

Uruk… .

“…….”

The sound of shallow, transparent water flowing.

A clear scent from a clean spring.

The forest air feels humid.

“…Good.”

This well, which existed even though I didn't draw it, was more beautiful than I could have imagined.

The tree, already dead but still standing strong, was shining white and resembled expensive Carrara marble.

Between the trees, whose veins were so complex that the sky could be faintly seen through them, a clear spring flowed out, breaking the golden sunlight.

'It looks like pearls have been spread thinly.'

The tree's sap hardened and turned into jewels. Before it died, it secreted sap, and large, plate-shaped jewels with a pale blue tint were sticking out from the tree like mushrooms.

It was a transparent, turquoise-colored thing, like a large jeweled dish. It held sun-drenched spring water and gave off a gentle glow.

“…….”

Crunch… .

The spring water flowed sequentially along the jewel plate.

From the highest point, one by one, the jewel plates struck with a bright sound like jade beads at dawn. If you listened closely, it felt like you were hearing the song of a butterfly.

The sunlight streaming through the leaves of the forest scattered and illuminated the marble-like trees, making it feel like a temple.

“…….”

The spring water that flowed down like that collected in the roots of a dead tree, creating a shallow well.

The spring water overflowed from there and spread throughout the forest, and the surrounding area was lit up by butterflies with wings like sunlight. They looked just like fireflies.

Fireflies that can be seen even during the day.

“That’s cool.”

The spring, which had a huge tree towering high into the sky, looked like a huge pond.

‘… There is a saying that good water gives off a fragrance, but does that also apply to water this clean?’

The air surrounding this place was sweet and fragrant, as if I were lying down on a field of flowers. Perhaps the scent of the Rurupu petals was coloring the spring water.

“…….”

also….

“People should return to farming.”

Geo liked it here.

He settled down among the soft moss like a blanket and slowly took a sip of water.

* * *

“It's here.”

An art warehouse in a now forgotten abandoned school.

A man in the portrait hanging there had his eyes quietly closed.

“Look at this picture.”

“Wow, how did you stay like this without getting on?”

“It’s in good condition… Will it count as an achievement if I take this?”

“I think there is a title for the piece.”

“It even has a name? It was an item.”

Now, the last rule.

Geo became a painting.

“…….”

“It’s called ‘Portrait of Geo.’”

That much was clear.

“It’s comfortable hanging out with someone with emotional skills… But

is this really Earth-friendly?”

“Would an ordinary portrait be this clean in a closed school like this, in the mountains at that? And there’s no one to take care of it?”

“I guess that’s true.”

“Of course it’s an item that flowed in from some dungeon. There are many other dungeons nearby.”

“Anyway, I think the collectors would like it. They’re crazy about this kind of thing, aren’t they?”

While Geo was sleeping like that.

The entrance to the painting was changing randomly.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (2)

Episode 2

“Okay, then….”

A well-organized kitchen in a forest cabin filled with warm air.

“I have to eat dinner.”

Geo was preparing a meal.

“How can I be this happy without working and just eating and sleeping?”

It was the so-called happiness of being unemployed.

“It’s only now that I’m unemployed that I can finally fulfill my duty as a pig and potato… I have to sit at the dinner table for three hours.”

Sergio was a gourmet and a big eater. The life of a teacher, which required him to lead a regular, unobtrusive, and moderately savvy social life, was too harsh for him, a cultured pig.

“I’ve always thought that I want to enjoy my favorite menu alone at a time that’s convenient for me.”

Sergio nodded with his characteristically blunt expression.

“This is the life of farming….”

I don't know if this is really the realm of farming, but that's what it was.

Above all, Sergio, who looks like he was carved from an Arctic glacier but is from a mountain village in Gangwon Province, has been waiting for the right time to return to farming ever since he came to Seoul.

“I lost my job and became a portrait artist to fulfill my dream of living in the countryside. Is life really a hurricane?”

It was so unexpected and fun. I guess a real hurricane wouldn't be fun though.

“Then let’s keep it simple today….”

Geo took out the ingredients while leaving the lantern hanging above, its flame flickering even in the wind.

sweet potato.

“…….”

A huge sweet potato.

Geo blinked twice as if thinking about today's daily bread, and soon came to a conclusion.

“…Should I try making honey-sweet potato stir-fry?”

Sometimes, when the elders sent me sweet potatoes, I would often make this dish. All I needed was a little honey, salt, sweet potatoes, and butter. Nothing else was needed.

Fortunately, all these materials were in the cabin. Just like the wooden spring that existed without any thought, the furniture and food inside the cabin were also piled up together.

Sergio was particularly impressed by the fact that ingredients that remained in their best condition even after several days, which was a characteristic of the world of paintings, were very popular.

"hmm…."

Dalgrak.

Geo took his jar of honey from the cedar-scented cupboard.

“…The dairy was in the basement.”

Dairy products like milk, cheese, and butter, as well as other basic foods that required refrigeration, were all stored in the cabin's basement storage room.

The warehouse, which was sealed on all sides with transparent ice and kept the air cool, served as an excellent refrigerator. When you entered, you could almost feel your breath, but thanks to the evolution into a haunted portrait, you didn't feel the cold.

'Moderately cool.'

Seeing that other food ingredients didn't freeze at all, I wondered why my breath was coming out.

“It’s a phenomenon that completely ignores the laws of physics… but it’s funny, so that’s okay.”

As he descended the stairs to the cellar carrying a small bowl and knife, a door made of wood as cold and heavy as metal appeared before him.

As soon as I opened the door, I saw a few small jars and a large shelf clumsily arranged inside the ice cave.

'The last time I checked, there seemed to be a variety of types.'

He leafed through the butter on the shelf.

“I would like a butter with a mild flavor.”

Among the sweetening ingredients, honey was a particularly strong-smelling ingredient. Sweet potatoes and honey alone would be enough, but if the butter flavor was also strong, it could be a bit overwhelming.

Sergio found a piece of butter of a pale yellow color among the various types and cut it into small pieces.

“If you put too much in, it will feel greasy….”

Geo took out just enough butter to use in this dish, wrapped it neatly in wrapping paper, closed the storage room door carefully, and went back up to the kitchen.

Sergio's cooking skills were excellent, otherwise the gourmet would never have thought of cooking for himself.

“The child is refreshing.”

Geo cleaned the sweet potatoes with his skilled hands. He wondered how to divide them.

“…For now….”

He blinked twice and cut the sweet potatoes into long rectangular pieces. They were sticks of appropriate length.

“…Because there aren’t that many sheep.”

Geo processed 17 large sweet potatoes.

The iron plate with the small sweet potatoes on it went straight into the oven. The oven, which was already preheated, quickly cooked the outside of the sweet potatoes.

When the outside was crispy but the inside was completely uncooked due to the intense heat, Geo took them out of the oven.

Those sweet potatoes, which were cooked on the outside but raw on the inside, were placed on top of a large wok.

“Butter and salt here.”

I kept the heat low so that the butter wouldn't burn, and sprinkled a little salt on top. The sweet potatoes, which were cooked little by little over a low heat, were coated with butter and gave off a sweet and savory aroma.

“And a little honey….”

Chewing gum—.

“Put it in.”

Geo quickly turned the wok, gently spreading the honey he had scooped out with a spoon. The honey and butter, mixed with great force like Chinese fried rice, settled on top of the sweet potatoes.

“…….”

At this point, I thought it was enough.

"good."

Geo turned off the heat and turned the pan a few more times. This was to help the butter and honey blend together without sticking to the outside.

If this process had not been followed, butter would have separated and runny fat, and honey would have tasted like an unpleasant, sticky monster.

‘That might taste good too, but…’

Of course, when cooking, you have to pay attention to texture. Even if it's the same taste, the texture can make it a completely different dish.

“…Okay.”

Geo put the finished honey-sweet potato stir-fry into a bowl and immediately put the dirty wok in water.

'No matter how foolish humans are, I will not repeat the same mistakes.'

Dried and stuck to the pan, the honey mixed with butter was said to be possessed by the devil's spirit and tested the patience of good men like Sergio.

Anyway, this was his dinner menu today.

“Good.”

Stir-fried sweet potatoes with honey is not difficult to cook, and is a great dish to make as a snack or as a meal.

Sitting at the wooden table, Geo poked at a sweet potato stick with a fork. The outside was shiny like a candy sweet potato, but the honey coating, much more delicate, had a complex flavor due to the addition of butter.

“…….”

The fork went into the sweet potato smoothly, so it seemed to be cooked very well. Geo put the sweet potato in his mouth as is.

“…….”

well….

He came to a conclusion.

“Mahita.”

It was just plain delicious.

‘I like this better than candy. My grandmother said the same thing…’

Unlike candy that makes you poke the roof of your mouth when you eat it, this honey-sweet potato stir-fry had a soft exterior. It only had a smooth and soft texture thanks to the honey and butter mixed in.

It was a dish that gave a different kind of enjoyment from candy that had a crunchy texture.

'Sweet potatoes and honey are a great combination.'

And it was a set that went well with butter and salt.

The butter added to the honey flavor, which could have been a little simple, giving it a different richness, and a little salt balanced out the dish, which could have easily become too rich or sweet.

“I think it would have been nice to add some herbs to this.”

I thought it would be okay to add commonly used spices like pepper, parsley, or rosemary.

“But then the scent will be a bit stronger. It might be hard to enjoy it lightly.”

Geo liked it this way.

'I just like the texture too.'

The surface of the sweet potatoes, which had been stripped of moisture in the oven, still retained their crispiness even after rolling around in honey and butter.

In contrast, the inside of the sweet potato, which was not ripe at all, seemed moist and ripe thanks to the coating of honey and butter.

'The moisture inside must have been trapped by the strong heat of the

oven. You did a good job of baking the outside first until it was crispy.'

It's fun to eat it by cutting it into an elongated shape, and you can feel the variety of textures.

If you eat too much, you'll feel full, but this amount was enough to enjoy the meal. Geo is a big eater after all.

“…….”

Geo thought as he looked at the bowl with only a faint hint of honey butter sauce left.

'As expected, Naran Potato is a wonderful potato.'

I didn't want to eat that much because I was about to fall asleep, but this menu was just right.

“I like it.”

The lantern light placed on the table gave off a soft glow. It had a very analogical feel, and when I looked at it closely, I felt nostalgic even though it wasn't my hometown.

“It would be perfect to use when camping.”

Geo stayed like that for a long time in a comfortable sense of fullness that seemed to encourage him to fall asleep. Feeling the laziness of the empty bowl that was empty but not lacking, and the soft voice of the lantern that further softened the air… .

Soon, Geo's gaze turns to the window where the spring breeze shyly greets him.

“…….”

Geo, who had been looking outside at the dark place a while ago, soon got up from his seat.

“…It would be better to prepare the herbs in advance.”

It was to make a medicine related to bleeding that the system had told me about.

For some reason, it doesn’t seem like the day will come when I can write, but creating these pieces one by one and accumulating them is a kind of joy for the artist. It’s a kind of collection.

“First, let’s wash the goji berries and lay them out to dry. It’ll take quite a while to dry them thoroughly enough to make powder. They’re so big, it’ll probably take longer than making raisins….”

He almost fell asleep for a moment, but his mind started to work quickly, perhaps because of the sugar he had consumed.

“Let’s start with about 50 for later. There are only three flowers, so even if they don’t produce much juice, if we grind them into powder, we can still use them later.”

Geo, having reached a conclusion, moved.

He washed the fruit clean with drinking water he had previously brought from the stream. The goby fruit was quite elastic, and when it was put into the water, the inside was faintly visible.

“…It kind of resembles a gooseberry.”

Of course, the difference was clear in the case of the goji berry, which was completely filled with flesh inside.

Geo continued his pointless thoughts and washed away all the berries.

“…….”

Ppop.

“Good.”

The bright red bead-shaped berries soaked in clear, clean stream water. It felt better than expected to hear them being wiped clean by Geo's hands and making a refreshing sound.

After washing all the berries, he placed them on a wooden tray.

“You might get bored, so let’s pack some snacks too.”

Even though it was evening now, the fruit would have been better dried if it had been placed outside in a well-ventilated and bright place.

Geo placed the tray with the fruit spread out right in front of the hut.

"and…."

Entering the house, he approached the wood-burning stove.

'We don't need fire now.'

Knock, knock.

Geo shook the grass with the round ball on it.

Then, a small, dull noise rang out from inside the fruit, and a fire burst into flames. It was a small but strong fire, so it was blue in color. A faint fragrance was slowly rising from it.

It was just nice to look at, like a bonfire burning in winter.

“…….”

Geo threw it onto the firewood in the brazier and lit it.

Drop of water flower

It is an inedible flower that blooms black balls instead of the usual petals. If you shake the flower while it is still in the ball shape before it fully blooms, the stamens and pistils will collide and catch fire.

However, since it only catches fire when it is moved up and down strongly, it rarely catches fire spontaneously.

It means a substitute for a lighter or matches.

“…It’s light and pretty, so if this was sold on Earth, it would be a huge hit as an emotional camping product….”

Geo, who was muttering about worldly greed with a blunt face, rummaged through his basket. Then he took out ten Baibamnil flowers that looked like orchids.

I lightly washed that too, placed it on a small plate, placed a pot on the brazier, and poured water into it. Then I waited until it boiled.

“…I think this will suffice.”

Geo, who confirmed that the water was bubbling moderately, poured in the Vanilla. It had a deep, sweet scent unique to vanilla.

Pong, popong!

"hmm…."

If you want to eat it like a vegetable, it would be better to soak it for a while and then take it out, but this flower is not a vegetable. If it is not properly blanched, it can even remain toxic.

'It takes a total of 10 minutes for the poison to leave.'

Geo faithfully followed the system's instructions. He ate the goby fruit that he had set aside for a moment, waiting for the poison to leave the flower.

“Is it okay?”

Sergio checked the time on the system and stood in front of the pot again after 10 minutes.

He placed the drooping flowers on a plate with long chopsticks. Even though they had been boiled for quite some time, their shape remained intact. He washed the flowers, which had been blanched once, in clean water and left them for a while.

Geo didn't turn off the fire in the weakened brazier, but only replaced the pot on top. The water left over from boiling the Baibamnil would still be poisonous.

“I need to stop this too.”

Geo went back outside, carrying a tray with flowers on it.

Let's open the door like that.

“…….”

Phew… .

A gentle spring breeze blew.

“…It’s cool.”

The texture and temperature of lukewarm clouds gently wrapping around my face.

It was a pleasant breeze.

'Soft and cool.'

Geo blinked his eyes slowly in the hazy wind that strangely made his heart pound and made him feel a little sleepy.

'I wish I could just fall asleep like this.'

The wind, neither hot nor cold, was soft like fine Korean paper or silk and tickled my fingertips.

“…….”

Geo, who enjoyed the small happiness that came unexpectedly, soon started moving his feet.

“…I hope it dries well.”

Geo returned home, lining up the berries and flower baskets. There were already two baskets in front of the house, but there was still more to be done.

This time, what Geo caught was a transparent flower named Rurupu.

“…….”

How should I do this? Geo, who was having trouble thinking, perhaps because he was under a lot of stress, asked the system for help.

“The law of the abbreviation.”

Method: Place the petals in warm, edible water and wait until they dissolve and release juice. Never touch the process. The resulting juice can be used with various medicines.

Available recipes: Blood balls using mandarin oranges and rurupu juice.

"thank you."

Geo, who had expressed his gratitude to the system, poured water into the newly replaced pot.

The cold water poured into the heated pot and the temperature became lukewarm. When I put my hand directly over the water, the steam rising slowly made it look quite warm.

'You said warm water, not hot water, so I think this temperature should be just right.'

Thinking so, Geo held the flower he had brought from the well in his hand.

The Lulupu flowers, which seemed to be made of water but were woven like silk and strong, had a clear and sweet fragrance like dewdrops made of honey.

Let’s carefully put it into the pot… .

“…….”

The sparkle of the petals, like the Milky Way, spread throughout the water in the pot.

“…Apparently, Lulupu’s sparkle is caused by scattering light from sunlight or lighting.”

Was it because I was trapping the bright sunlight or the bright light on my body? It felt like watching ice made with glitter melt in warm water.

"…oh."

Soon the sparkling subsided and the water in the pot took on a more distinct aroma.

A capitalistic thought suddenly crossed his mind that it might sell well if made into perfume, but Geo scooped out the contents before the water had even boiled away.

'I almost was late.'

The flower water that was scooped out like that went into a glass bottle that had been prepared in advance.

“It may not seem like much at first glance, but this is what it takes to make medicine.”

Even though the Lulupu juice was simply dissolved in water, it had an

enchanting glow, like paint that an artist had poured his soul into. I wondered if this could really be made into a medicine.

“…….”

Well, there's nothing you can't do if you try. That's just how life is.

“Even a perfectly living human being can become a portrait possessed by a ghost, so it’s not like it’s impossible to make a potion with a strange color.”

After finishing all the grooming, Geo went up to the second floor of the cabin. The sleepiness that had been tickling his eyelids for a while was arousing his sleep.

The wooden steps that touched my feet felt warm somewhere. Although they were clearly made of solid wood, they had a strangely soft texture, and the wood seemed to be good, as it gave off a comforting scent here and there.

The bed in the bedroom that came up that way was soft, as if it was made of water.

"ha…."

Phew—.

I just dug into the bed.

“…….”

His eyes, which had been blinking a couple of times as if he was organizing the day's work, soon closed quietly like a child being caressed in his parents' arms.

A breeze carrying the scent of the forest blew in through the wide-open windows, and the gentle wind passed over my entire body cautiously, as if it were shy. Once on my forehead, once on my fingertips, once on

my knees…

The sight is dark and distant. In the meantime, the cries of birds that woke up in the evening are faintly fading away.

“…….”

The soft singing of the insects is a lullaby.

Geo fell asleep.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (3)

Episode 3 A famous auction house. “Huh…?” “Why, what’s going on?” “W-just now… this painting seems to have moved.” “How lame.” One of the managers snorted. “There’s no way an ordinary portrait would be up for auction at this place. It must have been an item from some dungeon.” “Ah…” “They say the place it was discovered was an art warehouse in an abandoned school, but since its origin is unknown, the price will be significantly lower. It’ll be out early in Part 1, so prepare in advance.” “Yes, sir.” Despite the reassuring words of his superior, the employee’s expression was not good. He looked at the portrait in front of him with a sense of unease. “……” Just now. I think our eyes met. “…I hope it’s not an item that inflicts a curse…” It must have already passed the safety inspection, but the world was wide and there were many items. It was thanks to its mystery that its origin and function were not properly revealed by the appraisal skill that it was able to come to this auction house, but because of that, the employee felt ominous. “Don’t horror movies usually start like this? Something ominous and the people around them who aren’t paying attention… It’s just like that.” He just hoped he wouldn’t be the first victim to die there. “Ugh, it’s scary.” “……” The ‘Portrait of Geo’ was silently watching him. He closed his eyes. * * * 31 years ago. Earth was destroyed. When that commonplace introduction became reality, all science fiction movies disappeared from Earth from that day on. People being dragged into another dimension and torn to pieces by unreasonable rules or monsters crawling out of gaps in pitch-black dimensions felt much more realistic than movies. “Crazy…!” “Excuse me, but are you filming a movie?” “Is it a movie, damn it?!” And then, as if they had

been waiting, the superpowered people appeared. “Uh… Isn’t this a game window?” “Wow, that popped up for me too.” “What did it say? I was awakened as a priest?” “I don’t have anything like that… It just shows the skill list. But if you’re a priest, do you have a religion?” “Yes, I’m a Christian. Is that how it’s decided?” “I don’t know that either…?” They changed the map of the Earth. “Ah, damage…! What are you doing if you’re not dealing damage!!” “How can you deal damage when Hyung is blocking the front…!” “Are you kidding me?! Then the tank is blocking the front, not the back?!” “Wow, this attack is set…” “Huh…!” They hunted monsters as if they were really playing a game. This phenomenon, defined as ‘awakening,’ appeared randomly to some people, and no matter how much I studied it, there were no exact rules or standards. The only thing that those who were awakened had in common was that a system window popped up like they were playing a game. Of course, that doesn’t mean that hunting monsters was as easy as playing a game. “……” “…Hey, take care of the remains. Even if there’s no body, we should hold a funeral.” “Our team’s damage dealer disappeared… I’m losing energy. How old did you say he was?” “18 years old. I said with my own mouth that I want to go back to high school.” “Is the country going crazy to drag a kid who wants to study out of school?” “What can I do? If I just awaken, I can act like a 10-year-old...” “Well, if I’m an 18-year-old dealer, I’m a nobleman.” “……” “Shit.” The number of so-called ‘Awakened Ones’, ‘Hunters’ who hunt monsters, was always small, so it was difficult for them to escape ‘death from overwork.’ In the face of the changes taking place on a global scale, which was in the midst of a transitional period, individual lives were treated as mere numbers. However, the Republic of Korea was a country that quickly suppressed chaos around the world, centered around three heroes. In an instant, they built a foundation by going through upheaval after upheaval. “Honey, can you call me? Yerin awakened...” As a result, the citizens of the organized city began to feel relaxed. “The teachers told me that she awakened at kindergarten today.” [Huh? Yerin? Oh my… Does she

have a job? What are her skills? [What rank?] “I don’t know, Yerin said she doesn’t have a job and her skill is D-rank. I think we’ll have to go to the center to find out for sure.” [Then let’s not make Yerin a hunter. Ask her what she wants to do, and if she says no, don’t make her a hunter.] “I thought that would be good too. Okay, thanks, I’ll hang up.” The name of the dimension became ‘Dungeon’, and the ‘Awakened’ who simply awakened their abilities and the ‘Hunters’ who had a job to hunt monsters were distinguished, and a system was established with guilds and centers. “Yeah, just because a child awakened doesn’t mean they have to be a hunter.” “Mom, do I catch monsters…? It’s scary… I don’t want to do that.” “No, it’s okay. Our Yerin doesn’t have to catch monsters.” At some point, the Awakened began to have different jobs. The Awakened, who had powers that were qualitatively different from those of ordinary people, had been under strict management by the country, but in just 31 years, after experiencing various incidents and changing the government dozens of times, the treatment of the Awakened improved. For those who awakened below C-class, the range of job choices was also much wider. “Wow, that person must be a Hunter.” “He’s definitely a Hunter because he’s wearing the guild emblem.” “Wow… Who is that? I’m seeing him for the first time. Is he a rookie? Have you seen him on TV?” “The black wings are really cool. Hey, that’s a real Hunter.” “I heard that flying skill is so rare….” “That person’s life is on fire.” And just like that, the admiration for Hunters grew even bigger. “I want to be a Hunter when I awaken.” “Hey, I don’t really do dangerous things.” “But it’s cool. They make a lot of money and are popular.” In the end, they were treated like some kind of celebrity. “……..” “Uh… Hey, hey, I guess you heard. Let’s go.” “I, I just did it because it was nice to see you. I’m sorry…” Whether the Hunters wanted it or not, that was the way the world went. “…Haa…” Some Hunters were tired of the excessive attention directed at them. “Are we soldiers or idols…? Why do we get so many requests to come up and take pictures? Are we going to dance on stage like this? In other countries, this kind of thing would be unthinkable.” “Last

time, our new recruit came into our room as a sasaeng. Does that make sense? No, I'm not worried about the hunters getting their throats cut off. What the heck is this… Hunters are supposed to hunt monsters, not manage fans." "Popularity depends on popularity. Isn't this obstruction of business? You're worrying too much. I came here to catch monsters, not to show off in front of the public. Korea's perception of hunters is too shallow. This needs to change." There were also opposing opinions. "Huh, I like it. And as for the sasaengs… Are you looking down on celebrities?" "That's not what I meant." "Come on, let's not fight. It's better to be popular than not to be. I'm not advocating sasaengs or obstruction of business, but… If we organize things, there will be less inconveniences." "Yes, the association will take care of that part. If you find it inconvenient, you can file a complaint." In that way, the perception of hunters went beyond superpowered people, monsters, and soldiers to celebrities. As time passed, this perception became fixed, and at least for the people of the city, monsters and dungeons were reduced to the same level of disaster. This means that they were perceived as being on the same level as fires that firefighters could put out. And one of the three major guilds that emerged in South Korea. "Guild leader." "Yes, go ahead." "Even though we have a name like Collectors…" The third-ranked guild in Korea, 『Collectors』. "Isn't this a bit much?" "Isn't it too insulting to tell a collector not to collect?" "Do you know how much money you spent to buy this portrait?" "I'm buying my stuff with my own money, so why are you doing this?" The guild leader there, 'Collector' Bisabal. A middle-aged man smiled thinly. He looked like a polite gentleman, but his smile had an aftertaste that was somewhat unkempt. "This is a piece that even the association president coveted. What do you think? Isn't it surprising?" "Are you talking about the association president? That's definitely surprising." "A person whose hobby is nothing but raising monsters, let alone collecting, has called this piece 2000." "2000..." The 2000 mentioned here did not mean 20 million won, but 200 billion won. Even if it wasn't in the tens of billions, it was by no

means a small amount. “…My appraisal skills are lacking, so I cannot know the true value of this piece. I apologize for my hasty judgment.” “The collector got scolded for collecting a lot, but of course that would be possible if he didn’t know the situation.” “Thank you for your understanding. Then what function does this portrait have?” “I don’t know either.” “That’s nonsense...” There are three major factors that are important when evaluating a hunter. A ‘job’ that allows you to intervene in the rules of the world just by existing. An ‘aptitude skill’ that is basically innate the moment you awaken like a stone grabber. A ‘level’ that tells you the proficiency of your job and all skills. If you want to hear about your specific job and other skills you can learn, you’ll need to get help from the center, but for now, the Hunter’s rank is comprehensively evaluated by these three and indicated by the so-called ‘system’. ‘And…’ Bisabal was a person who became an S-class Hunter with only one skill, ‘Appraisal’, which was his aptitude skill. ‘A work that someone like that couldn’t figure out? What kind of bad joke is this?’ The Collector simply smiled as if he was happy, as if he didn’t know the employee’s feelings of great embarrassment. “That’s why I want it even more.” The unique thing about ‘Collectors’, one of the three major guilds in Korea, was that all of its members had appraisal skills. And Bisabal, the leader of the guild, had appraisal skills that were so excellent that they could be said to be the best in the entire world. For Bisabal to have a work whose exact function was unknown. “I think I understand why the Chairman of the Association called it 2000.” It was even creepy. ‘… Maybe it’s because of my mood, but the atmosphere of the work is a bit heavy. Even though it’s just a portrait of one person…’ The office worker guild member nodded. “It seems like a piece more suited for study than appreciation.” “Isn’t that why the chairman coveted it so much? In the end, I won.” “If you’ve said everything you wanted to say, I’ll take my leave now. Getting involved in a whale fight isn’t my hobby.” “I don’t know how all our guild members are so chic.” “I think it’s the guild master’s karma for gathering such people.” “It’s sad.” The guild member left the office in

disgust at Bisabal, who was smiling broadly without any sadness at all. He looked like he had come to deliver documents and had been mistreated. “…….” Bisabal, who was left alone, used his psychic powers to hold the portrait and headed to the elevator hidden in the office. “…….” The elevator, which was so narrow that only three people could fit on it, descended very deep. It was the warehouse of the ‘Collector’ guild, which the government had designated as a prohibited area. Only authorized employees or customers were allowed to enter. In short, it was a gallery just for Bisabal. “…….” The warehouse that had arrived like that. “Haaah….” Bisabal let out a sigh of overwhelming emotion. Bisabal’s large hand, which was tightly holding his entire lower body, bulged with joy and satisfaction. “Good.” His snake-like bright yellow eyes sparkled with fanatic obsession. Bisabal’s collection warehouse was his personal space. Instead of the guild members simply displaying the items they brought from dungeons or overseas, he, the guild master, personally purchased them and displayed them. Bisabal’s collection warehouse was filled with dangerous works and items. “Very good.” Bisabal, who could not give up his artwork, did his best to install all safety measures, and the government, which recognized his efforts and achievements, often entrusted him with problematic items. “This place would be good.” This ‘Portrait of Geo’ that Bisabal purchased this time was the same. Click. “Excellent.” It was a painting of a man. Pale skin that goes well with the blunt and gloomy impression. Black hair that doesn’t show any light. And yet, rather than being droopy and gloomy, the atmosphere is sharp and cool, and this restrained arrogance… . Even the peaceful forest scenery that goes well with him. “Who did he draw?” It was a portrait that made one wonder about both the artist who drew the picture and the model who became the work. “If this were just human skill, it would be amazing. Even if it wasn’t, it would be the same. It really seems to contain a living human being…” At that moment. “…….” “…….” The man in front of him. The pale portrait opened its eyes and looked at Bisabal. “…….” Bisabal held his breath. “…….” As

if even his organs and muscles were captured by something huge, he couldn't say anything. "……." … What is this? 'What is this?' It was black. It was all black. It was a bottomless pit where the white and the black were divided, but the boundary was impossible to distinguish. The center was so deep that it was impossible to fathom. It was a shadow. And the night sky. And… . "……." Did it resemble the universe? 'Black.' Deep. Colorful. Like life where warmth and cold coexist. "……." The blood vessels and bonds of fate spread out inside. Bisabal unconsciously put his hand on the pitch-black eyes of the man in the painting… . "……." "……." Soon, the portrait. "…Oh." It closed its eyes. "Oh my." At that moment, Bisabal instinctively felt that he had hit an unexpected jackpot. "This isn't an ordinary painting, is it?" It felt really good. * * * "……." Meanwhile, the man in the painting, Geo, was nervous. "Hmm…." With a rare expression of disgust, he quietly stepped back and looked at the picture frame hanging on the tree. It was none other than the frame he had called the 'front door.' Geo muttered in frustration upon confirming that the only entrance was blocked. "For someone like me, it's an ordinary painting." He was a little desperate, to the point where he unconsciously made an excuse that no one would hear. '… Is this a threat to life? I thought it wouldn't happen in this peaceful cabin, but things in the world don't always go as planned. It really is a harsh world.' Before making the potion in earnest, Geo, who was trying to check out the outside world, noticed that his picture frame was being moved somewhere. He checked occasionally and it seemed to be up for auction. And the last place he arrived at was none other than a huge warehouse… . '… Or rather, should I call it a gallery or a museum?' Judging from the completely white building and the well-made interior, he could tell that only very carefully selected works were being exhibited. It seemed to be a gallery that received a lot of love from its owner. And the more he poured his love into it, the more troubled Geo became when his only front door was taken away. "Now I'm committing trespassing every time I go outside. Why did this happen to me, a model student who

goes to bed early and wakes up early? Is it because I didn't brush my teeth last night?" Geo had already surprised an employee by saying that he would go outside for a bit. I've never died, but I still didn't want to be burned at the stake for being a haunted portrait. "If the portrait is ruined, I don't know what will happen to this world of paintings…" The Earth must have gotten stronger over the past 31 years. It was a world too harsh and rough for the timid and weak Gangwon-do-san potato Sergio to survive. "It's dangerous outside the blankets." Geo once again acknowledged his identity as a portrait and vowed to stay here. The very next day, when he thought he had to be more careful than before in order to survive in this harsh world, risking the honor of the haunted portrait. "Hello." "……." From beyond the wooden frame, the red-haired man I saw yesterday was leaning over. "Oh." It wasn't really meant to be discriminatory or degrading, but Geo's own cornea spoke objectively and without any selfish intentions. Those bright yellow eyes, resembling reptiles, were creepy. I don't know why, but they even sparkled. Why, really? But I didn't want to understand. It was too harsh a worry for Geo, who had come out of the yard, expecting only a refreshing morning. "Good morning, sir. I don't know if it's a good morning, a good afternoon, or a good evening, but it's a good morning for us humans. Did you sleep well, sir?" "……." "I think I was too rude yesterday. Do you have any intention of talking to me? What is your name? I think it's Geo, since you said 'Portrait of Geo' from what I can tell…." "……." "Sir? Are you listening? You keep opening and closing your eyes, which is very tantalizing for me, who is thirsty for conversation. You seem to have an excellent skill at manipulating people." Damn the gods of heaven and earth. 'Since this is the first person to talk to me in 31 years, something good will surely happen tomorrow. However, even considering that, a truly unacceptable misfortune has befallen me.' Modern society, this scary child. Geo hoped that the person on the other side of the picture frame would maintain an appropriate distance and give him the appropriate amount of attention. '… It's burdensome… .' Sergio, the potato, was simply

intimidated by the man who didn't hide his vast energy. Of course, he was grateful that there was someone who talked to this loner. It didn't feel like 31 years, but it was still a long time since he had a chance to communicate. 'The fact that the other person seems quite friendly tells me that this is a good situation.' But still… "Teacher? Are you there? Teacher? If I came empty-handed, I can prepare whatever you want." "……." "Hmm, I guess I have to offer a sacrifice…. What kind of sacrifice do you usually get in this case? The most common cases would be a sinful human or a completely innocent human…. The latter is too hard to get…." "……." "I guess I'll have to contact the prison after a long time. In this day and age, saving a sinful human is a piece of cake. How many would it take?" Oh. 'It's hard.' Even as a mountain village idol, Geo was not prepared to communicate with this person.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (4)

Episode 4

Rustle… .

“…….”

Long, pale hands, caressing the finely dried flower petals in the color of azure.

It was Geo.

"hmm."

He was making medicine.

“It looks like it’s all dried up by now.”

It has been 11 days since the ripened Baibamnil flowers were dried on the leaves of the Dorong Dorong tree.

The flowers, dried out in the warm wind and sunlight, had almost no scent. It felt different from the strong scent that had flowed out when they were first boiled in water to remove the poison.

“If I put it back in water, will it smell?”

Sergio muttered softly and placed the dried flowers one by one in a sterilized glass bottle.

“I wonder if boiling this in tea would make a good medicine for stopping

bleeding… No matter how I look at it, this is just flower tea.”

Geo's eyes turned to another tray. It was a tray where dried gourds were kept.

“…….”

In just 11 days, the dried goji berries, which were as dry as raisins, had strangely turned a deep yellow color.

“It seems like the longer I dry this, the stronger the scent becomes.”

In terms of the degree of fragrance, the goby fruit and the baibamenil were polar opposites. The goby fruit's fragrance became stronger as it dried, while the baibamenil's fragrance became weaker.

“…….”

Geo's eyes blinked twice quickly as he calculated what he had to do next.

“…It’ll still be a long time before it’s dry enough to be powdered.”

Dude, it's so moist.

“You deserve to be my colleague, a crispy-on-the-outside, soft-on-the-inside French fries.”

He coolly gave up the goji berries and took only the bibamnil with him and went into the hut.

The system explained that the herbal tea of Vivamnil is very helpful for hemostasis and immunity. It did not tell me exactly how much and at what temperature to take it.

'Do I think I can do it on my own? This guy called System seems to trust me too much, so I shouldn't do that. I'm just a potato from Gangwon-do...'

In that sense, Geo decided to try his hand at tea. Sergio, the wonderful potato, was also talented in tea ceremony.

"…hmm…."

Geo paused for a moment as he placed the glass bottle containing flowers on the table.

"……."

He stood there blankly, as if his computer was rebooting, then he opened his mouth.

“I don’t think there was any tea.”

Teapot.

Simply put, a teacup.

"yes?"

To put it more clearly, it means a teapot and teacups. Sergio, who was interested in gastronomy, knew a lot about tea and tea utensils.

First, we have a teapot for pouring tea leaves, a teacup for pouring the steeped tea, a cooling bowl for cooling the tea, and a discard bowl for pouring the tea and collecting only the scent. There were various types of tea utensils.

Among them, Geo decided to make only teapots and teacups.

“Let’s go to the studio.”

Luckily, Geo had the ability to turn his drawings into real objects.

“To have superpowers at this age… Even the most socially jaded adult can become a magical girl if they keep a childlike side of their heart.”

A 29-year-old man said.

“I am a nice potato.”

In the beautiful name of friendship, peace, and love, Geo honorably ignored the extraordinary changes in my life.

'The direction I go is the path.'

Even if it's a derailed roller coaster.

Perhaps out of consideration for him who lived so thoughtlessly, this world helped Geo in various ways. The structure of the cabin, its furniture, and its living arrangements were the same, and there was even a studio, reflecting Sergio’s taste as he continued to paint various works after becoming a teacher.

Geo went up to the second floor and headed to the workshop that took up half of that floor.

“Where should I look….”

He sat in front of an easel with a canvas on it. There were various paints and brushes in shapes familiar to Geo.

“What should I draw and how should I draw it?”

What Geo had to draw was a teapot. It was to hold a cup of vanilla-scented Vivamnil flower tea.

If the price is the same, it is called a red skirt. Since it doesn't cost more to draw it elaborately, Geo was quite absorbed in his thoughts.

“…….”

About 10 minutes passed like that. After a while, Geo, who was standing in front of the canvas, opened his mouth.

“…A car with a pretty color will come out.”

His unique, calm tone flowed out as if he was coaxing the students.

“I’d like white porcelain.”

What makes a good teapot? Geo, who had drunk tea with a serious mind several times before, knew the answer.

First, it must be pleasing to the eye.

“As white as a sheet of paper.”

Second, it has to be comfortable in your hand.

“So that there is stability….”

Third, it must be in harmony with the tea.

“I need to get a clean color.”

Although Geo is not a great craftsman, he is good enough to enjoy his own small world of gourmet food.

Since it was a precious flower tea that was made with so much effort, I wanted to use a good teapot to brew it.

“…….”

He chose a fine-grained white paint, a dense color like whipped cream.

The cabin's workshop was like an old pharmacy, with all sorts of materials hidden in small drawers. Among them were seashells that were as white as porcelain, which Geo ground up and made into paint.

Paint made from shells that should be on the water's edge. A pure white teacup painted with that paint. With that teacup, we are given sky-blue flower petals... .

"okay."

Good.

“It sounds good.”

I liked it.

“It will look just like a pond filled with the roots of a well. That will do.”

His hand moved.

And following that gesture, Geo's eyes moved as if licking the canvas.

“…….”

Since I'm going to make blue tea, I'd like the color to be warm rather than cool.

Warming up the body is affected by both actual and visual temperature. He wanted to drink warm tea.

“…….”

This teacup must have been made with hands as fine as silk.

She must have hummed and turned the potter's wheel on a leisurely spring day, moving her soft and slow hands so that not a single fingerprint would be left on the moist white soil.

The person who shaped the clay must have had a warm smile on his face that made the onlookers feel at ease.

“…….”

The handle is heavy and smooth, as it will be lifted with a light and affectionate heart. The handle, which extends sideways for easy grip, is like ivory. It gives off such a warm light.

The ends are rounded. The body is also rounded. The surface is so smooth that you can't find any sharp edges. They would have gently

stroked the moist clay, cleaned up the inside, and baked it in a hot kiln.

What should I call you?

“…….”

You are a clean sheet of paper, without any lines or curves. That is good for making tea.

The glaze resembles clear stream water without any trace. It is as if it has been soaked in that clear water 100 times and then taken out, and the pure white porcelain is meticulously covered with a glossy glaze, as if transparent stars have been melted and covered.

My round teacup, baked in the kiln once more… .

“…….”

The moment when you draw a shadow and give it weight.

“…….”

Bam, right?

It falls on Geo's lap.

“…….”

Dalgrak.

Light and transparent sound.

‘It’s solid, but….’

He put down his brush and held the teapot in his hand. The feeling it gave on his palm was like a child searching for his father.

"okay."

So in the end, I really liked the fact that it was light like a cloud and soft like cotton.

* * *

It was really nice to be able to actually make the drawings.

'Convenient.'

Geo enjoyed his tea leisurely.

The teapot, made with paint instead of clay and glaze, satisfied Geo. It went very well with the blue tea water flowing gently from the Baibamnil.

'Because it is such a dense white color, it harmonizes well with the creamy, soft scent of flowers.'

The grip felt stable in the hand holding it. It seemed like there was no way I would miss it unless someone ran at me like a bull and kicked me with a soccer kick.

“Good.”

It was a tea that was not sweet at all, but the flavor was so blatantly sweet that I thought it would go well with cookies later.

'How about making iced tea with fruit and sugar? Or it would go really well with milk tea, it has a strong creamy flavor… .'

I don't have an oven, but I do have a stove and some flour in the warehouse, so I'll try making cookies someday. As the old saying goes, the more you eat, the better.

'It doesn't sound plausible that this helps with hemostasis and immunity.'

Geo looked a little puzzled.

“Has my body changed?”

Sergio was originally a person who saw great effects from the effects of food he took in through his mouth.

It is widely known that blueberries are good for the eyes, but unlike some people who don't notice much of a difference when they eat them, Sergio felt his eyes refreshed after eating just a few.

But even though I drink the herbal tea recognized by the system, I don’t feel any change… .

“…….”

Geo blinked twice.

'If we're going to be that picky, then we should start by saying that this body, which has no menstrual symptoms at all, is strange.'

Geo stopped before he could even enter the 'ㄱ' of worry. The wonderful potato understood perfectly on his own.

He was able to eat and sleep, but he was neither cold nor hot to any great degree. He never sweated, and for the same reason he never had to rely on the toilet, regardless of whether there was a toilet in the cabin.

'Let's say I've evolved to a remarkable degree. I don't know what I'm worrying about when I've become a possessed portrait.'

Of course, it's okay because it's funny.

Thinking like that, Geo took another sip of his Baibamnilcha.

“…….”

It was delicious.

"teacher?"

“…….”

“There’s no answer today either. It’s really sad. Aren’t you bored when you’re alone in there? I could really give you some good company to talk to….”

“…….”

“Teacher, are you sleeping? Knock knock? Are you not responding because it’s in Korean? No, you’re not responding in any of the 27 languages….”

It's delicious and looks like it'll be good on its own.

'Then that person will go down in history as the only human being who caused a possessed portrait to vomit while drinking tea.'

It's been 11 days since a gentleman named Visabal started promoting himself in front of the front door.

'The world in the painting may not be accurate because time passes on its own according to my mood or schedule, but anyway… .'

It was amazing to see so much passion and sincerity put into a portrait that only made eye contact for a moment.

“Are you a person who is obsessed with ghost stories?”

It may be exciting to see a magical painting that opens its eyes on its own. That's the charm of a haunted portrait.

But the fact that this man named Bisabal was not such an easygoing person pushed Geo into a world of fear and delusion.

“I heard he’s the chairman of one of the top three conglomerates in

South Korea….”

Mr. Chairman, what are you doing instead of working?

The warehouse where Geo's portrait hangs is Bisabal's personal gallery, and he has a great desire to collect works of art... I could tell from the conversations with other employees who often visit the gallery.

Perhaps because there are so many items, this large gallery is not something that can be managed by Bisabal alone, so he said he has no choice but to have at least one manager per piece.

'I also had managers assigned to me, although for some reason they kept changing.'

Thanks to their conversation, I was able to find out a few things about Visaval.

'A guy who is crazy about collecting.'

They say he's usually a gentleman with a playful side and a normal sensibility, but when it comes to art, he becomes a crazy man who doesn't care about the means and methods.

'It's harmful.'

Still, Geo didn't have any ill feelings toward the person named Bisabal.

“…….”

Geo's gaze fell on the picture frame hanging on the tree.

The moment he saw Bisabal trying to have another conversation outside, information that only Geo could see popped up on the smooth glass of the frame.

He blinked twice.

Safety ★★★★☆

“…….”

Amazingly, the frame measured the danger level of the creature lurking beyond the portrait.

Judging by the reactions of the people on the other side, it seemed like only Geo could see that sign.

“Teacher? Teacher? Are you sure you don’t want to have a conversation with me?”

“…….”

“If you tell me what kind of sacrifice you want, I can catch it alive and bring it to you. Sir?”

So there was no particular reason for Geo to leave Bisabal in that state.

'I can already see a future that I can't handle just by talking to it once.'

It was obviously burdensome. Geo was not a vessel that could contain a human named Bisabal.

‘Gangwon-do potatoes must be handled with care so as not to get bruised…’

Although his speech was quite polite and his actions were noble, meeting someone for the first time and standing in front of someone else's house for 15 hours was burdensome, no matter what anyone said.

“…….”

I don't feel any ill will towards him and he doesn't seem like a bad person, so I don't really dislike him.

“…I feel a little reluctant.”

Even if you just listen one-sidedly, it's already tiring.

'The energy will be sucked out.'

Just Geo.

“…….”

All we had to do was wait until it was deemed possible to have a conversation.

'Surely he can't keep doing that forever. Let's try to exchange energy when that guy is discharged.'

I didn't want to rush for no reason.

'dread.'

Geo nodded, knowing that he could avoid that scary person.

“It’s a really nice place to live.”

Geo, who had already been outside the portrait several times, knew that now, the only thing people would see would be a portrait of Geo himself.

The important thing was Geo's own will. When he had the will to interact with the outside world, the 'Geo' in the picture opened his eyes. This was something I found out after installing a mirror in the abandoned school.

'So no matter how relaxed I am inside, it's not visible from the outside.'

Here, Geo's complete freedom was guaranteed. He could enjoy such peaceful rest without any problems, whether it was the CEO of a large corporation or Nabal waiting outside for his answer.

Fortunately, Geo was able to enjoy complete peace after the busy red-haired man, who was expected to be the CEO of a large corporation, disappeared, foreshadowing another challenge.

“…….”

I'm glad to hear you talking like that, so I just leave you alone... .

“…I can’t just leave my only front door like this.”

I had to get my ownership back.

After a moment of hesitation, his gaze turned to the outside of the frame where no sign of life could be detected.

“…….”

Finally, Geo's mouth opened.

“Should we go out?”

It was a sad fate for Geo to automatically commit trespassing as soon as he stepped out the front door, but like all adults in the world, he eventually accepted his fate.

As people live, there are times when they may commit trespassing.

“…….”

This side was also kidnapped, so it was a two-way street.

I wonder if anyone would ask for the opinion of a portrait artist before buying one, but anyway, they hung him in the gallery without asking for Geo's consent.

Then there would also be a violation of portrait rights.

“…Ttaran.”

Geo's ultimate positive mind has successfully rationalized itself.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (5)

Episode 5

One day, a strange rumor began to circulate.

“There are ghosts.”

One of the curators, who was about to head down to the basement, frowned at his colleague's words.

"…yes?"

“There’s a gallery on the 5th basement floor.”

“Oh, yes. I know.”

I couldn't not know.

“The new work I’m working on this time is also located on the 5th basement floor.”

The gallery of the collector was only open to about 300 curators, including the owner, Guildmaster Bisabal, and guests who visited to purchase works.

The gallery has a total of five floors. Each floor has a different type and form of artwork, and among them, the last fifth floor has only the artworks that Bisabal loves the most.

By the way, the affection and risk of the work of art were proportional. That was the meaning behind the fact that the work that the curator

was in charge of this time was on the 5th floor.

“What happened on the fifth floor? It’s a high-risk floor, so it’s strictly managed.”

A colleague answered that question.

“I told you before. There’s a ghost.”

“…It’s not like I’ve never heard that rumor before. What I meant was, what incident or incident did that rumor originate from?”

The curator smiled awkwardly and cleared his throat naturally, perhaps out of habit.

“How many ghost incidents have there been in this gallery so far?”

The Bisabul Gallery, which houses all kinds of bizarre and beautiful works of art from around the world, has had a history of accidents.

Since Visabal collected everything that was considered 'art', he didn't care if their true identity was actually monsters.

And most of the ghost incidents that have occurred in this gallery so far have been caused by monsters.

“What kind of monster is it? Since you said it’s a ghost, I think it’s closer to a humanoid.”

“They said I was human.”

“I don’t understand even more. Are you saying that a humanoid monster has entered our gallery?”

In this situation, it is only natural that only humanoid monsters existed to the extent of being evaluated as 'human'.

“Why would such a dangerous monster be in a gallery like this instead

of a dungeon? Especially if it’s a humanoid, it would be highly intelligent and have strong pride.”

Humanoid monsters are not only rare, but they also have higher than average intelligence and a strong hatred for anything outside the dungeon.

Humanoid monsters with both intelligence and brute force usually reigned over their dungeons and toyed with visiting hunters.

“If that’s true, why is the guild building so quiet? They would have run out a long time ago and killed everyone….”

“That’s why it’s strange. Every situation we can figure out is contradictory.”

A fellow employee continued speaking.

“We’ve already received 17 complaints.”

“17 times?”

Curator Yoo Seong-un first heard rumors about the 'ghost' two weeks ago.

If 17 complaints were filed in just two weeks, it would be difficult to treat them as mere rumors.

“That’s quite frequent. If it’s that frequent, I don’t think it’s just a rumor.”

“The personnel department is controlling the information. As you know, it would be bad if rumors spread outside that there was a problem in the guild master’s gallery.”

“That’s true. If there’s a problem with the collector who is in charge of the finances of the Republic of Korea, it’s something that the president should rush to immediately.”

“I can’t laugh because it doesn’t seem like a joke. Fortunately, the scale of the incident itself was small, so it wasn’t difficult to control.”

The HR employee who said that immediately sighed.

“But if you are filing a formal complaint with me, it means that it is not something that can be ignored.”

“It’s surprising that complaints came in, even though curators aren’t such easy hunters….”

“They decided that they couldn’t handle it on their own.”

“This is a little difficult.”

Unlike ordinary curators, curators with hunter qualifications are highly knowledgeable. Even if they are not very strong, their ability to appraise and respond to monsters and items is far superior to that of ordinary hunters.

Among them, Visabal hired some of the best talents in the world. The fact that these talents were unable to resolve the issue themselves and instead filed a complaint to the staff member in front of them and the HR manager meant that this incident was not easy.

“…This is really….”

At this point, Curator Yoo Seong-un seemed to know why the HR department had called him.

“What should I do?”

“I’m sorry, you must be busy already.”

“No, because if something happens, I have a duty to respond.”

He was a staff member whose abilities were recognized even among

the curators directly employed by Visabal. He was already an A-class hunter, and he also had countless qualifications related to alchemy and barriers.

Such a meteor was often called upon when additional work arose. It was a familiar pattern for him to take on tasks in this way.

“You are trustworthy.”

The HR colleague continued speaking with his characteristically cold expression.

“I would appreciate it if Mr. Yoo Seong-un could take charge of the administrative affairs.”

“I appreciate your kind words, but I still feel like that’s a bit….”

Yoo Seong-un shook his head.

“Isn’t it strange that someone who was a researcher at the association is now in charge of general affairs?”

“I remember that he was not just a researcher, but a research team leader.”

“Yeah, that’s right. I got a lot of stares when I left the association. I don’t want to stand out.”

“If that’s true, I won’t force you any further.”

“Yes, thank you very much.”

Yoo Seong-un asked, scratching his neck.

“Anyway, if it’s the 17th time, doesn’t that mean the monsters have no intention of hiding their true selves?”

“…….”

“If it was a monster with such great concealment that it passed our guild’s inspection and was safely displayed in the gallery, it could have hidden itself without any problems.”

The human resources employee nodded as if he had been waiting for that.

“I was just about to tell you some information about this ghost.”

“That’s good news.”

“Well, it’s a strange phenomenon that has been witnessed 17 times. We can’t be negligent in gathering information.”

The employee continued speaking.

“Thanks to the other curators, who are not as capable as Seong-un, I was fortunate enough to hear many stories about ghosts.”

The human resources staff handed the documents over to Yoo Seong-woon.

“You’ll understand if you read it….”

“Do you have any pictures?”

“Illustrations were added based on eyewitness accounts.”

“Hmm.”

As Yoo Seong-un looked at the illustration, the HR employee explained.

“In all 17 sightings, the ghost’s clothing did not change. It was wearing a large black cloak that covered its face and body, and its inner clothing was said to be a black shirt and suit. It was about 188cm tall, quite large for a humanoid.”

“Then, are you a bit stocky?”

“Because of the large cape, it was impossible to confirm the details, but most people said that at least he wasn’t skinny. But he was never evaluated as being bulky.”

“If the inside couldn’t be confirmed to that extent, then no one would know if it was truly humanoid. It could be an undead type. Why did you decide it was a humanoid monster?”

“There was only one curator who saw my face.”

"oh."

“Let me describe it….”

The human resources officer continued speaking.

“They said he was handsome. He was a curator with a high standard.”

“…….”

“…It may sound absurd, but if someone who examines the appearance of the opposite sex very closely says that someone is handsome, then their facial features must be really distinct and well-organized. And we define that as a human being.”

“No… he’s handsome and tall, what are his special features?”

Yoo Seong-un asked with a trembling expression.

“Hair color, eye shape, skin condition, moles… characteristics like that. I don’t think any facial illustrations were included, but was there no testimony about this?”

“Unfortunately, the curator said that he couldn’t properly identify the features because he only saw it for a short while. However, he said

that he thought ‘he’s handsome’ in that split second, but that thought came to him only after he ran away and regained his senses, so I have nothing to say about his external features.”

The agent added.

“For some reason, everyone says that it’s hard for them to make eye contact. That’s why it’s hard for me to talk about facial features. If you can’t see their eyes, then of course you can’t know what their face looks like.”

“There may be a skill related to the eyes, or maybe that part is the main body. Then what about parts other than the face, like the hands or feet?”

“Fortunately, I think I can tell you that.”

The human resources officer nodded.

“It is said that his skin was extremely pale. He had white skin, as if he had never been exposed to sunlight, and he stood out especially in the completely black attire.”

“Is that so? Then it might be a monster with a story… It might have flowed in from some dungeon.”

“And he said she was barefoot.”

“Is it so as not to make noise?”

The personnel department employee firmly denied Yoo Seong-un's muttering.

“That’s not it.”

“Why are you so sure?”

“‘When the ghost walked, there was no sound.’ All 17 curators testified

in unison. Even if they were barefoot, there would have been a sound, so there was no need to take off their shoes.”

“Then not making any noise when walking is just a characteristic of the monster.”

In this case, there are usually two things.

'Either it's a monster with a skill that can hide its sound, or it's a monster that's so light that it doesn't make any sound at all…'

Since you said that it was judged to be humanoid, it was likely the former case.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un immediately frowned.

“Did you report it to the guild master? If it really is a humanoid monster, it would be newsworthy, if not research material.”

“I already reported this matter to you, but you only told me to check it internally and not to let anyone know about it. You said you didn’t want the Hunter Association to take it as research material.”

“…I understand what you mean. If you’re the guild leader, you can do that.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded. The words, ‘What if someone dies?’ did not come out.

In today's world, the lives of people who die on the job are treated like rocks on the side of the road.

'Since Bisabal is a person who cares for his employees very much, we can believe that he took action in that regard. He's not the type of boss who would order someone to do something dangerous without thinking...'

Then the HR person said.

“Starting next week, we will begin safety reinforcement training for curators. All trainees will be given an artifact, so Mr. Yoo Seong-un, please make sure to receive one.”

"aha."

Indeed. I understand.

“As expected, our guild works really hard. They even know how to protect people’s lives.”

“Thank you for your kind words. These are all instructions from the guild master.”

The human resources staff continued the explanation.

“The first ghost sighting was 15 days ago, at 4:32 a.m.”

“It’s 4 in the morning, so there aren’t many people. Our gallery, which doesn’t open day or night, is also quiet and empty.”

“That’s right. That’s one of the characteristics of this ghost. I don’t know if it’s because it’s conscious of people’s gaze or if it has some kind of condition, but it usually insists on going at dawn when not many employees visit.”

“It sounds like you’re either timid or clever, one of the two….”

Yoo Seong-woon tilted his head as he handed over the documents. The information that should have been there was not organized. It didn’t seem to have been accidentally omitted.

“…there were no casualties.”

It didn't look like a humanoid monster.

“…….”

No, it just didn't look like a monster.

'… Even if humanoid monsters are very good at trickery, it is definitely a special case for them to just watch people for two weeks. Even if they used a different mental skill and then exploded like a bomb, there is no way this guild with tight security wouldn't know about it.'

If that's true, then this 'ghost' really has been watching people for two whole weeks.

“There can’t be a monster without hostility, right?”

Yoo Seong-un, who was once a researcher at the association, knew how great the monsters’ hostility towards life on Earth was. It was a level that even the most intelligent humanoid monsters could not bear.

Even if that were possible, monsters had no knowledge or understanding of humans. Even if they approached humans with good intentions, it would never have a positive effect.

'Is this why you were evaluated as a ghost?'

At least ghosts would have a high level of understanding of humans.

As Yoo Seong-un thought so, he heard the employee's explanation.

“The locations being seen are getting closer and closer to the ground as time goes on.”

"…hmm…."

“Starting from the first sighting, it hovered around the 5th basement level for a total of 7 times. The next 4 times were on the 4th floor. The next 2 times were on the 3rd floor. Twice more were on the 2nd floor. Once again, it was seen on the 1st floor. It went up one floor at a time.”

“…Isn’t that a bit dangerous?”

“But the last sighting, the 17th sighting, was set on the 5th basement floor.”

“Oh, you went back again?”

“After that, there were no more sightings for five days.”

"then…."

“It looks like the exploration is over.”

“My head hurts.”

Finding a monster that had already hidden in its own home was even more difficult.

“Are there any other special features? Like their behavior? Usually, these types of monsters set their own rules and try to force other humans into that mold. In addition, if they are humanoid, I think they would have even more personal rules.”

The employee nodded.

“As you said, there was something unusual.”

“What is that?”

“He said he would give me a gift.”

“…….”

I don't think I've lived that long, but I've heard that monsters give me gifts.

'… Although the works in the gallery often behave in that way, it becomes a bit difficult to define this guy as a simple monster if we are to be exact… .

Yoo Seong-un, who had gathered his thoughts, asked again.

“…A gift, you mean?”

“…….”

The employee made a subtle expression as if he sympathized with Yoo Seong-un's voice full of distrust, then coughed once and returned to a blank expression.

The staff continued their explanation.

“It is said that when you first encounter a ghost, he approaches you pretending to be human.”

“Who would believe that….”

“Maybe he really believes he is human. Anyway, the next thing he does is ask the employee he meets to talk to him. What is his name? How old is he? What do he do? Where is this place? Why are you here?”

“…….”

“The content is mostly routine and nothing special. They don’t ask for deep personal information, and if you are reluctant to reveal your identity, they don’t ask any more. If you successfully finish the conversation, the ghost will give you a gift.”

The HR staff member motioned for him to hand over the documents. As Yoo Seong-woon handed over the documents with a trembling face, he saw pictures of the 'gifts' the employees had received.

“…This is….”

“Yes, as you can see, it is food.”

“What kind of domestic monsters are these?”

The photo showed a selection of bite-sized snacks, including cookies, chocolates, and candies.

Looking at the neat and simple packaging, no matter how much I thought about it, it was definitely handmade. A homemade snack made by a monster, if it was published in the news, it would be something that would be criticized and called a joke.

“Have you tried analyzing the ingredients?”

“We carried out the test by order of the guild leader, and the test results came out a week ago.”

“Poison or something….”

“No, on the contrary, it was medicine. It was something like an anemia medicine, a digestive medicine, an analgesic, an antipyretic, and an antidiarrheal medicine.”

“…….”

“The research team couldn’t figure out how ordinary cookies and chocolates could have such medicinal properties. They tasted and were made up of ordinary snacks.”

Yoo Seong-un asked, shaking the documents.

“Then how did you detect the ingredient effect?”

“As you know, with the full support of the guild leader….”

“Did you bring me back from prison again? After all, that place is the cleanest.”

“Because it’s a place full of useful test subjects.”

“That’s true. But the research was done quickly even with the help of

the prison?”

“I don’t know why, but the guild leader happened to have some prisoners prepared.”

In an era where even the lives of innocent workers were treated like rocks, criminals had no human rights.

The head of the collector's guild was someone who was very good at making use of such things, so I had a rough idea that he probably used such a criminal for this experiment as well.

The human resources officer continued speaking.

“What’s even more surprising is that the gift was just the right medicine for the employee.”

“…Are you saying that you gave snacks containing digestive ingredients to employees who were sick, and snacks containing fever-reducing ingredients to employees who had a fever?”

“That's correct.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un swept his face.

“It’s said that there are emotional skills that can be used against living beings, so it must be quite high-ranking.”

“They’re a headache, because they’re showing favor to us.”

“It’s easier to just be a monster that’s causing a ruckus. This one can’t be subdued or appeased.”

Yoo Seong-un let out a long sigh and nodded as if he had accepted his fate of soon being given additional work.

“I’ll take care of it. I’m an expert in this area.”

“Thank you. And I have one thing to tell you….”

“What is it?”

“The date when the incident started.”

“This is ominous.”

“It happened after the guild leader exhibited ‘Geo’s Portrait’ in the gallery.”

"…ah…."

The personnel department employee looked at Yoo Seong-un with pity at his elasticity.

“…….”

“…….”

That would be the case, as ‘Portrait of Geo’ was a new work that Yoo Seong-un was in charge of.

“…Working overtime again?”

I couldn't help but laugh out loud.

"cheer up."

“That’s right.”

I'm already tired.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (6)

Episode 6

A pure white gallery.

Pure white lighting.

“…….”

A man in black alone among the works that sparkle in the light.

‘… came out.’

Yoo Seong-woon, who was hiding in the gallery at the request of the HR staff, stared at the 'ghost' while hiding his presence.

Whether it was luck or bad luck, on the very day he received the request, Yoo Seong-un was able to confirm the identity of the person rumored. As he had heard before, it was a tall man wearing a pitch-black cloak covering his entire body.

‘I can’t even hear footsteps.’

The rumored 'ghost' was barefoot.

'Even though I'm barefoot, it's strange that it's this quiet.'

But it wasn't like there was no sound at all.

‘It seems that the curators up until now didn’t have hearing enhancement skills so they couldn’t hear it… .’

Yoo Seong-un closed his eyes.

“…….”

Fall, fall.

Pass… .

“…….”

very.

It's a very light noise.

‘… This is… .’

He opened his eyes again.

‘…It sounds like plants hitting each other.’

It's a strange metaphor, but that's how it was decided.

It was like a light vine or a dry flower petal that weighed less than 1g being puffed up and rolled around. That faint and hollow sound was not a noise suitable for a man who was 188cm tall.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un continued to observe, hiding between the artwork and the pillar.

‘…I am appreciating it.’

The 'ghost' wandered around the empty gallery, occasionally stopping in front of works protected by glass walls. He spent a particularly long time in front of sculptures and paintings.

What was surprising was that he was really just 'watching'.

'Since there are so many dangerous items, if you touch just one, there will be chaos, but thankfully that doesn't happen. It seems to be a highly intelligent type of monster, but it is indeed a special case.'

That doesn't mean I don't appreciate other forms of art.

'Are they interested in art, or are they just doing it to kill time… or are they just looking for a usable item?'

The 'ghost's' behavior as he walked through the gallery with his back to his chest like a nobleman or an educated soldier was somehow weighty and restrained.

It was almost as if he was the owner of this place, but out of nowhere, Yoo Seong-un remembered a story about a vampire from a certain castle.

'Vampire Count... a bit childish.'

Considering the pale skin like a corpse and the inhuman presence, it seemed like a pretty good match.

The black cloak that had been wandering around the gallery for a while… .

"…ah."

I stared straight at the hidden meteor cloud.

“…….”

The gaze.

We ran into each other.

“…….”

“…….”

black eye.

At that moment, Yoo Seong-un felt dizzy.

‘… That’s… .’

What is that?

'It's black.'

It was too dark.

But it was bright.

It seemed warm but was cold, it seemed empty but was heavy.

Even though it was clearly a long distance away, I couldn't take my eyes off of it enough to see the blood vessels in its eyes.

No, it might not have been blood vessels. The thin, elegant branches made of gold and silver were vast, like a forest. The black center, where the pupils were not distinct, was dark enough to make one fear.

It was so huge. So huge that it was too deep for human perception to handle. It took my breath away. I felt anger and awe without any basis.

There was a power in it that made one stop breathing without even trying to choke on one’s breath. Without hiding, without showing off, just standing there… .

existed.

“…….”

“…….”

Two blinks.

“…….”

Parsley… .

With a faint noise, the cloak moved.

“…….”

A little bit away.

Further away from there.

Any sign of it stopping further away soon disappears.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un moved his feet.

The place where the sound disappeared was none other than in front of ‘Geo’s Portrait’.

“…….”

… Are you trying to act coy?

It had its eyes closed as if nothing had happened.

“This is driving me crazy.”

Day 1, complete.

* * *

Even in a world with supernatural powers, not everything about 'ghosts' is explained. This can be seen from the fact that the profession of shaman still exists.

So it was difficult to explain the moving portrait.

“…….”

“…….”

4:29 a.m.

The portrait opened its eyes.

"…ah."

Yoo Seong-un let out an exclamation without realizing it.

The gloomy looking man, 'Geo', opened his mouth.

"hello."

“…….”

"good morning."

“It’s morning….”

At those words, Yoo Seong-un looked at the background of the portrait.

“…….”

Oh, indeed.

It was a forest with bright sunlight.

“…It’s dawn here, though.”

"okay."

The eyes of 'Geo' who said that contained the gallery of Bisabal.

“I didn’t know it was dawn because it was always lit by white lights.”

His voice, which felt somewhat awkward, was more blunt than I had imagined. He was clearly talking, and Yoo Seong-un was listening, but for some reason, I couldn't shake the thought that it was 'quiet.'

What should I call this sense of alienation? I couldn't say it was like a machine. Rather, it was a bit more… .

“I apologize.”

“…You don’t have to apologize for that.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

The steady tone, as if he knew what he was going to say next. The clear voice, as if there was a set input word, was strangely easy on the ears.

“But I was surprised.”

“What are you talking about?”

“It is rare to find someone who does not get scared when they see a talking portrait.”

“…….”

There was no emotion in his calm voice and blunt face. It wasn't much of a reaction to say he was surprised.

'Lies are immature.'

Or maybe he just didn't feel the need to lie skillfully. But that gloomy, hardened face didn't seem like it could act flexibly.

While I was thinking like that, the portrait asked me again.

“What is your name?”

"I am…."

Even though Yoo Seong-un is an insignificant human, the power that Jinmyeong possesses is dangerous anywhere.

'They say that in all contracts in the world that bind souls, the most important thing is each other's names.'

So this portrait, 'Portrait of Geo', could have made a strange contract after hearing the name of Yoo Seong-un. Names were such an important concept to strange beings from all cultures.

But he answered obediently.

“It’s a meteor.”

The 17 employees had never been disadvantaged by telling the portrait their names. Now, since it was against the rules to do something bad to Yoo Seong-un, they could tell him this much.

The portrait still had a blunt face even when he heard his name. Even though he was leading the conversation, the portrait didn't seem to feel much emotion.

Wouldn't it be strange if that were considered arrogant?

“I see, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“…….”

“This is a face that has a question for me.”

“That’s true.”

“Would you like to talk to me?”

I was invited to talk.

'It's the same train as the previous 17 people.'

Yoo Seong-un felt a strange weight.

'It must be the weight of the rules.'

It was so dense that it was difficult to wriggle around in, but at the same time it wasn't so heavy that your feet would sink into the mud.

This air and this feeling was like a giant whale regulating the waves to take care of a mere human floating in the sea.

“…….”

okay.

This is 'consideration'.

“…Then I would like to ask a question.”

Since he had come this far, he could not back down, so Yoo Seong-un decided to have a conversation as the portrait said.

“Can you come out of that portrait?”

“Yes, you can go out.”

“…….”

Monsters hate humans. I thought he would be a little worried since he was asking about his own information, but his answer was unexpectedly quick.

Perhaps it was obvious that he was flustered at that part. 'Geo', who was staring at the meteor cloud without blinking, pointed it out.

“You look embarrassed.”

“I didn’t think you would say something like this… so obediently.”

“There was no reason not to tell you.”

“Why?”

“Because you asked.”

“What if I asked with impure intentions?”

“That’s a lie.”

The portrait spoke in a low, soft, but clear and firm voice.

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un is a kind and polite person.”

"…I?"

“That’s why I spoke up.”

“…….”

“Is this a sufficient answer to your question?”

Yoo Seong-un decided to be careful.

'This portrait is sensitive to good and evil.'

And, although I don't know what the criteria is, I also have the ability to distinguish between good and evil in others. I can categorize people I've never talked to before.

'In this case, if a person judged to be evil speaks to this portrait… will it simply ignore it?'

Or should I attack?

“…….”

“Do you have any questions?”

“Ah… right.”

Yoo Seong-un asked, recalling the recent 'ghost incident'.

“The black cloak I saw yesterday was ‘Geo’, is that you?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“Then, the ‘ghost’ wearing a pitch-black cloak and handing out delicious gifts that has been wandering around this gallery these days is you… Is that what I’m thinking?”

“…….”

What are you thinking about? 'Geo' blinked twice and muttered.

“It’s a ghost.”

“…I’m sorry if I offended you.”

“No, the talking portrait is definitely haunted.”

The portraitist continued speaking in his characteristically gruff voice.

“But I have never died.”

“…….”

“Still, I think I am the ‘ghost’ that Mr. Yoo Seong-un was talking about.”

“…is there a reason you were wandering around the gallery?”

“I was wondering where I was now.”

His voice was very calm and soft. It was hard to imagine that he was interested in anything.

“It was interesting because there were rare pieces on display.”

“…….”

“I was curious about what kind of place this gallery was, what kind of people worked here, what kind of lives they lived, what names they had, and what kind of tastes they had.”

Although the tone was still dry, his answer was truly monster-like in that it was interested in human lifestyles.

'No… I'm not sure, but maybe it's not a monster.'

In that case, things get more complicated.

"……."

"When you're alone, you tend to look for someone to talk to."

Geo's pitch-black eyes landed on Yoo Seong-un, as if he was trying to convey something. It was an artificial movement of gaze, as if he was trying to convey, 'I am looking at you.'

"Even more so for a polite person like you."

"I guess you like polite people?"

"At least I figured the staff who run this gallery would be a better conversation partner than the red-faced leader here."

"If you're talking about the leader… um, are you talking about the leader of the Bisabal guild?"

"He is a talkative person."

The portrait's eyes narrowed slightly. It was a subtle change that was hard to notice, but its meaning was clear.

"You talk so much, it's hard to respond."

"……."

Ah, guild master.

'You looked ugly.'

So that person was not able to have a conversation.

All the curators on the fifth basement floor knew that Bisabal was very interested in 'Portrait of Geo'. He often talked to 'Portrait of Geo', saying that it was a really special portrait.

‘But why didn’t that person say anything about this portrait?’

I knew that 'Geo's Portrait' could speak and move, but I had never actually had a conversation with 'Geo'.

Because 'Geo' judged the visa to be rude, he deliberately did not respond to his conversation.

'You reap what you sow.'

I knew I would suffer losses if I lived like that. Honestly, I think that person deserves to suffer some losses, but anyway.

Yoo Seong-un, who had gathered his thoughts, bowed his head politely.

"sorry."

“…….”

“I would like to apologize on behalf of our guild leader.”

His role is to manage the works here.

Among those works, there were many that had an ego, like 'Portrait of Geo'. In particular, there was no good in going against the rules of 'Geo', who was assumed to be a humanoid monster.

'More than anything, it seems like you're sensitive to manners.'

Fortunately, the expression in the portrait was still grim. It was neither happy nor angry. It was still gloomy and pale, but it was stiff and did not show any discomfort.

As expected, the portrait spoke in a calm voice.

"it's okay."

“Our guild leader is a bit of an odd person.”

“He didn’t seem like a bad person, so I’m okay with it.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un remembered additionally.

'If they are not evil, I will not be hostile even if they are rude.'

Even as I thought that, I felt breathless. It was because I couldn't carelessly judge my opponent's abilities.

'So the guild leader of the Visabal has the emotional skills to judge good and evil? He's a monster that's hard to handle in many ways. It'd be hard to find emotional skills like that anywhere in the world.'

No, to begin with, I wonder if it is even possible to define a being with such ‘eyes’ as a monster… .

“…….”

“…….”

After a brief silence, the portrait opened its mouth again.

“Do you have any questions?”

“…your bluntness astonishes me, Geo.”

“I was just being polite.”

“It’s just manners.”

“Shouldn’t a human being be polite?”

That aspect is what makes it seem inhuman.

'Usually people don't follow manners that meticulously.'

Rather, it felt like monsters who had only a vague idea of human life were awkwardly imitating it, and it felt a bit too thorough.

While Yoo Seong-un was a little tired, the portrait continued talking about a different topic.

“This is my first time seeing Mr. Yoo Seong-un. Is that right?”

“That’s right. The head of the Visabal Guild said he no longer had time to manage your portraits, and the previous curators were assigned to other works. So I took over the job.”

“Thank you for taking the time to organize the portraits so neatly. I wanted to say hello to the previous people, but I wasn’t ready. I’m grateful again for their contributions as well.”

“It’s their job to take care of the work, so don’t be thankful. But I’ll let them know that you were grateful.”

But something just occurred to me.

“…Can you tell what people outside are doing even when your eyes are closed? Were you constantly observing this side from inside that portrait?”

To his question, 'Geo' answered with a blunt face that showed no clue as to what he was thinking.

“You are in the frame, so I can only look.”

“…….”

“Moving pictures are interesting.”

“…Is that so?”

For some reason.

It was a little creepy.

'Is the picture not of oneself, but of people outside of oneself?'

Even Yoo Seong-un himself couldn't figure out exactly what part was creepy.

If the portrait is true, then 'Geo' sees everything outside the painting as a painting. Even though to us, the painting is 'Geo's portrait'.

In that picture, we are… .

“…….”

It's a picture.

“Is this a sufficient answer?”

"…yes."

As expected, this is a dangerous entity.

"maybe."

Day 2, complete.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (7)

Episode 7

After finishing the third day, Yoo Seong-un confirmed that the portrait had closed its eyes.

“…….”

He went to see the guild leader at 9 o'clock in the morning.

“It’s dangerous.”

“What’s dangerous?”

“That portrait is dangerous.”

He reported with a calm face.

“The portrait has nothing to do with the favor the individual has for us humans. It is true that there are rare monsters that are friendly to humans, but it is also true that their favor has been a great poison to humans.”

“Are you trying to say that Geo’s portrait is like a favor to those monsters?”

“No, it’s more dangerous than that.”

Yoo Seong-un reported what he had confirmed.

“The portrait knows exactly what it does, how it looks, and what impact

it has. It’s completely different from the monsters we’ve seen before, who just blindly shower people with favors and suffocate them.”

Above all else.

“He recognizes himself as a human being.”

So, he would try to interact with humans somehow. He didn't seem like the type to be averse to conversation.

“But at the same time, he doesn’t see us as human beings.”

"then?"

“Geo judged us by our drawings. He is appreciating us like that.”

Yoo Seong-un felt the powerful spirit of 'Geo'. It was something that any creature that could think without any special analytical equipment or skills would naturally be able to feel.

It wasn't just the power that came from the measured gait, the heavy atmosphere, and the noble appearance. Yoo Seong-un still couldn't forget the feeling of being lost when he met Geo's black eyes.

Something so huge that we can't even recognize it is pretending to be human.

“And yet he says he is human. I don’t know if he really thinks that way or if he is trying to be, but it seems like he is definitely sincere. It’s not a lie.”

In cases like this, even if things were normally safe, once something happened, it was bound to get bigger than you could imagine.

Because he was fully aware of what he was doing.

“Besides, he is sensitive to good and evil. However, we cannot know where the standard comes from. Even though we judged him to be

ordinary, if ‘Geo’ concludes that he is a villain… I cannot even imagine what the result will be.”

“Can you really not imagine?”

“Yes, this time… I guess.”

Yoo Seong-un sighed.

“There was no crowd to compare it to, and no reference material. This was my first time seeing a talking portrait.”

Weapons with egos are considered rare and are loved by many hunters. But a portrait with egos, a being whose identity is indistinguishable from a ghost, a monster, or a human.

Even though he had many unique experiences, this was a difficult case.

“I was thinking of sending it to the Hunter Association as research material….”

“Would you be available?”

“I guess so. I know, I thought you would.”

Yoo Seong-un covered his mouth as if to stop himself from sighing, then quickly controlled his expression and continued speaking.

“Then I will report to you periodically. It is difficult to determine the exact identity after seeing it for a day or two.”

“Please. I’m planning to go and talk to him again soon, but I don’t want to be ignored again, so please find out what Geo likes.”

“It’s a very personal request, but I understand. It’s my job, so you don’t have to ask me to do it. Isn’t it something I’m supposed to do?”

“I don’t know how all our employees can be so chic.”

“I think it’s because you’ve gathered only these types of people.”

That's why Yoo Seong-un had to go to work every morning at 4:30.

* * *

“Aren’t you lonely?”

The portrait blinked twice at Yoo Seong-un's question.

“I am not lonely.”

It's still a blunt answer.

Yoo Seong-un smiled faintly.

“I apologize if this was an impolite question, but this is a place where no one comes or goes except for the staff who come to manage the artwork.”

“…….”

“I guessed that sometimes coming out of the portrait and looking around might have been part of that feeling.”

“I like places where there are no people, so it’s okay.”

“Do you feel uncomfortable talking?”

“That’s not it. It’s just….”

The portrait continued to speak.

“I’ve said so much already, I’ve always imagined a future where I wouldn’t have to say anything.”

“…….”

“I’ve always wanted a quiet place where I don’t have to talk too much, get too involved, or worry too much… This is the perfect place for that.”

Yoo Seong-un asked him.

“…Were you a human before?”

“He is still a human being.”

“Oh, right. So what I meant was… was it a normal person who wasn’t in the picture? Because normal people aren’t put in frames.”

“Yes, I did.”

"okay."

Humanoid monsters are divided into two types.

There are types that were born as monsters but later evolved to take on a human form, or types that started out as humans but at some point became part of the 'origin' and became monsters.

'In this case, it's the latter.'

Monsters who have memories of being human are particularly prone to negative emotions.

‘This side… rather looks peaceful.’

But it wasn't a very pleasant peace.

“…….”

It's like a funeral.

'Portrait of Geo' looked just like someone's death.

“Well, then… isn’t it boring?”

“Sometimes it’s boring.”

“How do you relieve that boredom? Do you have your own method?”

“Usually I eat.”

“…….”

Oh, this was a bit surprising.

“…Eat?”

"yes."

The portrait answered in its characteristically blunt voice.

“I enjoy eating.”

“…….”

I hope that material isn't human.

‘…He doesn’t look like someone who would particularly like to eat.’

If you think of the other person as a normal human being, well, he didn't seem obsessed with food.

'… Rather, he gives the impression that he is not interested in anything. He shows an indifference that borders on cold-bloodedness.'

He is a handsome man. He is not thin, but he is not thick either.

With his pale skin, his darkened eyelids, and his marble-like, still face, he didn't look like he would find pleasure in eating.

But there was more to the surprise.

“This may sound rude, but….”

“You can eat it.”

“Yes, I’m sorry. I asked the obvious.”

The picture is eating rice.

“Is it okay if I ask how you eat?”

To Yoo Seong-un's question, 'Geo' answered as if it was nothing special.

“I cook. I think about what I want to eat, get the right ingredients, prepare them, put a pan on the fire or put it in the oven… and that’s how I finish cooking.”

“…….”

“Because I’m just an ordinary human being.”

Although, the part where it is explained like that feels rather inhuman.

When Yoo Seong-un did not answer, the portrait explained another case.

“There is a way I can enjoy it because I am in the portrait.”

“Oh, how about that…?”

“I need a little help, but Mr. Yoo Seong-un can bring me joy too.”

“…What kind of pleasure are you talking about?”

It could bring joy. For a moment, I was anxious as I recalled the tyranny of monsters throughout history, but the portrait did not ask for a living sacrifice or warm blood.

He looked at the meteor cloud with emotionless eyes, like black paint on paper.

“Are you good at drawing?”

“…If you can describe something, you can draw it. Sometimes I have to draw things or plants I’ve never seen before in my reports….”

“Then please draw an apple.”

“…….”

“It’s not difficult, is it?”

Yoo Seong-un asked back with a slightly surprised expression.

“…Is this… on top of the portrait?”

"you're right."

"…All right."

'Portrait of Geo' is a being with clear rules. Yoo Seong-un was not stupid enough to ignore what such an unidentified being asked to do.

He took out paints and brushes from the hard case he always carried. The portrait asked him what he saw.

“Do you always carry art supplies with you?”

“I try to bring as many different things as possible. You never know what might happen in this gallery, so it’s good for me to be prepared in many ways.”

"okay."

“…….”

Although the portrait's reaction was still calm, Yoo Seong-un felt inwardly eerie.

‘What would have happened if I didn’t have my drawing tools…?’

The 'Geo' I've talked to so far has been a flexible being in his own right, but, well, this brother's existence has always shown a capricious side.

Yoo Seong-un took a deep breath and placed his brush on the portrait. He felt a sense of betrayal, as if he was sullying a noble work of art.

“I’m not that good at drawing.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Uhm….”

Soon after, he drew a bright red apple.

“…That apple isn’t that pretty.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“Here I drew the apple you wanted.”

"okay."

“Can I eat it?”

“…….”

As he said that, 'Geo' reached out to the apple drawn in a corner of the portrait.

"thank you."

Moved.

A thick, white hand soon picked up Yoo Seong-un's apple.

“…….”

And then,

Crisp.

“…….”

“…….”

You can see the yellow flesh inside the red apple.

The portrait took a bite of a model-like apple and said:

“It’s delicious.”

"…ah…."

“They are ripe and have a nice aroma. They are a little small, but they are good for a snack.”

"that…."

This is my first time seeing anything like this.

“…….”

“Is it strange?”

Yeah, it was amazing.

Enough to make your heart flutter a little.

“…That’s amazing.”

Yoo Seong-un was a person who observed and managed the existence of other types. He had been doing this since his previous job at the Hunter Association.

Since the dungeons were created and monsters began to dominate, Yoo Seong-un has always taken on the role of exploring and researching the strange phenomena and the beings at the center of them.

There was definitely a sense of pride and satisfaction there, and it was because I loved it that I was able to be here.

“Honestly, yes, I was surprised…. It was my first time seeing anything like this.”

“I understand.”

“So, did you just eat the apple in the picture?”

'Geo' nodded.

“I am an ordinary human being, but I am in the painting. So I can say that I am also a painting. In the same way, I can do a lot of things in the painting.”

“…….”

“When I don’t feel like cooking, I just draw a finished dish like this. It’s convenient.”

"…okay."

“So I can repay your kindness.”

The portrait blinked twice.

“Then I’ll see you tomorrow.”

"tomorrow?"

“I’m not ready right now.”

"…All right."

"thank you."

Day 4, complete.

* * *

As the portrait artist closed his eyes and opened them, he suddenly found himself holding a paintbrush in his hand.

'Geo' started drawing a picture.

“…….”

“…….”

It was very red, like the apple that Yoo Seong-un had drawn the day before in the morning.

The shape is a triangle with round lines. The structure is clearly three-dimensional, and the transparent light makes it even clearer. The light that hits the soft, warm sunlight somewhere shatters into pieces and spreads throughout the structure.

The color resembled a pomegranate. It was transparent and red. But it was even redder. It was so red, as if it contained freshly shed blood, that it hurt my eyes if I looked at it for too long.

It soon comes to life.

“…….”

The end becomes sharp like a knife.

“…….”

It also embraced darkness, and eventually placed even the scattering shadows beneath it.

“…….”

"ruler."

The portrait spoke.

“This is a thank you.”

As he pushed the red jewel with his fingers as if it contained a heart,

Bam, right?

“…….”

It fell onto Yoo Seong-un's hand.

“…….”

“It's yours.”

“…This is….”

He asked.

“What kind of jewel is it?”

“I don’t know.”

“…….”

“But it must have been deep enough in the ground to be hot.”

'Geo' continued the story of the jewel.

“It may have been in a place hot enough to be in the heart of a planet, and it may have taken on the heat of my friend. Then, after a very long time, it was discovered by human hands… and it may have taken on a pretty form.”

Whose story is this?

“…That’s an interesting story.”

“I’m glad it sounded that way.”

"haha…."

Yoo Seong-un let out a hollow laugh without realizing it.

“What did you use to paint this jewel? Your brush clearly wasn’t dipped in any paint….”

“…….”

“This gem looks real.”

The portrait did not answer.

Instead, Yoo Seong-un asked.

“Can I have this?”

“You gave me a gift.”

I'm talking about that clumsy apple drawing.

“This jewel is a thank you.”

The words in the portrait sounded exactly like the devil's. There was absolutely no reason for it to be so, but the strangeness, the haziness, the ecstasy made me think that way.

And Yoo Seong-un expressed his honest feelings about the unbearable sense of unreality.

“You are right.”

"okay."

“And that sounds exactly like the devil’s answer.”

I couldn't stand the question. This is what a researcher is like.

“Why do you always answer in such simple language? Geo, you, well,

speak in a very simple and precise way that can satisfy the other person’s wishes.”

“…….”

“I know this is a rude question, but I have to ask. Is it because you lack human emotions that you can do this? Or is it because you choose to be that way?”

The portrait did not answer and just looked at the meteor cloud.

After a long moment, and after he blinked twice, 'Geo' answered.

“I don’t understand what you are saying, Mr. Yoo Seong-un. I did not use overly simplistic grammar, nor did I provide answers that were intended to satisfy people’s needs or desires.”

“…….”

“I’ve always been like this.”

His voice was still gruff and low, but it seemed twisted somewhere.

It wasn't peaceful. It was as if the dead buried in the coffin had been dragged out into the world of the living, still calm, yet somehow strange… .

“I have human emotions, to the point where I can’t figure out why I have to explain them.”

“…….”

“It’s not that I don’t have feelings, and it’s not my choice to be whatever it is. I’m just this kind of person.”

The portraits sometimes looked angry, sometimes as if they were making excuses because they had been stabbed in the back, or sometimes as if they were really frustrated because they couldn't

understand what the other person was saying.

Maybe this is all just my imagination and he has no feelings at all.

'I don't know what you're thinking.'

Yoo Seong-un spoke cautiously.

“I know, I know. I know you’re just a normal human being.”

“…….”

“You seem to feel loneliness, joy, and many other emotions. But you have a way of speaking that doesn’t show any emotion or personal desire. It’s as if you have nothing…”

It's just kind of like a service.

‘… I shouldn’t say this much.’

Yoo Seong-un felt curious. At the same time, he was also impressed. Although he was hired as a curator by Bisabal, his true nature was always ‘exploration.’

“…….”

“…….”

The portrait opened its mouth again.

“I am an ordinary human being.”

He continues speaking like this.

“I wanted to eat an apple, so I asked Mr. Yoo Seong-un to draw it.”

“Yes.”

“It was my personal wish. Mr. Yoo Seong-un drew me an apple, so I

gave him one in return. We exchanged gifts, and that is a natural courtesy between people.”

"okay."

“I was just being polite.”

“…….”

“So I don’t quite understand what you’re saying.”

I couldn't tell if what he said was a lie or the truth. It was difficult to read the imagery from the constant pitch of the voice.

“Do you know that your eyes are very dark?”

“A lot of people have black eyes.”

“That’s right.”

“Black eyes are common. There’s nothing special about them.”

“…….”

“Don’t think of me as too special. It’s better not to.”

It's like a giant whale explaining to humans that he is small.

Are you denying it even though you know that it is contradictory?

'Or maybe you really don't know.'

'Geo's' blunt face completely obscured the truth inside him.

“…I will be careful.”

Day 5, complete.

After that, the portrait did not open its eyes for a while.

“…….”

Oh, really.

“I really need to fix this habit….”

Did you make him run away?

* * *

“…….”

It's hard to live a social life after a long time.

“…Should I take a break?”

The ultimate positive mindset activation.

'Let's take a rest.'

So he returned to his farming life.

“Taran.”

That was the reason why Geo was locked in the portrait for ten days.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (8)

Episode 8

Geo didn't have any thoughts.

People have imagined all sorts of things because of his hard expression, gloomy atmosphere, and overly formal speech. Maybe he lost a loved one, maybe he did something dangerous in the past…

It's a misunderstanding.

'What should I eat today?'

Sergio was just a pig and a potato.

“…Cheese fondue….”

A spring breeze blew gently across the bed. He, who had been lying down like a cat due to sleepiness, woke up.

“I’d like cheese fondue.”

Today's content was fondue.

The pig didn't hesitate before the meal. Geo went down to the icehouse and chose the cheese to use for this dish.

“What should I do?”

Cheese fondue was easy for anyone to make as long as they had the ingredients. Of course, there would be some idiots who would argue

with this, but Geo wasn't idiot-handed so it didn't matter.

However, cheese fondue is not a dish that requires such complicated techniques, and there are many different recipes for cheese fondue.

“I think the base would be Brie cheese.”

Brie cheese is a safe choice for making cheese fondue.

“Is this Brie cheese?”

The Brie cheese wrapped in white paper had white mold spread like silk on its surface, as if sweet sugar powder had been generously sprinkled on the chewy surface of the cheese.

There was no specific name written on it, so I sniffed it and cut it in half, and it was definitely Brie cheese.

“Plain and good.”

Brie cheese is a mild cheese. It has a mild mushroom and nutty flavor, making it perfect for fondue. It goes very well with bread or fruit.

“If you just put this in, it will be a little bit chewy.”

The downside of Brie cheese is that if you eat a lot of it, it can be greasy and heavy.

The melted Brie cheese has a creamy texture that melts smoothly without being elastic, and because of its mild flavor and texture, it can be easy to get tired of it.

“…….”

Geo blinked and muttered.

“I wish it was a little more salty.”

I was drawn to cheeses that were strong, salty, and tangy, since Brie is

on the mild side.

“Parmesan would be good.”

The official name is Parmigiano Reggiano.

'Parmesan cheese' is commonly known to Koreans as a seasoning sprinkled on top of pizza. However, it is a deteriorated version of Parmigiano cheese, and the two have almost nothing in common.

“You were here.”

Geo found some grated Parmesan cheese.

“It’s burdensome to just cut it into pieces….”

This cheese is an ultra-hard cheese that requires maturing for more than a year. It is very hard, but the grain inside is still clear. If you don't cut it along this grain, it will fall apart.

In that sense, the fact that it was pre-portioned was very welcome. Parmesan cheese sold in whole pieces is larger than a tire and is very expensive, so Geo had never done the portioning process before.

'I'm glad I didn't have to waste precious cheese.'

Geo put the cheese, cut into bite-sized pieces, into the basket.

“…….”

The scent was already strong.

“Good.”

Parmesan cheese, which exudes a tangy aroma, has a variety of flavors.

First of all, it's very salty. Even if you just take a bite the size of a fingernail, your tongue will feel tingly and the smell will go up to your

head. The flavor is very strong.

At the same time, it gives the pleasure of a sweet taste as rich as honey gently moistening the tongue like a ripe peach and then disappearing without a trace.

'That's why it's also delicious when eaten raw.'

Unheated hard cheeses remain much more mild in flavor. If you are a cheese beginner, I recommend eating them raw, and there is a peak of flavor called crystals between the Parmesan cheeses in that state.

“…….”

Geo loved the small but crunchy texture.

'It smells like nuts too.'

If you add too much, it may be overwhelming, but if you add a small amount, it is suitable for bringing out the flavor of the fondue.

"and…."

Let me add one more.

“Gruyere.”

Gruyere cheese would be a good choice.

This cheese is a hard cheese like Parmesan, but it is slightly more flexible than Parmesan, which is aged for a year, and is saltier and much sweeter than Brie.

'One of the fun things about it is that it has a subtle walnut scent.'

The strong nutty flavor was appealing in many ways. This rich flavor would definitely go well with the cheeses I gathered earlier.

“…I guess that’s enough cheese.”

If you put too much in, the smell and taste will be strange. Geo went up to the kitchen on the first floor.

“Then now….”

Dalgrak.

Geo found a thick earthenware bowl in the drawer.

“Let’s start cooking.”

The cooking method was simple. First, prepare the ingredients you want to eat with the cheese.

Anything goes. Cherry tomatoes, asparagus, sweet potatoes, potatoes, onions, broccoli, zucchini… Also, things like soft bread, crispy croutons, and chewy ciabatta.

It was even good eaten with fruit.

'But this one passes.'

Since it was meant to be a meal and not a snack, I wasn't drawn to anything sweet or sour.

“Should I just stir-fry it?”

He cut the ingredients into bite-sized pieces and put them in a wok, heated them up once, and then Geo put all of them in the oven. He was going to take them out after briefly and thickly searing the outside with strong heat.

The ingredients baked in the oven would have a subtle smoky aroma. It was worth preparing the fragrant firewood in advance.

“This is ready.”

Next is cheese.

Chop the cheese you brought. All the cheese should melt at the same time so that it doesn't separate and is well mixed. If the chunks are too big, each one will melt at different times and the oil and fat layers will separate.

'When I first made it, I melted it all down and the cheese grease formed the Han River. Even thinking about it now, it was a disaster.'

Put a little olive oil in a heated earthenware pot and add a clove of garlic to give it some flavor.

“And wine.”

This is a cheat key that captures the savory flavor of cheese and brings out its flavor.

In Geo's cellar, there were also wines in bottles without labels. Of them, the one with the cleanest taste was a white wine, which had a pleasant aroma that blended well with the scent of garlic and olives.

“…….”

Hold on.

Geo thought as he closed the wine cork.

'I should try making alcohol sometime.'

The only thing left was time, and the process was a bit tedious, so it wasn't a big deal. Geo vowed to make everything from wine to distilled liquor, flower liquor, and fruit liquor. Baek-su had the right to waste time.

When the alcohol had all evaporated, Geo brought over the cheese he had cut up.

“Put everything in….”

Place all the crumbled cheese in a clay pot heated over low heat.

“I’ll see you next time.”

When it has melted to a certain degree and the cheese's oil has risen to the top, add a little starch water that you prepared in advance. This helps to melt the oil and fat layers of the cheese that tend to separate no matter how well it is melted.

“A spoonful of alcohol.”

I liked alcohol with a high alcohol content and strong flavor, like whiskey or brandy.

“…….”

The cheese fondue was completed in a smooth, soup-like consistency, yet chewy at the same time.

“Taran.”

I liked it.

Geo brought the cheese and various ingredients and sat down at the table. He lit a small candle underneath the cheese so that it could stay warm.

'This part is a bit troublesome.'

Since cheese will harden again if left cold, it needs to be heated continuously like this. So, if you want to eat cheese fondue, you need fondue tools.

“It’s a good thing I made it in advance.”

Anyway, the meal began.

“For now….”

Geo picked up some ripe asparagus.

“…….”

After soaking it in cheese and taking it out, the cheese, which had been softened by alcohol and starch, followed. The asparagus, which had been baked until golden brown in the oven, still had a deep green color.

The unique scent of fresh vegetables and the soft, subtle scent of asparagus rose. The fresh flavor of asparagus, which goes especially well with fat, was expected.

"hmm…."

Crunchy.

The stem was chewed elastically.

'it's good.'

The asparagus juice, which flowed out like the juice of well-cooked meat, had a mysterious bitter taste.

The bitterness of asparagus, just like the astringency of yuzu tea, blended well with the other ingredients, just enough to not be irritating.

The surface, once burnt to a crisp, was like a thin leaf crumbling away. The stems just below it were soft and succulent, having been heated in a fan and oven, and beneath that, the stems of the still-vibrant plant were crunchy and chewy.

'It goes well with cheese too.'

Creamy, soft Brie cheese provides the base. It could have been a bit too much, but the tangy flavor of Parmesan takes care of it, and the

rich walnut flavor of Gruyere connects the two.

The delicate flavor of asparagus goes particularly well with fats, like cheese, cream, and butter, and it meshes perfectly with this fondue, which has been given a hint of garlic.

Moreover, the juicy and crunchy texture made it feel like eating well-ripened spring vegetables.

"……."

This is life.

"…A life where you can fall asleep even while eating… Nothing could be more desirable than this."

I was eating fondue that gently caressed my insides, feeling the soft spring breeze coming in through the wide open window. This place was heaven.

"After I finish eating, I'll go out and take a nap. Where should I sleep today?"

The next choice was Ciabatta.

"It's well cooked."

Ciabatta was a bread famous for its softness and chewiness. The lightly floured exterior was swept with butter, giving it a roux-like flavor.

Thanks to being baked in an oven, the outside was very crispy, and the buttery side boasted a crispy yet soft texture like croutons in soup.

"Then now the cheese…."

Phew, soak it.

"……."

well.

I put it in my mouth.

“…….”

It was very good.

'This is it.'

Geo placed a well-cooked potato on top of a cheese-covered bread.

“Ugh….”

As expected, fondue was great because it was fun to eat it in combinations.

From crispy and chewy bread to cheese with a variety of textures and buttery, richly flavored potatoes, the composition was flawless from texture to taste.

‘Let’s start with a tomato… .’

Ppop!

“…Ah, this is delicious too.”

The cherry tomatoes, briefly and strongly grilled so that the flesh would not become overcooked, were still crunchy, with a slightly warm broth inside. Their outer surface had a soft, chewy texture, like a well-cooked sausage.

“It would go well with cheese, too.”

After eating it with cheese like that, I was happy with the colorful flavors.

“Should I add croutons this time?”

Geo ate whatever he could.

Crispy croutons dipped in chewy cheese, soft broccoli that's just right (but not too soft) and creamy cheese, and sweet, crumbly sweet potatoes and salty, savory cheese… .

It was quite a large amount, enough to pile up in a large bowl, but Geo quickly ate it all.

“…….”

He was amazed at the miracle his stomach had performed. It may not be Noah's Ark, but it could be Geo's Ark.

“Have the sheep increased?”

He was clearly a big eater, but I don't think he was this big of a eater before he entered the picture.

“…….”

Geo's ultimate positive mind activation.

'It's okay because it's fun.'

Warm.

His rationalization was successful.

Even after eating this much, he didn't feel bloated. This was a welcome development for Geo, who was a gourmet and a big eater, and who truly found pleasure in eating.

“These days, people even breathe fire, so someone like me would be considered a nobleman.”

As people live, they may evolve and things like that, right?

“I guess I should grab a snack and go take a nap now….”

Geo put the dried goji berries, Baibamnil tea leaves, and a glass bottle filled with warm water into a clean basket. The goji berries, which were dark golden in color, had grown to the size of raisins and made a useful snack.

'The ones dried outside have completely hardened. Soon we'll be able to make a medicine with the goby fruit.'

Geo wore a black cloak.

'I'd like to upgrade this later too.'

The cloak I made when I first came to my senses in the painting was still usable. It was made to avoid being seen by any scary beasts, and also to prevent my body from getting rubbed by the poisonous grass or my clothes from wearing out.

It was okay, considering that it was made by patching together fabric from the cabin.

'It's light, thick, and well-ventilated.'

My body doesn't feel cold or hot easily, but when I lay down on the bare ground, my back got cold. In such a situation, a cloak would be a pretty good blanket. After adjusting his clothes, Geo headed to the spring.

As I walked slowly, I arrived at a spring that was still beautiful, quiet, and colorful with the murmurs of all kinds of creatures.

Then what is it?

“…….”

now.

“Okay.”

I'm sleepy.

Geo, who was chewing on some chewy dried goby fruit, soon fell asleep without even taking a sip of tea. The cloak, which was large enough to cover his entire body, served as an excellent blanket, as expected.

“…….”

New liquid—new liquid—….

Soon, as he fell asleep, butterflies resembling sunlight flew up to him.

“Beep.”

“Purur….”

“Ugh.”

Five or six round rabbits. A deer with long legs. A few plump cats that resembled wildcats, and a few small and large birds that were croaking.

So they all gathered together and fell into a deep sleep.

“…….”

“…….”

It was a peaceful nap time.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (9)

Episode 9

A slow evening.

The top floor of the cabin, the attic. Soft lighting. The scent of the flowing forest. A black wooden desk standing in front of a round window.

Geo was there organizing the rules he had discovered.

"therefore…."

Geo continued.

“I guess you could say it’s 1:1.”

Geo could do anything in this picture.

It wasn't like he had really done 'anything', but it felt like it. In a world where even warm corpses could be created, I had to assume that nothing was impossible for Geo.

'But when reality gets involved, it's a different story.'

Asking Yoo Seong-un to draw an apple was also part of the effort to confirm this.

'Whether I draw a picture or someone else draws it for me, it's the same picture from my perspective, so I enjoy it without any problem, but the moment I take it out, it becomes reality. I thought it would be

too much if there were no restrictions… .'

That's where the doubts started.

“I’m glad Mr. Yoo Seong-un is kind.”

I was touched when he asked me to draw an apple right away and I obediently did so.

“What a mature person, he even goes along with the nonsense the portrait tells.”

So, thanks to the kind consideration of the manager and the efforts of the past few days, Geo was able to figure out my situation.

When Geo goes outside the picture, his figure disappears from the picture and the frame becomes a simple landscape painting. If Geo wants to give a gift to the person outside the picture, he has to receive something from the other person.

It was a 1:1 rule, where if something came, something went.

“…….”

Of course, the snacks given to the 17 employees I met earlier were just a favor.

'Everyone was so scared that I thought giving them some snacks would lighten the mood.'

As a result, the atmosphere did lighten up. It changed from horror to absurdity. Yes, even I would have been flustered if a black mass suddenly popped out of a picture and handed me a cookie.

'It's true that those people helped me.'

In conclusion, I was just being polite.

If someone gave you something or you had something to apologize for, my grandmother told me to give them something along with some sweet words to entice them. She said that was basic courtesy in life.

'He said that gratitude and apologies in words are like a corpse.'

It was a given that he should speak politely, and that he should give gifts, no matter how small, whether he could afford them or not. To Sergio, whose facial muscles had degenerated to the point where they were worse than a pony's, it was advice that made sense.

Therefore, Sergio, the good potato, still faithfully followed the words of his grandmother, who was his life mentor, even at the age of 29. If not, he would not have been able to become a teacher loved by his students.

Anyway, so.

“I can’t just receive help.”

That was Sergio's rule.

“In that sense, I think the rules of this world fit me quite well. It may be a result of my personality being reflected, like the animals in the forest.”

I liked it.

“In order for me to pass something from a drawing to reality, I also need to receive something.”

Geo was able to do quite a lot of things freely.

In this picture, where one enjoys almost the power of the Creator, it is already a given that one can operate outside of reality without being bound by any separate rules.

'You can even create passageways with pictures so you can get to

other floors without taking the elevator.'

However, when Geo was a painting and the other side was in reality, he could not break this 1:1 rule. This was something he learned through conversations with Yoo Seong-un, the employee who managed the portrait.

“When I asked that person to draw an apple, a system explanation came up.”

The explanation was to thank you, and there was even a time limit.

'It's been about a week.'

I'm still not sure what problems would arise if I didn't pay him back within a week, but I felt like nothing good would happen, so I gave Yoo Seong-un a gift the very next day.

“…….”

Geo rolled the clutter next to the desk with his fingers. It made a rattling sound as it hit the wooden table.

"jewel…."

Among them were jewels of various colors.

“I didn’t know I could make this either.”

Geo likes various painting styles.

They say that a true painter has his own worldview, but Sergio was not that kind of painter, but rather a teacher, so he painted in various styles. Sergio was also skilled in hyper-realism.

The jewels he was touching now were created in that way.

“I made paint with this, so it was easy to draw the jewel I gave to Mr.

Yoo Seong-un.”

It feels as if the paint, the picture, and the result itself are living things.

“…….”

It was a feeling that something that was clearly not alive and breathing had life in it.

“There is nothing special about this wonderful potato that goes so well with the limits of thought….”

I've never felt this free at 29 years old, like I've taken off my underwear, but anyway, it was nice to have so many things to do. As a result, Geo seems to have evolved into a potato that shows off more diverse charms.

Geo, who had finished organizing his thoughts, continued with his thoughts like a freeloader.

'... Let's sleep outside tonight. It'll feel good to sleep while looking at the stars. What should I make for breakfast tomorrow? It'd be nice to just roast potatoes with salt, right? And if I'm bored, I could farm. If I ask Mr. Yoo Seong-un... .'

The weather is good, so the crops will grow well. You will feel refreshed when you find seedlings you like and farm them.

I want to eat the crops that I've grown, and give them as a gift to Mr. Yoo Seong-un, who is outside the picture. If there are bees somewhere, I want to bring them here and raise them.

“Let’s go out and travel a lot.”

Then I'll come back to the cabin and paint again.

If you draw a picture… .

“…….”

Geo, who had been half-asleep in the languid spring air, quietly opened his eyes.

“I need a pet.”

The scale has gotten a bit bigger, but isn't this also a rural lifestyle?

“Having a pet in a house with a yard is like having pork belly and soju. And I am a healthy Korean man who drinks pork belly and soju… So I have come to the conclusion that I need a new family member.”

The creatures of this forest were friendly to Geo, but they still had the basic wariness of wild animals, so they were not easy to touch.

'I wanted to touch it like a rice cake, but I was firmly rejected.'

And Geo, being the gentleman he is, didn't bother to pet the rabbit he didn't like.

The forest friends were just wild animals that easily approached Geo and just as easily left him. It would certainly be fun to befriend such guys, but Geo had another way.

“If you draw a picture….”

Humans cannot create it, and they have no intention of doing so. Humans are already sufficiently responsible for that one thing themselves.

But what about animals?

“…Can you make it?”

Geo headed to the workshop on the second floor.

* * *

Up until now, everything Geo had drawn was objects.

“There was no ego.”

He drew fruits, vegetables, food, plates, furniture, and many other things, but they were not living, breathing beings, apart from the life force that Geo vaguely felt in them.

“…….”

Geo was sitting in front of the canvas.

“…Will it work?”

Humans have failed, but could small animals possibly do so?

“…There are no other people here, but there are other animals….”

It seemed possible.

“…….”

Geo got up from his chair and walked over to the small drawers that filled the wall. They looked like medicine cabinets you might see in an old oriental medicine clinic.

There were countless of them, but Geo knew where everything was.

“…here, definitely….”

Moon.

I opened a drawer.

"there is."

There was a blue and transparent jewel.

Geo doesn't know exactly what this gem is, but it was cool. It was

refreshing rather than cold, and although it was hard to the touch, its insides swayed fluidly as if flowing water.

“…….”

It was a liquid in the shape of a solid, flowing and sparkling within a single form, and it was no different from living, breathing life that came together.

“Let’s do this.”

In addition, Sergio took out some jewels, dry leaves, and minerals.

He breaks the jewels with an awl and a hammer. He turns the leaves that still have vivid colors despite being well dried, and the minerals that contain various colors, into powder. Those that are made into fine powders like flour are born as paints in Geo's hands.

“…….”

It is made with the sap of trees found in the forest and has physical properties.

“…….”

Add another difference there to find the appropriate viscosity.

“…….”

The finely ground paint on the glass plate, where the colors were clearly visible, glowed softly like fireflies.

‘…pale as the Milky Way…’

It gave me that refreshing feeling.

"it's okay."

Geo started drawing.

There was no lake in this forest. It was perhaps natural, but I couldn't help but feel a little disappointed. I wished there were endless, transparent things like a small pond, a magnificent lake, or a vast ocean, and they would give off the scent of water.

Geo moved his brush, imagining the cool breeze blowing from the vast puddle of water.

“…….”

Round body.

Their heads are small, their wings are big. They will only sing songs, so they don't need to be that big. They will make their homes where there is water, and the homes themselves will be their own.

“…….”

A bird that is water itself.

“…….”

What kind of bird is that?

“…It looks like they’ll form a group.”

They will live in groups.

It can stay anywhere there is water, and can create ponds, lakes, and oceans wherever there is no water.

They are transparent water, living and breathing, and at the same time, they are birds that create cool breezes.

“The colors will be different for each person.”

Since water is transparent, those with egos will think.

'I want to have a color that expresses myself.'

They're going to be cute friends.

They put all kinds of treasures into their bodies to decorate their transparent selves. Just as all birds take care of their feathers, they use their small beaks to select treasures that fit their bodies and put them into their transparent bodies to decorate themselves.

It could be a flower. It could be a jewel. It could be a fruit hanging from a tree or leftover food. It could even be a very old relic or a small fish.

“Everything is….”

Because it's up to you.

You, being water and birds, were free to do anything.

It was okay to fall asleep in a flowing stream, or to fly freely across the vast sky. They had freedom.

“…….”

Geo drew a very small bird.

They have a round body, wings that are exactly the same size as their bodies, long tail feathers, and a short beak. They are small and can hide anywhere, and they know that they are water.

Water that contains life.

“…….”

Jewels, flowers, and fruits are placed in that transparent body, making it shine in various colors… .

It was beautiful.

“…….”

Geo carefully tapped the bird's beak with his fingertips.

"ah."

-Poruk!

“…….”

A bird carrying its own treasure sat on Geo's shoulder.

"…hi."

Parsley.

"nice to meet you."

Pass, pass!

“Yeah, me too.”

Instead of crying, the bird rustled, making sound with the flowers inside its body.

He was a quiet but noisy friend.

“He was a chatterbox.”

The flower petals trapped in the small, transparent body playfully cried out, making a faint noise.

“That’s amazing.”

Before he knew it, Geo's room was filled with transparent, sparkling birds.

They hovered around Geo for a moment, then quickly went out through the open window. The wind created by the flapping wings of the living water droplets was more powerful than one could imagine.

The picturesque sight of cherry blossom petals fluttering in the bright spring breeze was truly beautiful.

“…….”

Geo, who had been blankly staring for a moment, soon moved his feet and stood on the terrace.

"…ah."

there is.

“It’s not far.”

They formed a small pond next to Geo's cabin. He leaned back, resting his chin on the terrace railing.

“Wonderful things.”

The pond, or lake, surrounding the cabin was flowing gently.

Beneath it were countless 'treasures', like sand on a beach or pebbles on a riverbank. The lake, filled with things like flowers, jewels, and fruits, sparkled enchantingly in the moonlight.

They became one and flowed gently, but then suddenly, they came up and looked around. Then they hid inside again and formed a pond with their friends.

“…….”

Geo closed his eyes. As the sparkling water disappeared from his sight, moving about alive, he soon heard them breathing.

Instead of the twittering sounds, there was a faint noise of jewels rattling, flower petals rustling, and small stones or sand moving. That was how they talked and cried.

It's like the sound of cicadas in midsummer... .

“…I should go to sleep.”

Geo went out of the cabin, carrying only a pillow. Then he lay down between the cabin and the pond.

“…….”

Rustle—.

As he lay down to fall asleep, he heard animals approaching.

'Even though everyone ran away when I tried to touch them, they're approaching me quickly.'

Birds that had been tilting their heads on the branches flew down and landed on Sergio's chest. Deer that had been sniffing the shallow, wide pond moved their long legs and came next to Sergio.

The squirrels that had been scurrying about among the bushes flocked to him, dropping acorns and small nuts into the pond.

“…….”

Geo muttered at the sight.

“…Toll?”

Is it a toll gate fee?

Anyway, both the squirrels and the birds in the pond seemed satisfied.

'Okay then.'

Anyway, isn't it peaceful?

If the friends Geo had created were not beings who deserved to be

ostracized, and if they could just mingle and blend in with the existing ones, he would be satisfied with that alone.

At that point, Geo thought.

“…….”

I think it would be fun to decorate this portrait.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (10)

Episode 10

Although the portrait closed its eyes due to Yoo Seong-un's haste, Bisabal, the owner of the painting, was not angry with him.

“It was a portrait that wouldn’t even respond when I spoke to it anyway. It didn’t even look at me.”

“…….”

“The 17 employees who had been in conversation so far ran away because they couldn’t stand the pressure of the portrait. In that sense, I think Yoo Seong-woon’s attempt is very meaningful and successful.”

"but…."

“It may not have been a good choice to let Geo run away, but I scouted you because of your curiosity, Mr. Yoo Seong-un. You don’t need to apologize for that.”

“I will be more careful in the future.”

“That will do.”

Fortunately, Bisabal was a special person to his family.

The curator's job is to maintain and manage the work. This kind of curiosity that a researcher would have is not appropriate. Nevertheless, I was grateful to have met a boss who supported this

meteor cloud.

"ha…."

But Yoo Seong-un was still in an awkward position.

'Just because there's no big problem doesn't mean the mistake goes away.'

It's been quite some time since I was hired by Bisabal as a curator. I thought I had become dulled by appreciating and managing Bisabal's collections, but it seems like nature is what it is, and I was drawn to the mystery of the dungeon I saw after a long time.

Yoo Seong-un went into his personal studio and bit into a piece of candy. A tired adult needed something sweet.

"……."

Yeah, that's right.

'Geo's portrait is not of an ordinary monster.'

That piqued Yoo Seong-un's curiosity.

"…It could simply be a mutation…."

A small murmur.

"……."

Yoo Seong-un sat on his chair for a long time, staring into space.

Soon he opened his mouth.

"…Should I contact the gardeners?"

Gardening was a secret profession practiced by associations in various countries.

In fact, it is not to the extent that it is being 'secretly operated'. Anyone with the right aptitude can do it.

However, it would be more appropriate to say that it was not spread openly and semi-forcibly because there were so few suitable candidates.

'But since I pretended to retire as a researcher, it's difficult to contact you again.'

The gardener, a sort of secret researcher and adventurer, was the one closest to the truth of the dungeon.

He knew a lot of information that was unknown to the world, but Yoo Seong-un, a former gardener, could not explain the ‘Portrait of Geo’ with his knowledge. It was something of a kind that he had never seen before.

“…Well, it’ll work out somehow.”

Squeak… .

Yoo Seong-un sighed and slumped down in his chair.

“There’s no need to rush, so let’s take it slow.”

No matter what humans do, the ‘source’ does not run away.

'It's too big for that.'

There was no reason to rush into revealing the secret, and I didn't feel like doing so. It was just a few days ago that I acted so hastily and caused 'Geo' to run away.

“Let’s reflect, reflect….”

Fortunately, Geo's evasion didn't last too long.

A few days later, Yoo Seong-un was able to see the portrait with his eyes open.

* * *

"…uh…."

"hello."

"…hello?"

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“Good evening.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

The forest in Geo's portrait was a starry evening.

“It’s dinner time for us too.”

“Wasn’t it dawn?”

“I came a little early today. It’s not even 12 o’clock yet.”

“It definitely seems earlier than usual. Is there a reason?”

“I came to check out other works I’m in charge of.”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“Then Geo, I saw you awake.”

“I am always awake.”

“That’s an amazing story.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been whining, asked in his characteristically calm voice.

“What were you doing now?”

His gaze was fixed on the brush in the portrait's hand. It was a very strange sight, a painting holding a tool with which to paint.

'It's a sight that would make the guild leader's eyes roll.'

Geo answered obediently.

“I was making a bird.”

“Oh, you were drawing a bird.”

"yes."

“Can I take a look too? If you don’t mind.”

“If Mr. Yoo Seong-un wants, I can show you.”

The man with the blunt face put down the brush in his hand, and soon Yoo Seong-un tapped somewhere unseen. As his delicate fingers called out to someone with restraint, something strange occurred.

I heard the sound of water lapping, and soon a bird appeared.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un was surprised.

Of course, it was flat, like something out of a painting, unlike the previous gems… but at least it felt as alive as Geo.

“…that bird….”

“This is my new family.”

“Oh, I see.”

I wanted to answer as calmly as possible, but I don't know if that

worked out well. To be honest, Yoo Seong-un was a little excited.

“What a beautiful bird.”

The bird was very small. Among the species found in Korea, it was probably a type of concave-eyed bird.

But the tail feathers were much longer than that, and the wings were so transparent that they were hard to see. Maybe they were just merged together.

It was made of very clean water. It resembled the holy water that Yoo Seong-un, a former gardener, had occasionally seen in dungeons, or the spring water of a remote area where no life existed.

“Did you just make that, Geo?”

I think I know why they said 'make' instead of 'draw'. It was definitely a living, moving creature.

“You were holding a brush.”

“It sounds fun, so I’m making several.”

“Several?”

“Right now… I think it’s a little less than 100.”

“That’s amazing.”

The point is that each of those 100 horses was drawn individually.

“It won’t be easy.”

“It doesn’t matter, I have time left.”

"ah…."

“It’s also fun.”

“…….”

Are you surprisingly a person who seeks out interesting things?

'Something to keep in mind.'

Although it's hard to tell the difference between Geo and the overly polite and stiff-faced person, it's something to be wary of as a human being that a monster or something else lives a life focused on interest.

Yoo Seong-un, who had memorized the information in his head, asked again.

“It looks like it’s made of water, but can that bird sing?”

“I don’t have vocal cords, but….”

Porruk…!

Clink, clink!

“…like this.”

"aha."

There was a rustling sound as the bird shook itself off like a wet puppy. It sounded like a small water bottle being shaken, or like a thin, viscous jelly being stirred around.

Yoo Seong-un smiled faintly.

“That’s how you cry.”

The portrait added:

“There are other ways to cry too.”

“But didn’t you say you didn’t have vocal cords?”

“It’s similar to the method before.”

Geo took out a small jewel from inside his suit.

"how is it."

Pitter-patter…! Pitter-patter!

“It's yours.”

chop.

The small bird snatched the green jewel from Geo's hand. It bit the jewel here and there with its small mouth, as if assessing it, and then swallowed it whole.

"ah."

Geo handed over a few more gems, still with a blunt expression.

“You can cry now.”

"how…."

At that moment, a rustling sound was heard.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un could soon tell how the bird in front of him was crying.

‘… by moving or bumping into an object placed in the body… .’

It looked like a fairy tale.

The jewels trapped inside the bird's transparent body floated around and even bumped into each other, making noise.

Although it looked like a dense jewel, the jewel floating inside its small

body sparkled with the light-scattered water.

Geo spoke as if he was teaching a newborn animal.

"okay."

Dalgrak!

“You are doing well.”

Click, click!

“…….”

Then I saw him blink twice. He looked tired, perhaps because of his mood, even though his blunt expression hadn't changed.

“They are chatterboxes.”

“It looks pretty quiet.”

“I can’t even imagine how noisy it would have been if there had been vocal cords.”

“That’s… but.”

The bird, showing the quick movements typical of small animals, moved around busily on Geo's hand, flapping its tail. Then it spread its wings and flapped them.

'The wings are bigger than you think.'

The wings, large enough to cover the entire body, were absorbed back into the body and lost their form.

'That part is just like slime.'

It also seemed a bit similar to trying to put something in his body. It

seemed like he was doing it for decoration rather than hunting, though… .

How will you react when you meet the enemy?

“…your drawings are really cool.”

Is this a portrait and a painter? As he thought about that, Geo looked at Yoo Seong-un's words.

Those eyes, which were so dark that they seemed almost bright, briefly captured the meteor cloud, then opened their mouths.

"thank you."

“I hope I didn’t say anything rude?”

“It was a perfect compliment for someone who draws pictures.”

“Then that’s good.”

But it's a living painting.

'Anyone would say that's cool.'

As Yoo Seong-un was blankly staring at the bird, the portrait asked.

“Do you have any other questions?”

“Ah, a question….”

Is this also one of the rules of 'Portrait of Geo'?

'It seems like they give me a chance like this every time.'

Yoo Seong-un answered, gauging the other person's patience and kindness.

“I always have questions. So here they are again. Geo, you showed

me such a wonderful picture.”

"okay."

“This bird is truly beautiful. Do these guys have their own sense of beauty? Or are they acting according to your taste, Geo?”

“…….”

The portrait blinked twice and answered.

“I don’t know much about these guys.”

"okay."

“But they like to decorate themselves by putting things into their bodies.”

Perhaps because they had talked quite a bit so far, Geo continued speaking without hesitation.

“I’ve made about 100 birds so far, and each one has a different preference. This one likes jewels, some birds want flowers, some birds want sticks or rocks. Sometimes it’s small fish or fruit.”

Porruk!

As the portrait waved its hand, the bird sitting on it flew away. The sound of water was heard.

“They don’t follow my aesthetic sensibility. They have their own set of tastes. It may have been influenced by me a little bit… but it’s not something I can impose on them now.”

“It looks like a real bird.”

“This is a painting. The paintings I paint, as the owner of the painting, become real. They can breathe and live if I want. They can.”

“…….”

“Is this a sufficient answer to your question?”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been silent for a moment, soon opened his mouth.

“This bird doesn’t look like a simple painting. It looks alive. Could it possibly come out like you, Geo?”

"well."

Geo didn't give a clear answer. It seemed like he didn't know what would happen either, or he didn't want to tell them much. Yoo Seong-un didn't care much and just let it go.

I just asked cautiously.

“Here….”

“…….”

“Do you have a soul?”

31 years after the dungeon was created, people have come to acknowledge the existence of 'souls'. It was an inevitable trend as various skills targeting souls were created.

There is nothing that is not rare about such skills.

“Have you created a bird with a soul, now?”

"well."

Same answer as before.

'I don't understand what you mean.'

The portrait was still blunt.

It was a face that did not resemble that of a person who had just created a new life, and so it had a more alien and eerie appearance.

'They act like it's normal to act in a way that doesn't look human at all, but they have eyes, a nose, and a mouth that look like a human's, so it feels even more bizarre.'

It felt like a completely different level of discomfort compared to the monsters and other creepy things I usually saw.

The portrait answered as expected.

“I don’t know either.”

“If you, the owner, don’t know, who will?”

“Nobody may know.”

His voice was clear.

“I just painted a picture. And I was a person in the picture.”

“…….”

“I can decorate this picture, and the decorated picture becomes real in this portrait. Just like the last time Mr. Yoo Seong-un drew me an apple….”

“…….”

“After all, it’s just a painting.”

It may sound like a pun, but it wasn't wrong.

'The picture within the picture is real.'

Yoo Seong-un asked again after a while.

“You created a bird in a painting. You drew a jewel and gave it to me. And you were able to pass it on to me.”

"you're right."

“Geo, you are clearly a painting, but you are also a human being and can affect reality.”

He asked.

“So can you draw a real life here?”

“…….”

“It’s not just about going out of the picture and going back in like last time, but it’s about being able to portray something like a destiny, a past, or a memory. Or else….”

“…….”

“Or a real person.”

Geo answered immediately.

“It might be possible, it might not be possible.”

“…….”

“But I don’t want to do that.”

“…Why? Isn’t it lonely or boring inside the picture?”

“I don’t feel lonely here.”

His speech was still blunt.

“I feel comfortable here. The weather is always nice, the spring breeze blows, and the forest is full of scent. Nothing is too much trouble or too

much effort.”

“…….”

“If you ever get bored, all you have to do is make new friends like you are doing now. That’s enough.”

Yoo Seong-un was a little surprised.

“Are you satisfied with your peaceful world of paintings?”

The existence of the other types he had seen so far had always been a desire for reality. Regardless of the presence or absence of self, their actions were instinctive, like the stems of plants stretching out toward the sunlight.

“Don’t you feel like coming out?”

“I'm tired.”

“That… may be true, but….”

“I don’t want to leave. This is my home now.”

“…….”

Just now, clearly, you said, 'now.'

‘…There was a time when this portrait did not live.’

The portrait claimed to be human, and said that there were times when it did not remain a portrait, but there was no guarantee that it would remain on Earth.

'It could be another dungeon or dimension. No, if we think about Geo's usual speech and attitude, this one seems a bit more likely.'

The portrait continued speaking, regardless of Yoo Seong-un's thoughts.

“I cannot create a creature that threatens me.”

“…a threatening creature?”

“Humans are always beings who have the potential to harm other beings. The only creatures I can create are those who are kind to me. That is the rule of this portrait.”

“…….”

“I didn’t know at first, but after trying a few times, I understood. Since I am the owner of this portrait, I cannot create a being that can erase me. That is why I cannot draw humans.”

The portrait murmured.

“Because a portrait without an owner is not valid.”

After saying that, Geo looked at the meteor cloud again.

“It is a bit daunting to create humans.”

“Why?”

“That’s so special.”

“Isn’t it better if it’s special?”

“I’m not that special, so that’s no good.”

“…….”

“I am satisfied with the extent of my specialness as a talking portrait.”

It was certainly so profound that it was hard to believe that it was simply the thought of a portrait of an ego.

'It's definitely not an ordinary monster or item.'

That's why it had an eerie aspect.

“…….”

“Does this answer your question sufficiently?”

“Today, yes.”

Monsters too,

Items too.

If you are neither a ghost nor a human.

“See you next time.”

What on earth is this?

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (11)

Episode 11

“…….”

Geo was standing in the workshop.

“…….”

What he was looking at was a large number of drawers covering the entire four walls.

What he was thinking of was the paint supplies that would be quietly sleeping in that drawer.

“…….”

Finally, Geo moved.

“…Let’s do what we wrote last time.”

He brought out the materials he had used in the past to create water birds.

That wasn't all. There were also white, transparent pebbles like marble from the stream, as well as gemstones that resembled aquamarine and emerald.

A piece of obsidian branch, hidden in the forest, pretending to be a burnt tree. The light green bark was so vibrant that it seemed as if it would sap out when pressed… .

When he thought that this was enough, Geo stopped taking out ingredients from the drawer.

“If there’s any left over, it’ll be tiring to put it back, so if there’s not enough, I’ll bring more out later….”

Dalgak, Dalgrak.

I placed the materials on the workbench.

“…Today’s content.”

Make your own paints.

“Good.”

Basically, the materials needed to make oil paints were pigments to create the color, oils to dissolve them, and a glass plate and pestle to mix them together to make a fine paint. If you wanted to mix them well, you also needed a fillet knife of an appropriate size.

Among them, what Geo was trying to make now was a pigment that would give color.

“Let’s try breaking it first.”

The materials I had just taken out of the drawer were not enough to make proper paints. They had to be made into colored powders, and that would require crushing them first.

Geo prepared a sharp nail and a hammer. He stared at the transparent jewel, then placed the nail on a certain spot and tapped it.

“…….”

Even though it wasn't a strong force, the jewel that hit the crack exactly broke in two.

Geo thought.

'As expected, Naran Potato is a wonderful potato.'

This mountain village idol knows the splitting point just by looking at a mineral.

'I should have been a miner.'

Geo continued his work.

Dalgrak.

“…….”

Knock, knock.

Tsk tsk…!

“…….”

Exactly.

"…okay."

Perhaps because he only checked the weakest joints and gave them a shock, the jewel was quickly split into pieces smaller than Geo's little fingernail.

“This is enough.”

Geo smashed the gems into small pieces with a hammer, then scooped the smaller shards into a ceramic pestle and ground them vigorously.

At some point, the sound that had been hitting my ears suddenly changed to a soft sound like glass beads rolling, and all the jewels turned to dust.

“…What is the principle behind this….”

The pigment that was completed was a mysterious mixture of blue and light green.

“It’s a problem, everything that makes me up is so special that I shouldn’t be taken to the lab.”

All the materials in this studio were unique.

Originally, if you grind a gem, all you get is stone dust. Most gems are transparent and have beautiful colors because of their molecular structure, but if you grind them, you can't find the transparency of the gem.

But the jewel here was different.

'Even if you change it, the color and transparency remain intact.'

Even after going through an amateur process like Geo's, the original color was still intact, which was truly the benefit of excellent materials. When the finely ground gems were gathered together, they would shine with a unique, refreshing transparency.

Geo silently made all the ingredients into pigments and slowly mixed them with the prepared oil.

“…….”

No matter how much powder he made, the oil and pigment did not float even when mixed with raw stone powder. Normally, he would have to prepare oil that matches the characteristics of the pigment, but the wax he had in his studio showed excellent viscosity and compatibility.

“…and mix incense….”

Beyond simply adding color, Geo also added a matching scent. Oils

scented with flowers or fruits worked surprisingly well with pigments.

“If you grind it and put it in….”

The pigment and fragrance oil were added and ground finely on a glass plate.

“…….”

So that you can feel the silk brushing your hand.

Very nicely.

* * *

The water birds Geo created were more playful than expected.

“Kids.”

Dalgrak.

“Dad, the back of my neck is cold.”

They were crawling inside Geo's collar and making a nest.

Inside the collar of a shirt, inside the slightly open sleeves, and in any space in pants or tops, there were water birds wedged in.

'Isn't it uncomfortable?'

If we were to use a metaphor of small water balloons, the sight of those guys crumpling up their shape and settling inside the clothes was hardly like balloons or birds.

Geo looked up at the ceiling for a moment, his crumpled appearance still maintaining a minimal round shape.

“…….”

I'll let it slide because it's funny.

“…Maybe it’s because it’s a task for me as a parent, but I guess he likes to be stuck somewhere. Or maybe he likes to hide.”

Waterfowl tend to flock together, or else they prefer to stay in a certain place.

Sometimes when I went outside the cabin, I was surprised to see puddles of water even though it wasn't raining.

'It's definitely different from an ordinary puddle of water, so you can tell right away.'

The pool they were gathered in had a faint blue glow, was strangely transparent, and had various odds and ends rolling around in it.

It was ironic that when I thought of them usually gathered in a round bird shape, I didn't feel any viscosity at all.

“It looks like just water.”

Passover.

“If you keep making a fuss, I might stick a straw in your mouth and suck the piss out of you.”

Rustle, rustle.

“I was joking, don’t drink it. Even I thought it was a scary thing to say.”

Living water? How can you drink that?

“It is physiologically difficult to eat something alive, drink paint, or ingest a child that I created with paint.”

Dalgrak?

“I feel fear before I am moved by your filial piety, which allows you to

sacrifice your own body if your father is thirsty. I think it would be better to control yourself.”

Geo was sitting in his studio, having a meaningless conversation with his hundreds of swollen children.

“I have to build you a house.”

At first, I didn't think much of it, but when I saw living, moving water moving around near my house, I couldn't help but get a little worried.

If they were just quietly hanging out together, it wouldn't be a problem, but they would often come into the house and cause trouble or steal things. Geo would say they're cute and let it go, but sometimes they hide in the stream...

“I’ve been saying this since a while ago, but I really didn’t mean to drink. I made a slip of the tongue, kids.”

Piss.

“No, I don’t want that. Don’t criticize this dad for his strange tastes. I just wanted to drink water.”

I almost drank the water fowl.

“Don’t you know how surprised I was when you popped out of my mouth? Yes, you, you with nothing in your stomach right now.”

The only way to distinguish water birds was through the soft light and the odds and ends within them, but they had no belongings and were completely absorbed into the stream, making it impossible to distinguish them.

When Geo felt the water gurgling in his mouth, his heart sank. The people involved seemed to not care, but surprisingly liked it, but Geo did not have such a ruthless taste.

“You need a home too.”

Dalgrak, Dalgak?

“You need your own habitat.”

Do we not have money, time, or land? In this abundant and vast world, how can we live like a slave?

"and…."

I also had a personal interest.

“I’m going to try decorating this place a little bit too.”

Knock knock, bang!

“It’s too monotonous now.”

A cabin, a vast forest, and a beautiful spring. That alone wasn't enough.

“I need to build a fishing spot.”

There is a reason why open-world RPGs are so popular. Since ancient times, it has been the norm for all content to have a map that is not just large, but also rich in elements to enjoy.

“This isn’t really a game, but it’s something that needs to be developed further. It’s the same context.”

The outdoor activities Geo does now are limited to gathering and farming. He had to gradually increase the content he could do so that he wouldn't get bored without having to go outside the picture.

“I feel strangely uneasy outside these days.”

B.B.

“Is it because it’s not the world I remember…?”

Yeah.

“I don’t want to live there.”

Geo liked the current picture.

“The life of a freeloader is also good.”

Actually, this was the best.

“…Come out now.”

Click! Click!

“I don’t mind watching you draw, but I get nervous when you guys keep your clothes on. My shirt is about to burst right now, you poor thing.”

Dalgrak… .

“Do you think this dad is doing this for my own good, kids? Remember, this is all to build a home for you.”

Fortunately, the water birds came out of Geo's clothes without any problems.

“…….”

Thanks to his children who knew how to listen when he spoke, Geo was finally able to pick up a paintbrush.

He opened his mouth.

“If you go fishing….”

A big lake would be nice.

“Let’s go to the lake.”

Let's make a lake where the trees and water are in complete contact.

There will be fish living underneath. There will be small trouts that flow in from the stream, and there will be flat fish that are trapped and hidden in the sand at the bottom.

“Good.”

Let's also build a bridge for fishing.

There is a wooden bridge that connects the middle of a large lake. The color is a little light. I like the soft and gentle color like freshly baked bread. If the water of the lake is slightly visible between the wooden planks, it would sparkle in the sunlight during the day.

What will the evening scene be like?

“…….”

The surface of the water will glow like a soft lantern as it sways in the wind.

I wish I could see inside it better when it gets dark at night. I wish I could see all the way inside that deep lake.

It would be a bright but soft light, like the fluorescent bracelet I treasured and enjoyed as a child, hiding under a thick blanket in a dark room so that only I could see it.

“…I don’t mind if the colors change depending on your mood.”

Rustle.

“Gold for a good day, red for a bad day, blue for a sad or gloomy day… green for a normally peaceful day.”

Parsnip, parsnip.

“You can’t cry because you don’t have vocal cords.”

If you can't hear it, make it visible.

“Then I will talk to you too.”

Although Geo was the creator of the water birds, he could not control them as he pleased.

So, we don't know what the water birds are thinking, their appearance is vague, and they have no vocal cords, so they are quiet, so if we don't listen, we can't tell where they are.

'It wasn't for nothing that I almost got eaten. Such a disaster must never happen again.'

If it weren't for their playful and talkative personalities, Geo would definitely not have found them.

“…….”

That seemed a little sad.

“I’ll go out to play at night. We can talk then.”

Piss.

“If you shine that kind of light on a dark evening, I can see you even if I’m in the cabin. Okay, that’ll do. I’ll be watching you from the veranda, so you can tell me what you want to say then.”

Phew, phew.

"okay."

Geo moved his brush again.

“Let’s do that.”

The lake he drew held the night.

“…I like it.”

The lake wasn't just one color.

Water birds like to stay together, but the treasures they put in their bodies are different. They have different personalities. What they say, think, and do cannot be the same.

'So the complaints and boasts you whisper every night will all be different.'

So I put their halos on one by one with a brush.

“It’s just like pointillism.”

If you look closely, you will be able to tell which of you are tired and in pain, and which are happy and joyful.

From a distance, I can tell what all of you want to talk to me about and when I need to come and talk to you.

“Good.”

It looked like a flower garden blooming on the surface of water. It was clearly water, perhaps because it was painted with homemade paints, but it had an inexplicable freshness to it.

"good."

Or maybe fireflies, or forest butterflies that fly around here like sunlight and moonlight.

Perhaps it resembled the sparkle of transparent light reflected on a glass window.

“…….”

When Geo had drawn out all their emotions, the lake was dyed golden.

“…It seems good.”

The thrill of bringing something from imagination into reality was indescribable.

The lake will be located a little far from the cabin, and certainly far from the spring. The trees that border the lake will still retain their greenness.

“It will be blue during the day.”

When you scoop up the water, it will be as clear as if it contained the sky, and inside it will be a cool blue like the sea, and when the sunlight hits it, the glitter will look like white.

There are so many water birds hiding there, moving around, and sometimes when they are bored, they stick their heads out and play.

“At night, you can sparkle as you wish….”

Sparkle like water made of mist.

“They are scattering eggs.”

Like a newborn baby who laughs at the slightest breeze, you will shine brightly.

Just imagining that makes me feel so good.

“…….”

Talk.

As soon as I hit the canvas, the painting disappeared.

Perhaps it was my mood, but the scent of water was wafting from far away. It was such a gentle scent that just smelling it made me want to lie down on the moss and fall asleep right away.

'It's like a fragrance coming from water where there is nothing. Is it similar to the feeling of white tree spring water?'

The bird on the shoulder flutters as it smells the scent, and the bird sitting on the canvas flaps its wings.

Padduk!

Porruk, porruk!

Passs ...

Click, click!

Snap…!

A number of birds that had been hanging from the light flew through the open window.

The lively flapping of wings, like a migratory bird returning to its hometown, feels cool as if a wind has passed by from the sea… .

“…….”

I liked it, after all.

The same goes for water birds.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (12)

Episode 12

“It’s completely frozen.”

Geo picked up the dried apricots that had been left to dry in the yard of the cabin.

“…And it’s not even yellow….”

The shiny, metallic sheen really gave it a golden color.

It was just like an ugly gold dust, in size, weight, and shape.

“Since when did I start walking the path of an alchemist?”

It was amazing how plump and juicy red berries had changed like this.

“Is the color similar to sunlight?”

The berries, hard enough to be ground into powder, didn’t look like food. However, Geo, who knew that they could be made into medicine, tilted his head and placed all the dried berries into a glass jar.

Geo, who entered the cabin, received help from the system for the first time in a long time.

“Looking for a knowledgeable friend who can teach me how to make blood sausage.”

Method of preparation: Make a paste by mixing the dried fruit into

powder and the juice of the lulupu, and then make a dumpling. Dry it in a dark place for more than a week. It is a good medicine for bleeding and recovery.

“Yeah, here’s that knowledgeable guy. His confidence was well-founded.”

Today's content.

Making blood balls that are good for recovering from bleeding.

“Taran.”

It was a lot of fun to waste time doing productive work.

For Geo, who loved creating and raising things, these things were not a hassle at all.

'Making rice cakes in a hut with plenty of sunlight.'

It was exactly my taste. Geo took the materials and headed to the workshop.

“I’m not going to draw, but there’s no better place to work.”

Since the studio was so large, he could make full use of the workbench as long as he avoided the paint. Geo placed all of his materials on the workbench that he had cleaned in advance.

“…….”

Geo, who had just washed his hands, hesitated.

“…Can I just grind it into powder like I did with pigments? Is this the narrow-minded way of thinking of an art teacher who has only ever touched art materials? But it’s called ‘dried fruit,’ but it’s almost as hard as a mineral….”

Geo, who was in a moderate panic, unconsciously touched the dried fruit. Surprisingly, his mind and body found peace.

“It’s warm.”

The forest, where the weather was clear day after day, was always sunny. As you can see from the warm color, the well-dried goby fruits also felt the warmth of the sunlight.

It wasn't just the skin that felt hot, but there was a gentle heat that permeated even the blood vessels.

“This is the power of sun-dried fruit… Amazing.”

The heart that received that energy began to beat leisurely and clearly, as if it were a lazy afternoon, when I was taking a nap. I felt a gentle sensation, as if I was rolling around in a blanket filled with the scent of sunlight.

“…….”

bang-!!

Geo struck the hammer.

“It’s harder than I thought.”

Boom, crunch!

“Next time, don’t say it out loud like this….”

Crunch… .

“Should I grind it first and then dry it?”

Knock knock, knock.

“But then it would be difficult to keep all the juice in this way.”

The fruit, as hard as a mineral, shattered with a dull sound.

“…….”

I think this is enough.

'Put it in a bowl and grind it.'

Geo nodded.

Geo was a person who made pigments using all kinds of hard things, such as jewels and shells. Naturally, the bowl would get scratched or broken, so he made several bowls in advance to prepare for such cases.

Among them, Geo, who brought an unusually clean glass bowl, began to crush the fruit.

Knock, knock.

“No, what kind of firmness is this….”

Even though it was chopped into small pieces, there was a sound that made me wonder, 'Is this right?' No matter how much I thought about it, it seemed like Geo himself had awakened as an alchemist.

'I guess I'll have to make a grindstone later too.'

Judging by its insane firmness, I thought maybe it had been dried too long.

“Maybe I was under the impression that forest materials wouldn’t spoil.”

One of the special features of this forest was that the food and crops did not dry out or spoil.

It was the same with cooking. I thought that a world where food never

gets moldy was every chef's dream.

But I learned for sure from this fruit that this condition does not last indefinitely. The goby fruit that was left out for a long time did not spoil, but continued to dry out and became excessively hard.

“…….”

Is that why I feel even warmer?

‘… I need to think about this a bit more. I’ll have to try it out myself to see what kind of results I’ll get if I stick to a certain method.’

A warm sensation that cannot be felt from ordinary fruits was felt from the dried fruit. Considering that it was an ordinary dried fruit just a week ago, it certainly seemed to have its own unique characteristics.

Anyway, it was funny and good. Now Geo could go somewhere and say that he had tried forging gold.

“This is enough.”

Booths… .

It's a moist powder.

“It looks just like snow.”

Among them, it seems like the snow clumps together well.

It's dried out so much that I feel like it can't possibly be like this anymore, but where does this subtle moisture come from?

In fact, there was no moisture at all, but Geo might have been mistaken in thinking that it was strangely moist.

"…hmm."

As I took a quick taste of the powder, my body felt refreshed and a

sweetness spread across my tongue.

“…….”

Geo blinked twice.

“…It would be delicious if you put it in while baking.”

In the past, when sugar was scarce, it is said that common people used ground chestnuts found on the roadside instead of expensive sugar or strong-smelling honey.

Its rich flavor and subtle sweetness go well with many foods, so it is even used to make crepes.

“There’s nothing I can’t do.”

The powder from the dried fruit, fully ripened in the sun, had almost lost its original sourness, and only the characteristic green sweetness of dried fruit remained.

The sweetness was very strong, but it also had a light taste like grain or eggs. It was something I had never felt when eating freshly picked goji berries, so I wondered, 'Is this the taste of sunlight?'

“It might be difficult to use it as part of a meal because of its strong fruity flavor, but it would go well with sweet pastries such as crepes or madeleines topped with whipped cream or ricotta cheese. It would also go well with the refreshing lemon flavor of the goby fruit.”

To be called a true pig, you must think about what to eat, even when washing, eating, and sleeping. In that sense, Geo was a pig.

“I should have told you in advance.”

The goby fruit, full of pulp, was even more juicy. It felt like drying jelly the size of a Kyoho grape.

‘If you want to use this powder in cooking…’

It seemed wiser to dry them in large units in advance.

'It'll take quite some time.'

Geo lifted the glass bottle, having ground all the berries into powder.

“Since you might fail, let’s try most of them. People should always live with the possibility of failure in mind. That’s the shortcut to longevity.”

He left just enough powder to make balls smaller than the beads sold in stationery stores.

Geo, who had finished sorting out all the powdered goji berries, lifted the bottle next to him. Something inside was rustling deeply like a transparent Milky Way.

“…….”

It was the juice of the Lulupu, a flower from the well, that I had made a while ago.

“…Of course it wouldn’t have hurt….”

The juice of Lulupu contained in the glass bottle somehow resembled the spring water from which it grew.

Should I say it is similar to water filled with sunlight? Or should I say it contains slightly warm moonlight?

Lulupu's juice, which materialized the light that she had carried in her body her entire life and made into her own blood, was difficult to express as simply water with glitter in it.

‘… It really looks like the Milky Way. I wonder if this is what it would look like if the Milky Way were reflected on the shallow waters of the

White Tree Spring.’

Perhaps because it was so enjoyable to look at, Geo, who had been staring at it for a while, soon muttered.

“That’s cool.”

Geo dropped Lulupu's juice onto the barracks filled with finely ground powder.

Even though I hadn't dropped a single drop, the powder had already become soaked and had taken on a deep golden color. The powder, which had a cool blue color that gave off a unique sense of moisture, had a strangely cool feel to it.

“…like gold dust soaked in water.”

Geo, who was thinking for a while, pressed the powder down, then took it in his hand and rolled it gently. Because he was timid, it was very small, but the rice cake was completed.

“…….”

It looked like a real gold bead.

“……?”

At this point, shouldn't it be called a gold ball rather than a blood ball?

“Well anyway.”

Geo, who had a feel for the moisture content of the powder and the moistness of the juice, started making rice cakes one by one.

Thanks to his experience of tearing and eating sujebi (handmade dumplings) and making and eating honey-made rice cakes at home, he was able to make some pretty good rice cakes. Geo was able to make a total of 15 rice cakes.

“…….”

Geo felt a moment of emptiness as the powder of the goji berries he had worked so hard to grind was all used up. Life was bitter. There was a secret to life in it.

“…But there was still juice left.”

Because the powder itself was so moist, I couldn't use up all of the juice from the Lulupu, which spread incredibly well. In the end, I only used up about a third of the bottle, let alone half a bottle.

“How do I deal with this?”

It was at that very moment that I was worrying about that.

“…….”

“…….”

"uh…."

Geo made eye contact with a water bird sitting by the window of his studio.

“Oh, wait a minute.”

Dalgak Dalgak Dalgak!!

"no."

Damn it-!!

Lulupu's juice was stolen.

“…….”

What is this?

A water bird puffs up its body to the max and wraps its entire body around a large glass bottle to block it.

"……??"

Geo was taken aback by the greedy figure that looked like a slime straight out of a game.

"What are you going to use it for?"

It was funny how he swallowed a bottle three times his size with his small body, but I was really curious as to why he did that.

"Why did he show such enthusiasm when he couldn't even swallow it all?"

Dalgrak… .

"It's not that being stubborn won't work, it's that the bottle is bigger than your body."

Dalgrak!

"Do you see this bottle sticking out? Do you see it? I declare that you have the makings of a pig."

Daughter!! Cut!!

"Such a sharp clipping, what a novel performance art. You are truly my child."

It was mainly because he hit the ball without thinking. These days, it seems like even paint can be inherited.

"How do you plan to use it?"

I wondered what use the water bird would have for that, but the water bird flew into the glass bottle as if it were nothing. In the blink of an

eye, the water bird was crumpled into the shape of a bottle.

"uh?"

In this way, the water bird combined with Lulupu's juice.

“What is this….”

“Kururuk.”

“Did you tell me?”

“Kuruk.”

“Make a sound?”

Has it evolved?

“…….”

As expected, you are my child.

'Things don't always go as planned.'

As Geo turned the bottle upside down and shook it, the water bird that had been trying to cling on for some reason, whether it was pride or something else, was soon pushed away.

Chulup, bong!

Iron Buck!

“…….”

“…….”

The guy who fell down with a cute sound like a stationery liquid monster was soaking up all of Lulupu's juice and was shining somewhere.

“…….”

“Kuruk.”

Talking, and most of all.

“…It’s warm.”

I felt warmth.

“What happened?”

“Kururuk.”

“It’s absurd and fun, but I don’t know what kind of harmony this is. After all, life is a series of contents.”

“Kurung.”

“If you drink Lulupu’s juice, will the animals evolve? When I took a sip, nothing changed? Is this discrimination?”

Perhaps it was a possible change because the waterfowl was a species born from Geo's hands. Common sense would suggest that it would be impossible for a creature whose entire body was made of water to croak as if it had vocal cords.

“It might not be good to suddenly grow up, but I don’t think it’s a bad change for your body.”

“Gurrrr.”

“Well, that’s fortunate, but….”

Geo, who had been pondering the boiled egg, soon accepted the whole situation.

'It's okay because it's fun.'

Yes, in fact, Geo didn't think about it at all. He successfully finished all his worries.

“Water that talks and flies? That’s really amazing.”

“Crunch?”

“It seems like the body color has changed a little bit….”

The once transparent body turned a light yellow color, like water mixed with gold dust.

The water bird that drank the Rurupu juice was probably one that often carried jewels around, as its sparkling body was filled with yellow and transparent jewels. It matched well with Rurupu's unique sunlight and moonlight-like sparkle.

"hmm."

This color, which is no different from the visibility of a yellow sign, would be visible even when passing by on the KTX.

A guy full of gorgeous and gentle colors. This one definitely seemed like it would stand out from the others.

“If it stands out this much, I can give it a name.”

“Kurururul?”

“Do you like it? That’s good.”

Geo said soon.

“Golden….”

“…….”

“I also thought that was not right the moment I said it. This dad

sometimes makes slips of the tongue.”

Geo saw the water with a serious expression for the first time.

Even though I am a parent, there are things I can and cannot say to my children. Naming Geumjok is definitely one of those things I cannot say.

“…….”

The Seo family had never had a talent for naming. He put more effort into his brain and thought about it seriously.

“Then, what about Honey…?”

“Crunch?”

“Because it’s a sweet color.”

The bird, with its warm golden color, resembles sunlight or moonlight, but also resembles honey with a strong fragrance.

Geo said, stroking the slightly squishy and hardened goldfinch.

“My naming sense only goes so far.”

“Kururuk.”

“You’re so merciful that you don’t hate this.”

Honestly, I thought you'd hate it because the name is Honey.

'Maybe you don't understand what I'm saying and don't know what honey is.'

I thought about that for a moment, but what can I do if I like it anyway?

Geo watched the honey slowly sinking into the glass bottle again.

“You’re cute.”

It was healing to watch.

“A crumpled cat in a box….”

“Krrrr.”

“Does your voice get crooked as your body crumples? It’s even cuter.”

“Kyu-ryung.”

“This is the epitome of cuteness.”

Honey, who had managed to squeeze herself into the glass bottle, picked up the bottle. The strangely lukewarm glass bottle was just the right size and felt like a hot pack.

'It smells sweet too.'

It's like looking at a warm bonfire, and it makes my mind go blank.

"hmm."

As I gazed at the warm and pretty glass bottle with its sweet scent, I felt drowsy, as if I was eating lunch on a spring day and attending class.

Eating and sleeping are the pig's duties. And it seemed like Honey was doing the same.

“…….”

Geo put the glass bottle inside his outer garment without blocking its opening.

“I take it you agree.”

“Krung.”

The two fell asleep, lying down like spread-out laundry.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (13)

Episode 13

“…….”

Geo said as soon as he woke up.

“…fruit tea….”

I want a warm and sweet fruit tea.

“Let’s make some blue.”

That's how today's content was decided.

Making cheong wasn't that difficult. All you needed were tools that had been sterilized with love, fruits that had been grown with affection, and a certain amount of sugar.

'Oh, this is the amount of sugar you need to consume to the point where you think you're going to get diabetes.'

And most fruits could be made into syrup. You could use more than one fruit as long as they blended well.

“…….”

The first fruit Geo decided on was the goji berry.

“But I think this will be too sweet.”

If there were two flavors needed to successfully make fruit syrup, which is sugar water itself with the flavor of fruit, the first was sourness, and the second was bitterness.

The sugar alone is already sweet enough to make your tongue sting, so if you add sweet fruit to it, it becomes nothing more than canned fruit. Geo learned this fact when he made syrup with ripe, sweet tangerines.

“That tastes good too.”

But what Geo wanted now was a bitter fruit tea with a sweet base and a hint of sourness.

It wasn't a very difficult composition.

“I’ll need some sour and bitter fruits to go with the goji berries.”

The combination I often eat in real life is mainly strawberry and lemon.

Strawberries aren't completely sour, but they're soft and sweet overall. On the other hand, lemons have sour flesh and bitter peels, which adds depth to the strawberry's one-dimensional sweetness.

This time it was similar.

“Although they are sour, the goji berries are on the sweet side.”

And because the sweetness is so strong, I thought it would go well with sour fruits like lemon or bitter fruits like yuzu. Such a fruity drink with such a variety of flavors was especially satisfying when drunk as a warm tea.

"honey."

“Gurr.”

"let's go."

Geo, with a golden water bird on his shoulder, set out on an adventure with confidence.

He spoke to Honey, who had already moved into the basket.

“It’s okay if I just draw and make things like lemons or yuzu, but the food that’s made that way all tastes so-so… I like harvesting them myself better.”

“Kururuk?”

“It’s good for me, and it’s also good for the fruit syrup I’m going to make in the future. If possible, I’d like to try using unique fruits from this forest rather than fruits with weak flavors.”

Geo could draw pictures and create edible things. But strangely, all the ingredients and food he created were somehow bland.

It was okay to eat it when I was bored, but I didn't want to use it in a dish I was going to make. Geo pledged to make a fantasy-like fruit syrup, putting his grandmother's honor on the line, as she was the village's leading lady.

“When I think about it that way, farming doesn’t seem like a bad choice.”

“Kkuk.”

“As someone who grows new potatoes in Gangwon-do, I think the soil here is very suitable for farming. It’s always a mild spring day, but it’s not always windy, and it never rains, but the soil is always moist, and there are streams here and there. It’s a good environment for watering.”

“Kuuuk….”

“I don’t have any seeds or seedlings, but I think I can get help with that

part from Mr. Yoo Seong-un. If I want to receive something beyond the picture, I'll have to give something in return, but I can give as much as I want…."

The human life guaranteed unlimited content had such an onion-like charm. Even if it didn't seem like it, if you squeezed it, anything would come out.

"Good."

Great. Isn't this freedom the greatest happiness of being unemployed?

"It would be hard for crops grown by my own hands, full of the energy of the Gangwon-do mountains, to taste bad. Right?"

"Gurrrr."

"I really feel like I've become a country person. It's like I've moved to the countryside. I should have lived a peaceful and warm life like this a long time ago…."

For Geo, who was born in a mountain village in Gangwon-do, it could have been a homecoming.

"Ever since I was little, I enjoyed helping out with various tasks. Thanks to the fact that the elders had set up so many different things, I was able to try beekeeping, dig up ginseng, and meet wild boars…"

"Crunch?"

"I'm not talking about poaching. We literally met and parted ways without anyone getting hurt or killed. I think we met thanks to someone who was going around the mountains to collect mushrooms and ginseng."

There was no one who didn't have a vegetable garden, and some people raised chickens, ducks, or quails. I remember how happy it was

to make cheese with fresh milk from a farm I knew across the street, or simply eat honey.

Geo was a man who had done almost everything a human could do on earth.

“There’s no way someone like me wouldn’t be able to do some farming.”

Grandma, please watch over me.

“I will prove my talent in the name of our village.”

“Kkurung?”

“I was originally taught that you shouldn’t put your name on something like this.”

My grandmother's guiding principle was that if you can't do it, you should sell the names of the elders in the family.

“Of course, I don’t think this is the kind of situation you’re talking about.”

Interpretation was a matter of personal freedom.

“Then what kind of seeds should I ask for….”

“Kur?”

“…First of all, potatoes, sweet potatoes, and corn are absolutely necessary.”

Geo's mouth opened.

“It’s not for nothing that it’s a representative famine relief crop around the world, so it’s good to grow it in case of emergency. And I hope you grow some radish, too. In particular, if you pick out the young radish

sprouts and mix them with rice, soy sauce, and oil, they're so delicious."

"Gulp, gurgle."

"Pumpkin? Pumpkin is good. Old pumpkins that grow big are good for making porridge, small and sweet pumpkins are delicious when simply boiled and drizzled with honey, and long and plump zucchinis are good for making soup with a moderately rich flavor and filling. You know a thing or two."

There were many other things that came to mind.

"Like lettuce?"

"Kung kung kung…."

"It's surprisingly good. It's easy to grow, and if you pick off the well-grown leaves and eat them with rice and soy sauce, you can quickly solve a meal. Or, you can boil things like bok choy in a clear broth and eat them."

"Kururuk."

"Peas would be nice, too. Oh, and cherry tomatoes… I like these too. If you have a vegetable garden, you should definitely have at least one tomato plant."

Having said that, Geo looked down at the basket in his hands.

"……."

"Cur."

"aha."

Honey was seen spread out like a liquid monster spilled inside the basket.

"okay."

It's cute, so that's fine.

Honey was a bird that mainly carried jewels. The jewels in the basket, which were filled with golden liquid that seemed to be dripping with rich honey, were quite a sight to behold. It seemed like it would not be boring to be together.

Geo, who was talking about his future farming plans, soon stopped in front of a tree.

"ah…."

A pitch-black tree.

It was a tree made of obsidian.

“I found this first.”

Starflower Tree

A living obsidian tree. It grows by absorbing the starlight that shines on its body. The flowers of the starflower tree bloom every morning with the light and obsidian residue it has absorbed. The flowers of this tree are effective in treating burns and frostbite. The tree's sap and bark are mainly used as materials for works of art.

Method of preparation: The buds just before they bloom are good for frostbite, and the fully bloomed flowers are good for burns. They can be used by boiling them in water until they are soft, then soaking them in the sap of the Dorong Dorong leaf for ten days. Be careful not to ingest the flowers without the above process, as this can cause burns and frostbite.

“…….”

Geo blinked twice as he looked at the explanation that appeared

automatically.

“Did I use too much obsidian paint last time?”

A considerable amount of obsidian powder was consumed in the process of creating a habitat for water birds. It is a material often used to create a transparent texture like water or glass, and it would be a good opportunity to collect it.

Geo found a chisel and a hammer in the basket. They were tools that did not fit the word for foraging, but they were the best helpers for collecting starflowers.

“Get up, son. I find it cute how lazy you are, but Daddy has to work.”

“Gulp.”

“This isn’t your type of thing. Give it to me. That’s right.”

Geo, who gently coaxed Honey, who was playing with the tools, and retrieved the items, quickly put the basket down on the ground and approached the obsidian tree. He touched the branches of the obsidian tree to check the temperature and moisture.

I felt a faint warmth as if to prove that I was alive, and the sap flowing through it like blood.

"maybe…."

Geo found a dead branch among them.

“Is it this way?”

A hard branch with a strangely cold aura, reflecting light sharply rather than sparkling, and not feeling the slightest bit of moisture.

Geo felt around the edge, checked it, then brought the chisel and

hammer closer.

And then knock, knock.

“…….”

Boom…!

"Okay."

The obsidian branch fell off easily, making a clear sound.

The branches that were still alive could not be easily separated as they are now. They were too hard and had sticky sap stuck to them inside, so they would not break easily even if you tried to break them.

'Obsidian is so hard that it is difficult to use it to make paint.'

The sticky, sap-oozing branches were difficult to grind into a clean powder. Unless you wanted to make sharp knives or arrowheads or extract the sap, it was best to pick out as many dead branches as possible.

“That would be better for the tree too.”

Although it is an obsidian tree with a glassy texture, it is still alive. It is a tree that blooms flowers that are excellent medicines, so removing the dead branches would be much more convenient for the tree.

Geo was careful not to let the weakened dead branches break into pieces, and he split the long branches into pieces. The obsidian pieces that contained the cold energy of the stars in the night sky all went into Honey’s stomach in the basket.

“Are you going to take care of it?”

“Gurrrr!”

“Okay, let’s do that.”

It seems like he's trying to get some independence funds in advance, but anyway, he's a bird that really shines. He's like the embodiment of greed that doesn't suit his clear and clean face.

'If it's a shiny stone, it's useless.'

If I do it, I will do it, but at least I won’t suffer for it. Geo looked up again and looked at the starflower tree.

“…….”

The tree was a deep black color that reflected the sunlight clearly like a mirror.

The black obsidian, so cold that it seemed like it should only be seen on a snowy mountain, blended well with the spring environment where flowers and grass were in full bloom, perhaps because it was alive. Occasionally, a forest butterfly, a shape of light, would land on it.

Geo, who had been admiring the sharp, hard tree for a while, moved his feet again.

“…I have to find the fruit.”

“Kyu-reuk.”

“I wish there was some good fruit.”

Fortunately, Geo was able to find a fruit that he liked before long.

drought complex

A tangerine fruit with a light brown peel and cracked skin like a drought field. It does not rot for nearly a year after harvest, so it is used as a preserved food during drought. If exposed to fire or left under the hot sun for three days, it becomes sweet like honey, but is sour and bitter

when eaten raw. It is rich in nutrients, so canned food or soup made from it is an excellent nutritional supplement that can save people on the verge of starvation.

Processing method: Process the drought complex into an edible form and consume it.

“It’s a nutritional supplement.”

That part is also very interesting.

“…You’re saying it’s bitter?”

Geo was drawn to this point more than anything else.

'There's no mention of it being poisonous, so I don't think there's any problem eating it raw, but how sour and bitter does it have to be? Could you tell me a way to make it sweeter?'

He bravely picked the fruit.

It was exactly the same size as a Korean tangerine, and the peel was a little harder, but the shape was similar. The flesh inside was also a deep yellow color like honey, but it was all the same as a tangerine.

Sniff sniff, Geo took a bite of the fruit without hesitation after smelling its sour scent.

“…….”

Gulp.

Geo swallowed the fruit calmly.

“…….”

“Ku, kuru… kururu…”

"okay."

At Honey's nervous reaction, Geo nodded with his characteristically blunt face. His facial muscles, which had long since degenerated, did not succumb to this level of hardship and ordeal that occurred only with his tongue.

“It’s so bitter.”

It tasted like I knew why the recipe was only 'processed into an edible form and consumed'.

'Perhaps even the poisons of history were sweeter than this.'

It was a shocking stimulus that made me dizzy.

He barely managed to hold onto his fading senses and realized that the texture was harder than a tangerine and that it was less juicy, but compared to its amazing taste, it didn't bother him too much. He took a deep breath for a while.

“…….”

Why do I feel like I don't hate him? Geo has gained confidence.

“At this level, it’s as sweet as the sweetness of the goji berry.”

A basketful of honey came out, disgusted. The taste seemed too shocking for the sweet honey to handle.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (14)

Episode 14

Fruit syrup is really easy to make.

“It’s a bit of a hassle to prepare, but if you mix half the pulp and half the sugar and leave it to ferment, it becomes fruit syrup.”

Geo brought a clean, sterilized glass bottle filled with friendship, peace, love and affection.

Although it was so big that it was more like a jar than a bottle, Geo, who resembled his grandmother, the village's big shot, was not going to skimp on ingredients when cooking. It had to be this big.

“Okay, let’s see.”

The full-bodied goji berries and the bitter-smelling drought clusters were washed clean in water. The flesh of the goji berries was soft and juicy like a light jelly, while the drought clusters were firm and had little juice, like unripe tangerines.

The skin of the goby fruit is so thin that it melts, so I just cut it into quarters without any additional process, and for the drought-stricken fruit, I peeled off the white, translucent outer skin, leaving only the flesh.

"and…."

Just pour it.

'It would be better if the juicy goji berries were on top.'

At the very bottom of the glass container, place a layer of dried fruit and lightly sprinkle sugar on top. Then, place the dried fruit on top and pour in a generous amount of sugar to create a layer. Once the sugar layer is firmly formed, you can continue to repeat.

Geo pressed down hard to make sure there were no air holes between the flesh.

“Because I don’t want you to get hurt.”

The food in this forest did not spoil or mold, but this process was necessary so that the flesh could be mixed well and the sugar water could be absorbed. Geo filled the glass jars tightly.

“I’m done.”

All you had to do was seal it and store it in a cool, shaded place for a few days.

“I wish it would ripen quickly, but it will probably take some time.”

“Kung, kung, kung.”

“You can’t eat it yet. Even if you take it out and eat it now, it’ll just be sugar-covered fruit. Later, when the flesh becomes more mushy and the sugar water infuses it with flavor, you can drink it as tea.”

“Kkuk.”

“Cooking is sometimes the aesthetic of waiting.”

Honey grumbled and complained, but there was nothing she could do. It would take some time for the fruit juice to fully ripen.

“It won’t take that long. The weather here is warm, so the sugar will melt quickly. The juice will come out smoothly.”

“Kung.”

“Don’t stick to the floor, you’ll get dusty. It’s annoying. If you keep doing this, you’ll end up cleaning all the floors in our house. You’ll go from a honeybee to a dustbug.”

It was late and I was hungry after my adventure to make a successful fruit punch. It was time to indulge in a meal rather than a fruit punch that might ripen at any moment.

"hmm…."

Let's make it really simple.

“Let’s make rice balls.”

“Huh?”

“Can you eat rice too?”

“Gurrrr.”

“Where does the food I eat get digested in this transparent body…?”

As expected, Honey had all the qualities of a pig. Geo, the father of this round piglet, nodded in satisfaction.

“Gurrrr!!”

“Okay, I understand. Let’s go.”

The rice balls that Geo made this time were literally food.

Freshly cooked rice with a little salt and sesame oil.

“It’s a good thing the rice was cooked in advance.”

There was a stove in the cabin, but no electric rice cooker. In the first place, there was no electricity in this world, so there was nothing we

could do about it. That’s why Geo had already drawn a cauldron and placed it in the kitchen at the back of the cabin.

As I opened the heavy iron lid, white steam rose up.

“Good.”

As I nodded, the steam that had been floating around suddenly disappeared.

“……?”

At that moment, Honey, who was next to me, caught my eye.

“…….”

I don't know if it was because of my mood, but for some reason I felt like I had gotten a little bigger.

“Kururu.”

“…Are you sure you’re drinking all the moisture that came out of the rice right now?”

“Kung.”

“Your body smells like freshly cooked rice. It’s so delicious, and if I sleep with it next to me, I’ll be so hungry I won’t be able to sleep.”

“Kurung.”

“I’ve seen people put steam on their faces for skin care purposes, but this is the first time I’ve seen someone inhale the steam itself….”

Is this what they mean by 'give way to your stomach, not your skin'?

“It’s amazing.”

The sweet scent of Lulupu's juice and the savory smell of freshly cooked rice were coming together. I couldn't quite define what the scent was.

Geo scooped up some food with a slightly excited look on his face. No matter how surprised he was, a living thing had to eat.

“Let’s make porridge with the stuck-on scorched rice. It’s a very easy-on food, so it’s good to have whenever you want. I’ve never seen anyone who got sick from eating this.”

“Cur.”

“First, make rice balls, then later. If you eat nurungji porridge in the morning when you first wake up and are half-asleep, it’s really refreshing.”

Returning to the kitchen, Geo lightly sprinkled salt and sesame oil on the fluffy rice. There was no need to worry about this or that since the cabin cupboard was stocked with all the basic ingredients.

'What will happen if I use all of this?'

It would be fun if it were automatically filled in like when I first checked the cabin, and even if it wasn't, I could just draw a picture and make a new one anyway, so that was good. But it didn't seem to be filling in yet.

Geo seasoned the hot rice by gently stirring it with his chopsticks.

“Actually, this alone is delicious.”

The smooth, savory taste unique to freshly cooked rice, the rich aroma of sesame oil that gently envelops it, and the rice balls lightly seasoned with salt are so heartwarming when eaten right after they are made.

“It’s a good meal when you need to eat but don’t want to eat something

fancy.”

“Gurrrr.”

“If you can eat it, eat it. I don’t know how to eat it, but… wasn’t the steam from the pot a little while ago enough? You seem to have grown, but aren’t you already full?”

“Gulp.”

“Okay, then try it.”

It's a sight of water eating rice.

'It seems fun, so let's leave it alone.'

Geo made rice balls, making a promise to himself.

A total of about 39.

“…….”

“…….”

“Dad, I’m hungry.”

“Gulp….”

“I’m like that because I’m hungry.”

Geo was a big eater.

“Sometimes you have to eat a lot like this to feel full.”

But it didn't stop there.

“I’m going to grill it once for texture. When both sides are golden brown, the texture is better and the rich flavor is more intense.”

“Kung….”

“I don’t know if it’s because the sesame oil flavor is stronger or because the grains are burnt… but it’s much more delicious to grill it like this than to just eat it as a plain rice ball.”

“Kuk kkuung.”

“Well, I guess I’ll get sick of just eating rice.”

Geo lamented the situation his laziness had brought about. He knew that a day would come when he would regret it like this.

“I should have made some side dishes in advance. Then I could have enjoyed a more colorful meal even if I only ate rice.”

“Keuuuung….”

“It would be nice to make a soup with the fish caught from the lake, and it would also be nice to mix various ingredients and make salted seafood. It would also be nice to have something like a meat soup, but it’s a bit strange to eat meat here.”

When it comes to hunting animals on land other than fish, not only do I not know how to do it, but I also feel reluctant to eat cute and round animals that fit Geo's taste. In the first place, I don't know how much flesh there would be in that small, round body.

“Should I ask Mr. Yoo Seong-un for something like this?”

“Gurrrr.”

“With seeds, right?”

Geo placed a well-made rice ball on a pan that was heated sufficiently in the brazier. Along with the sizzling sound, the rich scent of sesame oil and the fragrant smell of crackling grains rose.

'It's a simple but good combination.'

Geo, who had finished grilling all the rice balls, sat down at the table and took a bite.

“…….”

It was delicious, as expected.

‘… Is it because the rice is well-cooked and chewy? Thanks to baking it once, the texture and flavor are good. The saltiness is just right, so it doesn’t get too bland.’

The rice that went into this was in a picture drawn by Geo, so it wasn't in very good or bad condition. So it was a little difficult to expect the power of the ingredients, but the rice ball was still quite tasty.

“Is it because it’s a meal after work?”

“Gurrrrung.”

“…….”

A bird shaped like a rice ball came into Geo's sight.

"oh."

No, that was Honey swallowing a rice ball.

“Oh, God of Heaven and Earth.”

“Kururuk.”

“I swallowed this.”

“Kurururururung.”

“Even though it’s bigger than your body.”

Geo was convinced after 3 seconds.

“That’s funny.”

“Kkuk.”

“While we’re at it, do you want to have another one? Maybe we can make it bigger here.”

“Gurururum.”

“Yeah, it’s probably not fully digested yet. Of course. That’s how it looks.”

“Kur?”

“Oh, Dad knows everything.”

A peaceful day passed like that.

* * *

“…….”

Damn… .

The meteor cloud in front of the portrait tilted its head.

“You don’t open your eyes again these days.”

I waited from midnight until 5 a.m., the current time, but the portrait did not open its eyes.

Yoo Seong-un muttered, running his finger along my chin.

“I don’t think there are any separate rules for this part.”

The portrait would open its eyes at the time when there were least staff.

The time when I could talk changed from day to day. I didn't

necessarily run away as long as they didn't ask rude questions, but I wasn't always looking outside the picture.

Perhaps he liked the world in that portrait.

'Personally, I think it would be wise to do so, though.'

However the world inside the portrait was realized, it was much better than looking at the dirty and complicated modern society. At least, that's what Yoo Seong-un thought.

“…If you think about it that way….”

Perhaps 'Portrait of Geo' likes silence.

“I guess this could be considered one of the rules.”

Yoo Seong-un sat against the wall in front of the portrait and took out a notebook.

'I should keep a record.'

What he does is observe, analyze, maintain, and manage unknown objects or phenomena. With his vast knowledge, Yoo Seong-un has paid such close attention to 'Portrait of Geo' for the first time.

Fortunately, 'Portrait of Geo' was a relatively friendly opponent to humans. It answered questions and returned favors with favors, which was quite gentlemanly.

“Is it roughly organized?”

Thanks to this, the analysis wasn't that difficult.

Value manners

Enjoy giving gifts

No change in facial expression (is it because it is a portrait?)

Knows a lot about people and respects them

‘… This part is definitely special.’

Although Geo's true identity has not been determined yet, caution must be taken. There was a reason why humanoid monsters were designated as the most dangerous elements regardless of their attitude.

'Because those guys knew little about humans.'

Eleven years ago, the first humanoid monsters friendly to Earthlings were sighted. Based on this, associations from various countries began to seek ways to communicate with the inhabitants beyond the dimensional gate.

However, there was an incident where the bodies of the delegation that went over the gate for the purpose of friendship returned as 'healthy deformities'.

'The humanoid monster at that time expressed it in his favor… .'

The body of the envoy seemed inefficient to humanoid monsters, so they increased the legs to four and divided the mouth into six parts.

It was a favor, but at the same time it was a disaster for humans. That was when the saying that monsters are monsters for a reason came into being.

“It’s still scary when I think about it again.”

Since that incident, humanoid monsters have also become targets of subjugation without exception.

No matter how kind they may be to humans, there is no way to know how or when their terrible true nature will be revealed.

'So, I want to be wary of this portrait, but there are too many suspicious aspects to do so. Geo knows too much about humans to be considered a typical humanoid monster. He doesn't unconditionally hate Earth creatures either.'

He is neither very friendly nor very hostile to humans.

A bit cynical, yet at the same time polite and considerate, 'Portrait of Geo' seemed like an ordinary human being, just seriously blunt.

“…….”

Bam.

Yoo Seong-un pressed the pen on his notebook.

“That part is a bit hard to understand.”

Geo didn't look like a monster.

'Unless you're a curator or a gardener, you might say it's a monster... .'

Still, I wasn't sure.

“Yeah, it really could be a monster.”

It could be an item with a self, it could be just a cursed portrait, or it could be a hallucination of a level higher than we can even imagine.

'It's only been about 30 years since the dungeon was created, so we can't know everything.'

So, the best thing Yoo Seong-un could do right now was to analyze this portrait and respond to it.

"hmm…."

First of all, I had a question.

The eyes in the portrait seemed distant and not human, and the appearance of the beauty that did not seem to belong to this world, along with the pale yet stimulating colors, gave off a strange sense of unreality.

'That AI's businesslike tone and unchanging facial expression probably added to the pressure.'

but.

“No matter what, Geo is still a gentleman.”

As can be seen from the rules listed above, Geo has never been a threatening or violent opponent based on his actions so far. As can be seen from his deep understanding of humans, he was definitely considerate and respectful of humans.

'Unlike the ignorant humanoid monsters of the past, this one thinks from the perspective of humans.'

That means there is a depth of understanding that cannot be seen in other monsters.

'And based on that, you express your favor and consideration.'

Didn't you even give her a gift?

“…….”

After thinking for a moment, Yoo Seong-un wrote a new sentence in his notebook.

Prefer nice or polite partners (1:1 rule?)

'... I'm not sure, though.'

If we look at the people Geo has given gifts to so far, they were all

people he owed money to or who had treated him kindly.

Since it is a portrait that can distinguish between good and evil in humans, I thought it would be good to like someone who is kind and well-mannered.

'Well, anyway.'

That's not what's important.

“…The question is why did the other employees get so scared and run away….”

The staff here were all people that Bisabal had insisted on nurturing or transferring one by one. Bisabal's collecting habit was shown not only on objects but also on people, and Bisabal, who was very attached to his staff, did not choose stupid or incompetent people.

So, even if they were low-ranking employees, would Bisabal have chosen them carelessly, especially those who managed his beloved gallery? They were all strong and capable people.

“But when I met Geo, I felt scared and pressured.”

Yoo Seong-un has never met Geo in person.

The last time he came out, Yoo Seong-un was just following him and watching him. So, he had no idea what he felt when he confronted Geo head-on.

I could only vaguely guess.

“…….”

If you can oppress a human being just by existing, then the level of your soul must be enormous.

'... If we're going to be that picky, should we be grateful for the quiet

sleep inside the portrait?'

Yoo Seong-un sighed deeply with a troubled expression on his face.

“What on earth did you bring, Mr. Visabal…?”

Are you finally going to destroy the Earth?

It was a day when I felt a craving for cigarettes, even though I had quit smoking five years ago.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (15)

Episode 15

“I figured it was a resolution issue.”

“…Resolution?”

Surprisingly, the portrait easily answered Yoo Seong-un's question.

“When I go outside, it’s like the picture becomes reality.”

“Yes.”

“Then wouldn’t there be a difference in the area that humans who see it can perceive?”

Geo, who had opened his eyes after a long time, continued speaking with an attitude of not being shy.

“I don’t know because I’ve never seen a mirror outside of a painting, but most of the staff here seemed to be in a state of utter confusion when they saw me and talked to me directly, as if they were dealing with something unknown. Even after we finished making our names and exchanging information with each other, the fear only grew stronger….”

“Do you think there was a problem in the recognition process?”

“Yes.”

Good analogy.

'It's amazing how the soul can be expressed like this. If you were a teacher, you'd be quite suitable.'

Yoo Seong-un, who did not know that Geo was telling the truth without any lies, thought that this was just the most plausible metaphor that the portrait could explain.

I understand what you mean by resolution.

'Come to think of it, Geo has been introducing himself to everyone he meets for the first time.'

Yoo Seong-un asked a question that suddenly occurred to him.

“Do you value your full name?”

“You can increase intimacy by exchanging names. I figured that would be the case, too.”

“Uh uh….”

“It was to increase intimacy?” Yoo Seong-un asked back with a slightly embarrassed look on his face.

“Have you been using your full name on purpose to make us feel more intimate?”

“It’s also a matter of human courtesy. If you want to get to know someone, you should introduce yourself first.”

"okay."

Rather, it seemed as if he didn't know that that aspect could be even scarier.

‘… It must be really hard to feel close to a being with such a huge soul that you have trouble recognizing it even when it’s right in front of you, and ask for its name.’

To spiritual beings, the true name is always a subject of trade. Unless you are a local or elderly person, even such people know the dangers of exchanging true names.

'Besides, Geo, who is completely black, looks just like a god of death, so he will be more cautious.'

Of course, this is a rule that applies between people. In fact, sharing names is a useful technique when extracting information from others. Just sharing names can build a little bit of trust.

In that sense, it's something I feel every time.

‘…Does Geo really think of himself as human?’

That was the part that needed to be taken care of.

'If the natural respect and consideration that we have now, based on humans, come from such an illusion, we must maintain Geo's ability to think of himself as a human being as much as possible.'

Otherwise, I didn't know what kind of disaster would occur.

“Um… yeah.”

If you think of yourself as a human being, it is easier to ask questions about this and that.

“Then how old are you?”

“I’m 29 years old.”

“…….”

But this was a bit unexpected.

“…29 years old?”

"yes."

“You’re young.”

“I’ve heard the term ‘presbyopia’ a lot, but it’s a painful reaction.”

“Oh, no, that’s not it….”

Even Yoo Seong-un himself found it funny when he asked about the age of the portrait he was talking about, but he had no idea that the portrait, which made him feel dizzy just by looking at it and made it impossible to even make eye contact, was not even thirty years old.

'I wonder if this is also my own illusion.'

It was a statement that could have easily come out if Geo recognized himself as a normal 29-year-old human being, regardless of how long this portrait actually existed.

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“I never thought you’d be younger than me.”

“I’m curious about Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s age. Can you answer?”

“I’m 33 years old.”

“I thought you were in your 20s.”

“That’s really kind of you to say.”

“You’ve been around for a while.”

The portraitist spoke in his characteristically blunt tone.

“Then, you can speak comfortably.”

“Ah… is that okay?”

“I don’t think I ever asked you to use formal language.”

“That’s true, though.”

I deliberately raised my voice because I thought he valued manners, but he didn't seem to care about that. Maybe he put more weight on polite behavior than flashy words.

'Anyway, it seems like you don't dislike me.'

I wouldn't ask someone to talk to me if I felt uncomfortable or uncomfortable.

“Then I’ll make it a little easier.”

“As you like.”

“I’ve been speaking in a high-level tone the whole time, so it feels awkward to try to be more relaxed.”

“For something like that, you speak quite naturally.”

“Ah, that’s… I’m used to being spoken to informally….”

Although I got used to the class life while working as a curator or researcher, in fact, when I worked as a gardener in the past, I was a wanderer.

Even so, I wasn't at the point where I would ignore all manners and manners like a scoundrel, but honestly, I felt more comfortable speaking informally.

“Who the hell said that, presbyopia?”

“It’s something I’ve heard often.”

“You don’t look particularly old. Did someone frame you?”

“Some people don’t believe me when I say I’m in my 20s….”

“Oh, I understand that.”

Yoo Seong-un was convinced.

“You have a rather heavy aura. You don’t seem to be in your 20s.”

“That’s a story I’ve heard often.”

“Then it’s certain. Maybe it was because he didn’t have the aura of a young man.”

I don't know if this portrait was once a human being and has become a painting, or if it's just a painting with human memories, but when people say, "You don't look your age," I think it's because of the atmosphere.

“Besides, before you even mention presbyopia or anything, he’s just handsome.”

“Thank you for the compliment.”

“If you’re that handsome, the feeling of maturity doesn’t matter at all.”

Her skin was as smooth as porcelain, as if white powder was dripping down it, and her facial features were sharp and clear, giving her a strong impression.

The expression that seemed at times angry but at other times just calm matched the bluntness well.

“It must have been popular.”

“I have no dating experience.”

“…….”

I never thought I would hear such a story from a portrait artist.

“…Not there? With that face?”

“I have never had any experience receiving a confession.”

“Have you ever done this?”

“I didn’t do it because I wasn’t interested.”

“I think I know what the situation was.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed hollowly.

It's the same context as before. The atmosphere was so heavy that he couldn't confess even though he had feelings for her, or he probably assumed that she already had a lover by that face and backed off.

‘… Seeing you say things like this, I guess you were once a human and then became a portrait.’

Considering the remarks made by someone who seems to have some experience in social life.

“What….”

But, I don't think it's time to ask about that yet.

'I made you run away last time.'

Yoo Seong-un decided to change the subject.

“But it seems like you don’t come out much these days?”

“Aren’t we talking right now?”

“Other than that, there were times when I actually came out.”

Because of this, ominous ghost stories still circulated among curators. Since Bisabal had kept his mouth shut about this, Yoo Seong-un was unable to explain the truth behind the ghost stories.

“At that time, it almost felt like I was going to go outside the gallery.”

“I’m sorry if I caused any misunderstanding, but I had no intention of leaving at that time either.”

“That’s surprising. I thought you wanted to go outside the gallery because your radius of action kept expanding.”

“I was just wondering how far my place extended.”

“Now that we’ve checked everything up to the first floor, does that mean there’s no need to go out?”

“There’s that too….”

The portrait looked down at the meteor cloud.

“I originally tried to avoid active adventures in crowded places, and I am trying to avoid this as much as possible because I am afraid you will be inconvenienced.”

“…No, that was a really unexpected reason. Is that why you didn’t come out? That was such a considerate decision.”

I really wish other monsters and ego weapons would see Geo's behavior and learn from it.

'I didn't know I would receive such consideration from someone outside of Inoe. If I reported it to the academic society, there would be chaos.'

Should I say it was amazing or amazing? It was a portrait whose true identity had not yet been determined, but as a gardener, I was grateful for the good fortune of having encountered such a special being.

I guess all of this is consideration that is possible because I think of myself as a human being… .

“Then, wouldn’t you like to hear Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s story?”

“…My story?”

“I feel like I’ve only talked about myself up until now.”

“Oh, I see.”

Yoo Seong-un was convinced.

'Could this also be considered a 1:1 rule?'

It was a portrait that I really liked being fair. Well, since I've been digging up a lot of stories about portraits up until now, it was a natural flow without having to say any rules or anything.

“Where should I start talking….”

Yoo Seong-un blinked and chose a topic to bring up.

“…First of all, I’m a curator. I’m in charge of maintaining and managing the gallery of the guild leader here, Bisabal. There are many curators here besides me.”

“If it’s a gallery, does it also sell art?”

“Sometimes, yes. This gallery is a place where the most precious and dangerous things in the world are collected, so sometimes there are people who try to buy the works here for the purpose of subjugation or research.”

Yoo Seong-un also explains his work to such customers.

“That’s why any artwork that no curator can explain is marked as not for sale without exception. Even if it’s a gallery that only collects the most dangerous things in the world, if a customer buys it and it causes damage, we will ultimately be held responsible.”

“Aren’t you going to pretend not to know?”

“Even if you want to pretend not to know, you can’t. Things get even more complicated because it can lead to not only a simple legal battle

but also an armed conflict. Even if you sign a contract in advance that says, ‘We informed you of the risk and it’s your fault for the damage,’… you can’t address all the customer complaints.”

Moreover, direct retaliation could be inflicted on curators who were not particularly skilled as hunters. In fact, assassins were hired by other companies and several curators were killed.

“The guild master here is so horrible to his staff that it’s unacceptable, but curators elsewhere frequently suffer retaliation.”

“Doesn’t the company there provide separate measures?”

“Why would you do something like that? There are plenty of people who want to work. It’s cheaper to hire new employees than to protect existing ones, so most people just leave them alone.”

“It’s cool.”

“That’s the way the world is.”

It might be disillusioning for a monster who seems to like good things, but in the human world, it wasn't such a big deal.

“Outside the city, people are already dying. There’s no manpower to protect them, and monsters are crawling out… The countryside, which has no proper infrastructure, is practically nature itself.”

“…….”

“The level of civilization in the city and the countryside is about a century apart. Well, there are some people who say that it’s better in the countryside because you don’t have to deal with all the hardships and oppression.”

The portrait spoke bluntly.

“I'm tired.”

“Did I talk too much?”

“I meant that the picture was nice.”

“I agree with that.”

I don't know what the inside of that picture would be like, but it seemed much more peaceful than this dirty and deadly world we live in.

The portrait then asked.

“So, Mr. Yoo Seong-un, are you continuing to work as a curator?”

“Ah… that’s, no. I haven’t been employed for many years.”

“If you don’t mind, could you tell me what you did before?”

“…….”

Is it okay to even say something like this?

After thinking for a moment, Yoo Seong-woon quickly confessed.

“I used to be a researcher.”

“That’s an unexpected answer.”

“And before that, I was a gardener. Actually, I still am a gardener.”

“Are you a gardener who maintains a lush garden of grass and flowers?”

“No, we control the source.”

There was a source in this world.

“I don’t know how much you know, but there are things called dungeons on Earth. They’re dens of monsters made with various

themes…”

“…….”

“There are times when the same plants are found in separate dungeons, even though they are clearly from different dimensions. We call them ‘Children of the Origin.’”

The same type of plant is found in dungeons filled with fire and dungeons made up of caves.

This happened despite the dungeon being completely unrelated, and some researchers said it was possible because the plant was derived from the source.

“Can you explain the source?”

“We don’t know the details either.”

But the source was that kind of existence. The lowest, most basic concept of all dimensions.

“If we compare it to a tree, the dungeon is the fruit, and the monsters inside are the seeds of the fruit. The origin is the root of the tree.”

“…….”

“That is, I suspect that the power of the source is also what creates the dungeon.”

“Thank you for sharing this wonderful story.”

“I find you strange too.”

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking, smiling heartily.

“Gardeners analyze, manage, and share what happens from that source. They are similar to researchers who analyze the names and

powers of new monsters that appear. They are also similar to geography hunters who travel through dungeons and rewrite maps.”

“It seems unrelated, but why is it called a gardener?”

“Well, well.”

Yoo Seong-un blinked his blue-tinged eyes. They soon became a slightly brighter color.

“Some people see the origin as a garden.”

“…….”

“…Because I actually manage a ‘garden’.”

The portrait asked.

“It’s a garden.”

“Yeah, the garden.”

“Is it different from the original?”

“You could say it’s part of the origin.”

Yoo Seong-un answered faithfully.

“If we call a person the source, then the garden we are talking about is a part of that person, such as his blood vessels, fingernails, heart, and eyes.”

“…….”

“They are huge and there are a lot of them. A very small number of highly qualified gardeners are in charge of each of these gardens, which is quite a difficult job….”

Yoo Seong-un laughed as if he was sighing.

“Many people are dying. It’s a difficult job to be relaxed in one way or another.”

“Is it something that someone has to do?”

“If you are chosen by the source, you will definitely have to do something, and if you neglect that work, the difficulty of various dungeons will increase sharply.”

“It’s scary.”

“…Even if you say you’re scared, I can’t feel it….”

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking, scratching his ear as if he had heard nonsense.

“I am still a gardener. Becoming a gardener is not something that can be chosen by one’s own will, so even though I am currently working as a curator, I cannot shed my qualifications as a gardener.”

“Is it difficult?”

"any?"

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“It’s still worth doing.”

When I close my eyes, I see huge snow-capped mountains. I see glaciers. Their grandeur is captivating.

“Having my own garden is pretty cool.”

“……”

The portrait answered immediately.

“I understand.”

"okay?"

“Me too.”

"I see."

That's how the conversation ended that day.

I don't know what it was like for the portrait artist, but at least for the gardener it was a pretty enjoyable time.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (16)

Episode 16

"this."

An exclamation that came out while suppressing a smile as if pretending to be polite.

The visa officer asked.

“You’re saying you weren’t coming out because you thought people would be scared?”

“I didn’t say it that way, but in summary, it’s not wrong.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“It seemed like he knew that a being of such a high level of soul as himself would run into trouble if he encountered a defenseless person. But it seems a bit out of harmony that he insists on being an ordinary human being….”

Then Visabal narrowed his eyes like a snake and said:

“It’s true that we can’t rule out the possibility that he’s a humanoid monster in the form of a portrait, but he can’t be considered a simple monster either. He doesn’t hate humans at all.”

“…….”

“If it’s something that even the curator of the meteor cloud isn’t sure

about, then it’s probably something related to the source, but since he hasn’t submitted an official report yet, I think it’s something I’ve never seen before.”

“Yes, for now.”

It was rare for a gardener like Yoo Seong-un to have an existence whose source he didn't know.

'The monsters in the dungeon are also beings born from the veins of the origin, but their difficulty is on a different level from that of the origin's children. If it were a type of origin child that Geo had never seen before, the story would become much more complicated.'

The so-called 'Children of Origin' could be found equally in all dungeons. They cannot be resolved through simple subjugation like regular monsters.

That's why he needed extensive knowledge about them and the ability to deal with them, and Yoo Seong-un was a veteran who had been working as a gardener since he was 11 years old.

The portrait of Geo, which was unknown to Yoo Seong-un, was clearly a target of caution.

“Anyway, even if you say ‘child of the origin,’ it is certain that he is an unusual being.”

If there's one thing that monsters and the children of Origin have in common, it's that they don't know how fragile Earthlings are.

Even if they knew, monsters hated humans, and the children of the origin were indifferent to humans.

Either way, it was bound to be harmful to humans.

“It is rare for a human to be this friendly.”

“It is indeed something the association would covet.”

“I asked you last time, but are you going to pass it on to me?”

“I have no thoughts.”

The possessiveness of the Visabal is quite considerable, so even if it is only for a short while to inspect, he will never leave his things in someone else's hands. If it is a clean transaction, it is okay, but he will not handle such a half-assed matter.

“It seems like Curator Yoo Seong-un is managing it well, so is there a reason to hand it over to the association research institute?”

“If Geo is a child of the Origin, he can harm people without any sense of guilt. He may claim that he was just following his own rules, but… I don’t know how much of a disaster that would be for humans.”

An investigation was needed.

“At this point, all I can understand is the story of the portrait. I don’t know exactly what technique is used, how high the level of the soul is, or what role it plays in the source.”

“I’m not the type of person who wants that.”

“…….”

“Do you remember what I asked you to do when I hired you, Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

Yoo Seong-un answered with a sigh.

“It was about analyzing, maintaining, and managing the gallery’s works.”

"you're right."

“But I am no longer the research team leader of the association. There is no one who can analyze ‘Portrait of Geo’ as well as I do.”

“Why are you saying such sad things? I’m sure Curator Yoo Seong-un knows this, but I don’t want to have a weapon.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“I want a piece of work.”

Bisabal narrowed his eyes and smiled. He exuded the natural arrogance of someone who was used to looking down on others since birth.

“That’s why I founded this guild, this company. I don’t have even the slightest bit of pride as a hunter, let alone as an artist.”

“…….”

“No collector expects a Van Gogh self-portrait to ward off evil spirits or give them good dreams. No one cares about that function. They are just curious about the story contained in the painting, and they want to protect that story with their own hands.”

“It could be really dangerous. He’s the only being that’s been freed from the Guildmaster’s emotional skills, and even if he’s considerate and respectful of humans, his status is too high. Even if he doesn’t feel divine, he’s almost like a god that priests serve. Just because the portrait is careful doesn’t mean humans can rest easy.”

“Did you see those eyes?”

“…….”

That's a random comment.

"…yes?"

“Have you ever seen those eyes, Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

“…Are you talking about the eyes in the portrait?”

“Oh, I guess you’ve never seen this before.”

“No, it’s not that there aren’t any.”

“Then tell me.”

The secretary waved his hands elegantly. Even the gesture that urged him to answer was filled with the nobility of a high-ranking official.

“How was it?”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un's worries did not last long.

“…It was so long ago.”

horror.

Awe and disgust, anger and sadness, joy and ecstasy, despair, loneliness and dizziness.

Towards a being so enormous that it cannot be recognized in an instant… .

“…I don’t really know how to explain it. I have emotional skills, but I couldn’t objectively understand it because the level was so clear even without using the skills.”

It was so far away that it couldn't even be expressed with a boring word like space. I felt like I was directly reaching a place that was visible but unseen.

“It was clearly black, but it also looked white. It was so dark that it felt brighter, and the pupil and iris didn’t seem to be distinct, but when I

looked inside… I could see a narrow path.”

There was rainwater in it. There was a stream, a brook, a vein.

It was as dense as a tree, yet as delicate as human blood vessels. It was also so vast and colorful that it was too vast for humans to perceive.

It was as if a human had glimpsed something that should not have been seen. Something so large was within those narrow pupils.

“The saying that the eyes are the windows to the soul comes to mind.”

“It’s a good impression. It’s not bad.”

“When you say that, it seems like my impressions are unsatisfactory.”

“There’s nothing we can do about it.”

Visabal laughed as if he was appreciating the mistakes of a very immature child.

Yoo Seong-un suddenly remembered his real age. He was old enough to teach Yoo Seong-un.

“I told you to look at my eyes, but you only looked at the artwork and came back. We are all human beings who can have conversations before we each have our own jobs and tastes.”

“…….”

“If Geo has an ego, then he also has eyes that can communicate with people.”

He asked again.

“Have you ever seen his eyes?”

“…In the sense you just said, no.”

“Have you ever thought about what emotions Geo feels and how he looks at Yoo Seong-un, other than the intensity of his soul and the torrent in his eyes?”

“No, there isn't.”

Who could think such a thing in front of that great being?

How dare someone as small and insignificant as me.

“…Something like that…no one but the leader of the Visabal Guild could do it.”

“How can a gardener be so narrow-minded? Be brave, be brave.”

“Isn’t that too much to expect from a mere gardener?”

“Geo is a good person.”

“…….”

“You are so sweet.”

Bisabal continued speaking as if he was teaching a child.

“They don’t hate others even though they are reluctant to be bothered. How kind of a person would they be if they didn’t resent the inconveniences they experience? They are polite and respectful, but they are also compassionate enough not to force others.”

“That’s a generous assessment.”

“Besides, I’m afraid of hurting someone.”

“…….”

It was an unexpected story.

“…Are you talking about Geo? At best, it would be like a human stepping on an ant.”

“Yes.”

“Are you afraid of the harm itself, rather than the disgust at the bug bursting out in front of you?”

“Didn’t you say you were affectionate?”

“We couldn’t even have a conversation, and at most we made eye contact….”

“You need to have this level of ability to be a guild leader. You need to be able to figure this out just by making eye contact.”

“…I see.”

Bisabal is the person who created the top 3 guilds in South Korea with only emotional skills and no separate military force.

Considering that his physical abilities were at the average male level, you could see how amazing his eyes and mouth were.

'That kind of person may see things differently from me. Perhaps the way he sees the world is different.'

Yoo Seong-un said with a sigh.

“…I understand. So you’re saying we can proceed like this without taking any further action?”

“I’m glad you understand. I’m sure Geo will do his best not to harm humans, so please don’t make him angry. People who are originally kind are more scary when they get angry.”

“So, we’re trying to prevent that from happening….”

“There is no way to prevent individuals from getting angry, and even if there were, it would probably be something as simple as sealing or destroying the portrait. No matter how harsh the world has become these days, you can’t treat someone who is trying to live a normal life that way.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un asked with a subtle expression.

“…Are you looking at the ‘Portrait of Geo’ as a person?”

“So who has had a conversation with Curator Yoo Seong-un so far?”

“Isn’t it a different level?”

“But it is a being that considers itself a human being, with the will to talk.”

"that…."

“How is that any different from humans?”

The eagle spoke as if singing.

“Even if they weren’t in Geo’s portrait, there are plenty of dangerous people. Right now, there are five hunters with high-risk abilities in South Korea, and they’re all living well on their own. Some people treat them like dangerous dogs and pick fights over everything, but that happened 100 years ago, when there were no dungeons.”

“If you remain so extravagant, something you will regret might happen. Geo is someone who is fully capable of that.”

“Those dangerous hunters are enjoying their daily lives, so why would we oppress their portraits?”

“Not oppression, but investigation….”

“But what if Geo gets angry?”

“…….”

“He’s a friend who values manners, but if you pry into his feelings without permission and get angry, it’ll be a bigger disaster. Just be a good conversation partner for Geo.”

He pointed beyond the window that made up the entire wall.

“And often take them outside.”

“…Are you serious?”

“I know what Mr. Yoo Seong-un is worried about.”

Visabal nodded.

“Yes, I know. The children of the Origin are very secretive and cautious beings. They are part of the ecosystem that is not of much interest to humans. They are nature itself, and so we know that they can come as a sufficient disaster. That’s what they are.”

“…….”

“And humans are also a part of nature.”

He said calmly.

“Geo is no different.”

"…yes."

“Be nice to him. If there are rules, follow them. If there are childish conflicts, grumble and resolve them.”

"All right."

“If he said he was 29, then that’s right. He’s not even 30 yet, but as a senior in life, shouldn’t I take care of him?”

“…There is a high probability that it is Geo’s mistake. He is not actually 29 years old, but his memories match that of a 29-year-old youth, so he may have said so. In fact, he may be well over a thousand years old. If he is the child of the Origin, that is certainly possible.”

“What’s so important about that?”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un sighed and nodded.

“That’s true.”

He was a gardener.

They put a lot of effort into their garden, pour a lot of love into it, and take pride in it.

Geo is a being related to the root that forms the foundation of the garden. Although he says that he needs to be dealt with, I also want to treat him in a gentlemanly manner unless the portrait side reacts first.

“I finally got to speak to you as a curator of the collection.”

“I am always grateful for the thoughtfulness of our curator, Yoo Seong-un.”

“It’s gross, so let’s stop. Anyway, so….”

Yoo Seong-un asked, glancing at his watch.

“Are you saying I should be Geo’s guide?”

“If possible, please show them around our guild, introduce them to our staff, take them to see a good play when they go out, buy them

something to eat, and show them around tourist attractions.”

“You really are a guide. No, but I think it’s a bit strange to introduce you to the staff… The staff would have refused you first. Geo doesn’t like noisy things either.”

“You can decide for yourself. If Geo likes quiet, you can help him go out and explore the company or the outdoors, even at dawn.”

“What on earth do you believe in….”

“Didn’t I say I saw it?”

It's a bright smile.

“I saw it.”

“…….”

The Visakha sees what humans cannot see.

Yoo Seong-un decided to believe that.

"…All right."

“I ask for your continued support, Curator Yoo Seong-un.”

“Even if an accident happens, I don’t know about it.”

“I’ll take care of that.”

“Anyway, what are you thinking….”

Despite his grumbling, Yoo Seong-un was in a pretty good mood.

'I can expand your scope of activity.'

I was already worried about Geo, who was always in the portrait.

Although he himself said it was more comfortable and better inside, it

would have been more comfortable for Geo to know that he could still enter officially.

‘I guess it’s because this is the first time I’ve seen a child with such smooth communication, but when I just watch him, I feel like doing this and that for no reason… .’

From the perspective of a gardener and curator, Yoo Seong-un felt special.

If he were to face that huge figure in person, the story would be different, but for now, Geo was just a talking portrait. Since Yoo Seong-un was in the position of managing him, this kind of feeling wasn't all that strange.

'… It's true that this is a sentiment that came out of the stomach. But when we face that situation properly someday, let's be careful not to stiffen up and make Geo feel uncomfortable.'

Something entered Yoo Seong-un's field of vision as he came out of the guild.

“…….”

Bungeoppang shop.

“…This is rare.”

Yoo Seong-un happily approached the bungeoppang cart.

“Are you doing business?”

“Oh, yes, I am doing it.”

“How much for 10 bungeoppang?”

“It’s five thousand won.”

"please."

"wait a minute."

The owner of the cart was a young man with a blunt appearance.

“Here it is.”

“It looks delicious…. Do you keep coming here?”

“They’ll come before they get caught.”

“Hmm.”

The somewhat blunt tone reminded me a little of Geo.

“…….”

Oh, right.

“Just give me ten more.”

"thank you."

“I’m more grateful for this.”

“What are you thankful for?”

“That’s because it’s rare to find a place that sells bungeoppang these days. It’s become harder and harder to find one recently.”

"iced coffee…."

It seemed like it would take some time for the new bungeoppang to come out, so Yoo Seong-un continued the conversation. The young man must have been bored, because he spoke in a friendly tone, unlike his usual tone of voice.

“It’s hard to do business. Even if I sell bungeoppang outside the city,

no one will buy it, so I come in here every now and then to sell it.”

“Oh, so you’re coming here from outside the city?”

“Who among the city people would do business like this?”

The young man shrugged.

“Most of you either work in offices or work as hunters, don’t you?”

“Even so, it must be quite a distance. You must be tired, but you’re amazing.”

“There are still a few people who help me out because they like bungeoppang, so it’s still doable. My younger brother is also a hunter around here….”

“It seems like it would be a bit expensive to find a house around here.”

“It’s hard to afford city rent. Obtaining citizenship isn’t something that just anyone can do.”

“Isn’t it easy to get a short-term permit? That’s because the hurdles are low.”

“I have permission. Sometimes I can’t finish work until the terminal closes… I just don’t look for accommodations. It takes time and money, and there’s no benefit to it.”

The young man who turned over the fish-shaped bread plate said.

“Besides, I have a 10-year-old brother at home, so I have to go back.”

“Ah, that’s for sure… I should go back. If I leave you alone and a monster comes into the village, it’ll be a disaster. It’ll be safer to have my brother here.”

“My younger sister also works as a porter, so she only earns money

here. She comes home once every three days and goes out the following week. Right now, my younger sister is at her parents' house, so I came out to work."

"That's amazing."

"It's good because it sells well around here."

"I see…."

Yoo Seong-un tilted his head and asked.

"Then when can I come out?"

"I think it will probably last until early spring… It's still winter. When the weather gets warmer, then I'll look for something else to do."

"It will last quite a while though. I will see you often."

"thank you."

The young man took the bungeoppang out of the machine. Steam was rising from the freshly made bungeoppang. It had a savory aroma.

"Eat it while it's warm."

"Oh, thank you."

Yoo Seong-un headed back to the company carrying the bungeoppang.

To be exact, in front of 'Geo's Portrait' on the gallery side of the Visabal.

"Geo, are you awake?"

"……."

“Geo?”

Fortunately, Geo opened his eyes quickly.

“What's going on?”

“They were selling bungeoppang in front of the station, so I bought one.”

“It doesn’t seem to be one.”

“Oh, I see. Not just one. I brought about ten because I thought you might like them.”

“…….”

The portrait blinked twice and then nodded.

“Thank you. Thanks to you, I am receiving bungeoppang for the first time in a long time.”

“Do you know about bungeoppang too?”

“I didn’t know there would still be any bungeoppang left though.”

"…okay?"

As expected, Geo seemed to be someone who had lived in Korea.

'Or maybe it was a being of a similar dimension... Even if it didn't live, it may have only received memories.'

As Yoo Seong-un stretched out the bag containing the bungeoppang, it quickly disappeared into the painting.

“Oh… It literally became a painting.”

“Thank you for the gift.”

“It’s nothing special. I hope it suits your taste.”

“I love this kind of street food.”

“That’s fortunate.”

I was worried that he would have a cold expression that not even a needle would go in.

'He looks a bit aristocratic.'

Geo seemed like a celestial noble who had never touched water, or an AI civil servant created for the busy modern society.

I was worried for a moment whether Geo, who had a sharp and heavy aura that could be felt just by looking at his expression, would like street food. I wondered if he would look down on me and say, ‘How dare you give me this as food?’

“Next time, if there’s something like egg bread or takoyaki, should I buy those too?”

“…….”

“…Geo?”

Geo, who was silent for a moment, soon took something out of his bosom.

It was a neatly tied white bag.

"…that?"

“These are tea leaves.”

"car?"

“I found a flower that smelled good, so I tried drying it.”

“…….”

“This is a thank you.”

When he reached out his hand.

Outside the picture, Geo's hand popped out with a bag of tea.

“…This is something different.”

“Take it.”

“Uh, um, thank you.”

Rustle.

A pleasant scent wafted from the paper bag held in my hand.

'It's creamy.'

It was a scent that would come from sweet custard or milk cream.

“…….”

I felt a little strange.

'... If I say that I don't have to repay you like this every time, it might sound rude to the person who has the rules. I feel ambiguous because it feels like I'm being treated excessively compared to what I always give.'

Yoo Seong-un said, putting the bag inside his coat.

“Thank you, I guess I’ll have some tea soon.”

“I hope it suits your taste.”

“First of all, the scent is really good. I will drink it gratefully.”

“And I have a favor to ask.”

“Huh? Please?”

Geo asked.

“Can I ask for some seeds?”

“…What kind of seed?”

“Anything that can be grown in the field is fine.”

“…….”

What on earth are they doing in there?

'A field.'

Suddenly, Yoo Seong-un became curious about the scenery inside the portrait.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (17)

Episode 17 [Forest Butterfly Flower Tea] [Rating: –] A tea made by drying flowers that grew from the corpses of forest butterflies that live in the veins of destiny. It has a light blue color and a soft creamy scent. It is processed directly by Geo, the owner of the forest, so even human bodies can accept it. The moment you drink it, your blood vessels will regenerate, making it excellent for major injuries, and it reconstructs your cells to always be immune to minor diseases. [Duration: 6 months] “…….” Yoo Seong-woon, who had finished his feelings, pursed his lips and swept his face. “… Geo, you punk….” What on earth did you give me? “This isn’t a tea that I can trade for 10 bungeoppang.” * * * As I’ve always thought, the ‘Portrait of Geo’ was an absurd existence. ‘I still don’t know its true identity.’ It could be a monster, an item, or, as Bisabal and Yoo Seong-woon speculated, a child of the origin. ‘But it has a human form… and it knows a lot about humans and society.’ Whatever his identity, it was close to a miracle that he was personally bending to the rules of such humans. Probably, such a being would never appear in the world again. At least not in this narrow dimension called Earth. 'The guild leader of Bisabyeol, known for his good taste, must have spent that much money for nothing.' And what that 'Portrait of Geo' asked for was... "Is this good enough?" It was seeds. Crop seeds. "I just gathered everything I could." Yoo Seong-woon smiled awkwardly and showed the seed bags in his arms. He had collected them as best he could in the few hours since receiving the tea leaves. Tomatoes, corn, potatoes, sweet potatoes, lettuce, cabbage, cucumbers, peas, pumpkins, peppers, carrots, radishes, watermelons, eggplants, and more... "I wanted to get you

some better seeds, but there aren't many stores around here that sell those seeds. I managed to get them from a shabby store tucked away in an alley, but I'm not sure if you'll like them." “Of course I like it. Looking at the amount you brought, I can see how much you did your best in a short period of time. You look as if you are sorry for bringing so much.” “You received such precious tea, but it’s not balanced with just seeds, so that’s why…” Yoo Seong-woon said as he handed over the seed bag through the frame. “Even if the seeds aren’t cheap, the tea you gave me was too much.” “…….” Geo asked while checking the seeds. “Aren’t the seeds really cheap?” “Huh? Oh, right. Usually, the seed bag you’re holding is equivalent to the cost of a decent meal out… So on average, I don’t think it’s that cheap.” “…….” “…Did you ask because you thought the seeds would be cheap?” “Yes.” The portrait was still blunt and emotionless, but looking into those black eyes, Geo felt sorry. He was indeed a kind-hearted guy, just like Bisabal had said. Geo blinked twice, wondering what he was thinking or if it was just a meaningless habit. “Excuse me. I didn’t think it would cost that much.” “I don’t know what you’re apologizing for. It’s incomparable to the tea you gave me.” It was obvious that Geo’s simple and pure kindness toward humans was quite destructive. Yoo Seong-woon laughed awkwardly and waved his hand. “The fact that you made it yourself is beyond measure, and with all the effects attached… To be honest, it was such a precious gift that I wondered if I could drink it.” Even at first glance, the tea Geo gave him was valuable. Didn’t the possessed portrait say it was made by itself? ‘Whether Geo’s true identity is a humanoid monster or a child of the Origin, the fact that it’s rare remains the same.’ But even the effects that seem to be able to revive a dead person… “…I’m truly grateful for your kindness. However…” Yoo Seong-woon continued speaking after thinking for a moment. “…I’m a little worried. I’ll enjoy the tea you gave me while I’m enjoying it, but don’t give such a precious gift to others.” “…….” “Most people don’t know how to accept kindness as it is. They’re not as generous as you think.” First of all, there was a high

chance that they would accept kindness as fear. Unless you were extremely greedy or indifferent, it would be difficult to simply be grateful for such an excessive gift. ‘Someone would definitely take it as a threat and get angry or panic. However, even if a greedy person were to receive such a gift, it would cause problems.’ Although he thought it was a waste, Yoo Seong-woon saw that Geo’s tea was not meant to heal his ailments, but rather to be enjoyed while drinking it. Yoo Seong-woon, who was familiar with the rules of origin, had no intention of selling the tea or using it for other purposes to displease Geo. “You wouldn’t feel bad if the tea leaves you gave him were auctioned off without your knowledge, right?” “Auction? I never thought you’d give so much meaning to such a trivial car.” He acted as if to say, ‘Humans do incomprehensible things, like assigning value to meaningless things.’ “I guess so.” Yoo Seong-woon laughed awkwardly. ‘… For someone who claims to be human, this is such a blatant lack of understanding.’ However, for Geo, who never thought deeply, it was an inevitable judgment. His system had clearly said that it was at the level of a fatigue recovery agent, and Geo had no reason to doubt that. It was worth at most a vitamin supplement, so Yoo Seong-woon’s words couldn’t help but feel like a fuss. “……” “……” At Geo’s indifferent response, Yoo Seong-woon couldn’t help but think, ‘So there really is a side to human common sense.’ To most monsters, a gold nugget is no different from a rock. “Um, so…” Yoo Seong-woon continued. “You may have given it to me only because you saw its value as tea, but from the perspective of ordinary humans, that’s not the case. It would be better to refrain from giving gifts that would make greedy people’s eyes turn.” Surely, the owner, Geo, would know what kind of effects the ‘Forest Butterfly Flower Tea’ has. Since he said in the first place that he ‘made it as tea because it smells good,’ he really wasn’t interested in any other uses for it. Such indifference was certainly the same as any other beings of the Origin. ‘Monsters, and even the children of the Origin, are often ignorant of human greed. No matter how well Geo knows human physiology, he shows such a

carefree attitude that is clearly outside of humans… There's definitely no room for excuses.' What might be nothing special to monsters is a great resource to humans. Beings born from the veins of the Origin didn't understand that fact well. There were many times when humans would say that they were making a fuss. "…Well, that's right, if you say it's making a fuss, I have nothing to say…." They just wanted to prevent any accidents that might happen. "The gift you give without any intention can be a huge impact on us. Right? Well, it's a gift from the portrait." "……." "Actually, you seem too strong to be hurt by the greed of such people… But there are many people who are more persistent than you think. Be careful not to let your kindness be used." Geo stared at Yoo Seong-un. '… It's even scarier because you're not saying anything. It should be less intimidating because you're inside the portrait, but is it still this much? This is scary.' There was no emotion to be found on Geo's face in the portrait. That inanimate expression sent shivers down Yoo Seong-un's spine. Bisabal had said, 'Get away from that intimidation and see Geo's true nature,' but how could that be easy? Just like how it would be difficult for an ordinary person who suddenly fell from 50km in the sky to appreciate the scenery in the sky, it wasn't easy for him either. That's how much weight the gaze of 'Geo's Portrait' gave him was. "… Was that presumptuous?" Geo, especially, had a well-established ego and was a being within the source, so his own rules would be firm. The babbling of a mere human being he had barely met might have been irritating. 'But I couldn't pretend not to know. It's our job to eliminate as much potential for problems as possible.' That's what gardeners do. They travel around and take measures to ensure that the source and the Earth can coexist. Furthermore, 'Geo's Portrait' was a special case, so he had to make this request. Humans are beings who easily give up their identity due to greed. "..." "No." It was a little cold and heavy, but it was gentlemanly and calm. Fortunately, the portrait was still the same. "Thank you for your advice." "...I'm grateful that you took it as advice." "Honestly, I think 'strange' is the right word, but the outside of the

painting will be different from the world I know." Geo continued in a voice that was strangely polite. "It might have been inconvenient, but I appreciate you being considerate of me and telling me." "…Your speech is still so sharp…." Did Geo know that part made him seem even less human? 'I think he thinks he's a normal person, but… Are you ignoring that contradiction even though you know it, or are you really acting like this because you don't know…?' Geo asked around that time. "But why are seeds so expensive?" "…Huh? Oh, seeds?" Realizing that the topic had returned, Yoo Seong-woon nodded and answered. "Well… It lets you farm. Whether it's tomatoes or lettuce or whatever, once you start farming, you'll be able to take responsibility for your daily meals. Even if that's not the case, if you sell it to other people at the market, you can make money and buy meat or other necessities…" "……." "Usually, most households that want to farm would prefer wild seeds that can be found for free in places like the mountains rather than refined seeds like these. Anyway, it seems like seeds sold at stores are expensive in many ways." "I see." "Well, it might be hard to understand someone like you who lives close to nature." "No, I understand." "Then that's fortunate." Yoo Seong-woon continued. "Anyway, it's extremely troublesome to grow seeds or seedlings yourself, and the quality is poor. That's why there are specialty stores. If you somehow made seeds through home-made crafts, that might be fine, but seeds sold by professionals like this are quite expensive." The portrait muttered softly. "Farming…" "Did you ask me because you were interested in it?" "Yes." Geo nodded. "I've done it a few times before." "Really? It was before…" "And since the time in the portrait overflows, I also thought that I didn't want to keep my hands still." "Your paintings are like that, and you have many hobbies. You must not be bored living." "In order to live a happy life, you shouldn't have boring times." "That's true." He understood. 'You must have a lot of hobbies to spend that endless time.' Geo was maintaining his ego clean enough to the point where he thought he was human. There was no hostility or frenzy that a monster would

have, and it was different from the excessive indifference that the children of the Origin showed. Excessively blunt, but still maintaining intelligence enough to pass for human. 'That won't be easy.' On the one hand, it was also regrettable. '... Living the life of the Origin with a human mind would be quite burdensome... .' It would be easier if he just gave up his humanity. "... " But from the gardener's perspective, that kind of thing shouldn't happen. 'It's the same from the human's perspective.' That delusion had to be dealt with so that it could last as long as possible. Yoo Seong-un shrugged and shook off all his emotions. With his usual indifferent smile, he asked Geo, "So you're going to farm now?" "I think so." "I guess there's a place to farm in the portrait? That's amazing." "It's just an ordinary cabin." "Hmm... " A cabin. "It sounds very peaceful." “It’s actually peaceful. The weather is always mild, the ground is damp, and there’s a quiet and comfortable forest with a clear stream running through it.” “…That’s really…” It was exactly like Geunwon’s story. “…It’s a place I want to visit.” “I’ll invite you sometime.” “I guess it’s not possible right now?” “The house is dirty, so it’s not possible right now.” “I guess so.” Given Geo’s personality, the fact that “the house is dirty” was likely a lie, but in any case, he couldn’t go in even though the landlord didn’t allow him. Yoo Seong-woon naturally had that much shame. “Then have a nice farming time.” “Can I see you again tomorrow?” “Oh, that…is it because of the thank you?” “I received so much, so I should repay you.” “It’s nothing.” “Besides, Mr. Yoo Seong-woon gave me good advice.” “…Is that so?” If he refused any longer, he’d get angry. ‘Geunwon’s existence has its own rules.’ The monsters in the dungeons created by the influence of the source had consistent habits and behaviors, and they also had separate methods for interaction and strategy. In the case of the ‘children’ who were closer to the source, they were stronger if the rules were strong, not weaker. ‘This guy is already considered a child of the source. He must have high self-esteem for his own rules, and even if he didn’t, it would be physiologically impossible for him to break them… so I can’t refuse

him.' The source is nature itself. Just as a mere human cannot prevent a disaster, in order to coexist with nature, humans had to learn humility and adjust to others. "Um…" Yoo Seong-woon smiled awkwardly. "Please give me something not so great." "The tea leaves weren't great either." "I guess so…?" As a child of the source, it would be difficult to determine what was valuable to humans. Yoo Seong-woon hesitated for a moment and spoke with difficulty. "…Something delicious?" "Are you asking for something to be cooked?" "Just the snacks you gave to the employees you met before will do. You said you gave them things like chocolate, cookies, and jelly." "Yes, that's right. They were all kind people, so I gave them gifts." "Really?" Judging from the way he said this, it seemed that Geo definitely gave gifts to 'good people.' He probably considered all actions such as being polite, making conversation easier, and giving gifts to himself to be 'good.' "I think snacks like that will do." "I'll keep that in mind." "Oh, and by the way." Yoo Seong-woon told him what he had heard from the Bisabal Guild Leader. "He said it was okay to come out." "……." "You used to come out of the portrait often. Since the employees were scared, you usually woke up at dawn. You were the only one who had ever talked to me." "There was no particular need to go outside." "However, it can be stuffy, so the Bisabal Guild Leader said that you could come out and look around the company building if you wanted. Here, your access card." "I've never worked in the Collectors' Guild. I don't know anyone except for Yoo Seong-woon, so would it be okay for an outsider like me to wander around?" "It might be difficult for important places, but I've made it so that regular employees can go. If you come out later and run into other employees, you can show them the card and cover it up to some extent." Even that would only be vague. 'The soul's level is so high.' Still, it was easier to deal with later than not having one. The members of the Collectors' Guild are quick-witted, so they'll be careful. The portrait looked at the white necklace card Yoo Seong-woon had handed it to her. "Well, it seems like you have a way to get around without one. But it would be better for you to

have official permission to enter, right?" "……." "If possible, I'd like you to come out during a time when there aren't many people, but… You can come out during the day as long as it's okay with you." "That's a sufficient answer." "Uh… And don't hurt anyone else." "What should I do if I get attacked first?" "There's nothing that can be done." If a stupid human had stepped on the tail of an angry tiger on purpose and gotten eaten, it would have been a natural death. "I'm not on anyone's side." Yoo Seong-un was helping the origin and humans coexist as much as possible, not unconditionally on the side of humans. The gardener always had to remain neutral. "You attack too." "I can't do that, so I'll try to run away." "Thank you for that." So, this was a sign of trust that humans could show. He just hoped that the 'Portrait of Geo', which had the 1:1 rule as it had been until now, would properly repay him. * * * A month later. Ghost stories began to circulate in the collection shop. "It was Black Cloak." There were no deaths. Bisabal's gamble was successful. Oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (18)

Episode 18

If there is one place that is most important within the collection building, it is the Bisabal Gallery.

Accidents and incidents are frequent because only dangerous and sensitive items are gathered here. On top of that, there are people who are after such rare works. That is why security guards patrol the inside of the building no matter how late it is to prevent casualties.

That day was just another ordinary day of patrolling the building at dawn.

"huh?"

A pure white wall.

Pure white lighting.

A dark-haired man standing alone in a long, clean hallway.

“…….”

He was covered from head to toe in a black cloak.

The face was not visible.

“…….”

All I can tell is that he's wearing a black suit, even though his front

apron is open.

“Who are you?”

“…….”

“Excuse me, but could you please identify yourself?”

The dawn patrol squad consists of eight people in the building, and each floor is assigned to its own responsibility. No other guards are assigned to the same floor.

So, that black cloak means either an employee who stopped by the guild for a moment to run some business in the early morning, or an outsider of unknown identity.

But it felt strange.

“…Please identify yourself.”

Seriously, it was weird.

Still, I couldn't explain exactly what was strange.

“…….”

“…….”

A strange creepy feeling came over me.

'…what?'

The guild building is always brightly lit for the guards on patrol or the staff working overtime. The hallways are cleaned frequently and are clean, and the pure white marble walls are elegant and beautiful, just as the guild master, Bisabal, would like.

So there was nothing to be afraid of. Under the bright light of day, there were no shadows anywhere, but that pitch-black entity stood

out… .

“…Who are you?”

It felt like it shouldn't exist.

“If you are an outsider, please show your ID card.”

“…….”

“Why are you here at this hour? I didn’t hear that there were other customers coming from the first floor. Trespassing on the guild premises is considered a serious felony….”

“…….”

“…you may experience inconvenience in appointing a lawyer, which may be applied to your disadvantage in a trial, and you may be suppressed by force without a separate process, so please keep this in mind when answering the questions.”

Isn't it strange? What started out as a very small oddity gradually grows bigger.

The longer he observed, the more he saw, the more he felt a sense of discomfort. Soon the guard realized.

'Why?'

Why did I feel like that shouldn't exist?

'No, why in the first place?'

When you see a being in human form, do you think, 'That'?

The thought that something was strange did not leave my mind, and confusion clung to my whole body, disorienting my mind.

A quiet, strange feeling ran up my spine and slowly tickled my heart. It

was a very slow, natural pace, like breathing in sleep.

“…….”

“…….”

Under the hood of a pitch-black cloak, beneath the pitch-black fabric, as if nothing should fit, a voice was heard.

"hello."

“…….”

“My name is Sergio.”

A clear voice that seemed to be engraved in my brain, and a straight pronunciation that was completely incomprehensible. I thought it was a good voice without even being able to resist.

It asked politely.

“What is your name?”

“…….”

“I wonder what your name is.”

I couldn't bring myself to answer that nice voice.

“Would you like to talk to me?”

I could tell.

"…I am."

This is not human.

“…I, I….”

It wasn't a monster, an item, or an illusion.

‘…What should I do?’

My breathing became heavy and choked as if I had never had a breath to begin with.

It was a collectors' guild where many incidents and accidents occurred, and he was a guard with a lot of experience, but he had never encountered such a being before. It was a huge, non-human thing that was imitating a human while wearing human skin.

It would have been better if the imitation had been less than sloppy. Like the ball-jointed dolls with bizarre movements that we've seen so far, or the monsters that mutter nonsense with a noticeably low level of comprehension.

“…….”

"teacher."

“…….”

“What is your name?”

But that is.

It was perfect.

“My name is Sergio.”

He seemed like a perfect human being.

Yet, contradictorily,

I knew I could never become human.

‘What the heck is this… .’

He was certain that the opponent was not human, even though he looked completely human. Without any basis, he was defining the opponent as neither human, monster, item, nor hallucination.

So what on earth does that mean?

“Can't you hear me?”

“…Why are you asking my name?”

“The basic courtesy when having a conversation is to use your full name.”

“…….”

“I’m just being polite.”

Manners?

I couldn't figure out what on earth was imitating human courtesy.

"…Gourd…."

“…….”

“This is Park Na-gil.”

I spat out the name as if possessed, but I didn't feel like my soul was being taken away. However, the black cloak seemed satisfied.

That was the most horrifying thing of all, but I couldn't even bring myself to show it. My breath was suffocating.

“Nice to meet you. I’m Sergio.”

“…….”

Does the author realize how many times he just called himself

'Sergio'?

‘As if he were emphasizing that he is human like you… .’

Then the black cloak took out an unexpected object and showed it to me.

“I have a pass.”

“…This is… a customer access card.”

“I received permission to tour the area from the local guild leader, the Visabal.”

“…Is that so?”

At least the guild master knows about its existence.

'And the behavior is being condoned.'

Why on earth?

The guard looked up and saw the black cloak again.

“…….”

“Is this a sufficient answer to your question?”

“…Of course.”

It was a very businesslike voice.

The voice, which has a regular rhythm, seems to have an appropriate pitch, but when you listen closely, it also seems to go back and forth between high and low notes.

‘Even if you have an access card, you still need to know basic personal information… .’

It was clear that what I was hearing was a man's voice, but as time passed, it became more and more difficult to guess its age and gender.

Even though it was right before his eyes, he couldn't recognize it. All he could see was a figure with a pitch-black cloak and a body that was neither thick nor thin.

“…….”

Could it be that within the shadow of that black cloak, there really is something in human form?

“Mr. Park Na-gil.”

"…yes."

“Can I walk around here?”

“…….”

The guild leader gave permission.

So, even though he was a mere security guard, he had to say something positive, but his mouth didn't open easily. It was because of an ominous feeling, as if he was accepting a promise from the devil that he could cause disaster.

The guard nodded his head with difficulty in front of the gloomy, heavy, or cold figure.

“…Of course…”

"thank you."

“If the guild leader gives permission, you are welcome to visit as much as you want.”

"okay."

“…How long do you plan to stay?”

Black Cloak answered two seconds later.

“Until the sun rises.”

It was a creepy answer.

“…….”

"…okay."

I felt like I was going to throw up.

He could not understand why he felt creepy, what on earth was the eerieness, and where this indescribable silence came from, even though they were having a conversation.

The feeling of my cognitive faculties being impaired and my judgment being clouded by fog was like a motion sickness. I felt like I was facing something I couldn't handle.

'No, actually I can't handle it.'

It was burdensome to interact with something that was 'not supposed to be' recognized.

“…….”

“Mr. Park Na-gil.”

Every time he called my name, a shiver went down my spine.

How can I explain the feeling of my body temperature dropping by one degree, the feeling of all my blood vessels being held in someone's hands?

“Yes, yes.”

“Thank you for your kind response.”

“…it was something I had to do.”

“You have a strong sense of responsibility.”

“…….”

“I think it is something that deserves praise.”

It was a strange thing.

When the black cloak lifted me up, I felt elated despite the nauseating horror.

'Am I crazy? Or is it that driving me crazy?'

I was so touched and proud of myself even though it was a situation that should not have happened at all. I couldn't even explain why I felt this way.

Looking at me like that, the man in the black cloak reached out his hand.

“It's a gift.”

“…….”

“Take it.”

Black Cloak handed over a small envelope, neatly wrapped in paper.

It smelled so sweet it was almost ecstatic.

“It's yours.”

The strangely businesslike voice sounded strangely friendly.

“I was very rude.”

“Oh, no.”

“Then I’ll see you next time.”

Are you leaving?

The moment I raised my head with that intuition, my eyes.

“…….”

“…….”

Our eyes met.

Those eyes.

eye.

pupil.

The iris, the pupil, that round sphere. Inside it. That. That round thing. That. That. That. Black and white.

Something black, something white. Was it black? Was it white? Was it dark or light? Was it shadow or light? Was it death or life? Was it fate or destiny?

It was too deep inside. It was too deep. It was too deep. It was so deep, it was scary, it was so deep inside. It was deep. I felt like I was falling. I was falling. Can I get out? It was impossible. It wouldn't work. That wasn't the eye. That wasn't the pupil. That wasn't the iris. That wasn't the pupil.

No, no, it won't be. It shouldn't be. It was clear that it wasn't. No. No. No, no.

No, it isn't.

“Mr. Park Na-gil.”

The moment I heard that extremely businesslike voice.

“Thank you for your hard work.”

“…….”

… was dragged out.

“…….”

He stood there for a long time.

The pitch-black cloak doesn't make a single sound as it moves, and the sound of bare feet not wearing shoes is not even heard as they touch the smooth floor.

It’s strange that all I can hear is the sound of small creatures scurrying about. That black thing can’t even be called a small creature… .

Soon the sound subsides.

“…….”

It's just static.

"…where…."

Where did you go?

The guard moved his feet.

He followed the corridor where the black cloak had moved and headed towards the place where the sound had stopped. He was able to reach the 'place where the sound had stopped' soon after.

There was a portrait hanging in the hallway that I had never seen

before.

"ah."

It was a painting of a man with a calm face, as if asleep, set in a forest with a peaceful cabin in the background.

My stomach was churning.

“…….”

He ran away at a slow pace.

It was exactly the same as usual, at that speed.

I didn't have the confidence to touch him. If I had to do my duty as a security guard, I would have definitely reported the unidentified work and dealt with him, but I couldn't even think of that. The security guard just left as if he was possessed.

And the next day, the portrait was no longer in the same spot.

* * *

“Have you heard?”

The Guild Collector was originally a place with many ghost stories.

It's all because of the guild leader, Bisabal's collecting habit, and because he keeps picking up so many strange items, all sorts of incidents and accidents happen.

That's why employees who have worked at the collection store for more than two years aren't really surprised by these horror stories.

“A black cloak?”

“Yes, there’s been a rumor going around these days.”

“I guess one of the guild leader’s works had an accident.”

“I thought so.”

It's a world where most ghost stories are explained by monsters or items.

In an age when fellow humans were more feared than ghost stories, rumors about the 'Black Cloak' were just a fun pastime.

“I heard he’s so handsome. I’d like to see him.”

“They say you can’t see his face well because of the cloak?”

“It’s quite shy for a piece brought by the guild leader.”

“How can we avoid accidents? No one got hurt, right?”

But as time passed, that light atmosphere gradually became heavy.

“…….”

“This witness also said he was on vacation.”

“…Is it that scary….”

“I heard that he originally planned to resign, but the guild leader persuaded him to take a vacation instead.”

“If even the guild leader has to come forward, isn’t the situation more serious than we thought?”

Usually, these types of 'ghost stories' are mostly resolved within a week.

Usually, the cause of such ghost stories is monsters or items that appeared in Bisabal's works, or mental skills that were activated because of them. It would be strange if it wasn't resolved within a guild full of hunters.

But now that 'strange thing' was happening.

“No, why can’t this monster be subdued? What are the curators doing?”

“There is a story that even they can’t handle the monster.”

“Then it would be better to just throw it outside the guild….”

“…….”

“…I said something stupid.”

The Collectors' Guild ran a special gallery that could never be replaced by anything else.

The government was directly regulating the people who entered the collection, and dangerous items were being collected from all over the world. Where on earth would they dispose of the items that the collection center could not handle? Another disaster was sure to occur.

Until now, all incidents and accidents have been reduced to 'ghost stories' before they became such a disaster.

“But it’s not like it can be suppressed to this extent….”

“There was even talk that there was no suppression in the first place.”

“Why is that? Wouldn’t it be better to destroy or seal it?”

“I knew I wouldn’t succeed anyway, so I decided not to make myself feel bad….”

“Does it make you feel uncomfortable? That means you have that much intelligence… Does that mean you have an ego?”

“The rumor that it’s a humanoid monster is the most credible, but doesn’t it have an ego?”

“Wow, this is crazy. Bringing in a humanoid monster all of a sudden.”

“How many years ago was the last humanoid monster sighted?”

Never before had Bisabal allowed a 'ghost story' to go this far. He was a man who knew very well how much more efficient his employees were when they felt secure.

And yet this situation has come to this.

“No one got hurt?”

“Not really….”

And this situation continued.

“…….”

“…….”

“…Then there’s no problem, right?”

The employees began to understand on their own.

“There are no injuries, no deaths. Then why is it a ghost story?”

“Essentially, a ghost story is a strange story… If it’s really just a story, then it makes sense.”

“Was it just a story? It seems like it really existed since there were witnesses. It’s really amazing.”

“That’s why.”

This is the guild 'Collector'. All the staff of the guild are collectibles collected directly by the collector, Bisabele.

His realistic and cynical staff, who suited his tastes, gradually calmed down on their own.

“Hey, I guess I was kidding.”

“I heard someone saw it?”

“Then it’s an illusion skill.”

“I see.”

“Anyway, you said it wasn’t dangerous?”

“Maybe the guild leader brought in employees without telling us.”

“Well, we don’t know all the employees. Hasn’t something similar happened before?”

“He was just a quiet employee, but there were rumors that he was a ghost. If you look at it that way, it seems like a possible story.”

“Wouldn’t it be better to announce things like this in advance? Right?”

“The guild leader has a very unique personality. Let’s all understand each other.”

“That’s right. I wonder when you’ll introduce this new recruit….”

The guild leader, Bisabal, is a person who cherishes his employees terribly. If a 'ghost story' like that is left unattended, then it must not be that dangerous.

Whether real or not, whatever its identity, the employees trusted the Visa.

“…….”

“…….”

Even Visabal himself knew that.

“…Is this what you expected?”

“What do you think?”

The collection regained its peace.

Even though nothing was resolved.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (19)

Episode 19

“It was dangerous.”

Yoo Seong-un said as if sighing.

“I agreed with that, but seeing my employees gossiping about ‘ghost stories’ made my heart flutter. It almost led to internal strife.”

“Our guild members aren’t so narrow-minded that they would fight over a ghost story. Curator Yoo Seong-un, do you have low trust in your coworkers?”

“It was a gamble, a matter of trust and confidence. This wasn’t something that could be reassured based on trust between colleagues.”

Although things worked out well in the end, it still was a risky gamble.

“It’s like completely releasing the existence of a source whose identity has not even been properly identified….”

We still don't know what Geo's true identity is. For some reason, it still is. No matter how much Yoo Seong-un searched through the books, he couldn't find a single similar person.

If we entrust the investigation to the association, we might be able to get some answers, but it is unknown what the probability is, and in the first place, Bisabal would not have let it happen.

'He is such a devoted person to his own things.'

However, what was certain was that 'Portrait of Geo' was clearly a being that had been strongly influenced by the source.

Gardeners and some humans who know of their existence call such monsters, items, skills, or phenomena 'original beings'. It is difficult to define them specifically, so they are just vague terms.

It may be a bit of a stretch for a professional in this day and age, but 'Portrait of Geo' was one such case.

“It almost turned out to be a disaster.”

“Well, Curator Yoo Seong-un, what do you think Geo’s true identity is?”

“Are you beating around the bush…?”

“It’s a simple question.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“I don’t know. It’s just like it has been so far.”

Geo's path was different from that of the normal origin beings.

“First of all, there is a high probability that it is not a monster.”

“They are certainly hostile to civilization outside the dungeons.”

“Their hostility is more of an instinct. It’s a reflex, like when a human sees a cockroach and gets scared or wants to kill it right away. It’s not something the monsters can control themselves….”

“Even if it were possible, that level of patience and judgment would have already surpassed the level of a ‘monster.’”

“In that sense, I decided it wasn’t a monster.”

Geo's favor may sometimes feel indifferent or merciless, as it is due to his love for the race itself, but that does not mean that it is not pure favor.

So it couldn't be a monster.

“Isn’t it showing a completely different aspect from the monster?”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“Of course, there are monsters that are friendly to humans, but strictly speaking, that’s closer to love and hate than affection. If the deformity incident 11 years ago was truly pure kindness, they would have carefully observed the humans crying out in fear and taken care of it.”

“But did you say they were happy?”

“There are some who have no intention of understanding humans, and perhaps they just found their reactions amusing. As for this part, the incident was quickly resolved and ended unsolved… I can’t say anything for sure.”

“That’s not important right now, so let’s move on.”

“Well, and….”

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking, rolling his deep blue eyes.

“It’s not even an item.”

“There must certainly be items that have egos.”

“The ego contained in an item is something that was created by humans. It has its limitations.”

He added.

“You can’t judge someone by how much they can think like a human… you have to look at their essence.”

“The essence?”

“Geo created life, even if only in a portrait.”

Yoo Seong-un thought for a moment and tilted his head.

“Perhaps a life created in this way could come out of the picture. I haven’t heard the answer from Geo, but considering that there are no restrictions on its own ability to come out, and that it can easily take objects out of the picture, it seems highly possible.”

“What if Geo draws a monster and it comes out?”

“That seems possible. Even if it doesn’t work, it’s confirmed that Geo can escape at will. If it’s not a monster but an item, or if Geo brings out a contract beast that has been subjugated by his soul, that alone will be impossible to handle.”

“And a mere item can’t do that?”

“All items are created by humans. No matter how much you think about it without prejudice, only highly intelligent monsters can create them. Creating life is impossible for humans or monsters, and the fact that the level of their souls is incomparable to that of humans has already been testified by numerous witnesses. It is not an item.”

"aha."

He laughed and giggled as if he found the visage amusing. He was really immature for his age.

“Then what about a type of skill? In the case of skills, it was proven long ago that they can manipulate souls. There is a user of the resurrection skill who can bring back a dead person, although there is

only one person.”

“That too is just messing with the original soul, and cannot create a completely new soul. Even if a skill capable of creating a soul exists somewhere in the world… In the first place, the skill is an intangible energy that intelligent life can handle.”

“So you’re saying that Geo, who has a form and an ego, can’t be a remnant of a skill? But what if he’s just some kind of awakened being who gained the skill to turn himself into a portrait?”

The visage changed as he waved his fingers.

“Geo himself describes himself as a 29-year-old young man who has previously been in human society. If so, he may simply be a type of Awakened being that has not been revealed until now.”

Yoo Seong-un shook his head.

“It’s impossible.”

“Why? Mr. Yoo Seong-un, the research team leader of the association, does he see something?”

“If you look at it, it would be the guild leader who would see it better than me… I just know something.”

“So what do you know?”

“Do you know why people with superpowers are called ‘Awakened Ones’ in the first place?”

“Uhm….”

Visabal shrugged.

“It’s not something I’m really interested in.”

“If you just say you don’t know, it might damage your pride.”

“I guess it’s a lot. I’m the head of one of the top three guilds in South Korea. Can you imagine how expensive this pride is?”

“You must be foolish.”

Yoo Seong-woon continued speaking, letting out a bitter laugh.

“It’s easy if you look back at the meaning of the word awakening.”

“1. Wake up and come to your senses. 2. Realize and know. 3. Wake up and observe carefully and be on guard.”

“…If it’s not your area of interest, then it’s like a Korean dictionary….”

“If you don’t even know the meaning of the words, I wonder if there’s any point in becoming a guild leader with just one emotion skill.”

“Oh, yes. You must be stupid.”

“So which one is it?”

“Um… anything is fine.”

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking nonchalantly.

“The important thing is its essence.”

“That’s interesting.”

“In any sense, awakening is the reconfiguration of something that already exists.”

He rested his chin on his hand.

“Whether it’s opening your eyes and coming to your senses, straightening out your regrettably twisted mind, or maturing internally and reflecting on your younger days… it’s a change that takes place

within that one person who has always existed.”

“Aha, so?”

“The Awakened One’s skills are not the result of receiving abilities that were not there before, but rather the awakening of abilities that were originally buried within one’s nature. Dungeons were created, energy and resources that were not originally on Earth appeared, and the environment changed along with them. Humans evolved to adapt to that.”

“I think there was something similar in the center’s textbook. So, is it okay to understand it as meaning that it is just a matter of realizing that the stone you originally had was a diamond when the time came?”

“It’s probably about the same.”

Yoo Seong-un scratched the back of his neck.

“In that sense, Geo cannot be considered an Awakened One.”

“Hmm….”

“Even if he is an Awakened One, his original soul level has awakened, not been granted a new one.”

“I see.”

These two do not know it, but there was an error in Yoo Seong-un's words. Sergio was a very, very, very coincidental case of his soul being elevated through a union with the Source during the process of Earth's new birth.

This was a miraculous transformation of probability that would be difficult to observe on a small scale like Earth.

“I have a headache.”

“It’s a headache.”

Of course, the two of them could not have figured this out, only 30 years after the catastrophe.

To them, who were ordinary humans, the 'Portrait of Geo' was not a human being from the beginning.

“…….”

Bisabal, who had been blinking his bright yellow eyes and thinking, opened his mouth.

“Then what if we call Geo the ‘Child of Origin’?”

“I think that’s a little… strange.”

“Please explain in what sense this is strange.”

“Most of the children of the Origin are not of the opposite sex. No, we don’t even have to go as far as children; this applies to almost all beings born from the Origin….”

Yoo Seong-un said with a trembling face.

“If I were to describe the existence of the source in one word, I would say it is a ‘living story.’ So I cannot think. Even if it seems like I am thinking, it is an illusion and I am not actually thinking.”

“Are you sure?”

“…That’s not… true. Even though I’m a gardener, I’m not really an expert in this field yet.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been hesitating, continued speaking.

“I said that because all the children of the original source that I have seen so far could be seen as nature itself.”

There are often cases where humans create a dungeon with their own strong ideas and rules, and then become the boss monster there.

But they too could not be called 'children of the origin'.

“Monsters are one of two things. Either they were created in a dungeon, or they became monsters because the dungeon was created.”

“Hmm….”

“It’s different from the ‘Children of the Origin’ who arise directly from the Origin or who coincidentally belong to the vein of the Origin and are then created here and there in the dimensions.”

“Your story is always fascinating to hear.”

The beast laughed, its eyes slitting like a snake's.

“From my perspective as a hunter, the greatest secret in the world would be the dungeons.”

“That’s a good thing. There are still many people who can’t adapt to the mere existence of dungeons, but if we were to tell them that the dungeons were formed from a universal concept called Origin… everyone would have their heads cracked.”

“We are always grateful to our gardeners. Would you like some coffee?”

“Okay. I’ll take the caffeine.”

Yoo Seong-un was openly disgusted. He was already busy and often worked overtime, but recently he had been consuming as much caffeine as he could in order to talk to Geo, who only opened his eyes at dawn, and he was on the verge of vomiting.

“Anyway, well, that’s right. If we really have to explain it, it would be

much easier to say that Geo is the child of the Origin. There's no other way to explain it… The Origin isn't a narrow concept that can be understood by the existence of Earth in just 30 years."

"Well, since we don't even know the dungeon yet, we probably don't have the capacity to explore knowledge further down."

"It seems like the chairman is still interested, but I'm not sure. It's still hard to say anything about Geo's true identity."

The source is an ecosystem and nature. Just as the nitrogen in the atmosphere does not understand humans, the children of the source have a very poor understanding of humans. They just survive in their own way and cultivate their own 'story'.

But Geo wasn't like that.

"I don't know how that's possible… well, I don't know. But since you said you were once human, wouldn't we be able to find out something if we investigated that area…?"

"……."

"Even so, I cannot understand how a human could become a child of the Origin. Even if they were human, it is possible that they were not humans of Earth."

Many novice gardeners confuse 'monsters' with 'children of the origin', but just because they are formed under the great influence of the origin does not mean they are the same.

"Monsters are born in dungeons, and children of the origin are born from the origin. They were born from different ships, so they can't be the same."

"Is it roughly an uncle-nephew relationship?"

“Hmm… I guess it’s somewhat similar.”

The order is that a 'dungeon' and a 'child of the origin' are formed from the mother body called the origin, and then a monster is formed from that 'dungeon'. Usually, this flow is followed.

“If it’s a humanoid monster or something similar, they’ll create a dungeon themselves and create new rules or monsters there, but that’s not common….”

The saying uncle and nephew is not so wrong.

“There is also a story that the dungeon is also one of the children of the origin.”

“Oh, is that so?”

“This part still needs more research. I can’t say for sure. Anyway….”

Yoo Seong-un saw Bisabal.

“So, was it okay?”

“…….”

“I decided to let this unidentified entity go free.”

The sage shrugged his shoulders.

“…Haven’t we already been discussing the answer to that question a little while ago?”

How on earth can we possibly leave that unidentified, uncontrollable entity unfree?

“It’s not a monster, it’s not an item, it’s not an Awakened One. But there are too many strange things about it to be a child of the Origin.”

“…….”

“He creates life, has a high level of soul, and can do anything. He does everything by himself. If there are any restrictions or conditions for coming out of the portrait, I don’t know, but he can do that freely and easily.”

“…That’s right.”

“How are you going to stop it? Is it even possible? We can’t even handle the gods that we’ve become so familiar with, so how are you going to stop the ‘Portrait of Geo’ whose identity is even more unknown?”

Visabal smiled and waved his hand.

“Oh, maybe it would be possible if he took a human he cared about hostage.”

“Are you crazy?”

“I expected that kind of reaction. It’s not to our taste in terms of humanitarianism, and I don’t know how effective it would be in the first place. With Geo’s abilities, he could easily take the hostages away… That would only cause trouble.”

“…….”

“Do you understand?”

He smiled cheerfully.

“We can’t stop it.”

“…I know.”

“What’s the difference between trying to stop a tsunami by using a small child as a meat shield and me? If you can’t stop it anyway, at

least you shouldn’t get in trouble.”

He smiled thinly. It was a smile that seemed to be comforting a child who was struggling, and it felt like the old man's gaze was looking down on him.

“And as much as possible, it would be good to save up favors.”

By the greatest stroke of luck, 'Portrait of Geo' is very gentlemanly, polite and fair.

If you receive something as a favor from someone, you should return the favor in the same amount, but in a greater amount. Perhaps that is Geo's 'rule'.

“This incident was a kind of vaccination, a warning to coexist with something I would never be able to handle. Fortunately, I know my people very well, and they have lived up to my expectations of insensibility.”

“…The numerous ghost stories that have occurred in the guild so far may have also played a part. Nothing much has happened so far, so I guess they thought there was no need to be terrified by a ghost story now.”

“That's it.”

“…….”

“This place is called ‘Collector’.”

A place managed by Bisabal himself, filled only with employees selected by Bisabal himself, and filled with works of art that Bisabal himself loves.

That was the 3rd largest guild in South Korea, 'Collectors'.

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un, remember. ‘Portrait of Geo’ is not something we

can control.”

It was stupid to even think about fighting.

“It was a natural disaster, and fortunately, they were able to communicate with us and were kind to us. That was truly an incredible stroke of luck, an unbelievable miracle.”

“…….”

“Don’t think that the fate of the Earth is in your hands and foolishly throw away this miracle. We must be careful, generous, and always kind.”

“…Did you buy Geo knowing this would happen? Since he was going to be exposed to the world anyway since he was up for auction, did you buy him first to avoid any potential disasters that might arise during that process?”

“I see quite a lot.”

“…….”

“I thought it wasn’t an ordinary piece of work.”

Visabal then smiled with a childish and mischievous face. It seemed like it would be out of place to dress up like a gentleman, but he actually seemed lively.

He said.

“Because it was the only work I couldn’t read.”

That was right.

“…….”

“…I trust the guild leader.”

“It’s difficult to trust too much.”

“To be exact, I trust your judgment.”

Trust those eyes.

Since it was a successful gamble, Yoo Seong-un decided to swallow his words.

“But I guess I’m still anxious because I’m just human.”

“How can I be foolish when I have a speaking disaster in my heart?”

“It’s like that feeling right before a horror movie starts.”

Oh, yeah.

That's it.

“…Is it because there’s something so huge in front of me…?”

What can I do with my heart that is cowering before a giant?

Humans are originally such small beings.

* * *

Meanwhile, in a truly unbelievable and mind-bogglingly miraculous miracle that should never have happened, on that day that was supposed to be the last day of the Earth but wasn't, Geo unknowingly merged with the Source and evolved into a possessed portrait...

“This is the taste.”

I was farming.

It means that there are no thoughts.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (20)

Episode 20

“Good.”

As always, this content was quite successful.

“A person must sweat.”

“Kung?”

“He who does not work, neither shall he eat.”

“Kung kung kung…?”

The body of Honey, a sweet-colored water bird, trembled. Geo shook his head firmly at the sound of her crying, which seemed to ask, 'Then what about me who doesn't work?'

“What on earth are you worried about when you’re so cute?”

“Kkuk.”

“Don’t worry about the weird stuff, you’re already doing your part with cuteness.”

Even if Geo lived thoughtlessly, he was not an irresponsible author who did not take responsibility for a single living creature he created with paint. As the son of Geo, who was a gourmet and a big eater, Honey would never have to go hungry.

“Do you understand?”

Honey was convinced and spread out comfortably.

“But come out of there.”

“Cur.”

Of all things, it was in Geo's basket.

“It’s hard to get the seeds out.”

“Kurung.”

“Who do you take after to be so stubborn?”

“Huh?”

“Me? I’m such an unfilial son.”

Geo bent down and rummaged through the basket. There was no major problem because Honey's body was transparent water itself, with only a very slight viscosity, but this guy had played with the seeds and they were all mixed up in a mess.

"this…."

“…….”

“…I think it was an eggplant seed.”

Fortunately, Sergio, who was from a mountain village in Gangwon Province, was able to identify the type of seed just by looking at it. This is not something that everyone from Gangwon Province can do, but it was possible because Sergio himself was serious about this type of farming.

Geo, who had enjoyed farming since he was young, got up with eggplant seeds and put them in a hole he had dug in advance.

“Is it time to plant potatoes now?”

“Crunch?”

"huh?"

There was a brief miscommunication, but Geo soon figured out what Honey was wondering about.

“I didn’t mean to plant my father.”

“Kung?”

“Potato is a nickname. It’s like a second name.”

There is an anecdote that the mother, who loved potatoes, named the baby Potato after seeing the ultrasound picture of the fetus, saying, "He looks like a potato." And the grandmother, who saw the newborn Geo, nodded and said, "He only ate potatoes, but he gave birth to a potato."

“I thought I was a potato until I was four because all the adults called me a potato.”

So I wondered if that was how he grew up so healthily and harmlessly.

“Well then, that’s fine.”

“Gurr.”

“You too, grow up healthy.”

The Seo family has always respected the free will of new life.

After a few days, Geo finally succeeded in planting all the seeds that Yoo Sung-un had given him. He had even planted potatoes, sweet potatoes, and corn, which were famous famine relief crops, so starving to death seemed a long way off.

“Well, it would be harder to starve to death with this body.”

“Gurr.”

“No matter how hungry Daddy is, he won’t eat you, Honey.”

The location where the crops were planted was the garden behind the hut.

“Actually, at this point, it’s a bit ambiguous to call it a garden.”

It was a little bigger, but it was still a garden. It wasn't as big and expansive as those who ran a business through farming, so Geo had some excuse. Anyway, it was a garden.

Geo was a great adult who could compromise with reality.

“Then let’s go back.”

“Kuk kuk kuk.”

“Yeah, I have to try the cheongdo I made.”

It was the point where the fruit juice I had made previously was starting to ripen.

“The combination of sweet and sour goji berries and sour and bitter drought sweet potatoes is a great combination.”

If there was one thing I was worried about, it was whether the two were in proper balance, but I didn't really care about that. Geo, who had a long history of cooking, had already acquired the taste of his grandmother's cooking.

“It was just a guess and an eye guess, but there’s no way I could be wrong about the combination of things I eat.”

As befitting such pride, a good scent was already wafting from the

glass bottle.

"hmm."

Geo entered the kitchen and blinked at the cupboard containing the fruit juice.

“It’s been a while since I’ve sweated, so why not have some cool tea?”

“Crunch?”

“I shed a sweat of the heart.”

In reality, Honey pointed out that Geo's body did not excrete waste products such as sweat, but didn't he work anyway? A person who worked had to drink refreshing tea to increase his work efficiency.

“Then I’ll have to get some ice from the warehouse.”

Pigs don't hesitate when it comes to food. Without even wiping away the sweat that hadn't come out, Geo went straight down to the warehouse.

In the icehouse filled with all sorts of food items, of course there was ice. In every corner of the warehouse, which looked almost like a cave, you couldn't even tell where the ice ended, and there were pieces of ice.

“It’s a little cold.”

As we opened the heavy door and entered the warehouse, Honey stiffened.

“Kku, kkugururuk.”

“If it’s too cold, I should go out… uh.”

“…….”

“…Are you frozen?”

At that moment, Geo was expressionless and very shaken by Honey's appearance, which had become transparent ice itself.

Even though she was already frozen, Honey shook her body and groomed her fur.

“Poopung.”

“?”

“Kkuk.”

“Has it evolved?”

“Cur.”

“I too have evolved from a human into a possessed portrait, so there is no reason why a water bird cannot become an ice bird.”

I thought Honey, who had turned to ice for a moment, was dead once, and I was surprised once by how flexible she was despite being ice, but if there was no problem, then so what?

Honey is cute even when frozen, so that's okay.

“I think the moving ice bird is interesting enough.”

“Gurrrr!”

“You are happy too, so this father is happy.”

Honey, who resembled the Creator and had no sense of crisis from birth, was simply delighted with her own transformation.

Even though he was a bird whose body was made of water, it was hard to believe that he could freeze so quickly, but Geo wasn't particularly surprised since he had transformed from a human to a

portrait.

“Since when have we been following the laws of physics?”

Living life ignoring the laws of physics, it couldn't be anything but an interesting life.

“First of all, ice….”

“Kuk kuk kuk.”

“It’s over there, thank you.”

Honey's wings, which had turned to ice, were no longer fused together with her body as before.

It also showed the location of the ice and frantically preened itself, perhaps because it had developed feathers or body parts that it didn't have before. It seems that birds are not able to keep their feathers still.

'It was a bit less when it was water.'

Geo slowly walked through the ice warehouse, leaving Honey on his shoulder.

“…….”

It was cool.

"ha…."

The breath came out.

A breath so thick that it can be seen at a glance.

It must have been that cold, but for some reason Geo didn't feel the cold and the food didn't freeze.

It was unclear whether the icehouse was deceiving Geo, or whether he and the food were stronger than the ice.

'It might be the latter.'

Geo lowered his head and looked at the floor.

"…hmm…."

He muttered.

“If it breaks, it will be a disaster.”

A bottom of ice like an abyss is visible.

'It looks like solid ice, but it's so transparent that it looks like there's a lake underneath the ice.'

It was a very transparent floor. The ice that had frozen very slowly was not opaque but clear like glass, and the floor was covered with such ice. Geo couldn't even guess its depth.

They were slightly smooth, had a soft blue glow, and occasionally a glowing halo could be seen inside. They glowed for a few seconds like fireflies and then disappeared, and Geo was curious about their identity.

“Could it be a species of resident similar to a forest butterfly?”

“Kung?”

“Or maybe it’s just some glowing moss or bacteria or something.”

They didn't move. They just glowed for a moment and then disappeared.

It resembles dim starlight.

“…….”

It's a dreamy sight.

“The color is similar to that of a glacier.”

There was no strong scent of the ocean, but the transparent, blue ice floor, whose depth was unknown, reminded me of a glacier. I have never actually seen a glacier on Earth, but I thought it might be something like this.

Geo raised his head and looked at the view of the icehouse.

“Where on earth did all this ice come from? There’s ice everywhere.”

I was curious every time I saw it.

“This icehouse is quite a distance down from the first floor of the cabin. So there might have been groundwater under the cabin.”

Then a contradiction arises.

“Yes, it doesn’t make sense that the groundwater beneath the forest in such a mild climate would be frozen solid like this.”

That's why it was even more mysterious.

“Good.”

Funny.

“It’s just like a fairy tale….”

I liked it.

Geo still moved his feet with a blunt face without any expression.

Honey had already adapted to my body not spreading out like before, and as expected, she flew around the large ice storage room like a cave, making a pleasant sound. It was a scene like a movie.

After walking for a while through the ice cave, Geo was able to find what he was looking for.

“Yeah, that’s right. It was here.”

It was ice that had grown like a stalagmite in a cave.

“This sounds good too.”

“Huh?”

“It’s just like a cave.”

As absurd as it may sound, the icehouse also looked like a limestone cave made of ice.

I wonder where it was flowing from, or if it was melted, or if it was a vein like a tree. Water was dripping here and there in the icehouse, and perhaps because of the low temperature, it was forming columns or pillars like this.

“This is usually how limestone caves work. Water containing a lot of lime slowly builds up columns on the cave floor as it drips, and the droplets splash here and there, popping out like coral, or….”

“…….”

“Here. It will remain in a pearl shape like this.”

It is actually called cave pearl.

“Of course, this should be called an ice pearl rather than a cave pearl….”

Doesn't this really feel like a cave, a great formwork created by nature?

“…….”

Ice Pearl

Underneath Geo's cabin, in the icehouse, a naturally occurring ice-shaped pearl. A transparent pearl with a faint mother-of-pearl sheen, edible. It melts at high temperatures like real ice and is odorless and tasteless.

Method of Concentration: When melted and consumed, it is very effective in stabilizing mental disorders such as depression and mania.

“Should I take this?”

Whatever the effect, doesn't it taste the same as actual ice?

“It’s tiring to cut down those huge ice bamboo shoots.”

“Crunch crunch.”

The ice bird, Honey, flew away and swallowed one of the round ice pearls. Geo couldn't help but admire its quick appearance.

“Are you eating? Are you a pig?”

“Gurrrr!!”

“No, that’s a misunderstanding. If it sounded like I was saying something, it was a huge misunderstanding. My dad likes pigs.”

Raised by his grandmother for most of his life, Geo took after her tastes in some ways, one of which was his inability to stand skinny people.

In that sense, it would be a happy thing if Honey, who can be called my child, got chubby.

“Kids should eat a lot and grow well.”

Become a pig, yap.

“Then let’s go up now.”

“Kung kung kung….”

“I’d rather be okay with it, pig.”

“Gurrrr!!!”

“Kids need to be chubby to grow up well.”

Geo, who came up from the icehouse while comforting Honey, headed straight to the kitchen.

The fruit juice that I had taken out of the cupboard in advance smelled good, and I was already looking forward to how delicious it would be.

He took out a clean glass and poured two spoonfuls of fruit syrup into it.

“It smells really good.”

The scent of the goby fruit, which becomes stronger the longer it dries, seemed to intensify even more if it went through some sort of ripening process, even if it wasn't dried.

The sweet chestnuts soaked in sugar and infused with its fragrance gave off a uniquely refreshing sweet aroma.

“I think it has a citrusy scent, maybe because the drought complex is a fruit of the tangerine family….”

I should say that it has a bitter and sour scent unique to lemon peel.

“I’m looking forward to it.”

The fruit juice in the glass had artistic value in itself.

The fruit juice, which had absorbed a lot of sugar and given off its juice without sparing any, had a shiny sheen.

The flesh of the goby fruit had changed into the form of a chewy jelly, and the drought-resistant jars, from which the thin membranes had been peeled off one by one, had hardened slightly, spreading out their grains so that they were visible.

“Add some ice pearls here too….”

“Knock knock.”

“That’s the pearl you ate earlier. Put it back.”

“Huh?”

“No thanks.”

Honey, who had turned back into water, tried to vomit out the ice pearl she had just swallowed, but was stopped by her father's authority. It wasn't even penguin milk, so she didn't expect it to go that far.

“Now, if you stir it gently….”

Dalgrak, shut up.

The glass and the ice pearls clash, making a clear sound.

“Fruit tea is complete.”

"closely."

“Are you a chicken?”

“Kkurung.”

“I don’t know your identity.”

The finished fruit tea was so beautiful that I wanted to draw it. The crimson tea reflected through the glass was very transparent despite its dark color.

Whether it was the influence of the ice pearls or not, the sparkling blue light I had seen in the warehouse kept shining and disappearing like shooting stars, and in between, I could see full moons and crescent moon-shaped pieces of fruit.

Let’s just take a sip… .

“…….”

I felt an ecstatic flavor.

“…It’s delicious.”

It was a flavor and savory taste that I had never tasted before.

The vermilion tea was smooth and refreshing, but just when it seemed too sweet, a leisurely bitterness soon came over him and politely calmed him down.

The intense sourness of the drought complex, combined with the goji berries and sugar, felt like a cute whining child.

'I like the flesh too.'

The goji berries, which had had all their juices sucked out by the sugar, were like jelly. Technically, they were similar to konjac jelly, but much more runny.

It had a soft yet strangely elastic texture, like the grains of grapes with the skin completely peeled off.

The drought complex had a taste that was just like the grains of a grapefruit or an orange, and it felt like the juice had been drained by sugar, like a goji berry, but it felt a little harder.

But it wasn't an unpleasant hardness. The grains that spread gently in my mouth gave a pleasant texture.

‘The taste and smell are all mixed together and difficult to distinguish…’

The tea is never one-dimensional and has a soup-like flavor, and the fruit pulp adds enjoyment to the texture that can be monotonous. And the strange change that melts gently on the tongue.

The small change was probably a halo of light trapped within the ice pearl.

“…Popping candy?”

It didn't really spread out or burst like a firecracker, but the blue halos dotting the tea water added a strangely savory flavor. I felt a pleasure on my tongue that couldn't be expressed in sweet or salty terms.

It was a fruit tea that whetted my appetite for no reason.

“…….”

“Gulp?”

“It would be perfect as a gift.”

There must be a lot of sheep, so I thought I'd pack some.

“I should give it to Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

It's a grandmother's instinct to want to share her cooking.

Geo, who grew up hearing his grandmother, his life mentor, tell him to "live a life of generosity," wanted to fatten up Yoo Seong-un.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (21)

Episode 21 “Geo.” 4:29 AM. Yoo Seong-woon called the portrait. “Geo, are you awake?” “I am awake.” “Good.” He called because he knew that he usually wakes up around this time. “There are days when he skips, but the time when we can communicate is usually around 4 or 5 AM… I’ll have to watch the situation more, but I think it’s better to think of this as a rule.” This “Portrait of Geo” is friendly to humans, but no being from any source shows mercy to humans who break their own rules. Even if it was a being that was almost human-like and gentlemanly, he had to be careful. “I wanted to talk to you.” “Do you have any business with me?” “I heard you’ve been wandering around the office lately. There are a lot of rumors.” “I wonder what the rumor is.” “I don’t know if you’ll like it… but they call it the ‘Black Cloak.’” Yoo Seong-woon continued with his signature innocent smile. “I think there’s a rumor that says, ‘The Black Cloak gives gifts to good people.’” These were the guild members that the good-eyed Bisabal personally gathered one by one. Regardless of their military power, their brainpower was not bad. They figured out the rules of the 'Black Cloak' in their own way. "Did you give gifts to other people this time?" "You didn't give them to everyone." "I know, you gave them to people who were particularly polite or kind, right?" Those who received gifts from Geo had something in common. 'Either too weak, or too strong.' He could guess to some extent. Those who were too weak would have given gifts as an apology for being afraid of him, and those who were strong would have communicated normally in front of Geo's force, so Geo would have judged them to be 'well-mannered.' An apology, or a gift of gratitude. It was a result that fit the 1:1 rule. 'Rather, those who

were neither this nor that didn't receive gifts.' Employees who were strong enough to not shed tears or a runny nose, but not strong enough to communicate normally in front of a huge force. Those people didn't receive gifts. "Um...." In order to prevent any accidents, I thought I needed to explain this part. 'Since he's imitating a human, he's not so rough that communication is impossible.' Well, how can you define the existence of the origin as gentlemanly? 'This much should be okay.' Yoo Seong-woon opened his mouth after mentally preparing himself. "If some of our employees don't answer you properly, or run away, or avoid answering... That doesn't mean they're bad people. They're just a little bit timid." "..." "Anyone would be scared of a large, unidentified person wearing a black cloak who suddenly appeared at dawn when no one should be around?" Yoo Seong-woon deliberately described Geo as if he were an ordinary person. Geo thought of himself as an ordinary person, so it didn't seem like anything good would come of revealing his soul or his true nature. "Of course, it might feel rude to you. But I'm not saying that they were intentionally rude to you, but that it might have been a little burdensome for them because they're so timid." Soon a calm voice was heard. “I understand what you mean.” “Okay? Then thank you.” As a curator and gardener, Yoo Seong-woon couldn’t help but be worried. ‘It’s natural for a rabbit to shrink in front of a wolf, but if you judge that as rude and evil, things will get quite difficult. If you’re not careful, innocent people could end up dying.’ Human standards are meaningless to the being of origin. In particular, ‘Portrait of Geo’ is a being sensitive to good and evil and manners, and the problem was that its standards could be clearly different from those of humans. Even if a person is not particularly wrong or a good person from a human’s perspective, from Geo’s perspective as the being of origin, he could be a terrible evil person. It was creepy to think about Geo, who had repeatedly said that he hated rude and evil people. ‘When I found out that there was someone who didn’t receive a gift at all, it really sent shivers down my spine.’ Doesn’t that mean that Geo ‘distinguished’ humans? “You, right. You said that

the leader of the Bisabyeol guild wasn't a bad person?" "Yes, that's right." "All the employees of this company were personally selected by him. He didn't simply post a notice and select them through a large-scale interview, but he meticulously scouted them one by one." "It must have taken a lot of time and effort, but it's amazing." "I wanted to say that our guild employees are capable and good people, even if they're not good people." In this world, where can you find someone who hasn't committed a crime, but those personally selected by Bisabyeol weren't people who could be called evil. "They may not have great personalities, but they're just ordinary people." "Yes." "…Would it be too rude to hope that you don't think badly of them?" I don't know how Geo distinguishes between good and evil in humans. 'However, just like humans have emotional skills… Geo also has a standard for judgment. Otherwise, there's no way he would have concluded that the leader of the Bisabyeol guild, who he hadn't even talked to, wasn't a bad person.' Contrary to Yoo Seong-woon's thoughts, Geo had no way of knowing the other person's 'safety' beyond the frame, unless they were inside the portrait. The reason why some people received gifts this time and some didn't was because Geo gave them as a reward whenever he thought, 'Oh, thank you' or 'Oh, I'm sorry.' There was no particular value judgment. However, Yoo Seong-woon, who didn't know about such circumstances, couldn't help but doubt Geo's emotional skills. 'I hope the skill standards aren't too harsh.' Bisabal said that this ghost story commotion was a kind of vaccination. It was to give Geo's portrait, a natural disaster that could never be dealt with or controlled, a chance to adapt to this world and respect its members, and for the humans of this world to understand and care for him. So Yoo Seong-woon had no choice but to try various methods. "What do you think?" "……." Fortunately, or perhaps naturally, Geo answered with his usual blunt face. "I didn't think of those people as bad." "I did?" "The only reason I didn't give them gifts was because I thought they didn't need it, and some ran away before I could do anything. I didn't think they were evil." "……." "I just thought they didn't need to give

them gifts.” That was a really good story. ‘At least I didn’t think they were rude and evil. There was a reason why there were no injuries despite the increasing number of sightings.’ Just as I was about to feel relieved, Geo continued. “I do have a little resentment toward those who ignored me or ran away without answering my questions.” “Oh.” “But I understand. As you said, a man in a mysterious black cloak who suddenly appeared in a deserted hallway can be quite terrifying. I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t offended, but I don’t mean to get angry.” Geo added an explanation. “But I’m also human, so I can’t help but feel negative emotions.” “Oh, right.” “I tried to have a polite conversation, but it hurts when this keeps happening. I really hope the staff here don’t ignore or avoid ‘Black Cloak’ like this.” “I’ll talk to the guild master about that.” Yoo Seong-woon tried to suppress his embarrassment. ‘… I guess I’m still angry.’ It was just at the level of ‘not a bad person,’ not ‘not rude.’ Even a normal person would get angry if those around them rejected them, but Geo was a being who thought of himself as a human. Even if he thought he was a human, there was no way he wouldn’t get angry at those who went against the clear rules he had. ‘No matter what… I won’t be able to completely put the fear of ghost stories to rest. Since the level of the soul is so high, it’s natural for people to be intimidated when they stand before it. In that case, should I at least create new rules within the building to regulate the behavior of the employees?’ Yoo Seong-woon nodded after thinking for a moment. “… We have a close relationship centered around the guild master. Since the guild master personally brings each and every one of us, the employees have a lot of affection for him.” “Yes.” “I will tell the guild master and do my best to improve things so that the inconvenience you felt does not continue. I think the other employees will be convinced if the guild master insists strongly.” “I would appreciate it if you would do so.” As Geo said that, he was holding a glass bottle that he had never seen before. “…….” No, no. Wait a minute. A ‘jar?’ It was not a bottle, but a jar. It was big enough that he had to hold it with one arm instead of one. “…What is that?” “I will say

that this is a thank you gift for listening to my complaints and requests.” “I haven’t finished the cookies I gave you last time either?” “Why did you do that?” “Ah…” “I’m not angry. I was wondering why there was still so little left. Could you answer me?” If he were a normal person, he would have thought, ‘Are you being sarcastic and angry?’, but Geo was clearly the source of the problem. It seemed like a genuine question, so Yoo Seong-woon answered with an apologetic face. “I’m sorry. I was saving it because it was so effective when I ate it when I was tired. It wasn’t that I was uncomfortable with your gift or that it didn’t suit my taste, so I kept it.” “You have no reason to apologize to me. I gave you the gift, and it’s now yours. You don’t need to make excuses to me. I’m just happy that you gave me strength when I was tired.” “I feel embarrassed when you say that…” Yoo Seong-woon looked at the glass jar in the portrait. “So, what’s that?” Geo took off his hand that was wrapping around the jar and showed it to him. “It’s fruit syrup.” “…That?” “Anyone can tell that it’s fruit syrup.” “Oh, right…” It’s not fruit syrup, no matter how you look at it. ‘…That’s fruit syrup?’ Even though fruits and sugar were expensive ingredients and not common foods, Yoo Seong-woon was a capable hunter. With his considerable income, there was no way he hadn’t tried the fruit syrup that even second-class citizens bought. ‘But it’s different from the fruit syrup I know…’ It was the color of twilight. Should I say it was a crimson color close to orange? The transparent and clean liquid had a sheen like the surface of a jewel, and inside it, reminiscent of the sunset, a deep color was sleeping. 'There's something fruity sinking in it, but...' The color was so enchanting that I didn't think I could eat it. "This is ice that's good to eat together." "...It looks just like a pearl." "The name is Ice Pearl. It seems that Mr. Yoo Seong-woon has the insight to guess the name right away." "Oh, right. Insight..." "It's ice that doesn't melt unless it's hot, so if you want to consume it, I recommend dissolving it in hot tea." "...." Wow. I can feel it. 'I don't think I can handle this.' The cookie I received in exchange for the seeds after receiving the tea leaves from Geo and asking him to 'hold back a little'.

That wasn't ordinary either. The fact that I couldn't eat it all at once because of the great fatigue recovery effect was exactly the current situation. 'But this time, there's a lot.' He said he enjoyed cooking, but his hands were quite large. Perhaps this being of origin did not know how small a human stomach was. “Take this.” “…Isn’t that too much?” “Eat a lot. It would be better for Yoo Seong-un to gain more weight than he is now.” “I’m on the healthy side.” Although he had never seen his body in person, judging from the outline of his cloak, Yoo Seong-un had more muscle mass than Geo. But he was going to gain more weight here? Yoo Seong-un had a hard time understanding. ‘…Wait a minute, do you mean fat by ‘fat’? Was Geo a cannibalistic monster? “I don’t taste good.” “That’s a funny joke.” “I meant it.” Fortunately, it didn’t seem to be a symbol of a candy store witch who gains weight before eating humans. ‘It’s not for humans to judge what aesthetic preferences the being of origin has.’ Perhaps Geo liked slightly plumper humans for aesthetic reasons. It was a bit odd that he liked people who looked fat, even though he himself had such a perfectly balanced body. I don’t know what kind of origin this is. ‘… Now that I think about it, if you give me a gift, I’ll usually eat it all, and when I’m bored, I cook or eat. I guess I really like food in many ways. I like seeing people with fat… My hands are strangely big… I like giving gifts… .’ This kid, is he a grandmother? “…….” “What are you thinking about?” “Oh, sorry. I was just thinking about something else for a moment.” “I see.” Fortunately, Geo didn’t ask any more questions. “This is a gift for your kindness, so I don’t need anything in return. More importantly, the newly mixed fruit syrup looks delicious and ripe, so I wanted to share it with you all.” “Hmm… I see.” Yoo Seong-woon nodded calmly, but thought to himself. ‘… Do you know that you’re bound by the rules?’ Geo’s words just now seemed to be based on the premise that ‘If I’m going to give you a gift, I have to receive something in return.’ Maybe Geo himself didn’t make the one-on-one rule. 'Or maybe I made it myself and forgot about it.' If only the memories of a 29-year-old youth existed in that class, it was a plausible hypothesis.

"...Since you're giving it to me, I'll take it...." Yoo Seong-woon used his emotion skill while looking at the fruit syrup. [Honey of the Water Vein] [Rank: -] A fruit syrup made from the goby fruit and drought-resistant berries that grow in the water vein of destiny. It has a reddish hue and a sweet and sour, deep savory flavor. It is processed directly by Geo, the master of the forest, so even the human body can accept it. If you dilute it in water and drink it, it restores human physical abilities to their limits. It is especially excellent for malnutrition. If you add ice pearls that grow in the glacier under Geo's hut, it has an excellent effect in restoring physical and mental functions. "..." "Doesn't it smell good?" "You're really good at cooking." I think it could be a little less good. Oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (22)

Episode 22

Yoo Seong-un asked the guild leader for help.

"help."

“Hey, what is it?”

“I came to practice sharing.”

“Am I a neighborhood bookworm?”

As soon as 9 o'clock in the morning, Yoo Seong-un went to Bisabal and was holding a large glass jar in his hand. The jar was so large that even Bisabal, who had been visited out of nowhere, was immediately drawn to it.

“You have unique tastes, Curator Yoo Seong-un. This is a rare item.”

“Ah, you already know everything, so please don’t stab me and help me.”

“Is that so?”

Visabal immediately realized that the jar was filled with fruit syrup, despite the sealed entrance, and that Geo had given it to him.

“Have you tried feeling it?”

“I did it as soon as I got it from Geo.”

“What’s the grade?”

“It is still unknown.”

“Oh, like that.”

Moon.

Bisabal stared at the fruit juice placed on the table.

“…….”

“Can you see anything?”

“It’s very good for your health.”

“I don’t think it’ll be that good, but I guess I’ll take it.”

“Didn’t you say you couldn’t finish the cookies last time either?”

“If you eat too much, you won’t be able to sleep. No matter how much of a cog in the wheel of a capitalist society you are, slaves are also human and need to sleep.”

“It would be a great reputation if you gave it to employees who work overtime or guards who come in the early morning.”

“Then we’ll be taken over by our portrait society. No matter how tight-lipped they are, information can still leak out.”

“I know, I’m just trying to control myself.”

Visabal laughed heartily.

“Above all, Geo should not be treated as an item dispenser.”

“That part….”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been chewing on Bisabal’s words, soon

nodded in satisfaction.

“I’m glad you’re paying attention.”

It was a 'Portrait of Geo' whose identity is still unknown.

It would be a way to extend the lifespan of humans to be as alert and conscious as possible, without being overly afraid.

“Even if the effect is secondary, the appearance itself looks divine, so it would be well-received if you donated it to the temple.”

“Yes, well, I heard it’s especially good for malnutrition. I don’t know how it feels since I’m not in that condition.”

“If you talk about nutrition, I would especially like the Temple of the Sun. At this level, even the poor on the verge of mummification could be saved.”

“Since it is welcomed by the Sun Church, I can tell that it is definitely an item that gives off warm energy. Is it really that effective?”

“It’s a concentrate, so wouldn’t it be a great help to the dungeon exploration team if we each took just one spoonful?”

The exploration team is not sent to conquer the dungeon, but rather to find missing people or figure out the dungeon's structure. Since it is impossible to escape in a short period of time, a lot of food is consumed.

The problem is that, because the dungeon environment is what it is, you can't take too much. Because of that, it was common to take mostly tasteless nutritional food or potions.

“It looks delicious, and since it’s a concentrate, a small amount is enough, and since it’s in the form of a fruit tea, it’s easy to consume like a potion.”

“…….”

“It’s a burden to enjoy privately, to the point that the government would impose regulations if it were to become known to the world.”

“I see.”

“But unfortunately, on a global scale, we will have to enjoy it in private.”

Visabal laughed like a foolish young man.

“You can’t sell it, right?”

“Oh, absolutely not.”

It is a gift from the source of existence. If he finds out that it is being sold at auction without permission, the hatred and resentment that Yoo Seong-un will have to endure will be more than he can bear.

That was the 'rule'.

“I think this every time, but the government is too lax in its vigilance about the root cause.”

It's been 31 years since the catastrophe. It wasn't a short time, but it wasn't that long either.

Unlike dungeons where it is easy to detect abnormalities, it may be inevitable that the government's understanding of the source of the indifference towards humans is significantly low.

“This president is quite concerned, and there are probably people who don’t know about this source… but in reality, it is not reflected in society.”

Yoo Seong-un let out a frustrated sigh.

“It would be good if safety precautions were implemented not only in

the dungeon but also in the direction of the source. It’s very sad to see people or their bereaved families die without knowing the cause of death from the source’s children. There’s also a limit to what the gardeners can do.”

“It’s not even been properly revealed yet, and for now, isn’t the dungeon on the surface the biggest threat? It can’t be helped that we’re more concerned about the dungeon that causes trouble than the source that doesn’t cause any trouble if left alone. And we’re short on manpower.”

“Even though it’s like only eating the rind of a watermelon.”

“The fact that there are few people who can detect the source may also play a role.”

Unlike dungeons that can be seen and recognized by anyone, and the monsters that call them home, the so-called 'Children of Origin' are difficult for most people to detect.

There have been many theories so far, but the most widely supported theory is that it is because it is a 'realm that cannot be perceived by the human body'. That is why only a small number of humans who have evolved or changed as the Earth's environment changes can see the 'children of the origin'.

“I think it was said that even if you are a suitable person, you cannot see all the children of the origin.”

“Yes, this is also a kind of talent. Just as everyone has different hearing abilities, there are children that everyone with aptitude can see, while there are also children that everyone cannot see.”

“Your story is always fascinating to hear.”

“There is also a hypothesis that the fewer children who can see, the

closer they are to the source. There must be a child somewhere that even I cannot see.”

“It’s certainly a creepy story when there’s danger right around the corner and no one can see it.”

“If you can’t see or sense it, you can’t even touch it in the first place, and if you don’t touch it, it won’t get angry….”

Yoo Seong-un sighed.

“I was whining in frustration, but honestly, I don’t think it would matter if the citizens still don’t know about the source. They don’t care about humans.”

“Didn’t you say last time that there are exceptions?”

“Yes, of course there are exceptions… but since they’re not as aggressive as monsters, the damage they take is probably less.”

This rarity was also one of the reasons why the children of the origin were unknown until now.

“Well, anyway.”

"yes."

“I guess I have to eat this.”

“Yes.”

“It’s a thick concentrate and there’s a lot of it, so it’s a bit much for us to just eat it by ourselves.”

“…Are you planning to call another scapegoat?”

“I guess I’ll have to call the HR team.”

The HR team is made up of the most vocal people in the guild, just like

the secretary team. This is because they have to take care of everything from the overall guild members to carrying out secret orders from the guild leader, Bisabal.

“At least it won’t spread to other teams.”

“That may be true, but….”

“I’ve been working overtime lately and I’m feeling a bit out of it.”

“You even cracked my cookies.”

“I’ll lie and say that this is an item I purchased separately.”

“Thank you for that. I don’t know if it’s an excuse that will work with those smart people though.”

“Hey, everyone is aware of this, so they’ll just keep quiet. They’re employees who hate extra work more than dying.”

“Well, that’s because I only gathered those kinds of people….”

Yoo Seong-un breathed a sigh of relief.

‘… I don’t think Geo would mind that much, that he shared it with his colleagues.’

Of course, the rules of origin are not something that can be passed over in this way. There were often cases where it became poisonous when consumed by someone other than the designated person.

‘But in the first place, Geo… .’

I definitely want to share this with 'you all'.

'That's what I said.'

This was meant for all the staff of this guild.

“…….”

“I hope there won’t be any problems?”

“Yes, I recalled it, but it is a gift for all employees, including me.”

“Well, I guess that’s why they gave you such a large jar. It’s too much for you to eat alone, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“Actually, I think I just gave it to him without thinking about that part….”

Because he has such big hands.

“It’s funny how we know what the right amount of source is for human beings.”

“But didn’t Curator Yoo Seong-un say that he has memories from when he was human?”

“I have it, but I don’t expect it to be perfect.”

Employees who met the so-called 'Black Cloak' testified that Geo introduced himself as 'Sergio'.

Geo, a young man who died at the age of 29 or was set to die that way. Perhaps that is the memory that 'Portrait of Geo' holds.

“But the thing to think about here is, then, why is the portrait defined as ‘geo’?”

It wasn't built by humans.

“It’s a name defined by the source.”

The skills used by the Awakened, or Hunters, are all aided by the Source. This time around, it was the same.

The source, which could be considered a kind of god or a dimensional system, gave that name to a portrait located in the basement of a

building, in a country, on a planet.

“So the name of the portrait is ‘Gio’ and not ‘Sergio’. Then, isn’t that different from your claim?”

“Perhaps… it means that what the source judged and Geo’s memories do not match?”

“That’s right. The names we’re talking about here aren’t ones we gave ourselves or other humans to other humans. They’re names for our essence.”

This could soon be called the 'true name' given by the parents, the origin.

“In other words, the name displayed in the system is the essence of the object evaluated by the source, so it is not something that can be easily ignored by mere humans.”

“So that name is right there for Geo?”

“It’s written so that anyone can interpret it. Whether it’s a low-level emotion skill or a high-level emotion skill like the guild master, they’re all names that can be recognized….”

“The problem is that we can’t find out more than that.”

"you're right."

Yoo Seong-un waved his hands as if he was cutting something with scissors.

“The source blocked it, saying, ‘You shouldn’t read this.’ It only revealed one thing: the name ‘Geo.’”

“It’s almost like a story about God.”

“They say that anyone who receives the gaze of God goes mad.”

Yoo Seong-un did not deny it.

“The source is generally friendly to humans. No, it is friendly to everything it contains. That is why it sometimes appears indifferent.”

“…….”

“If he had only been kind to humans, one of his children, Dungeon, would never have been born. However, he helps all his children fight equally.”

Such a distant arrogance is certainly worthy of being called a 'god', although the gods of today's generation are far from being omnipotent.

“It is a portrait of the self that defines the source of such danger, which should not be delved into directly.”

“…….”

“…it could really be God. Or it could be something more than that. Something that humans simply cannot define.”

It is something that is deluding itself into thinking it is human.

“…….”

“…I wonder how surprising it would be to have something with the characteristics of a god in a world like today, but anyway….”

Yoo Seong-un let out a deep sigh.

“It’s just a guess. It’s not a monster, it’s not an item, and it doesn’t seem to be one of the children of the Origin, so all sorts of strange hypotheses can come to mind.”

“I thought it was a realistic hypothesis. Priests already worship gods, and there are gods in this world who enjoy playing. It is possible that

there are gods who enjoy interacting with humans."

"If that's true, then let's stop because the Earth is in danger. The moment Geo realizes that he's not human, a miracle beyond disaster… a disaster like disaster will occur."

"Hmm, is that so?"

"It would be better for us to think of Geo as an ordinary human being. Since the source is a 'living story,' the level of danger changes depending on how people perceive the subject."

"That's really amazing."

The visa versa was very interesting.

"Don't these kinds of children of origins appear mostly in Japan? Is it because there are so many gods in the country? There are so many children of origins that influence reality. What kind of changes would occur if we started believing in a god called Geo?"

"That's why I'm telling you not to think like that. Don't pour the fearsome oil of the story of God on an already dangerous guy."

"As expected, a living story is scary. But the moment you learn more about it or add additional settings, it becomes even scarier… Accidents are especially frequent in cultures that like mythology, right?"

"Don't think strangely. What kind of disaster is this guy trying to cause…."

Yoo Seong-un muttered with a tired face and returned to his usual indifferent expression.

"Anyway, I think Geo's memories are incomplete. His essence related to the origin is something or other… Aside from that, the fact that he thinks he's human and yet has no change in his own state or abilities

proves it.”

No, Geo just didn't have any thoughts.

However, the ridiculous indifference that he gave to his own transformation as something like 'I was a human, but I died and came back to life after 31 years, so I evolved into a portrait' supported Yoo Seong-un's claim. People usually don't act that insensitive to their own bodies.

“If he had been a proper human being, he would have felt fear at his own condition. He had become a portrait from a human being, so it would have been impossible not to feel strange or disgusted by that. Furthermore, it would have been impossible for him not to have been intoxicated by the omnipotence of being able to create everything except humans… That would have been absurd for a human being.”

And that ridiculous story actually happened. Geo's miraculous insensibility shone through in such an absurd way.

“It’s a situation that cannot exist with human sensibility.”

“It’s definitely not ordinary.”

“Well, I don’t know much about the origin. I’m not sure if he was a human who belonged to the origin, or if some being from the origin took on human form.”

"hmm…."

“But Geo, apart from answering questions obediently, is not good at telling his own story.”

Again, Geo had no idea. He wasn't the type of person to dwell on the past, and along similar lines, it didn't even occur to him that Yoo Seong-un would be curious about his past.

“Although he calls himself a human, Geo accepts quite naturally the things that humans cannot do.”

This is also a misunderstanding. I am just living so thoughtlessly that I have not yet fully grasped the situation. Geo, who is enjoying his life like a hurricane, does not have any headaches. He is busy just enjoying his life.

Of course, even if he had figured out the situation, Geo would have been shocked for about 5 seconds and then immediately thought about what to eat for lunch. He was a man of this era who would not allow anyone to pour cold water on his refreshing and soft brain.

“Usually I’m not that calm.”

“That’s right.”

“Isn’t it strange that he has the power to commit mass genocide and cause natural disasters right now and doesn’t care?”

I keep repeating the same story, but I just haven't thought about it that far. For Geo, the trials and tribulations of life were just the menu for his three meals a day.

Geo originally thought that his superhuman abilities were just the power to 'make food with pictures'. He never even thought that this power was a threat to humanity.

Geo was a great man who could say, 'Why would you do something like that when you could make sweet potatoes with this?'

“I don’t think humans are such great creatures.”

It was that big. Geo's clear-headed way of thinking, which never let in anything bad, had the talent of only letting in 'information' among 'serious information'.

Geo didn't really care about anything other than the fact that he had evolved into a portrait and that he could make a living by doing so. He was just living a bumbling life.

Of course, it was an unimaginable situation for ordinary people, so they were still serious.

“There is a lot of information that we as humans do not know.”

“…….”

“Then, in many ways, there must be a gap between your thoughts and reality….”

“And yet Geo claims that he is human?”

“It may be that he knows the reality but is trying to deny it.”

It was just that I wasn't fully adapted to the world I live in now, 31 years later. Just like a 90-year-old might stutter when using a kiosk.

But Yoo Seong-un came to his own conclusion.

“In that case, it would be a hint at the level of self-brainwashing, so it would not be good for us to be the first to ask about Geo’s identity.”

“It’s still interesting.”

He looked at the meteor cloud as if he was jealous of the visa. He spoke in a sly tone like a child who wanted to eat more ice cream from the freezer.

“I’d like to have a conversation too….”

"okay."

“Please help me arrange this.”

“I guess it’s a bit too much.”

“Oh, why?”

“Geo hates it.”

“You don’t hate me, do you?”

“I’m stressed.”

Yoo Seong-un shook his head firmly.

“It was the guild master who entrusted Geo to me. I have a duty to protect Geo’s condition. Geo needs sufficient care as long as he considers himself human.”

“Are you saying that I am not a person fit for that care?”

“Then will it suit you?”

“As expected, Curator Yoo Seong-un. He never spits out nonsense.”

"…under…."

In the end, he himself doesn't refute it.

'It's fortunate that you have some conscience.'

Yoo Seong-un smiled bitterly.

“As before, we need to know more about Geo. We don’t know what he is, or his exact way of thinking, or if there are any other rules.”

“First of all, since he is someone I brought here, please treat him well. All I wish is for ‘Portrait of Geo’ to be satisfied with the service provided by my gallery.”

Visabal nodded.

“Please help me continue to think of myself as a human being.”

“It is a great burden, but I will try my best for the peace of mankind.”

That's why Yoo Seong-un had an idea.

“…I plan to take Geo on a trip outside the company soon.”

The portrait where Geo was staying was a space too alien to be inhabited by humans.

Geo says that he doesn't want to break away from his human image, and that he just 'remains a portrait'... but if he continues to stay in it, he will eventually realize his true nature.

“We are very lucky that Geo still thinks he is human. We need to keep him in that delusion if possible. To do that, we need to put Geo among humans.”

“If you want to hide a tree, go into the forest?”

“…Isn’t it a little different? Anyway, if a humane environment is created, that illusion will last a long time. In that sense, I plan to show Geo around the inside of the city.”

“What is the risk?”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un averted his eyes.

“…We have to be careful.”

“Is that okay?”

“What can I do? Rather than waiting for Geo to realize his true nature and explode, it would be better to try something.”

“It’s such a bold choice that I can’t believe it was made by Curator Yoo

Seong-un. Of course, I agree.”

“I also realize that I am taking a risky gamble. I just decided it was necessary.”

I don't know because I haven't seen a meteor cloud properly yet, but isn't it a portrait that can make people faint just by making eye contact?

“Geo is very considerate of people. He is gentlemanly and polite. Among the employees I’ve encountered so far, no one has died… In reality, there are few hunters who are as intimidating as Geo.”

“If an S-class suddenly appears, it’ll be a headache if it’s revealed to the media. These days, with celebrities and idols, the rivalry between hunters has gotten stronger, so once word gets out, it’ll spread like wildfire.”

“That might be better. It would be easier to disguise yourself as a hunter. After all, you could fit Geo into human standards.”

“…….”

“The risk of a child of the origin varies depending on the size of the story they are carrying. If Geo’s ‘story’ is reduced to a human level, the safety increases.”

Yoo Seong-un sighed.

“…That is, if Geo had given his permission.”

“What do you think?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Don’t ask. My head is about to explode.”

“That’s why I gave you extra money.”

“It’s like a fucking capitalist society.”

Yoo Seong-woon said after thinking for a moment.

“Can you please tell your employees not to be so afraid of Geo?”

“Would that work? Is my brain melting from caffeine? Is it canned and not functioning?”

“Why are you being so harsh? I was asking you to at least make some rules.”

He looked embarrassed.

“Geo felt uncomfortable because everyone he met stiffened so much. He judged them to be rude.”

“…….”

“There is a limit to how much we can do to tell Geo not to be offended, so we humans should also try our best to be ‘polite’ towards him.”

"…hmm…."

Visabal nodded.

“If it’s just about regulating behavior, I guess it’ll work out somehow.”

“Is it possible?”

“There is nothing I can’t do.”

This is a collector's country. There is nothing he cannot do.

This is the power that a guild leader in modern society can enjoy.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (23)

Episode 23

Meanwhile, Geo was lost in deep thought. Really, really lost in thought.

“…….”

Since coming to this world, he has never painted a landscape.

'No, there has never been one.'

Come to think of it, I once created a lake for Honey and her fellow water birds, but that was all. Strictly speaking, it was just adding one more accessory to this world, not a proper landscape painting.

Then one question arose.

“Fruits, buildings, animals….”

I could draw them all.

“Then what about the scenery?”

What will happen to the world I draw?

“…….”

Geo continued to draw while still harboring doubts.

For now, about three.

* * *

'The Breathing Sea'

Searching… .

…….

….

…….

The existence of that dimension

Accessible

…….

Check the suitability

Synchronization possible

'Animal Kingdom'

Searching… .

…….

….

…….

The existence of that dimension

Accessible

…….

Check the suitability

Synchronization possible

'The City of Emptiness'

…….

….

…….

That dimension does not exist.

Would you like to register?

* * *

You have 3 unconfirmed notifications.

“What is this?”

Check for new notifications.

“…….”

Geo felt it.

'A premonition of joy.'

After finishing farming, new content appeared at a ghostly timing.

Night painting is a sacred act that symbolizes the artist's companion and free spirit. Geo, who painted all night, completed a total of three landscape paintings.

"hmm."

Judging from the three notifications, I can guess. He felt happy, as if he had received a Christmas present that had arrived by mistake on Chuseok.

“Good adults are always rewarded someday.”

“Khuuuung?”

“Where in the world is there anyone as kind as Dad?”

“Gurrrr….”

“The trust between the rich and the poor is so absurd. It’s a shame.”

Geo checked the system's notifications with a serious face and a deft babble.

“…….”

And asked.

“Where can I find help?”

Yes, I couldn't interpret it.

'I see that it has something to do with the three drawings I finished yesterday.'

Geo first painted a seascape, second a wilderness landscape, and lastly a city landscape with no people.

'Breathing Sea, Animal Kingdom, City of Void... I've never given it names like that.'

I thought maybe the system had just added it for me.

“The system must have noticed my naming skills and wasted my chance to name the piece… But even so, what does ‘existence from that dimension’ mean?”

A direct translation would be that it sounded like there was an actual dimension that matched the landscapes Geo had painted.

“I wonder what it would be like for a human to have the ability to discover a dimension.”

Of course, this could have happened to Newzio, who had newly

evolved into a portrait. Now that humans have evolved into paintings, the standards of being human can be left to Andromeda for a while.

“Taran.”

Geo, who had finished rationalizing amazingly, continued his deduction that was on par with Sherlock Holmes.

“Since you said it’s possible to enter… I guess there’s a real dimension in the pictures I drew, and I can enter it directly.”

This kind of large-scale update was unexpected. It seems that human life has never had such a conscientious management team, so it was a very encouraging change.

“Good.”

A refreshing soul from Gangwon-do who doesn't take the same path as others. Geo affirmed and cheered on his unique challenge that he took on on his own without even thinking about it.

“But there’s something I still don’t understand….”

I could never understand the words 'suitability' and 'synchronization'.

“…….”

“…….”

“What is suitable and what does it harmonize with?”

“Kung?”

It's cute, but don't be fooled. That didn't mean "Is that so?" It meant "How would I know that?"

"okay."

Geo nodded.

Judging from his impure gaze, he must have entered puberty, but seeing that he always responded to his father's words, I could tell how much of a devoted son Honey was.

There are bad paints in the world, but no bad paintings. That's what Honey did.

'What a wonderful thing.'

Geo, who was checking the system window, soon discovered a new list.

List of suitable candidates

Anyone could see that it was the correct answer.

“Where should I look?”

Breathing Sea_Giovanni

Fairy tale rate 0%

Animal Kingdom_Argio

Fairy tale rate 0%

What is it?

“…….”

Description: Suitable person

“You have a conscience.”

Suitable person

A method to understand unfamiliar dimensions more conveniently. Among the existing beings in the indicated dimension, those

corresponding to 'Geo' are named 'Suitable Persons'. If you obtain the consent of a suitable person, you can easily understand and travel through the dimension by borrowing their soul and body.

“If you still can’t understand, what are you going to do? I wonder how you’ll react.”

But I understood.

“If there is a ‘suitable person’ among the existing dimensions, is it possible to travel around in that person’s body…?”

This house is well-built. I don't know what the person who made the decision is thinking, but from the user's perspective, it was a very considerate structure.

“I wouldn’t know about the culture of that dimension, and more than anything, there might be bacteria there that don’t fit with my current body. Even if you can breathe air on Earth, you might have to breathe gases like nitrogen in other places.”

In that sense, getting help from a ‘suitable person’ would have been a convenient choice.

“The standard for finding that suitable person would be that the other person is ‘Geo’….”

Looking at the names on the list, I got a rough idea.

Breathing Sea_Giovanni

Fairy tale rate 0%

Animal Kingdom_Argio

Fairy tale rate 0%

“Maybe these people were also called ‘Geo’.”

Anyway, is it okay if the name includes 'Geo'?

“…No, if that was the case, I wouldn’t have used the word ‘suitable person’. There must have been other conditions, so they would have been treated as important enough to make a list and manage it.”

I think he probably checked the synchronization rate and adaptability with Geo himself.

“That’s fun.”

I really liked it.

“I guess I’ll never be bored in my entire life.”

The amount of updated data is so huge that I don't know if I'll be able to enjoy it all in my lifetime.

“Dimensional updates.”

It was truly amazing.

“…….”

But even after all this lengthy explanation and analysis, there is still one step left.

“What is the City of Emptiness?”

'The City of Emptiness'

That dimension does not exist.

Would you like to register?

“Am I creating a new dimension?”

That was absolutely crazy.

“I can hear the sound of my life becoming more glamorous from here.”

It was very good.

Geo never thought deeply. This time was no exception.

Of course, if it was a matter of world peace, friendship, and love, I would think deeply about it with the pure heart of a young man from the mountains, but this did not really motivate me.

Geo looks like he only drinks espresso every morning, and he has the taste of an elementary school student who spits out bitter drinks and swallows sweet drinks.

"hmm."

His ultimate positive mind was not limited to merely creating dimensions.

“Just because I created a new dimension doesn’t mean every random nuclear power plant on Earth will explode one second later.”

Then it's done.

“Honey, do you agree?”

“Kururuk!”

“Then it really happened.”

Now that I had my family's consent, there was nothing more to hesitate about.

Although it was a scale he had never experienced before, such trivial information could not stop the growth of the deep-rooted tree called Geo. Geo was a portrait of conviction.

“Life is amazing.”

As we live, new content is always created.

“If I don’t enjoy this content right now, I’m not human.”

“…….”

“I don’t know what part you were silent about, but honey, trust me.”

Geo was confident.

I am very confident that I will enjoy it.

“Life is a hurricane.”

Geo, who was freely using his tongue, chose [Giovanni] as the most suitable person on the list. It was a name often used in Italy on Earth, so it felt familiar.

And Geo….

-Bye.

“…….”

'Phew?'

I was left alone in an operating room.

“…….”

There was no honey that should have been on my shoulder. Sadness came over me.

'I'm lonely.'

No, what kind of cases are these?

Geo muttered to himself as he ended up in an operating room that looked like something straight out of 18th century Europe due to the

system's trickery.

'It feels like it wasn't even 30 minutes ago that I was amazed by the system's divine operational skills and vast content, and yet, what on earth is this inconsiderate delivery service?'

He was hurt by the inconsiderate behavior of the system. He should have asked Geo's opinion again and then kindly informed him that the move was in progress.

Geo, who was wondering which customer satisfaction center he should file a claim to in this case, stopped brooding when he saw someone standing in front of him.

“…….”

"…ah."

Geo covered his face for a moment at the sudden noise. He didn't know who it was, but his stealth skills were on par with those of Senior 0○7.

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

"…hello?"

While Geo was lost in the strange thought of '101 Dal○sians giving amazing self-introductions', the first to speak was a man in his early 30s who appeared to be the owner of the operating room.

“Nice to meet you, my name is Giovanni of the Batlan family.”

“…This is Geo.”

“Yes, I know. You can call me Geo, sir.”

He looked remarkably like Geo, with a kind and trustworthy smile that suited him so well. If Geo were a Westerner and a little older, he would probably look just like him.

And Geo bravely refused to hold back on the question.

“You look a lot like me.”

“I think a lot of it will be similar.”

“I can’t smile as kindly as you. I’m not good at smiling, so I’ve been misunderstood a lot.”

“It’s a cute and honest worry, just like the students I used to teach. It’s okay, from now on you’ll be able to laugh like me.”

'Giovanni', who had said something meaningful, soon laughed awkwardly. He was an adult who looked much more cheerful than Gio.

“Professor Sergio seems like a very direct and affectionate person.”

“I think the same goes for Mr. Giovanni. Judging from the compliments he gave me when we first met, I can tell that he is a person with a good way of thinking.”

“It is my duty as a priest of the sun to affirm the light that others have. It is a good thing.”

“…Priest….”

Priest?

“…This looks like a hospital. Aren’t you a doctor?”

“I am also a doctor. Just because I am a priest of the sun, it does not mean that I have to memorize the scriptures inside the temple. There

are many priests who work outside like me.”

Giovanni, who had said so, soon let out a sigh.

“No… there were a lot.”

"okay."

“My world was covered by sea water and destroyed.”

Oh, suddenly?

“Isn’t the fact that Mr. Giovanni’s hometown was destroyed too profound for someone like me who is meeting him for the first time…?”

“Listen.”

“Yes, I will listen.”

“Now, all that’s left in that world are the mermaids hiding in the ocean. Our planet has been reduced and regularized like a game board.”

“Like a game board?”

“I think it would have been something like a dungeon battle….”

“Do you know the dungeon?”

“It was a concept that didn’t exist in our world originally, so I didn’t know about it until I died.”

Judging from the way he spoke, it seemed that 'Giovanni' was already dead.

“But, Sergio, the moment you called me, I knew.”

“…….”

“We are the same ‘Geo’.”

He said, still smiling kindly.

“But they are never the same person.”

“Can I think of you as me from a parallel world?”

“No, that’s not true. We’re just two completely different people who miraculously have a lot in common.”

“…….”

“Similar faces, similar voices, similar dexterity… but our souls are never the same color.”

Geo thought for a moment and then asked.

“Do you like drawing? Since you say this, I wonder if your tastes are really similar to mine.”

“It’s one of my secret hobbies. I really like drawing the sea, like mermaids.”

“A sea that resembles a mermaid….”

We also shared the same taste in drawing. That alone made Geo acknowledge that we were the same 'Geo'.

“I miss you.”

“You will see it soon.”

A voice full of affectionate confidence. Geo was filled with doubt at that gentle voice that would not be easily broken.

“I know you are taking my soul and body away from me. Don’t you fear or resent me? I am just taking everything from you to explore a new dimension.”

“This is not robbery. I was already dead in the first place, my soul returned to the sun, and my body turned to dust and was buried in the ground… Well, I couldn’t turn to dust or be buried in the ground. Even that land must have been flooded by seawater now.”

“Isn’t this some kind of black joke where old people say they won’t buy you expensive things because you’re going to die soon? You might not care, but I don’t. You seem to have forgotten that we’ve just met.”

"ha ha ha…."

"It wasn't funny at all," said Giovanni, who laughed as if he had told a really funny joke.

“My soul will become one with Mr. Geo’s. It will be a kind of resurrection, a reincarnation. I will seep into you, spend more time with you, build memories, and live in the source.”

"…source?"

“It might still be an unfamiliar concept to you.”

He smiled gently.

“But you already live there.”

“Is the place I’m staying the ‘origin’? I heard it from a new acquaintance I made recently.”

“Actually, even that is just a name given by the Earthlings. I don’t know what its actual name is, or what rules it has, or what form it has. As a mere soul, I simply respond to your call and respond to you.”

Then, 'Giovanni' opened his mouth as if he was sorry.

“If possible, please take care of the sun god. To be precise, the sun god of the world I was in.”

“I can’t believe that the cry for God’s care came from a mere soul. You’re telling another very funny joke. Actually, it’s not that funny.”

“I thought the same way when I was alive, but even a god without a believer is eventually forgotten unless he is the source. The sun will not disappear, but as his son, I can’t help but worry.”

“How can I care for God? I am just an ordinary human being.”

“Remember him, talk to him often, or borrow his strength. I swear on my honorable soul as a priest born of the sun that it will not be too much of a burden to you.”

Geo nodded.

'You said it was God, but to summarize, it feels like visiting elderly people who live alone.'

Geo, who was an art teacher, often volunteered since his college days. Among them, there were quite a few elderly people who were growing old alone and had sad stories.

Thinking about it this way, Geo was a career person. He regained his confidence, which had been discouraged by the word god.

“I’m good at that.”

“Haha, that’s good. Please help me.”

“Is there anything else you would like?”

“Don’t you feel burdened just by asking God to look after you?”

“It was burdensome until just now, but not anymore.”

In a village deep in the mountains of Gangwon-do, which was a very, very aging society, Geo was the only child. He was confident in at least showing off his talents to the elderly.

Feeling that confidence, 'Giovanni' opened his mouth hesitantly.

"…aria…."

"aria?"

“This is my student’s name.”

“…….”

“The story has become too long.”

The tone is still soft, but there is a hint of sadness in it.

“Give her the end.”

That moment.

"…ah…."

Geo returned to his bed in the cabin.

“…….”

“…….”

“Gurrrr….”

"…okay…."

Breathing Sea_'Giovanni'

"are you okay."

Giovanni's Quest

“It’s okay, Dad.”

Communication with the Sun God (0/1)

The ending to the Little Mermaid (0/1)

"really…."

Fairy tale rate 1%

"it's okay."

“…….”

“No problem.”

It felt strange.

With the cold running through his body and the pain tearing through his bones, and even more so with the sadness, Giovanni wept without even knowing why.

I couldn't remember anything.

“…….”

“…….”

And so I cried until the moon set and a new sun rose… .

“…I don’t regret it.”

He smiled with sad eyes.

I was happy.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (24)

Episode 24

『New Employee Notification』

Recently, there has been an unpleasant commotion related to a ghost story within the guild. As the internal confusion continues unabated, I would like to make this announcement so that all staff members will be aware of it and avoid causing any more confusion.

…….

“What should I write?”

Visabal sat in front of the monitor and thought for a long time.

“…Let’s go and have fun.”

He soon started waving his hands.

The man in the black cloak's name is Geo.

Geo is a member of the early morning shift. Don't ask for his identity.

…….

* * *

“Geo.”

As expected, Yoo Seong-un called out to Geo in the portrait.

“Are you awake?”

“Yes, I am awake.”

“Well then, I’d like to make a suggestion.”

While maintaining a calm demeanor, Yoo Seong-un carefully observed his opponent. He was now proposing something to the being of origin. He needed to know the weight of it.

'And I know very well.'

Those who originally lived in the source could not communicate with humans. A sneeze from afar could be a terrible insult to the other person, and a laugh during a conversation could make the other person sad.

The beings of the origin had their own rules. Their rules were extremely irrational and irregular when viewed by humans, and they were never supposed to treat others from a human perspective.

“Don’t you want to come out? I’m saying this under the assumption that you want to….”

Constantly observing and analyzing was the only way to survive.

“I guess you don’t know much about the outside world. Like the seed-related incident last time.”

“What Mr. Yoo Seong-un said is right. I don’t know much.”

“That’s why I asked if you were interested in going on a tour. I’ll pay for all the necessary items and expenses, and of course I’ll be there to guide you.”

“Are you guiding me?”

“Yeah, you’re literally in a situation where you just need to come with

your body.”

To smuggle out the existence of an unidentified source. Although he was proceeding with the permission of the Bisabal, even for a Yoo Seong-un who always does what he does, this was a bold gamble.

'... But you don't have to worry about buying it. If anything happens, I'll just say that I'm a new hunter outside the city.'

If Geo continued to maintain a gentlemanly attitude, there wouldn't have been any major problems.

Of course, since we don't know Geo's true identity, he might interact with something in reality regardless of his intentions, but that didn't matter either. If it was going to happen anyway, it was wise to find out in advance.

'Even if there is a little damage.'

As Yoo Seong-yoon waited for an answer, the gloomy and noble-looking portrait soon opened its mouth.

“It’s tourism.”

I thought I had become quite used to it, but it still gave me goosebumps. The tone of the portrait was still eerily blunt.

"great."

"…okay?"

“When would be a good time?”

That was a pretty quick response.

'I thought he might attack me, trying to drag me out.'

Geo was a portrait. It might have felt like an insult to him to try to bring

the painting into reality.

Fortunately, Geo didn't seem to care about that.

‘Is it because it came out on its own a few times before? If so, it would have been fortunate that measures had been taken in advance to allow Geo to move freely.’

Yoo Seong-un, who had stopped thinking, answered.

“Let’s do it on Tuesday morning, two days later.”

“Could you please call me then? I need help because time here seems to flow a little differently than outside.”

“That’s not difficult. I’ll call you in two days, so take your time preparing and come out then….”

After thinking for a moment, Yoo Seong-un took out a small timer.

“I’ll put it on the floor here, so you can check it like this. I’ll set it to ring three times at 8 AM in two days. It’ll be easier to check the time whenever you want, right?”

"thank you."

“What are you doing with something like this?”

Yoo Seong-un swallowed a sigh of relief inside.

'... I'll gladly accept the offer itself. Compared to other beings of the same origin, Geo is capable of communication. Of course, since he's not human, there are times when things go wrong... but for the most part, he'll be safe.'

The portrait closed its eyes, perhaps thinking its business was over.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un also didn't hold on to Geo any longer.

Anyway, we would have to be together all day for the next two days, so how could we get tired of each other already? Besides, Yoo Seong-un had a lot to prepare for his sightseeing schedule with Geo.

'I guess I should make a reservation at one of the hotels exclusively for trainers. I don't intend to treat Geo like a contracted person, but I think hotels of that type are better prepared for emergencies.'

This was a pretty dangerous task, so thorough preparation was needed without Geo getting offended.

“…But when wasn’t that the case?”

Visabal's position was firm.

Even if there is some damage, as long as it doesn't result in the massacre of more than 50 people, it will be covered up, so check to see what kind of reaction the 'Portrait of Geo' will have among humans.

'That's a wise decision.'

Geo could come out of the portrait whenever he wanted, without any restrictions or conditions. If something was going to happen anyway, it would be better for Yoo Seong-woon, the curator and gardener, to watch from the side.

“…….”

But I'm not tired of the world today where human lives are treated like insects.

'... Even if they're people from the city, not from outside, the Bisabal Guild Master said he can deal with them. If there are less than 50 casualties, it doesn't matter, and even if that happens, as long as it's not leaked to the media, it's okay.'

Of course, it would be much better if we could finish the tour without anyone dying.

“I guess we can only expect a gentlemanly response from Geo in this regard.”

Yoo Seong-un muttered softly and left the guild. Even if Geo is a being with reactions quite similar to a human, he still can’t rest assured.

Even humans can pretend to be fine and then start throwing a tantrum at the lunch table the next day, so there's no guarantee that the being of origin won't be free of such duplicity.

'The hotel is definitely in that line… I think it would be a good idea to set the tourist route to a place where you can recover in case of an emergency. Gyeongbokgung Palace is in this area, so it's not like there's nothing to see.'

Since he was using the name 'Sergio', I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea to show his Korean side.

'I think the night market at Gyeongbokgung Palace usually opens after 6 o'clock. Since it's a tourist attraction in Jongno, there will be a lot of hunters wandering around. If something happens, it'll be a good idea to borrow the name of the Bisabal Guild Leader and ask for help.'

I've been feeling a little dizzy lately, either because I've been working overtime a lot lately or because I'm just worried too much.

‘I’ll have to think hard about how to introduce Geo then…’

When the incident broke out, it seemed like it would be better to voluntarily report it to the association. Since the association president was aiming for it, they probably knew about the ‘Portrait of Geo’.

“…Phew….”

The meteor cloud that came outside let out a deep sigh.

“My head hurts.”

The breath did not come out.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un muttered pointlessly.

“…Hey, this is why I like big companies.”

He scratched the back of his head and started walking again. He was sure to have to work overtime, but he had enough stamina.

'I need to get ready quickly.'

I hope everything goes smoothly.

* * *

Geo returns to the bedroom after finishing his conversation with Yoo Seong-un.

“…….”

Yeah, it was Geo.

Fortunately, Geo reverted from his previous state as 'Giovanni' and regained his original personality.

“Hmm….”

The state of being 'Giovanni' didn't last long. He was just confused by the change he was experiencing for the first time, but once he learned the trick, he was able to return to his usual personality.

“It’s not difficult.”

If I put my mind to it, I could get back to Geo.

“It feels like blowing your nose.”

That's how Geo was able to realize this new rule.

“Is it okay to meet the right person, ask for their consent, and then proceed with the quest while traveling through that world?”

And one more thing, 'fairy tale'.

This part wasn't that difficult either.

“It’s much faster when you have Giovanni’s personality, but even if you don’t necessarily identify with the personality, the assimilation rate itself slowly increases.”

Occasionally, I become Giovanni without realizing it, but apart from that… .

“Once you start a fairy tale, you can’t stop it, I guess.”

I've never experienced it before, but it felt like I was remembering a past life I had forgotten. Although he clearly said that he was a different person, Gio didn't feel like he and Giovanni were separate people.

That's how Geo organized his thoughts in a few days.

“I will never have such a wonderful experience again in my life.”

“Crunch?”

“It’s rare to have an experience that makes you feel like your left and right brain are working separately.”

He could now be both 'Gio' and 'Giovanni' at the same time, and it was not difficult for him to change his personality depending on the

situation and his mood.

He felt Giovanni's feelings.

'My memory isn't perfect, though.'

Perhaps because of the low assimilation rate, Geo couldn't recall all of Giovanni's memories. It felt like he was following Giovanni, who had lost all his previous memories due to amnesia, but just from that alone, he could tell what kind of person he was.

Giovanni is a very warm and affectionate person with a soft charisma that can comfort and lead people. He has an ambition for peace, but he values everyday life with the people around him more.

That was 'Batlan Giovanni'.

"……."

After two blinks, Geo muttered in a small voice.

"Is this okay?"

Yoo Seong-un suggested tourism.

"You were afraid of me."

Even though he didn't think about it, Geo wasn't ignorant.

'People can't be afraid of me simply because they're afraid of dark men.'

It seemed like Yoo Seong-un was deliberately explaining it indirectly to avoid shocking Geo, but Geo knew it too. The current Geo must have been a bit too scary for ordinary people.

'I guess there will be a problem with the resolution when traveling around the world in a portrait body.'

Or maybe that's the real power of the haunted portrait: the power to make the innocuous seem malevolent, to transform a genre into a horror thriller by its mere presence.

“People outside seemed scared of me.”

“Kung.”

“It’s embarrassing, but don’t worry, it’s not a very unpleasant feeling.”

I didn't mean to do that at all, but it felt like I was doing a spy camera horror show. I'm sorry, but to be honest, it was more ridiculous and funny than unpleasant.

But there has to be a limit to that.

“It would be a problem if there was a disruption to tourism.”

It wasn't just a solo tour, but a tour that was enjoyed together, relying solely on other people's money and guidance. It was a nuisance to Yoo Seong-woon, who was accompanying me, because it seemed so harmful and hopeless.

“This is a tour you can enjoy with a reliable guide like Mr. Yoo Seong-un. It’s not common to have an experience like this with someone else’s money.”

“…….”

“You don’t know that money comes from digging the ground. I’m sure prices have gone up even more now. My father has no money.”

Oh, dear. If you whine to your child about not having money, will it have a negative impact on his development? Geo added belatedly.

“Of course, this dad can buy anything Honey asks for.”

“Kung?”

“You shouldn’t waste it, but if you buy it and enjoy it, there’s no harm in it.”

Besides, it seemed like you could get money by digging the ground here. If you draw a picture, you can get sweet potatoes, so wouldn't you get money by digging the ground?

“Anyway, it’s not like that outside the frame. Honey, listen carefully. If someone offers you something delicious, you’re the one who runs over and eats it right away. That’s what it means to be a true pig.”

Personally, I wish Honey had grown that much plump.

“…….”

“…….”

If I were chubby… .

“…Kkuung… Kkurruk… Kkurruk….”

“Isn’t there anything to be angry about?”

“Kurrrr….”

I think he doesn't like it.

'What a pity.'

A plump bird is a symbol of cuteness, but the water bird, faithful to its self-care, seemed to have no such intention.

'Why does the way you adorn yourself with jewels look so unusual? This picky kid.'

Anyway, that was what Geo was concerned about. He had to make a more harmless impression.

“I want to be harmless enough to look like a normal pedestrian, but I’m already harmless enough to be a talking potato, so I don’t know what else I can do here. I’m sure my harmlessness has reached its limit.”

Although he was alive and never actually died, during his time as a teacher, Geo was often said to have a 'scary appearance', but he never had an atmosphere that would make you cry or sniffle.

“Well, I’m a corpse if you take away my talent for growing up healthy no matter where I am placed.”

But now Geo was being treated like a ghost story, like the Red Mask. I didn't hear that evaluation openly, but I had a rough idea because I saw that everyone I met was scared.

“Seeing as everyone is having a hard time even recognizing me, it seems like… it’s a resolution issue.”

“Gurr.”

“I think there might be some problems that arise when a picture becomes reality, but I’m not an engineer….”

And Geo had already received a solution for it from the system.

tip.

Resolution solution

Apply 'Geo'

“This must mean a suitable person.”

Is 'Giovanni', who is undergoing synchronization, still being treated as a human and not a portrait?

When he actually activated Giovanni's personality, he felt a little heavier. He needed to go to the bathroom, was hungry, and needed

regular sleep.

“So what I’m saying is, if you go outside as Giovanni, people won’t be scared.”

“…….”

Geo nodded, feeling Honey's lukewarm gaze.

“They call it split personality.”

First, I had to make it harmless.

“…….”

“…….”

Geo acknowledged his excessiveness at Honey's gaze that was staring at him.

“…Yeah, I think the split personality thing was a bit far-fetched.”

“Crunch.”

“To make an excuse, I really didn’t mean to be rude.”

It was a tour that Yoo Seong-un kindly suggested. It was a trip that I would enjoy with his help, and I would be going around with him, so I didn't want to cause any unnecessary inconvenience.

“You don’t have to act like ‘Giovanni’ to use it, as long as the synchronization is in progress. You can act like you normally would and people won’t be so scared.”

“Kur?”

“Of course, you have to be careful. If you leave it alone, even if it’s syncing, the resolution problem seems to come up again. But this

alone is a huge harvest.”

This was a fact confirmed with the help of the dawn patrol guards within the guild.

“We’re trying hard here and there, so I don’t think Yoo Seong-woon will be in that much trouble.”

For example, a situation where a companion suddenly develops a split personality.

“…Well, anyway….”

Geo, who had been lying on the bed, sat up.

“…Then it’s time to prepare our elders’ meal. Honey, let’s go.”

“Gurrrr!”

Honey nodded in enthusiastic agreement. A small bird flew down and landed on Geo's shoulder.

Geo moved to the studio carrying 77 colorful sandwiches that he had prepared in advance in the kitchen. His footsteps stopped right in front of the 'Breathing Sea', a landscape painting of the sea.

Now it was time to open this tightly closed door.

“Let’s make a snowman….”

“Kkuk.”

"okay."

After all, copyright is important.

Geo, who recalled his childhood innocence while thinking of his hometown of the heart, the 'Kingdom of Gyeo○', calmed his mind. When he woke up, it was possible that the Republic of Korea, which

had already been 31 years, had turned into a land of high spirits.

Geo, who had been talking nonsense and clearing his throat, soon prepared to have dinner with his family.

“…….”

“…….”

A moment of silence.

The jet-black hair is gradually becoming lighter.

Blink your water-colored eyes twice.

“…….”

Giovanni was there.

“…Can I come in?”

The door opened.

"thank you."

“ ”

“Yes, this priest is very late.”

“ ”

“Please understand.”

A world submerged in the sea.

“The weather is nice, so I feel sluggish.”

The sun was barely breathing.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (25)

Episode 25

8 o'clock in the morning.

Looking at the black cloak in front of the revealed picture frame, Yoo Seong-un blinked his mint colored eyes.

“…….”

Oh, my.

'It feels a little different.'

It wasn't my imagination. The pitch-black figure standing in front of the portrait didn't have the same strange atmosphere as before.

It's as if he had transformed from a monster to a human.

“Geo.”

“Are you here?”

“Am I too late?”

“No, I left early.”

"okay?"

Yoo Seong-un answered indifferently and thought to himself.

‘…Your voice is different than usual.’

Unlike before, when he spoke in a tone that felt strangely neat, Geo now didn't feel strange, even if he did think, 'He's a bit too polite.' It was an atmosphere that made you think that someone with an innocent personality could act like this.

'The level may be different depending on whether you are inside or outside the portrait… .'

But then the testimonies of the witnesses we have received so far come into question.

"……."

Yoo Seong-un rolled his eyes for a moment and asked with a smile.

"Are you feeling well?"

"Yes, that's fine."

"Hmm… The atmosphere seems lighter than usual."

"I was always light-hearted."

"Then let's say that's true."

As expected, it's different from usual.

'I don't really feel any pressure.'

Although Yoo Seong-un only saw the back of Geo, he knew how fearsome Geo was outside of the portrait.

It wasn't easy to feel that kind of feeling of being out of breath and dizzy even though there was no sense of hostility or murderous intent.

'Even if this world is filled with humans, monsters, and various types of monsters.'

I heard that the feeling gets worse when you see Geo from the front,

but it was really strange. Right now, Geo just felt like a normal human being.

“…….”

“…….”

Geo was the first to speak, perhaps because he had such doubts.

“Action has been taken.”

"action?"

“I tried to adjust the resolution so that other people wouldn’t be surprised when they saw me. Judging from Yoo Seong-un’s reaction, I think my attempt wasn’t too bad.”

“Oh, I see. Somehow.”

It seemed quite human.

Although he nodded nonchalantly, he could not tell what Yoo Seong-un was really thinking.

'Does that mean… you can control the level of your soul on your own?'

In the past, Geo's status was so twisted that it could not be expressed in human terms, but now his status could be considered that of an A-class hunter.

Being able to control the level of your soul at will sounded like a really bad joke.

“… Are you feeling unwell?”

If you were to forcibly lower your level, the fatigue would be enormous.

'It's like putting a curse on yourself.'

It was like asking, 'Isn't it too much?' by purifying it, and adjusting the level in this way would be more painful than tiring.

At Yoo Seong-un's question, Geo looked down at his hands and then shook his head.

"it's okay."

“Well then, that’s fortunate….”

How can someone be so calm after doing such a crazy thing? Yoo Seong-un was quietly appalled.

'You're so calm for someone who's committed suicide. If you want to pretend to be normal, you should be more thorough.'

Even a 10-year-old would understand the gravity of the situation. To use a civilian analogy, it would be like cutting off all of their limbs and gouging out both of their eyes.

‘It’s no different than putting a leash around the neck of a person crawling on their torso and putting a weight on them…’

Of course, Geo had no idea.

'hungry.'

To begin with, he was a person who felt like an ordinary human being until recently.

It was certainly comfortable to have a body that was neither thirsty nor sleepy, neither hungry nor full… but that didn’t mean I felt any discomfort with my current state.

I used to live like this, so what kind of rejection is it? Rather, I got used to it.

“…….”

“So where should we go now?”

“…Oh, right.”

Yoo Seong-un tried to keep a calm expression as he answered. It would be rude to show concern to a guy who came out to have fun. He had to be careful about even this kind of reaction to the being of origin.

“Since it’s morning, I’m going to try eating.”

“What kind is it?”

“The place I recommend is Baekban House.”

Geo, who once referred to himself as 'Sergio' in the Korean way, I don't know if that's really the Korean way, but since Geo knows Korea well in many ways, he chose a restaurant with a set meal for breakfast.

But just in case, I added an explanation.

“It’s a meal served as a set meal with side dishes, rice, and soup. You can also order fish or pork.”

“…….”

“Overall, it may not be that exciting, but since it’s morning, I looked for a restaurant that would be comfortable.”

“It sounds good.”

Although Geo was a good eater, he grew up under his grandmother who always prepared a meal for him, so he liked comfort food like this. It was comforting for both his body and mind.

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“That’s good. Then shall we move?”

Geo followed suit.

‘…I hear footsteps.’

Previously, he seemed to have been barefoot, but now Geo was wearing shoes. However, Yoo Seong-un was a little surprised to hear the sound of footsteps that contained the weight of a person.

'You really lowered your status to human level? I still can't believe it.'

I started to wonder how that was even possible, and why on earth he would do such a horrible thing.

‘Maybe he did this on purpose to be considerate of other humans… .’

Even before Yoo Seong-un felt embarrassed, he felt a strange sense of guilt as he pondered how to make excuses if any damage was done. It was difficult to bear this ridiculous favor that was like cutting off his own limbs and soul.

It makes me feel even more inhumane to give such an outrageous favor so casually.

"hmm…."

Yoo Seong-un, who had come to his senses, led Geo to the elevator.

"batter."

“I think this is the first time.”

“What is this elevator?”

“Because I usually move through pictures.”

“So you moved to the picture.”

As I had already guessed, this was the moment that explained the mysterious portrait in the hallway that the night guards often found.

Even so, the ghost story of the 'Black Cloak' has taken root in this guild.

“I gave you an access card, so why didn’t you take the elevator?”

“I thought it would be awkward if I ran into other people in this small space.”

“…I see.”

I thought that just meeting them in that wide hallway would have been enough to give the guards a break, but in such a narrow space, I thought they might have collapsed and foamed at the mouth.

However, Geo did not mean it in that sense.

'I know what kind of people the staff here are, so I'll be with them in a small space.'

Geo, who knows how to act when he has to, was scared. The 31 years of fantasy were enough to make even his hometown feel an unknown fear.

'It's dangerous to rush into a haunted portrait when you don't know how much the culture has changed. It's also faster to move to a painting.'

So, in many ways, it was a choice made with consideration to one’s own convenience… .

“…….”

It couldn't help but be interpreted a little differently for Yoo Seong-un.

‘… Isn’t this too kind? Am I worrying about the wrong thing?’

I'm starting to get a little worried.

'I'm worried that other people will be crushed by the level, so I travel through paintings instead of elevators, and I cut off my own level because I'm worried that something unpleasant will happen during the trip... .'

There were other suspicious circumstances.

'Now that I think about it, liking giving gifts so much is actually a disturbing trait.'

It was a tour prepared with the concern that the portrait would cause an accident, but if Geo were to be harmed by humans, it would be an accident in another sense.

'I think I picked the wrong target to watch out for. Instead of worrying about Geo's gentlemanly impulsive behavior, I should have been worried about someone approaching who might provoke these guys… .'

Yoo Seong-un couldn't help but wonder if this was really the right thing to worry about.

“…Okay, let’s get off.”

“It takes quite a while.”

“Because it’s a gallery deep underground.”

Yoo Seong-un explained with a small smile.

“The works in the guild master’s gallery come from all over the world. Some are purchased directly by the guild master, some are purchased and delivered by guild members, and some are so dangerous that they are entrusted to be stored…”

You could say it's a den.

“The gallery’s access control is partly to prevent theft, but also

because if you're not careful, a dozen people could easily die. The collector's gallery, where all sorts of bizarrely-shaped works of art are sold, is a famous story. When ghost stories come about, the gallery is usually the source."

"okay."

"That's why the gallery is intentionally located so deep that it seems excessive. It's designed so that if an unknown bomb were to explode down there, it would be easier to clean up, or… to minimize the damage."

After saying that, Yoo Seong-un looked back at Geo.

"Um, yeah."

"…Is there a problem?"

"I'm still wearing the hood."

Although the level was lowered and the intimidation was somewhat removed, it was not at an absolutely harmless level, and above all, Geo's face was too assertive. If he went around like that, he would get involved in all sorts of troublesome things.

'If you cover your face, you can say you're an unofficial hunter. There are a lot of unofficial hunters in the collection, so other people won't be suspicious.'

The staff at the lobby entrance on the first floor greeted Yoo Seong-woon.

"Are you leaving work right away?"

"No way, I'm on a business trip. I just got home, so there's no way I'm already off work."

"I almost envied you, but this is fortunate. Let's suffer together."

The guard who was joking cheerfully looked at Geo standing behind the meteor cloud.

“This side….”

“Guild leader’s guest.”

“Are you going to be joining us soon as a new employee?”

“That could be the case.”

It seemed like he was friendly, and even though it was his first time seeing Geo, the guard spoke to him as if he knew him.

“Then I guess it’s okay if I change the color of the cloak a bit. There’s a new ghost story in our guild these days, and as you know… we’re the kind of people who get swayed by such ghost stories often.”

Yoo Seong-un asked him.

“Are there still people these days who are surprised by the story of the Black Cloak?”

“There are so many witnesses, so what can we do? It seems like it really exists, so everyone is on their guard to some extent.”

“Hey, this is difficult.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded, smiling blandly and muttering.

“Then I guess I’ll see you in a few days.”

“Is this a long-term business trip?”

“Well, I guess I’ll have to go and find out….”

“Then, thank you for your hard work.”

The guard, who greeted them politely, quickly turned his attention away from Yoo Seong-un and Geo.

The large glass doors in the lobby opened. Yoo Seong-un, who had emerged from the Collectors' Guild, opened his mouth.

“As you can see, rumors about you have spread. I have already told the guild leader about the inconveniences you are experiencing, but it will probably take some time for it to be reflected….”

Yoo Seong-un spoke as if making an excuse.

“I’ll tell them that you’re the guild leader’s guest. What do you think?”

“I understand.”

“Do you have any other questions?”

“I wonder why the guard was so sure I would become his comrade.”

“Oh, that.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“It’s the guild leader’s habit to pick up people from somewhere.”

“Are you picking it up? You seem to be an uncommon believer, guild leader.”

“Even the subcontractors who came to assassinate him tried to scout him.”

“How bold of you to embrace even the person who tried to kill you. You seem to have great tolerance.”

“Because your tastes are so unique, if there’s someone you’ve never seen before in the guild, there’s a high chance that they’re the guild master’s guests. There have been more than a few instances where

he’s invited you to the guild to try to seduce you.”

“…….”

It's not the first or second time that you've packaged something nicely.

Geo, unaware that such packaging only makes him look more inhuman, quietly resigned himself to the endless series of strange incidents.

'It is a gigantic presence that I, with the limited physical strength allowed by the gods of heaven and earth, cannot handle.'

He didn't seem like a bad person, but he was the number one type of person I absolutely didn't want to talk to because I couldn't predict where he would go.

'If we ever become close, he'll drag me out of the corner of the room, put me in the middle of a gathering of popular kids, and offer me up as a sacrifice at a party...'

It was terrible.

“Then I guess I’ll have to take the subway now. Is that okay?”

“…Jisangcheol?”

Not the subway?

Yoo Seong-un, who was able to understand Geo's question more clearly thanks to lowering his level, quickly explained.

“Well, it’s a train that runs above ground. It has a set route like a bus, but it’s a little faster and runs at a considerably higher altitude.”

As he said that, Yoo Seong-un raised his finger and pointed to the sky.

“See over there?”

A rail that passes through or between tall buildings. The rail is not visible in its entirety, but only in part.

It seemed as if some parts had been made transparent, perhaps to provide a view of the city. This stimulated Geo's SF sensibility.

“It’s pretty tall.”

“If we compare it to the building, it operates on approximately the 60th floor.”

Geo nodded inwardly.

'They say even mountains and rivers change in 10 years, but the world has changed in 30 years.'

Perhaps because it is a metropolitan area, this tendency is stronger, but even considering that, the buildings and facilities have developed a lot. Now, Geo really felt like he had become an ancestor.

The buildings were basically over 30 stories tall, and the subway that ran between the buildings looked just like a roller coaster.

'It may not be as intense as the rail route or the speed… .'

Geo felt romantic about the futuristic design.

“Geo, this way.”

“…….”

People's fashions were also quite different from before. Some people wore armor, carried large swords on their backs, and some even had wings or tails.

They say trends come and go, but it was clear that an ecosystem-disrupting species had entered the picture. Everyone had their own

unique personality, so much so that Geo, wearing a cloak, seemed normal.

Here and there, people were even seen exchanging jewels and weapons. Jewels aside, weapons with sharp edges were a bit too much…

"……."

Oh.

Geo could find himself constantly chewing on the grilled pork belly.

'It's a funny sight, seeing myself worrying that a haunted portrait might look harmful.'

Contrary to his thoughts, some quick-witted people were glancing at Geo.

'The aura is heavy… Is he a hunter? Judging by the restraint in his movements, he's a knight… or a priest?'

'It must be at least A-class. Since it's my first time seeing it, there's a high chance that it's an unofficial hunter.'

'It's all black. There might be a skill that values color, or it might be a set item...'

Yoo Seong-un was also aware of the gaze of some of those people.

'Please don't just talk to me.'

As expected, but with Geo's help, it was getting less attention.

I was talking to Geo, who had just come out into human society, and praying earnestly that nothing bad would happen.

"This is the subway entrance."

Yoo Seong-un was careful not to let Geo's gaze reach anyone else.

“See here? You can pay the toll by tapping your card here.”

“Do you pay your fare at the elevator?”

Geo, with his luggage on his back as if it were his habit, looked at the entrance to the subway with interest.

It was like an elevator that you can see in subways or some overpasses. It wasn't hidden inside the building, but it was protruding and stretched out high, and it was connected to the subway line.

'Isn't there a separate station?'

Looking at the bare rails without any buildings, it seemed like there were no stations, and what little space there was that looked like a bus stop was visible here and there. It seemed like they were really being used as buses.

“I’ll give you my card. If you want to buy anything, you can use this. There’s no limit.”

“…….”

Geo was scared.

'I don't know how many times I've gotten nervous today.'

It was dangerous outside the blanket.

'Why are you giving me a card with no limit?'

Since I'm scared, I'll just call you hyung for now.

Of course, Geo, who was a selective introvert, never called Yoo Seong-un, who he had only known for a few months, “hyung.” Geo still maintained his manners and used his card to ride the subway elevator.

“…….”

"what's the matter?"

“I have a question.”

Geo asked.

“I don’t understand why there is only one elevator when the elevator is not very fast. If there are a lot of people, wouldn’t it be delayed?”

"ah…."

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“I guess they only installed one since there aren’t many people riding it anyway.”

“It looks like a useful means of transportation, so why aren’t many people using it?”

How can we leave such an interesting new creation alone?

“It’s not a particularly great reason.”

Yoo Seong-un told me the reality.

“Because it’s expensive.”

“…….”

aha.

'I see.'

If it was a capitalist society, Geo was a guy who knew very well.

'But is he still alive?'

Are you living a long life?

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (26)

Episode 26

The station where we arrived at the subway station was at a fairly high altitude.

“…….”

“Why, what’s going on?”

“It’s been a long time since I’ve been this high up.”

“I guess that’s true.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

'I guess the portrait will never go up this high.'

But since he said 'long time no see', it seemed like he had come out of the portrait and climbed up on his own.

'Or have you ever climbed a mountain or a cliff in your memories as a human?'

Since he is a guy who can move on his own, there are probably many cases. Maybe he moved while still in a portrait.

Geo, unaware of Yoo Seong-un's thoughts, was looking at the subway station.

'... I didn't know it when I looked at it from below, but it's covered with a

transparent film. It seems to be to prevent falls or to block strong winds from high places, but what is the exact material? It looks much more transparent and stronger than glass or plastic.'

Geo was very interested in growing and creating this new material that seemed like it came straight out of a science fiction movie, and he couldn't help but ask questions.

“What is this wall made of?”

“Huh? A wall?”

“Yes, it’s blocked by a wall so transparent that you wouldn’t know it unless you touched it.”

“I don’t know much about this stuff, but… it’s probably an intangible crystal.”

“Intangible decision?”

“I know it’s an ingredient extracted from a monster that appears frequently.”

Even Yoo Seong-un didn't know what name that monster was. Unless it was particularly threatening or unique, it wasn't worth remembering.

“I heard that most transparent windows installed in cities use this.”

"okay."

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un became serious.

“You can’t take it. It’s public property.”

“I know.”

“That’s not the reaction of someone I know right now.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“…If you want it, I’ll get it for you later, so just bear with it.”

Although intangible crystals are a material used in various industries, they are not expensive compared to their versatility. This is because the monsters that can extract crystals are not that rare, and the amount of crystals that can be extracted from each individual is also large.

“What on earth would you use something like this for?”

“It was an interesting object, so I wanted to observe it and try using it.”

“Your curiosity is truly amazing….”

Yoo Seong-un smiled with a subtle feeling. It was a typical characteristic of the beings of the original world to show interest in rules or objects created by humans.

While we were chatting away, the subway arrived soon.

“We’re the only ones in this room.”

As Yoo Seong-un said, there were only the two of them in the space marked 'No. 6'.

Geo thought quietly.

'There really aren't any people riding it.'

It was a bit of a shame.

'I can't believe I can't afford such a wonderful new product because it's too expensive.'

Even if you tap your card in front of the elevator on the first floor, only a green light will appear indicating that you can enter, and there is no information on how much was charged. So I didn't know the exact price of the subway, but I felt strangely bitter.

'I feel like the gap between the rich and the poor has gotten wider over the past 31 years. Is it just me?'

Geo asked.

“Are there usually this few people?”

“Oh, that’s not it.”

Yoo Seong-un shook his head.

“I usually ride more than this. There were at least 10 people in each car, but today, I don’t see anyone. I don’t know if it’s because I ride during peak work hours, but… It’s been a long time since I’ve ridden at this time.”

“…….”

wait for a sec.

Something was strange.

“Is it time to get to work?”

“Well, it’s 8:38 now.”

Yoo Seong-un checked his watch and continued speaking.

“It may be a little different for each company, but the average start time is 7 o’clock.”

“…….”

“Geo?”

“Is 7am the time to start work?”

“Most of them are like that?”

Are they usually free of human rights?

'If I remember correctly, the typical work start time for office workers was 9 AM.'

Geo suddenly lost his confidence in living in this harsh reality. Seeing that his patriotism, which he had never had before, was also disappearing, it seemed that portrait painting was the right fit for him.

“…….”

Why on earth did this country end up like this? He soon came up with a reasonable reason. It was a reason that he could think of because of the 31-year gap between Geo and him.

“Is it because most people wake up early in the morning due to genetic or cultural reasons?”

“Uh… That’s not it. If you don’t set a specific time, there will be many people who sleep until lunchtime. This is just a rule that people agree on among themselves.”

"okay."

It was a neat answer, but it felt uncomfortable. Geo looked at Yoo Seong-un intently.

'Doesn't this person sometimes not see me as a human being?'

It was like a butler explaining human society to a talking cat.

“…….”

“Huh? Why?”

“I am an ordinary human being.”

“Uh… okay.”

Even if I searched and searched like a high school senior analyzing the college entrance exam passages, I didn't get a particularly believable response.

'... Even if I were in Yoo Seong-un's shoes, I wouldn't feel like the possessed portrait was the same person. Let's be thankful that we aren't treated like monsters in this world.'

And thanks to this kind of monster treatment, there were many benefits to being treated like this. Even if you had no money and lacked common sense, it seemed like they just let it go, saying, "Well, that's okay because he's not human."

Although I felt like my pride as a human being was slightly crushed, I still thought that it would be better for my body and mind to live as a portrait rather than return to being a faithful slave to capitalist society.

Geo asked quietly.

“Don’t you think I’m rude and ill-mannered?”

“What are you talking about all of a sudden?”

“I will be careful not to cause any inconvenience to Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“…I don’t know how to answer, but, yeah, thank you….”

"thank you."

As expected, Yoo Seong-un was a trustworthy and considerate person.

Geo sat down next to Yoo Seong-un and looked at the subway door that was still not closed.

“It’s been open for quite some time.”

“The subway and buses close much earlier than this.”

After briefly explaining basic common sense, Yoo Seong-un continued his story about the subway.

“Since the subway takes a long time to get on the elevator, and there aren’t that many platforms, they keep them open longer for people who are a little late.”

“Even though it’s winter.”

“Well, it’s fortunate that the cold is blocked automatically.”

Yes, it was midwinter now.

“Oh, come to think of it… If you’re lucky, you might find some street food while you’re walking around.”

Geo's heart raced at Yoo Seong-un's words. He was true to his instincts.

“If it’s street food, is it something like bungeoppang?”

“Yeah, or maybe something like octopus bread or egg bread or fish cake.”

“I want to eat.”

“I’ll try my best to find it, but don’t expect too much. There aren’t many places that sell that kind of stuff.”

“Why? Warm street food would be quite popular on a cold day.”

“There aren’t many people who want to do it because of complaints that it’s not aesthetically pleasing. Once complaints are filed, it also causes problems when entering or leaving the city or doing business.”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders as he said that.

“And to begin with, city people don’t really want to do things like sell street food. But isn’t it inconvenient for people from far away places to come here and sell food?”

“…….”

Oh, my.

Geo was embarrassed.

“It seems like there is a clear distinction between city people and country people.”

“Huh? Um, uh… I guess so?”

“Why is that?”

“…Uh uh….”

Yoo Seong-un let out a deep sigh.

“I don’t know how to explain this, but it’s just the way people live. I know it’s embarrassing, but we classify each other and differentiate ourselves.”

“What kind of grades are there?”

“For example, someone like me who lives in the city and works as both a Hunter and a Curator is a 1st class citizen. As far as I know, Hunters above B class are almost always 1st class citizens, unless they are Red Hunters who have committed crimes.”

Yoo Seong-un took out his ID card and showed the words '1st Class' next to his name, then pointed to the gaping window of the subway and said.

“People who live in the city, even though their income and job are not that great, are second-class.”

“…….”

“In the case of the people from the provinces I just mentioned, they are usually classified as Class 3. And some of the poor people living between the provinces and the city, that is, those who cannot even obtain identification cards, are implicitly classified as Class 4.”

“…Is there also a 5th grade?”

“From there, they are criminals. Unlike the 4th class citizens whose names are not even recorded, they are recorded in administrative records, but they are literally just recorded and are not treated as human beings. If they encounter them, they can be killed at any time.”

How can you not want to live like this?

Geo, a sensitive person, was close to tears at the incredible development of his hometown.

‘… I always thought that the caste system would be revived someday since the lifespan of the Earth is longer than that of humans, but I never thought I would experience it in my lifetime.’

Geo asked again, looking at the door that was still not closed.

“Is there a reason to make such a distinction?”

“Perhaps it is because there is a big difference in infrastructure between cities and rural areas.”

Yoo Seong-un kindly answered, as if he would be faithful to his role as

a guide.

“I’m talking about various facilities and benefits available within the region, but the cultural and administrative gap between cities and provinces is huge. In provinces, people farm and earn a living, while city residents tend to buy food ingredients delivered from there….”

“…….”

“I would say it’s almost a century of difference. If you go to the countryside, it’ll be hard to find a two-story building, let alone an above-ground railway. Few people have cars. There’s at least one local railway running… But that might be the reason they don’t buy cars.”

Since you have a means of transportation anyway, there’s no need to spend money on your own. Yoo Seong-un muttered quietly and continued.

“Well… the biggest difference among them is the defense line.”

“What does the defensive line mean?”

“In reality, there is a large wall on the outskirts of the city that can be defended like a castle, and secondarily, there are separate safety experts who manage the safety of the city, and above all, there are already many Hunters within the city… so even if an incident were to occur within the city, it would be quickly dealt with.”

Yoo Seong-un rubbed the back of his neck.

“In a word, it’s a survival benefit. Most of the fourth-class citizens cannot live outside the city even if they have to live as poor people, and in the same context, there are many who want to come into the city… but not all the people can live here. The resources and land area are limited, right?”

“So you divided it into grades?”

“The only people who can live in the city are second-class citizens. Third-class citizens can visit the city and find work, but those who live there on their own are treated more harshly.”

“How does it get worse….”

“What should I say? Well, first of all, since your ID is destroyed, you can’t get a job… Even if you’re not treated as a 5th-grade citizen, you should say you’re treated as something less than human. People who settle down in the city because they don’t want to die from monsters in the countryside end up as 4th-grade citizens, the poor.”

In short, is it a dystopia?

'I'm hearing a story that sounds like something out of a movie, but at this point it's starting to feel less real.'

It was a difficult world for Geo, who loved friendship, love, and peace. Up until 31 years ago, he had been able to feel human emotions to some extent, but now he felt that something was very twisted.

Although Geo started to act grandiosely, using his blunt poker face as a weapon, Yoo Seong-un, who hoped that Geo knew human society well, continued his explanation.

“In the first place, you never know where the dungeon itself will explode, and even if it’s not from a dungeon, there are many monsters that have already settled on Earth. In the city, these native monsters are better managed, but in the countryside, there’s a lack of manpower and equipment, so if you take your eyes off them for a second, you’ll often end up dead.”

“That sounds scary.”

“That’s why, if you live in a rural town, they tell you not to go outside

after 5pm. Or, in many cases, the town is run mainly by Hunters who are C-rank or lower. Even if they are weak, Awakened ones are much more trustworthy than ordinary people.”

At that time, the doors of the subway finally closed.

“…….”

“It’s moving slowly.”

“No one else rode.”

“Well, it’s not even lunch time….”

“It is morning time.”

“What kind of office worker eats breakfast?”

It's a way of saying that eating breakfast is not a given. Perhaps in today's world, the phrase 'three meals a day' has long since disappeared.

'Right now, we're probably moving to eat three meals a day.'

Geo, who listened to the horrific reality of modern society with one ear and let it out the other, slowly admired the subway structure that was similar to the subway he knew. What impressed him the most were the transparent walls and ceiling.

“Are these walls and ceilings also made using intangible crystals?”

“Probably so. Its durability and transparency are incomparable to Earth’s traditional materials, so it provides some level of defense against monster attacks.”

"okay."

“I heard that in the past, they made windows like this out of glass or

plastic… I wonder how they could possibly have used such weak materials.”

“…….”

In that way, Geo was instantly reduced to an ancestor. From a young blood in the education field to an ancestor. The exponential difference was dizzying.

“Aren’t glass or plastic used?”

“It is useful, but glass… isn’t it usually used for decorations? It’s much easier to shape than amorphous crystals, and you can mix colors. Even though it can be made artificially, it’s a type of gem, so it’s a bit expensive.”

“Plastic?”

“Plastic? I guess I’ll hardly use it. It’s not recyclable and it doesn’t decompose easily.”

It seems that Earthlings have evolved in the past 31 years, considering the health of the planet. I thought they were busy evolving into a dystopia, but they are quite advanced.

'I guess the lifespan of the Earth has increased a bit.'

Geo turned his gaze and looked at the subway again.

The back of the chair was covered with soft fabric and leather like a sofa, but the window and ceiling above the shoulder line were as clean as if there was nothing there.

The gleaming walls of the building and the clear sky beyond gave me a strange thrill.

'A gentlemanly roller coaster… .'

There was no sense of speed or bumps, but this absurdly high-altitude rail stimulated Geo's romanticism. It was like a scene from a science fiction movie.

“Oh, Geo. We’ll be getting off soon.”

“Is that so?”

“The restaurant and hotel I made a reservation at are near this stop.”

“I am looking forward to it.”

“You can look forward to it, I’ve got everything in a good place.”

While listening to Yoo Seong-un's words, he felt intrigued, and Geo had a vague intuition.

'The Earth is no longer a place where harmless creatures like me can live.'

Geo, who was weak and didn't even have a white belt in Taekwondo that everyone else had, didn't have the strength to overcome this terrifying world. He was going to have to spend his entire life locked in a portrait to ensure his own safety.

If Yoo Seong-un had heard about it, I think he would have trembled in shock.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (27)

Episode 27

The restaurant led by Yoo Seong-un had all of its employees wearing hanbok.

“I made a reservation for two with Yoo Seong-un.”

“Customer Yoo Seong-un, I have confirmed it. Please take off your shoes so we can take you inside.”

Geo looked at the restaurant from a distance, seeing Yoo Seong-un receiving service from the staff without hesitation.

The restaurant he guided me to was a Hanok with a strong antique atmosphere, as if it had been drawn with ink. The pillars had curves that brought out the natural beauty of the wood, and the soft, refreshing scent of cypress and the high ceiling made me feel at ease.

What was visible was not a noisy crowd of guests, but a quiet and neatly organized wooden hallway. Each room visible between the hallways had a particularly strong individualistic aspect.

“…….”

Is this… a restaurant with rice and side dishes?

'It is clear that the definition of a restaurant that I know has changed over the past 31 years.'

Where did my bustling and comfortable restaurant where I used to sit cross-legged and eat rice cakes go?

“Geo, let’s go in.”

“Do you eat here?”

"ah."

Yoo Seong-un made excuses as if he was wondering what the heck he was caring about.

“Ignore the sounds of people. But at this level, I think I’ve blocked out all sounds and sounds pretty well.”

“…….”

“If it’s too inconvenient, should we move to another restaurant? There are places where we can have an entire building to ourselves.”

Hey, this guy?

'Are you really treating me like a walking nuclear power plant?'

I don't know how sensitive you see me.

“It’s not uncomfortable.”

“Really? That’s good.”

“Are the rooms separated?”

“Yeah, the room isn’t that small, so you’ll be able to eat comfortably.”

"okay."

Geo wasn't the type of person to turn down a free meal unless it was really something special.

'Anyway, it looks delicious, so it's fine.'

It felt complicated and subtle that the world had changed so much in the past 31 years, but with the permission of his hungry stomach, Geo threw away his worries and followed Yoo Seong-un.

“If you have finished selecting your menu, please ring the bell.”

"yes."

“Have a nice time.”

The employee, wearing a hanbok with soft colors that looked like it was dyed with flower petals, quietly left the room. Geo, who had been waiting for a moment while feeling the footsteps of the people moving away, asked.

“Is this a restaurant serving white rice?”

“…Oh, right.”

Although the tea wasn't very strong, Yoo Seong-un had a resentful reaction.

Geo's question was simply, 'Is this flashy place really a restaurant serving baekban?', but Yoo Seong-woon seemed to have understood it as, 'So, what exactly is a restaurant serving baekban?'

“A meal consisting of rice, soup, and side dishes is called baekban.”

“……”

Because of my pride as a teacher, I wanted to refute Geo the moment he said that, but it didn't seem like the misunderstanding would be resolved even if I did, so I decided to just keep my mouth shut and listen to the explanation. I'm proud to say that it was a mature decision.

“The rice is always the same, and the soup changes every day, but

today… I think it’s seaweed soup.”

Yoo Seong-un asked with a curious expression after hearing what he had said so far.

“Do you eat seaweed?”

“There is no food I cannot eat or dislike.”

“That’s good to hear.”

Yoo Seong-un opened the menu that was placed on the edge of the table.

“The side dishes are all the same, and we choose the main menu. It’s usually divided into meat and fish, but which one do you like more?”

“I’m more drawn to meat these days.”

The soft-hearted Geo couldn't hunt forest animals. Not only did he not know how to hunt them in the first place, but even if he did hunt the cute, round animals, the yield would clearly be low.

Geo, who is happy no matter what he eats, isn't a picky eater, but since he was already out, he wanted to eat meat.

'You have to eat it when it comes out.'

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“Then let’s have Gwangyang Bulgogi.”

He pressed the number pad on the edge of the table. It seemed like there was a system where you input the corresponding menu number here and then the kitchen would take it and prepare it right away.

Finally, Yoo Seong-un pressed the red button, the bell, and looked at Geo again.

“Of all the restaurants I’ve been to, this one seems to be the most delicious. They don’t even use monster meat.”

“Do you usually use monster meat?”

“You eat it often, right? But it’s a bit strange to come to a restaurant and eat monster meat.”

“…….”

It seemed like Geo was giving a higher rating to the place called ‘restaurant’ than he knew. Geo, whose ancestor had been hibernating for 31 years, was wondering how to ask this question so that it wouldn’t sound strange.

“Why, do you have any questions?”

“…Is the restaurant a different kind of establishment compared to other establishments?”

“Hmm? Aren’t most people like that?”

Yoo Seong-un rubbed the back of his neck as if it was an unexpected question.

“You don’t have to eat at home, so you have to ask someone else to help you eat. In my case, it’s not that burdensome, but for second-class citizens and above, it’s a bit more difficult.”

“Are all restaurants like this?”

“Generally speaking, yes. In the first place, restaurants are places to eat, but more importantly, they are places to receive service. There are many people who come to restaurants to eat like me, but there are even more who come to be treated.”

It felt a little different from the definition of a restaurant that Geo knew.

‘Compared to what I knew, it seems similar to fine dining or omakase. Does that mean all restaurants have become more upscale?’

Wait a minute, what about delivery?

“Don’t you use delivery?”

Yoo Seong-un had an expression on his face that said he didn’t expect the word ‘delivery’ to come out of Geo’s mouth. He began to doubt whether he was really seeing him as his ancestor, but Geo, who didn’t want to bother explaining, kept his mouth shut.

“Delivery is also… a frequently used method. But it’s more expensive.”

“Is that so?”

“If we encounter a monster on the way, it’ll be a major accident. It’ll be a hassle to avoid it.”

What kind of monster is being treated like a stray cat? The level of damage was definitely not at the level of a stray cat, which made it even more absurd.

“That’s why I don’t usually order delivery unless I’m having a party. I do the same.”

“…….”

If the delivery was enough to accommodate a party, I wondered if it wasn't just catering.

“…So most of you cook your own meals at home?”

“Usually, that’s true. It costs money to buy groceries, so how can you afford to get service? Going to a restaurant isn’t that common.”

What kind of world was destroyed once and then rebuilt?

“But don’t we have a restaurant?”

“I told you I’d take you on a tour….”

"aha."

It seemed like he meant to give her a great treat. Geo was seriously concerned that even simple communication was causing errors.

'... Should I take social education again? It's hard to get compulsory education at my age? Should I re-enroll in college even now?'

The world has changed so much in just 31 years. If things continued this way, Geo would be treated like an alien from Sirius whenever he spoke to someone.

'Or else you're treated like a cornered person who lives isolated from society.'

Oh my god, the latter statement is not wrong, which makes it even more creepy.

‘Is this the state of mind of the elderly who cannot keep up with the changing society?’

Grandma, I finally understand how you feel. It really is hard to keep up with the rapidly evolving times.

Geo looked deeply as if he was watching the meal prepared by the staff.

“It’s hot, so please step back a little.”

The employee who said so dropped a spark into the middle of the table.

Then, a fire blazed up and took the shape of a gas range, and the

employee placed a grill on top of the circular fire. Then, he placed a few pieces of bulgogi on it and left the room.

“…….”

The light came on even though there was nothing.

'It's a table made of wood, so it doesn't burn.'

Correction: Geo needed to re-enter kindergarten, not college.

Judging from Yoo Seong-un's expression, this seemed like a very natural thing to do, but Geo, who was exactly 31 years removed from society, was simply surprised.

“Hmm, I think it’s beef.”

“…what kind of meat is there if not beef?”

“As I said before, there’s a high chance that it’s monster meat. It’s cheaper than cow or sheep.”

“Isn’t it tasty?”

“That’s not it….”

Chewing gum—.

Yoo Seong-un, who was stirring the meat, continued speaking.

“It’s just the general social atmosphere. There’s a lot of meat that we wouldn’t mind eating, except for the special parts that are toxic, but monsters attack people… and most of them are disgusting looking. It’s hard to welcome the meat of monsters that eat people.”

“I understand when you say it like that.”

“But it’s also a meat that’s commonly used at home. It’s cheap and a lot of protein, so it can’t be unpopular. But I heard that it’s a bit strange

to eat monster meat even in a restaurant like this where people come to be treated.”

“Isn’t it dangerous?”

“Not all monsters have poison in their bodies?”

Yoo Seong-un smiled brightly.

“Well, I heard that until about 20 years ago, the public was wondering how anyone could eat something so dangerous. I was young back then, so I’m not sure about now.”

“It may not seem like 20 years was that long ago, but people’s perceptions seem to have changed rapidly.”

“I guess it’s because I’ve done a lot of work in the government and associations….”

A government that is good enough to change Koreans' perception of the meat they put in their mouths in 20 years?

'Why has so much changed in 31 years?'

It was a more surprising story than Geo himself evolving into a portrait in flames. Yoo Seong-un's opinion may be a bit different, but Geo himself said so.

“The government seems competent.”

“Well, if you don’t want to get your neck cut off, you have to be competent.”

“…….”

“We’ve already been through a few rounds so only the capable ones remain.”

Geo was scared. Hyung says things like that before eating meat.

'... Well, Hunters are said to be living weapons of war, so I wonder if there's anything that politicians can't touch.'

Geo quickly understood and started stirring the meat together.

“Can I eat this?”

“Oh, it looks like it’s fully ripe.”

"thank you for this food."

“I hope it suits your taste.”

“I think so.”

Korean bulgogi is divided into three representative types.

First, Seoul-style. Second, Gwangyang-style. Third, Unyang-style. Of all of them, Geo's favorite was this Gwangyang-style bulgogi.

The commonly known bulgogi marinated in broth and sauce is Seoul-style bulgogi, but unlike Seoul-style bulgogi, which is eaten like a stew, Gwangyang-style bulgogi is grilled dry on a hot plate. It varies slightly from household to household, but most do not marinate it in seasoning for very long.

'So the taste of the meat is much more alive.'

Beef that has been pounded and thinned several times to soften the meat texture. When it is grilled once on a hot plate, the outside is crispy, the inside is moist, and the juicy Gwangyang-style bulgogi is complete.

“…….”

A piece of bulgogi taken off the grill.

Without sauce or rice, Geo put a whole piece of bulgogi in his mouth.

“…….”

“How is it? Is it delicious?”

“It’s very delicious.”

It must have been a private room, but if I had been there alone, it would have been so delicious that I would have given a standing ovation.

“It seems like they use good meat. The meat flavor is rich and not fishy, and the meat quality is also quite good. It seems like they pounded it a lot during the tenderization process, but since it doesn’t tear at all despite its thickness, I guess that means the chef is also very skilled.”

“You… you talk a lot when you eat delicious food.”

“Excuse me.”

It's so delicious, I can't stop.

“But it really is delicious.”

“Yeah, I see.”

“It’s a flavor I want to try making.”

The outer layer, which was grilled as if fried over charcoal, had a brief bitter taste typical of charred meat, but it added a variation to the sweetness of the moderately charred meat.

The right amount of fat embedded in the meat gave it a rich stock-like flavor, and that alone was enough to tell you the quality of the meat.

“The seasoning is just right.”

The mellow sweetness mixed deep into the meat was probably pear. It seemed like the meat had been tenderized by adding ground pear. I wonder if some kind of alcohol was added to it, and a refined bitterness was also felt, doubling the sophistication of the taste.

“It goes well with garlic. It has just the right amount of flavor without being too strong.”

The pungent aroma of garlic was embedded deep in the meat, piercing the inside of the tongue, but once grilled over charcoal, the toxicity melted away gently. The sesame oil used was also good, so it had a fresh aroma.

“…….”

“Huh? Why?”

“It looks like you make your own soy sauce.”

“Are you a gourmet? How did you know that?”

“Is that right?”

“Uh… I heard that from the owner here.”

Geo nodded.

“I was wondering why the pepper flavor was so strong.”

“You like eating for a reason. You have a sensitive tongue.”

“The dipping sauce… is delicious too.”

Perhaps the ingredients themselves were similar to the seasoning for bulgogi, but this strangely sweet and sour taste. The rich plum flavor permeated the sauce without being awkward, adding flavor.

‘It’s not plum extract… .’

I thought it might be vinegar made from plums.

“…….”

Dip the meat in a slightly brown sauce with hints of garlic, but not too much, and eat it with steaming, fluffy white rice… .

“…….”

“Is it good?”

"yes."

“I see.”

As expected, rice was delicious when you filled your mouth with it.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (28)

Episode 28

After finishing his meal, Yoo Seong-un led Geo to Cheonggyecheon.

“…….”

But, as expected, it was quite different from the Cheonggyecheon in Seoul that Geo remembered.

“Okay, this is Cheonggyecheon.”

“It’s a truly natural sight.”

"yes?"

“It’s winter, but flowers are blooming.”

Are you crazy?

'Is the Earth finally starting to break down because it can no longer withstand humans?'

Fortunately, Yoo Seong-un added an explanation.

“I don’t know what they were thinking, but they just took special measures to make it like a greenhouse.”

“What action is being taken?”

“There is a separate department in charge of urban landscaping in the

city. They make sure that a certain amount of vegetation remains when the city is being built.”

“Are you going to keep it as a greenhouse even in the winter?”

“That’s right, look. Isn’t the air very mild?”

The meteor cloud waved in the air and pointed to Cheonggyecheon.

“It’s magically treated, so anyone except for level 5 citizens, criminals, or threatening monsters can enter. It’s a real greenhouse-like system that blocks out the cold winter air and lets in only sunlight.”

“…….”

“Wasn’t it pretty warm in front of our company? In the case of companies that handle a lot of money or public places where people often gather, this kind of magical treatment is done. In the former case, the company owner installs it privately, and in the latter case, the government pays for it and installs it….”

Geo, who was chewing on Yoo Seong-un's words, asked.

“If you say a threatening monster… can a non-threatening monster enter?”

"ah…."

Yoo Seong-un nodded after thinking for a moment.

“I guess that’s the way it can be. Even if they’re monsters, they’re already part of the Earth’s ecosystem and play a part in the natural cycle, so we can’t just reject them.”

From those words, Geo could tell that even monsters were treated like half-stray cats or half-pigeons.

“I guess monsters can only be seen when the dungeon is destroyed.”

“Huh? Ah, no matter what, humans aren’t that capable.”

Yoo Seong-un continued his explanation.

“When I was young, there were many who argued that all monsters had to be dealt with. However, no matter how many Hunters there are, they are not enough to protect all of humanity, and even if there were a very strong Hunter, it would be inhumane for that one person to chase down and deal with all the monsters.”

He shrugged.

“More than anything, how can you handle it if such a strong hunter causes terrorism due to stress? It’s the same even if you’re not a strong hunter. Hunters are people too, so how can they just work?”

"okay."

“They say that most of the native monsters that have settled on Earth now are the result of not being dealt with in the early stages of the catastrophe.”

“At the beginning?”

“Back then, the hunters were much weaker than they are now, the system was weaker, and there weren’t many people with pursuit skills, so that’s only natural.”

“Then the monsters that were left behind and couldn’t be killed….”

“You have become a part of the Earth.”

As he said that, Yoo Seong-un winked at the stream with clear water flowing.

“Like that guy.”

Purrururuk—.

In the middle of the river, a round bird was preening its feathers.

“That guy is a monster too.”

“…….”

It was definitely a bird Geo didn't know about.

But the system knew.

Cotton bud

It was named by Koreans because it resembles cotton. It is a spherical shape with no distinction between wings, torso, head, and neck, but its actual body structure is similar to that of a normal bird, except that its feathers are puffed up. If you boil cotton-boiled eggs and pull out the thread, you can make a bandage.

“…….”

Silkworm cocoon?

'It looks almost like a ball.'

Anyway, Geo was convinced.

“The cotton bollworm is not a threat.”

“…Do you know that guy?”

“I just found out.”

The system explained that it was almost like a silkworm cocoon in the shape of a bird, but it was calming to see the slightly larger cotton balls preening their feathers in the river.

Yoo Seong-un, who had been staring at Geo, soon continued speaking.

“…Um, yeah, those guys. They’re numerous and small, but most of them are considered to have no significant negative impact on humans or the ecosystem, so they’ve become native monsters to Earth.”

“It’s cute.”

“It doesn’t look like that at all, but you like that kind of stuff?”

“Isn’t it great that they’re small and round and look surprisingly harmless?”

“Somehow your water bird is also round….”

Yoo Seong-un laughed hollowly.

“Even so, the current native monsters are already part of the cycle, so we’re leaving them alone, but we’re dealing with all the recently introduced alien species. To begin with, monsters really hate Earthlings.”

“Is that so?”

“Usually, yes. Even if they are not hostile, they can still pose a sufficient threat to humans. The remaining native monsters are ones that have already passed safety inspections by the association and are managed at the government level.”

Yoo Seong-un pointed at the cotton ball once more.

“Those guys have adapted after living on Earth for a long time, so their hostility toward humans has softened to the level of normal wild animals. They were said to be dangerous monsters that would eat human flesh at the beginning of the Great Calamity, but now they’re as harmless as pigeons.”

"aha."

“Since they are monsters, it is illegal to touch them or raise them

personally, but… it means that they can coexist. Dungeons and Earth are inseparable, so I think they decided that this would be better than unconditional rejection.”

Coexistence with monsters? It seems that Earthlings have become considerably tougher in the meantime.

“That’s all for the explanation. Would you like to take a quick look around? The water quality is thoroughly managed, so there shouldn’t be any harm. The monsters and animals here are all relatively harmless.”

“…….”

Geo, who was looking at the clear, flowing river, soon moved his feet.

'Clear as liquid glass.'

The river seen up close was even more beautiful when the sunlight broke through.

In the mild weather like spring, large trees, vines, and flowers filled the place like a large greenhouse. Pastel-colored butterflies sat on the flower petals, and creatures that resembled squirrels ate the fruit from the trees.

Why do sparrow-like birds peck at the flowers on trees? They may do it for fun, or they may want to eat the nectar inside the flowers.

“…If people change the seasons like this at will, isn’t there any problem with the ecosystem?”

“There was a time when there was a lot of talk about it, but now they say they’ve adjusted everything somehow. In particular, there are many cases where seasons are intentionally created to prevent the Earth’s native animals from becoming extinct due to monsters.”

"okay."

In many ways, it is different from when Geo lived.

“If you don’t mind, try dipping your feet in.”

“Is that okay?”

“There are rules about not picking fruit or pulling flowers, but there are no specific regulations in that regard. In the summer, when there are a lot of people, many people come here to play in the water.”

“Despite that, there’s no one here today.”

“Who would want to play in the water during the peak work hours, when it’s not a vacation or holiday? In the first place, there are many people who don’t want to get their bodies wet in the winter.”

“What Mr. Yoo Seong-un said is correct.”

Geo takes off his shoes and socks and leaves them there.

I soaked my feet in running water.

“…….”

It was cool.

'Soft.'

It smells sweet.

It is unknown whether it is the scent of flowers, trees, or the scent of a monster living in this water. Perhaps the water of the river has evolved from the colorless and odorless water of the past.

But, like a valley in summer, the pebbles roll down the water… .

“…….”

Tiny creatures moving around little by little.

It made Giovanni happy.

“…It’s pretty water.”

His black eyes were watery.

“It’s clear and deep.”

“…….”

“It’s deeper than I thought.”

“…….”

“Why does it smell like the sea here?”

Yoo Seong-un sensed something had changed.

“…Geo?”

“It smells like the sea. A little bitter like the surface of iron, cool like pine needles, and like the strong wind that blows the sand away….”

“Geo.”

“It looks like that place.”

A soft, yet indifferent voice.

“The color of the sea.”

That moment.

“…….”

“The color of a mermaid.”

At Giovanni's feet, all kinds of aquatic creatures gathered silently.

“The deep sea takes care of….”

Before he knew it, his feet had turned a transparent water color… .

“—Geo.”

“…….”

The voice of 'friend'.

I blinked twice.

"…yes."

"…you…."

“Did you call?”

Geo looked back at the meteor cloud.

“…….”

“…….”

“…Sergio, right?”

"you're right."

He nodded.

“My name is Geo.”

Yoo Seong-un's face was strangely distorted.

* * *

After some time, in front of the hotel room.

Yoo Seong-un handed Geo a card key with '4501' written on it.

“Okay, this is yours.”

"thank you."

“I’ll be in the room next door, so call me if you need me.”

"yes."

“Since our dinner reservation is at 6:30… we can meet at 6.”

Geo asked him.

“What’s for dinner?”

“French. It’s a restaurant with a set menu, so you just have to go and eat.”

“I understand.”

“Then get some rest.”

Yoo Seong-un went into the room alone.

“…….”

I was sweating coldly.

“…Obviously, earlier….”

When I was at Cheonggyecheon.

“…That wasn’t ‘Geo.’”

Something has changed.

Whether he was aware of himself in Korea or not, Geo usually introduced himself as 'Sergio'. Even though Yoo Seong-woon pointed that out, he defined himself as 'Geo' at Cheonggyecheon.

'So what exactly changed?'

Yoo Seong-un still remembers the black cloak at Cheonggyecheon.

It started the moment Geo's bare feet touched the river water. An indescribable sense of discomfort came over him, then something rippled strangely, and Geo's eyes, which had been plain black the whole time, changed to the color of the sea.

When Yoo Seong-un spoke to him, Geo, who had been smiling slowly, seemed as if his personality had changed.

'What color was her hair…? Was it silver? Or maybe platinum blonde? I couldn't tell because it was hidden by the hood.'

It slowly began to turn red here and there, and soon his body was transformed to the point where it was impossible to distinguish between water and feet. The shape was the same, but it was clear that it was not a human foot, but water.

Even when he saw the pyramid naturally climbing up the transparent ankle, Yoo Seong-un couldn't help but call Geo.

that.

“…….”

It wasn't human.

It didn't seem alive, but I could tell it wasn't dead either. It just wasn't breathing, but it had life in it.

The sight of something that had been a tangible, conversational human being just a few minutes ago, turning into something more… natural, was not something I could bear with my sanity.

"…ha…."

How stupid.

'Did you let your guard down because the level had been lowered?'

The being of origin could never be human, especially not a monster like Geo.

'No matter how much you make it look like a human, it can never be the same as us.'

However, Geo was too human and kind to be wary.

“I need to come to my senses.”

This will result in the loss of your gardener's license.

“…Well, still, it went much smoother than I expected.”

I exhale for no reason.

Yoo Seong-un threw his bag containing basic necessities on the bed and sat down next to it. Then he reviewed the day from the beginning to just now.

“…….”

There was no problem.

'... There were a few awkward points, but perhaps it's because he has human memories, Geo is also adept at the rules of human society. He's on a level that can't be compared to other monsters.'

Even if a normal monster has high intelligence, it would not be able to understand why it has to pay a set price to get something.

'Actually, that's normal. When a human visits an anthill, he digs it up while being considerate of the ants.'

It was the same logic. From the monster's perspective, all they had to do was take the food or necessities that were out in the open.

Even if it doesn't exist, you wouldn't know, but it exists, so there's no need to go back and take it. That's their natural routine and rule.

So, from Geo's perspective, Yoo Seong-un's behavior of paying for a meal would have been incomprehensible.

“But seeing as it went through without a hitch, I guess he’s trying to imitate a human in his own way….”

In fact, if we are to be exact, there were many immature aspects to it.

“You can tell right away that you’re curious.”

Things that humans would already know or would just roughly understand and move on. Geo asked Yoo Seong-un about each of those things.

What is this, what is that, can I have this, how was that made… .

“It would be difficult to call Geo a monster, but in this respect, he is certainly similar to humanoid monsters.”

They have always been curious about human things and rules.

“…Well, maybe being too light for a human is one of those things.”

Although he had been lowered to almost human level, it did not seem like his body itself had become completely human. On the way to the hotel, Geo was almost blown away by the wind.

'Even if it was just a brief moment of shock, it's unbelievable for someone of that height and build.'

Geo was already so light that you couldn't hear him walking. Today, he seemed to have become a bit heavier than a human, but his shoes

and clothes only added to his weight, and he still seemed excessively light for a human.

“…….”

The wind was blowing a bit hard, but I remember Geo almost flying away for a moment… .

Honestly, it was a bit creepy.

“…You really aren’t human.”

Geo wasn't human.

'It's the same with the usual light weight, and also in Cheonggyecheon.'

Humans could not be that light.

There is the weight of the clothes you are wearing, the weight of your internal organs and bones, and the weight of the blood flowing inside. If you are a human, you cannot help but make a sound like a leaf that has been left lying down like Geo.

And the tiny pyramid couldn't climb inside that body.

“…….”

The sight of pale skin slowly changing into clear water as soon as the feet touched the water.

The sight of fish and air bubbles burrowing inside was a mysterious and bizarre moment that was difficult for the brain to perceive.

“But that’s not even a monster….”

Nature imitating humans.

“…….”

That would be more correct.

“…It’s scary.”

The existence of the source is classified as nature with a self, but for some reason, Geo seems to be different from that, so I felt an unfounded fear.

I felt like I was receiving favor from someone who shouldn't exist.

* * *

Geo at that time.

“It’s the 45th floor.”

“Gulp!”

He was enjoying the top floor of a five-star hotel with honey he had smuggled in secretly.

Yes, I have no thoughts at all.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (29)

Episode 29

Dinner was taken on board a boat.

“This is the ship we will be taking.”

"oh."

The romantic young Geo's heart raced.

‘You have to go to the restaurant by waterway… .’

It felt like I was in Venice.

“It’s a unique sight, with roads and waterways together.”

“Is that so? Well, it is said that there were almost no waterways in South Korea before the great disaster.”

“Why did it happen?”

Bam.

Geo asked as they rode on a water taxi following the meteor shower.

“It would take a lot of water to build a waterway.”

“It was against it from the beginning. They didn’t draw water to make a waterway, they just made a waterway to control the amount of water that was there.”

“Are you saying there was that much water?”

“Because the water level is quite high compared to the height of the country.”

It was to the point where it couldn't be endured without building a waterway. Where on earth is this hellish Republic of Korea headed?

Yoo Seong-un continued his explanation.

“Although most of the area is still unexplored by humans, there are so many dungeons and monsters that appear in the ocean. I’ve heard that the water level has risen because the volume inside the ocean has physically increased.”

“At that level, it would be difficult with just one or two monsters.”

Just how many and how big of monsters must have settled on Earth for it to be unbearable without creating waterways?

Yoo Seong-un opened his mouth after understanding Geo's question.

“There are many underwater monsters that are easily larger than a building.”

"okay."

“Since there aren’t just one monster, but several of different kinds, the water level must have risen compared to before the catastrophe. In fact, I heard that our country wasn’t originally a place where the sea water rose this much….”

“How do local governments manage the seawater that rises?”

“I know that they dug the waterways so that they wouldn’t have a big negative impact on farming and other aspects of life. They say they built the paths in various ways to prevent the salt water from seeping into the land, but since they don’t have as much capital as the city…

they probably can’t farm near the waterways, right?”

“…….”

“So, I heard that areas where seawater flows in excessively have been fishing instead of farming from the beginning. Some fish from famous areas are even imported to the city.”

Even in this situation, it seems like everyone has found a way to survive.

'Human adaptability is amazing.'

Anyway, Geo was scared.

'I have to get stuck into the portrait.'

Now, the Earth has become a world where it is difficult to survive with only romance, passion, and hope without actual force.

How strong must one be to live in this tough world, paying rent every month? It was definitely a state that Geo couldn't even dream of.

“I think you said that the restaurant itself is floating on water.”

“Actually, rather than floating, it’s more like a restaurant built on a small island….”

“I heard it’s a place inside the Han River.”

Geo asked as he sat down in the taxi seat.

“Was there an island there originally?”

I know that there was a small island like Nodeul Island 31 years ago. However, as Yoo Seong-un said, there was only one restaurant there without any other land, so I wondered how that location came about.

Yoo Seong-un answered without difficulty.

“That’s because that’s where the original fixed dungeon was.”

“…Fixed dungeon?”

“…Ah, you don’t know much about dungeons?”

Judging from his bewildered face, he seemed to have assumed that Geo would naturally know. But unfortunately, that wasn't the case.

Geo became his ancestor 31 years ago in the blink of an eye and was eliminated for failing to evolve with the changing times.

'How did I, who instilled sociality in the young children of the Republic of Korea, end up like this?'

Kids, I miss you, teacher.

Fortunately, Yoo Seong-un quickly returned to his original indifferent expression and began explaining.

“Dungeons are usually divided into fixed and mobile types. There are dungeons that are literally fixed in one place and dungeons that move according to their own rules. In the case of fixed dungeons, they sometimes create terrain that didn’t exist in that place before.”

“So, is the restaurant we’re going to now also built on topography like that?”

“Oh, that was a restaurant theme to begin with. The dungeon there was related to cooking, and it was a dungeon that was cleared because the food of a non-hunter who was dragged there by chance was impressive… That’s the kind of dungeon it was.”

"aha."

The narrative was very moving.

“In that location where the conquest was completed, a grand restaurant was left behind, and the chef who participated in the conquest at that time is said to have taken over and run the restaurant. He is now 92 years old, but he is still active in the field.”

“92 years old?”

“Do you think you live a long life for a human?”

Yoo Seong-un smiled once and continued speaking.

“He was a person who awakened as a cook after clearing the dungeon, so he would have been less affected by age. He would also have the help of skills and items. If you look at him in person, he would probably look like he’s in his 50s.”

“…….”

“He often participates in national-level attacks and is responsible for providing meals for his teammates. That means his basic combat skills are not bad. I’ve never seen it myself, but I heard his main weapon is a baseball bat with nails.”

“Baseball bat….”

“Unexpected? I knew how to use a kitchen knife. But I was interviewed and asked how I could use a knife used for cooking to cut monsters. I guess chefs have a different mindset.”

"oh."

I think I know what he's thinking, but anyway, Geo was scared. Humanity has become stronger.

“Do the Awakened age more slowly?”

“As far as I know, most people are like that. At least if they’re C-class or higher hunters.”

“Is the standard for a good hunter divided into C-class and above…?”

“The average reality or perception itself is like that.”

It was a truly scary world.

'There is nothing wrong with what my grandmother said. Let us always live humbly and politely.'

I didn't want to be exorcised by a haunted portrait while still alive.

Geo was worried.

'I also need to come up with a good survival strategy. If the portrait burns down, who knows what will happen to my cabin, and I can't prevent all misfortunes just by being honest...'

But I didn't want to pass as a human and live on Earth again.

“What are you thinking about?”

“I was thinking that Earth is a scary place.”

"uh…?"

It was really scary.

“Why are you suddenly scared? You’re not even a target for subjugation.”

“That's true.”

But conversely, this means that if you become a target of subjugation, your limbs may be torn off.

'I like things the way they are now.'

Is there a way to maintain the ghostly portrait treatment without being criticized and attacked by people?

Geo decided to think about his own comfortable survival.

“…….”

First, eat some rice.

“…it smells good.”

“Yeah, I can’t even see the restaurant. Isn’t that strange?”

“Is this smell only found in this canal?”

“I think I’ve heard that it’s some kind of publicity strategy.”

“I understand.”

It was amazing that the waterway gave off a pleasant, yet not unpleasant, ecstatic smell from afar, but what was even more amazing was that the scent of the sea and the scent of food were separated.

‘… The scent of the sea in the middle of the city… .’

When I lowered my head a little, all I could smell was the scent of the sea. It was the scent of the seawater, a refreshing scent that stabbed my brain.

I felt nostalgic.

“…….”

Geo leaned closer to the surface.

“Geo, it seems dangerous.”

“I liked the scent of the sea, so I took a sniff.”

Geo's voice became much gentler as he reminisced about old memories.

“It’s amazing that it smells like the sea even though it’s a waterway connected to the Han River.”

“Well, unless it’s a mountain, all the rivers and waterways in places like this are heavily mixed with seawater….”

“Is that so?”

Giovanni liked this scent.

The scent of the sea.

“…….”

The scent of a mermaid.

"…once…."

Enough to make me want to dive deep into it.

It was heartbreaking.

“Geo, stop.”

“…….”

“…The knight is also confused.”

At those words, Geo looked at the water taxi driver.

“…….”

He was looking at Geo with a very bewildered expression, and a little bit scared.

"…okay."

Geo admitted that he had been rude.

“I’m sorry, this is my first time on a waterway like this, so I was

curious.”

“I was just worried you might get hurt, I’m not angry, so it’s okay.”

“Thank you for your understanding.”

The meteor was 'worried', but the knight's face looked closer to 'fear', but Geo decided to just ignore it without thinking. It was natural to be scared when the passenger you were carrying was about to fall into the water.

‘Like a customer who suddenly opens the door and jumps out onto the highway… .’

Geo was successfully convinced.

'If that's not it, then I must have been giving off a strange vibe or something.'

As I often did in Yoo Seong-un's company without knowing it.

Geo sat down again quietly. He was reflecting on the trouble he had caused while being distracted by the mysterious waterway.

Yoo Seong-woon, who had been observing him, hesitated with an expression on his face as if to say, 'Can I ask this?' and then asked cautiously.

“Do you like the sea?”

"…yes?"

No? Not really?

“I don’t like it very much.”

“But just now, at Cheonggyecheon and in the waterway, I think you particularly like the smell of the sea. Of course, I’m sorry if I was

mistaken.”

“There’s nothing to be sorry about. I don’t hate the sea, but I don’t like it either….”

Geo, who had said that, soon changed his words.

“…Now that I think about it, that might be possible.”

"huh?"

“I think I’m ordinary, but I like it.”

It was a strange sound, but it wasn't wrong. 'Gio' doesn't have much feelings for the sea, but 'Giovanni' doesn't.

So, when asked, "Do you like the sea?", Geo could only say "Nenio." Since both were his thoughts, it was difficult to deny either one.

But then suddenly this thought occurred to me.

“Are there mermaids here too?”

“…a mermaid.”

Meanwhile, Yoo Seong-un sensed the strange phenomenon he had felt at Cheonggyecheon once again.

'Here too, of course,' he said.

Geo seemed to have some kind of connection with mermaids.

"hmm…."

Yoo Seong-un, who had been thinking for a moment, slowly nodded his head.

“Sometimes, monsters of that kind pop up. Even if they’re not

monsters… there are beings that have that kind of appearance.”

“…….”

“In a world where idolatry, legends, and myths can create real monsters, mermaid-related monsters pop up all over the world.”

“Is that so?”

“The story of the Little Mermaid, written by a very old author, is a famous fairy tale.”

The Little Mermaid.

The familiar word made Geo think again. It was about Giovanni's request.

'Come to think of it, I think there was something related to the Mermaid Princess during the quest.'

But for now, I decided to leave it alone.

“I think we’re almost there. What a fancy restaurant.”

“Oh, I see.”

“I am looking forward to it, it is a wonderful building beyond my imagination.”

I originally said that you shouldn't worry about things at the dinner table.

* * *

A luxurious restaurant that appears to be made of a mixture of ivory and marble.

Although it was beautifully decorated as if it were a castle, the structure was inefficient, with rooms, staircases, and lobbies jumbled

together to the point where it felt like it had not been built by humans.

But ironically, that strangeness solidified the restaurant's concept.

“…….”

White, pink, lime green, and sky blue.

The soft pastel tones spread out like a patchwork quilt based on ivory color made people feel hazy as if they were in a dream.

It was breathtakingly beautiful.

“There’s something I forgot to ask earlier….”

And in the meantime, Yoo Seong-un and Geo's group took over the cream-colored table.

Geo asked as he sat down.

“Didn’t you say that this place was made from the remains of a fixed dungeon?”

“Huh? Right.”

“Then, does a fixed dungeon leave behind terrain and buildings like this even after it has been conquered? Is it that dungeon that left behind this land and restaurant?”

“Ahhh… Oh, right. That’s what it feels like.”

Perhaps he thought it would be best to clear up all the doubts before the main meal was served, as Yoo Seong-woon explained with his characteristically indifferent smile.

“There are various types of dungeons, both fixed and mobile. They are usually divided into virtual dungeons, villa dungeons, and entry dungeons.”

“Are there three?”

“Actually, there are more than that, but these three are the representative dungeons.”

Yoo Seong-un continued his explanation while folding his fingers.

“In the case of virtual dungeons, the game progresses in a virtual world by eating people who meet arbitrary conditions without clear boundaries. For example, the game progresses on a game board that is implemented similarly to a convenience store, with the condition of 10 men in their 30s who stop by a convenience store at 9 p.m. sharp.”

“It sounds utterly unreasonable.”

“That’s right, other hunters are also very troubled by this part. How many of those men in their 30s are suitable for clearing dungeons? Virtual dungeons appear quite rarely, but they are difficult to detect and cause a lot of damage, so they are one of the concerns of modern people.”

I think it's a bit creepy that this kind of world is called 'modern people's worry'.

Yoo Seong-un, who didn't know Geo was scared to his heart's content due to his atrophied facial muscles, continued his explanation calmly.

“Next up is the villa dungeon. Some random terrain and rules appear on Earth.”

“Is that the case for this restaurant?”

“I think you understand. As you said, this restaurant building was created as part of the villa dungeon. In the middle of the Han River, where there was originally nothing, a restaurant suddenly appeared.”

Yoo Seong-un rolled his eyes as if recalling a memory.

“As far as I know, this restaurant isn’t just a restaurant that was built on top of a newly-created piece of land. It’s an overly long restaurant with a basement that’s deep enough to reach the bottom of the river. However, the only part of the restaurant that’s visible above the water’s surface is the restaurant, so it’s called a ‘restaurant on the water’….”

He nodded and continued.

“In this way, the villa dungeon is like an extraterrestrial villa suddenly being built on Earth. Since it has already been replaced with such terrain, it cannot be restored. That’s why most villa dungeons, once they appear, remain as they are, even after the strategy is completed, with only the rules gone. It’s up to the Earthlings to decide how to deal with and utilize them.”

“…….”

“Is the last one an entry dungeon? It’s similar to a game. I wonder what kind of game you know and what it has….”

Yoo Seong-un said, waving his last finger.

“A virtual dungeon with no physical boundaries at all, unlike a villa dungeon where the boundaries themselves exist but are vague. It’s a case where an entrance just appears and you can proceed with conquering another dimension by entering it.”

"aha…."

It certainly looked like a dimensional gate that you often see in games. It was a game where there was just a gate, but when you entered it, you could move to another map. Geo completely understood.

As always, Yoo Seong-un continued speaking in a calm and kind manner.

“But there are few cases of using the remains of a dungeon as a

restaurant like this one.”

“It’s unusual and seems good, but it’s unexpected. Why don’t we use it this way?”

“Humans are fearful creatures.”

Bro, are you going to keep treating me like a haunted portrait?

“If you bring in ordinary people, there could be problems, and there aren’t many people with the means to live there and utilize the dungeon’s remains, and on top of that, the remaining remains are quite selective… Usually, it’s better to demolish it somehow.”

“Are you looking for a person?”

“If someone you don’t like comes in, it makes you feel chills?”

“It’s like a haunted house.”

"The haunted portrait said.

“…….”

Yes, Geo actually acknowledged his own identity deep down.

'Well, humans don't usually live inside portraits, building huts and receiving healing.'

Geo, who had no intention of making a strong statement about being human anyway, made an excuse.

“…I don’t give you the chills.”

“Yeah, yeah, because Geo is a human. Right?”

“Yes.”

I was so grateful that I cried because he kept saying "yes, yes" like a 4-

year-old cousin.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (30)

Episode 30

‘I’ve been to a few French restaurants before…’

Geo looked around the restaurant once more.

'The concept here is really well done.'

Geo, who is more romantic than fearful, was not discouraged by the words, "This is a restaurant that was turned into a dungeon where dozens of people died."

'Why should I be afraid when delicious food is available?'

To Geo, even the air in this restaurant, 'Istua', felt sweet.

“…….”

“Do you like it here?”

“The atmosphere is good.”

It was fun to watch.

It is chaotic yet clean, dreamy yet neat. The color temperature that feels cool yet affectionate is probably the result of the designer's ability to appropriately mix white and pastel tones.

It was a bizarre and fantastic design, as if it were the embodiment of one person's beautiful dream.

'It's highly likely that this building wasn't designed by a human… .'

The complex and beautiful buildings that seemed to embody dreams, and the sweet air that made my mouth water as if it were the embodiment of fantasy. I felt as if I had come to an amusement park because of the unique experience I had never had in my life.

Originally, there was something called immersive dining on Earth. It refers to a restaurant where you can watch a performance in a theater designed with one concept and eat a meal that is in sync with it. You could call it an interactive theater where you can enjoy a meal.

'Besides, this is a restaurant that has a story related to a dimension called a dungeon. Unlike a pure play that could be said to be a lie, it is a story that actually existed. The chef here even said that he was the main character of the story.'

This restaurant is quite tall, but its center is open, so you can see straight up to the ceiling even from the first floor.

It wasn't a circular, hollow center. It was a round lobby without railings and had stairs that were connected in layers. Guests could dine there.

People sitting in the public lobby enjoying their meal were positioned in a great viewing position, as if they had been chosen as the main characters of this play.

“…….”

The seats where Geo and Yoo Seong-un were sitting were at the edge of the fifth floor.

“…….”

"hmm…."

Yoo Seong-un asked with a curious expression.

“Maybe you wanted to sit in the lobby? It’s a popular seat because that’s where the dungeon story took place.”

"no."

“Oh, you answered quickly. I thought that was better since you kept looking at the public lobby.”

“I was admiring the structure of the building and liked it. It was a pleasure to look at.”

I couldn't refuse out of respect, but I absolutely did not want to eat in a public lobby.

'Being under that much attention would be a very difficult experience for someone with a delicate heart like me.'

When I think of immersive dining, I can say that it is also part of the play, but I didn't want to eat in a space like that where I would be stared at by strangers I didn't even know. Geo covered his face.

“I just admired it.”

“Then that’s good.”

Yoo Seong-un inwardly sighed in relief at Geo's clear yet firm voice.

‘… I can’t show Geo in such a public place.’

Geo continued to wear the hood as he wished, but that didn't mean he could hide his physique and atmosphere.

No matter how much you imitate humans and lower their status, where will their essence go?

'There are about 19 people watching... 11 of them are hunters. There are about 4 people who are on guard and preparing for any situation. There's 1 C-class, 2 B-class, and 1 A-class.'

Istua is a unique restaurant that utilizes the remains of a past dungeon, and most ordinary people who have not awakened at all tend to avoid entering. The hurdles are too high to come here just to enjoy a meal.

The price is the price, but more than anything, it's an out because it's a place where a lot of people died in the past.

'There were many people who said that eating in a place like this would give them nightmares.'

Since it was a daily routine for hunters to see people die, more than 70% of Istua's customers were hunters.

But even among them, people's reactions are divided.

'Because the influence of the remnants still remains.'

The building of Estua caused hallucinations, auditory hallucinations, and even schizophrenia in severe cases.

It's probably not easy to get to that point without causing a ruckus in the restaurant, but there were many customers who couldn't stand the subtle pressure emanating from the building itself.

“…….”

Geo you bastard.

'If you're going to imitate a human, you might as well do it right.'

If you were to enjoy the restaurant so casually, it would naturally attract the attention of the customers. In a space that seemed increasingly strange the more you looked, you were openly showing off your inhumanity.

'…furthermore….'

Even without that creepy vibe or behavior, Geo had a noble side.

'It looks really noble, so it seems to fit better in a French restaurant like this.'

Should I say it was elegant or overbearing? It wasn't really his intention, and he was actually trying to lower himself, but there was an air of elegance that came out of every action he took.

'Before, I didn't really notice it because I only talked to them in portrait form, but now that I'm outside, the atmosphere is definitely more refined. There's also a strong sense of neatness, like priests in a temple.'

Do you really think that the word 'ordinary person' is suitable when you have this kind of atmosphere?

‘There aren’t many people like this among humans…’

Although Geo had a high level of respect and understanding for humans, he still showed some shortcomings here and there. Judging from the lack of detail, it seemed that he was not human after all.

“…….”

Of course, Geo had no idea.

'It's been a long time since I've been to a restaurant like this.'

As Giovanni, I thought about it for a moment.

In fact, all the dignity and attitude he had shown up until now came from 'Giovanni', who was a nobleman, a doctor, and a priest. He just wasn't aware of the habits and atmosphere that came out naturally.

“It’s bread before a meal.”

"thank you."

Geo's heart pounded.

'It's bread.'

It had been a long time since I had seen a lump of flour, and I couldn't be happier. It made me feel even better as I remembered the meals I had shared with my disciples when I was living as Giovanni.

It seemed like Yoo Seong-un had guessed Geo's feelings as well.

"Do you like bread?"

"Don't worry, I don't eat anything and I'm not a picky eater."

"You really like to eat…."

"Yes."

Geo tore off a small piece of bread and placed it on his plate.

'It's small and round.'

Then, instead of eating it all at once, he broke it into pieces and ate it little by little. Yoo Seong-un stared at Giovanni's actions.

"……."

Yoo Seong-un was secretly convinced.

'Nobility... or perhaps a similar class.'

Let's look at the manners with which each and every bite is eaten.

'It wasn't particularly noticeable in the restaurant. Was it because of its connection to France? Or maybe it was just something related to Western food, separate from that… .'

Geo continued his meal, leaving Yoo Seong-un in his thoughts.

“The bread is delicious.”

“Really? It does smell good, after all.”

“It’s light and savory.”

The surface of the bread was dry to the point where it seemed to be dry, but it wasn't hard or chewy like a bad crust of bread.

The crust was crispy like a layer of pastry, and inside was a fluffy, steamy interior.

'It definitely doesn't feel like toast or morning bread, and if I had to guess the closest thing to it, it would be ciabatta. But even for something like that, it's incredibly soft and different from what I know... .'

I could feel the soft, chewy texture between the fluffy, textured meringue.

There was a chewy taste with variations such as crispy skin, soft and fluffy texture, and chewy texture that seeps into the mouth.

The bread itself had a simple and savory flavor that brought out the natural aroma of the grains, and the subtle woody aroma from the oven was also excellent.

'Not excessive and overall harmonious.'

I want to kidnap the person who created it.

“This oil smells good too.”

“Oh, right? It’s called a mixture of olive and mushroom oil.”

“Olives and mushrooms?”

“Both are improved versions of the dungeon variety. Perhaps this one

will suit your taste better.”

“I like it because it’s definitely a unique attempt. I think it’s good.”

Usually, the oil used to dip bread in this way before a meal is often paired with balsamic.

Balsamic vinegar, which can be called sticky grape vinegar, had an excellent sour and rich flavor, but strangely, this oil contained salt instead.

'It feels like I'm eating raw fish.'

Geo suddenly thought of the blue-haired mermaid. She was a proud and sensitive child.

‘… Aria hated strong flavors so she liked to dip her bread in oil without vinegar, but I didn’t think it would have been okay to add salt like this…’

In fact, salt was expensive back then, so it was difficult to stock up on it. Even if you lived in a seaside town, salt was a precious food item.

“…….”

It definitely looks like raw fish.

A bread that is chewy while still retaining the texture of the flesh. Just like eating tuna belly with dense fat dipped in oil, the bread with a lively feel also gave that feeling.

'... Since the oil and salt are added together, the fragrance is amplified and the sweetness of the grains is more prominent. It's definitely an attempt that goes well with the texture of freshly baked bread.'

While I was slowly eating the bread, the second course came out.

“Onion soup with three kinds of cheese.”

Unlike most people's creamy soups, this is a brown, transparent soup made solely based on the sweetness and savory flavor of onions.

“…….”

The deep yellow and orange cheese, spread so widely that you couldn't see inside, had melted to just the right color.

Geo slurped the soup gently.

'The cheese isn't that thick.'

Unlike the crispy outer layer of the cheese, the inside was soft and tender. Perhaps because it was in contact with the onion soup, it had the rich, savory flavor of well-fried onions.

'The texture of the onion is still intact. Even though it's cooked so well that you can mash it with your tongue, the original shape of the onion is still visible, so it must have been made very meticulously. It must have taken quite a while.'

Cheese on top of onion soup. It was a natural combination, but Geo didn't like the thick cheese on top. Personally, I didn't like the cheese that became rubbery when the soup and bowl cooled.

'Some might say that it's like a soup or meat, or that it adds a rich texture... but that's not me. I want to eat soup.'

But the bowl of this soup stayed warm, and the cheese was not too thin, but not too thick either, making it easy to scoop up. Thanks to this, the natural flavor of the onion seemed to stand out even more.

“…….”

"good?"

“It feels good, my body is getting warmer.”

“Onion soup definitely has a bit of a nutritious feel to it.”

“I think similarly.”

The process of frying hard, white onions until they turn a deep caramel color. This process is the most important part of onion soup, but if you burn the onions or fry them too little, you will end up drinking bland onion soup instead of flavorful soup.

But this soup, which squeezed every last drop of the sweetness and savory flavor of the onion, could be called a tonic. No amount of effort and time would be able to bring out all the flavor of the onion to this extent.

'hijacking.'

Let's kidnap the chef.

“Cheese Flower Salad with Amra Puree.”

Soon after, Geo naturally turned to look at Yoo Seong-un at the new dish and unfamiliar words.

A beautiful salad with flower-shaped cheese slices topped with a light yellow sauce and surrounded by neatly trimmed flower petals.

“…….”

“…….”

An explanation was needed.

“…….”

“Ah… I wonder what the ingredients are?”

“If you don’t mind, may I ask what Amra is?”

“It’s one of the representative fruits that was successfully bred by bringing it from the dungeon. Do you know about avocados?”

“I know.”

“It has a similarly soft flesh, but it has a strong, nutty flavor. The flesh contains a tremendous amount of oil, and that oil doesn’t burn even at high temperatures, so I know it’s often used in Chinese cuisine.”

“Then the flesh itself….”

“Yes, this is my first time seeing a place that uses amra as puree. They even had a fruit salad last season. The menu at Estua changes every four months, so it’s fun to look around.”

"okay."

The fruit, called amra, was pale yellow, lighter than a chick.

‘…It has a similar level of richness to peanuts or walnuts.’

It didn't immediately remind me of nuts. Strictly speaking, it was more like the nutty and sweet taste you get when you chew rice for a long time.

Then, at the end, a sweetness as thick as honey and a sourness unique to fruit hit, giving a variation in taste.

‘It’s definitely oily. It’s like the marbling of beef… .’

This sweet oiliness, reminiscent of a skeleton, went very well with the refreshingly spread out flower petals. Geo's gaze naturally fell on the cheese flower, which had a shape similar to an azalea.

“…….”

Let's slightly cut open the cheese flower and see that it is a 'flower' that has grown like this from the beginning.

“…Cheese flower….”

“Are you interested? Should I get you some seedlings later?”

“Please.”

“Okay, then. I’ll buy it for you on my way back from the trip.”

"thank you."

A flower that grows from cheese. It was a story that brought out all the childlike innocence in us and made us excited. It was like something out of a fairy tale book we read as children.

'It's quite an attractive flower when you think about the cumbersome process that humans go through to make cheese.'

What is cheese in the first place? Isn't it a symbol of the effort required to obtain a small amount by rolling and rolling milk?

I couldn't help but be surprised to see such a processed product come out as a flower. The petals were thin and beautiful, like a work of art.

‘What’s the principle? The taste itself seems similar to Tet de Muan…
.’

A semi-hard cheese that maintains its shape but crumbles when hit lightly. It has the softness and richness unique to milk, while boasting a strong nutty flavor and a tangy spicy taste.

The cheese flower had a slightly stronger spiciness on the tip of the tongue, but it wasn't unpleasant. It was just enough to remind me of the oily taste of the amra puree and the greasiness of the cheese.

'Harmony is an art, but is the chef an intangible cultural asset?'

Above all, the cheese flower, which was twice as sweet and rich as the Tet de Muan, also had a honey flavor. It was a soft sweetness like the

kind you can eat when you turn over an azalea flower and suck on it.

It went so freaking well with this flower salad that Geo was excited to go back to the cabin and plant it.

“You look really happy.”

"yes."

What an obvious statement.

“Humans are originally happiest when they eat.”

“Uh… really?”

“Well, that’s me for now.”

It's been like this since I started eating potatoes that my grandmother baked in the stove. I couldn't get away from this extremely peripheral pleasure.

Then came the fantastic course: truffle-flavored gratin and French fries topped with a hint of cheese. Slow-cooked at low temperatures, wood-scented scallions and crispy garlic chips.

Even though French cuisine is famous for being oily, it was a course with exquisite harmony that I never got tired of.

“Was it okay?”

“It wasn’t just okay, it was really good.”

“I’m glad you look happy….”

If you're going to imitate a human, why not at least pretend to care about your surroundings?

‘Humans are more social creatures than you think… .’

Yoo Seong-woon, who had to bear the brunt of the attention on Geo asking, “What on earth is that?” smiled bitterly.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (31)

Episode 31

“Then shall we go to Gyeongbokgung Palace now?”

“…….”

It's Gyeongbokgung Palace.

'I've taken my class on experiential learning trips a few times. The kids hated it because it was boring, though...'

Geo asked, recalling the bustling times.

“You said there was a night market?”

“That’s right, there’s no better place to feel the Korean atmosphere.”

“It sounds fun.”

“Do you want to go and try on a hanbok?”

“Hanbok….”

Memories from not so long ago came flooding back.

I've never really been there unless the school sent me there, but it was still fun to dress the kids in hanbok and take pictures at Gyeongbokgung Palace.

'Especially, the last class I was in charge of showed the palace

struggle in real time.'

Geo was lost in memories. The bloody battle between the Queen Mother and the eunuch was the best.

Thanks to being in charge of cute and noisy students, Geo has many good memories of Gyeongbokgung Palace. Although he has never tried wearing a hanbok because he had to lead them, he did not dislike the experience of wearing it.

"great."

"okay?"

Yoo Seong-un sighed in relief at the sight of Geo.

'I thought that since it was essentially a portrait, it might be unpleasant to change the outfit.'

Fortunately, Geo seemed to have no great aversion to trying new experiences.

“Okay, I know a good house.”

“Are you talking about renting a hanbok?”

“There aren’t many people there, so it’ll be okay to go slowly.”

“I'm looking forward to it.”

“Then let’s get on the subway. We’ll be arriving at the stop soon.”

“Is there a set time for arrival?”

“It’s not a very frequent means of transportation….”

Yoo Seong-un, who was leading Geo to the bus stop, was lost in a strange sentiment.

'I thought he was imitating Korean culture when he introduced himself as Geo, but wasn't it Korea that he was imitating?'

The table manners that Geo showed at the restaurant were too vague to be considered Korean.

No matter how I looked at it, it was closer to Western style, but it was a unique thing when I thought back to Geo's remarks, who seemed to know a lot about Korea.

"…hmm."

But now it didn't matter.

“How was the restaurant?”

“It was delicious.”

“It’s a reaction that makes the guide feel proud.”

When the level was so high, it was hard to tell what kind of expression Geo was making on his face, but now he could tell that he was enjoying the situation in his own way.

'Thanks to you, the guidance went smoothly.'

Yoo Seong-un continued his thoughts.

'He's acting quite human, so as long as the other hunters don't pick a fight with him, there shouldn't be any problems. According to the Bisabal Guild Leader, Geo is the type to avoid friction as much as possible...'

Geo expressed his feelings.

“The subway is going through the building.”

“Wouldn’t it be easier to get to work that way? It would be easier if you

could just drop me off inside the building.”

“That’s true.”

“If you go two more stops, you will reach a stop that goes through the department store.”

“Are there any noise problems?”

“Well, it’s been soundproofed. The Ministry of Magic knows exactly what it is, but….”

Seeing him enjoying everything he was guided through, it seemed like Geo liked the world of these humans.

'If a man who is close to 190cm were to do something like that, he would probably look immature.'

Things like the line of the neck when the head is turned or the fingers gently touching the window, strangely enough, did not seem difficult.

Although he was quite happy, he felt more like a pitiful bystander than a child's genuine admiration.

'Is it because the atmosphere is so heavy?'

Instead of smiling from an equal footing, he put his hands behind his back and looked down somewhere… .

“Are you getting off soon?”

“Oh, right.”

Yoo Seong-un got off at Gyeongbokgung Station with Geo. He pointed down the station and said.

“This is Gyeongbokgung Palace.”

One of the advantages of the subway was that it offered a clear view of the city.

The lanterns floating at a not-too-high altitude swayed as if they were alive, and beneath them were Gyeongbokgung Palace and a Hanok village.

Perhaps because it uses fire rather than electricity to illuminate the night, the entire place was filled with a gentle light.

People who stopped by after work or came for sightseeing bought food at the night markets lined up inside and outside Gyeongbokgung Palace. Hanbok costumes worn according to their desired role fluttered in the winter wind.

Yoo Seong-un opened his mouth after waiting until Geo had taken in the entire view.

“If you come to Seoul, you must visit Gyeongbokgung Palace. It’s a world-class tourist attraction.”

“…….”

“Why? Is it crowded because there are too many people?”

“No, I just didn’t think the atmosphere would be this good.”

“I’m glad you don’t seem to hate it. Then let’s enjoy it too.”

Yoo Seong-un took the direct elevator down and led Geo to the Hanok Village. In every narrow alley, people wearing and not wearing Hanbok were loitering around.

All of the winter hanbok that rental shops rent are insulated. That's probably why people's clothing isn't that thick even in the middle of winter.

“Come here, let’s change clothes first.”

“Are you going to a place that rents hanbok?”

“Yes, to enjoy it properly, you need to prepare this and that.”

Gyeongbokgung Village is a place where hanoks are tangled here and there, and beginners are likely to get lost, but since I had been there several times before, it was easy to find. This tourist attraction with many ‘stories’ was full of things for Yoo Seong-un to do.

‘… Are you a bit excited today? It doesn’t seem like you’ll cause an accident, but you’re a bit more energetic than usual… .’

I noticed 'stories' of people pretending to clear snow from the roof of a Hanok or imitating scholars or court ladies while wearing Hanbok.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un, who had confirmed that it was wearing a wooden mask, turned his gaze. Although they usually didn’t attack first, the ones at Gyeongbokgung Palace were ones that wouldn’t benefit from long-term eye contact.

A yard full of silks and softly colored lanterns hanging from the eaves. Yoo Seong-un dragged Geo, who was silently admiring the surroundings, inside the Hanok.

"president."

“Oh my, it’s Seong-un.”

A middle-aged woman dressed in a flower-dyed hanbok greeted him.

“It’s been a while. Are you treating me as a guest again?”

“I have to be more careful since they are company guests.”

“Then our hanbok is perfect.”

The woman looked back at Geo with an elegant smile.

“Are you a guest?”

“I’ll be going around the night market more than playing, so please choose comfortable clothes.”

“Why, you don’t enjoy playing. You’re having a lot of fun this time.”

“I feel really exhausted after walking around all day.”

“Then I should dress you up like a scholar, right? If the clothes are too thick or heavy, it will be uncomfortable, so let’s wear light scholar’s clothes.”

“That would be nice.”

Yoo Seong-un said to Geo.

“What do you want to do about your face? Do you want to keep it covered, or…?”

“I wish it was covered.”

Please ensure the anonymity of the portrait.

Geo was more nervous than expected because of the large crowd. Always wanting to stay away from people's attention, Geo wanted to cover his face to block people's gaze.

Although he didn’t know why he was so timid, Yoo Seong-un guessed that Geo wouldn’t like noisy and crowded situations. He understood and asked the president.

“Do you have a mask?”

“Can you give me enough?”

“Would that be easier? Yes, please.”

“Then let’s start by choosing clothes.”

The president looked at Geo and asked.

“Can you take off your cloak? It’s okay to keep wearing it later, but I need to look at your body type when choosing a hanbok.”

"All right."

Geo took off his cloak obediently and put it on his arm. After listening attentively, Geo looked at the boss with satisfaction.

“…….”

“…….”

"…president."

Yoo Seong-un called the president who had become a stone statue.

“The customer will run away if this continues.”

“…Oh my, I made a fool of myself.”

Only then did the boss react.

“The customer was so handsome that it took my breath away for a moment.”

“Don’t say weird things to my guests.”

“The hanger is nice, so it’s nice to pick out such a handsome customer. Just wait a moment.”

Soon, the owner came out with two young women pushing two types of hangers with hanbok on them. One side had hanbok in a cool blue hue, while the other side had mostly neutral colors.

“Both are silks spun by our own silkworms. They are shiny and do not irritate the skin.”

“Blue is mine, right? Isn’t it a rough, cold color to wear in the winter?”

“I just brought the clothes that best suit you. Who else but Seong-un would wear colors like these in the winter?”

“I don’t know if I’m being taken advantage of….”

“While you’re out and about wearing it, if you could promote it a bit, that would be great. Anyway, hunters love hangers, right?”

The president looked back at Geo.

“You must be a hunter, seeing as you’re wearing thin clothes in this winter. Don’t worry, our hanbok is made to be strong and light enough for hunters to move around in without any problems.”

“I wasn’t worried.”

To begin with, Geo wasn't even a hunter.

'Is it strange to say no now?'

The boss laughed, swinging his fan.

“Hunters don’t like bulky clothes, so I guess you’re worried about them. Judging from the unfamiliar face, you must be an unofficial person or have only recently obtained your license.”

“…….”

“If you don’t want to talk, you don’t have to. Judging from the fact that you’re going to keep your face covered, it seems like you really hate having your personal information exposed, so I’ll hide it very stylishly.”

Your identity has been revealed?

'Is it common for hunters to have their personal information stolen?'

Is there such a scary world out there?

Deciding to ask Mr. Yoo Seong-un later, Geo wore the black hanbok recommended by the boss, with his hair tied up with a stylish hairpin. He wore a black turban and a gray do-po. The waist belt was a clean white.

“If you’re going to Gyeongbokgung Palace, you should wear a hat. Yes, it goes well with you. It would look great even if you put on a bunch of norigae. This one is made of coral. Let’s put one on.”

"thank you."

“This is a scarf. Oh my, the white color goes so well with it. It’s pretty because your skin is so clean. This is a pouch to put coins in. Make sure you tie it well so it doesn’t fall out.”

“…….”

“Okay, and you.”

Geo was a little taken aback by the puffy, black fabric. He knew what a shawl was, but he had never used one before.

“…How do I wear this?”

“I need to help you. Mr. Danwoo, please cover our handsome guest with a veil.”

“Yes, sir.”

A young woman wearing a pink ribbon approached and wrapped a black cloth around Geo's hat. Strangely, he was able to see clearly in front of him, as if nothing was obscuring him.

“You said you’ll be going around mostly to night markets. So you’ll be eating out often, but it’ll be uncomfortable to cover your mouth with a mask. For people who don’t want to reveal their identities, a long scarf like this is perfect.”

“…….”

“The guests might not be able to tell who they are because of the atmosphere, but the clothes are so flashy and there are so many things hanging on them, so who would look at their faces in such detail?”

"okay."

“The scarf is so thick that it almost covers the lower part of your body, so this covers everything you need to cover. Enjoy your time in our village in peace, sir.”

On one side, Yoo Seong-un, dressed in a blue hanbok, asked the president.

“We’re thinking of buying some too.”

“Oh my, this is really good. Which back do you like?”

“I haven’t really thought about anything. What’s selling the best these days?”

“Well, young ladies do like the moon and such.”

“Uh… what about men? We’re not ladies.”

“Do you know that it’s common for two guys to come over and play like you, Seong-un?”

The president, who had been thinking for a moment, soon called over a man with a ponytail.

“Mr. Hongyeon, can you bring me a water tank?”

“Yes, sir.”

The woman called Hongyeon soon pushed a large glass box. Inside, several lanterns made of Korean paper were moving as if alive, bathed in light. The owner scooped up two small fish from among them.

It was flapping around so gently that it looked like a real fish.

“How about a goldfish? They’re small and gentle, so they wouldn’t be difficult to carry around.”

“That’s fine.”

Geo experienced culture shock.

'Is the back alive?'

When Yoo Seong-un said 'light', I thought of a sky lantern that you can hold in your hand or a hanging lantern.

However, the goldfish that Yoo Seong-un had purchased flew through the air, and soon one of them landed next to Geo's face.

“…….”

The back of the tail wagging did not hurt my eyes even when I looked at it directly.

“Then play carefully.”

The president waved his hand and saw them off.

As we left the yard where silk was hung here and there, we were able to stand on the bustling village road again. Yoo Seong-un called out to Geo, who was looking around the village with interest.

“How is it? Isn’t it uncomfortable?”

“It’s very comfortable.”

“If you want to look around the village before entering Gyeongbokgung Palace, then let’s do that.”

“The village?”

“The village market closes earlier than Gyeongbokgung Palace. When you come out of the night market, the village lights will probably be turned off.”

“Then can I take a walk around the village?”

"of course."

Yoo Seong-un took Geo, who seemed unfamiliar with this environment, to a fan shop.

“……?”

Geo blinked twice at the sight of a group of figures wearing crude wooden masks, standing blankly next to the store. Their actions were not stiff, but uniform, like machines receiving commands.

It didn't look like a person. As Geo tilted his head, unable to tell who it was, Yoo Seong-un spoke to the store owner.

“Boss, show me this fan.”

“Oh my, what wonderful gentlemen have come. What shall I show them?”

“I wish he was a solid guy….”

“Then this is the best.”

Geo turned his gaze away from the crowd of masks milling about, then looked around the village market with curiosity.

'All the merchants are wearing hanbok.'

Traditional hanbok, or modified hanbok. Or, there were merchants who wore modern hanbok on the inside but only wore a durumagi on the outside. They mainly dealt with tourists walking around in hanbok and played along to the rhythm.

Yoo Seong-un soon gave Geo a black fan as a gift.

“Here, take this. Since it’s a scholar’s outfit, you should have at least a fan.”

“…Is it essential for a scholar to have a fan?”

“Maybe so, maybe not. It’s just a meaningless souvenir.”

“Souvenirs from tourist attractions are special.”

The fan made of black bamboo and cloth was quite luxurious. I was worried that if even the fan was black, it would look too much like the grim reaper, but Geo, who liked black anyway, accepted it obediently.

“Most of Gyeongbokgung Village sells souvenirs. Or food. They sell meat in chunks or agricultural and marine products grown on site. They are much fresher than products distributed from the provinces, so many people visit these stores on purpose.”

Geo nodded.

“The atmosphere is really good.”

"yes?"

After wandering around the town for a while, the two soon entered Gyeongbokgung Palace.

“Wait a minute, I have to go and change some money.”

"money?"

“The boss gave you a coin wallet. It’s a basic service that they give you to keep coins in. Since you can only use coins inside Gyeongbokgung Palace, it’s better to keep enough change.”

“What if there is leftover?”

“You can take it as a souvenir, or you can return it at the exchange.”

The meteor cloud soon came with a thick layer of armor.

“They say it’s a coin that was intentionally made lighter, but it’s still a bit heavy.”

“Don’t people find this method cumbersome?”

“Well? If you look for it, there are probably people like that, but that’s the kind of atmosphere they come to enjoy. The Gyeongbokgung Palace merchants also like it when they receive money in coins, because they can get more than the listed price.”

“How can I get more?”

“The government should support merchants.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled faintly.

“Then I will use the coins more actively.”

"okay."

“Here, take this. This is your identity card.”

“……?”

Do you have a pad?

I can understand that coins are used as currency, but what purpose

would an identity card serve? When Geo saw the meteor cloud, he shrugged.

“Free pass.”

"aha."

It was very good.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (32)

Episode 32 Geo inhaling the food at the night market. “…….” “Do you have any questions?” “No, you eat well.” “Yes, that’s right.” Geo was a big eater. “Aren’t you full?” “I’m already a big eater, so it’s fine.” “It’s amazing.” “If it didn’t taste good, I would have done it in moderation, but it was all delicious.” “Of course, people come only if it’s delicious.” It’s true, but if all the restaurants and food were delicious, no store would have failed. ‘Anyway, the tourist attractions have become quite substantial in 31 years. When I visited with my classmates, we almost walked into history. It took a lot of effort to appease the bored kids.’ Geo roughly removed his clothes and chewed on rice cakes grilled over charcoal and coated with soy sauce. This was Korean tang-hoo-ru. ‘Gyeongbokgung Palace used to be a typical cultural heritage… It had that kind of old-fashioned feel.’ It was a place with many memories, but what made those memories was not Gyeongbokgung Palace itself, but the communication with the students who were wandering around in search of their own identity while wearing hanbok. 'I wonder what happened to our idol trainee who said he was the king of Joseon in his past life because he was crying for no reason. I wonder if everyone is doing well.' If it weren't for the students who were faithful to their nonsense like high school students who couldn't live in their right minds, Geo wouldn't have enjoyed Gyeongbokgung Palace that much. The hanoks are beautiful and old-fashioned, but there were a few students who protested when they had to come here, especially in the summer. 'But Gyeongbokgung Palace has become more practical now. There's definitely a lot to enjoy.' The people wearing hanbok enjoyed role-playing, and often exchanged the kind of lanterns

they bought with others. They all looked happy. "....." If there was one thing I was curious about. 'What's that?' I saw something like a transparent shadow waving around in hanbok. 'It was like that in the fan shop, and in the alleys of the hanok village... I saw similar things walking around.' There may be exceptions, but all of the ones Geo saw were wearing masks. A bunch of shadows that looked like shaggy corpses swaying on ropes with lanterns, a bunch of children with ponytails jumping around and passing through the crowd, a bunch of civil servants coming and going from the palace with restricted access… "… Mr. Yoo Seong-woon." "Huh?" "What are they called?" "What are they… Ah." Yoo Seong-woon said as if he thought Geo would know. "Fairy tales, living stories. Is this the first time you've seen them in a place like this?" "……." "They usually like places without people, so it's rare to see them in a noisy tourist spot like this. But they're one of the proper children of Geonwon." He'd heard that before. "You told me something similar last time." "What? Are you talking about Geonwon's children?" "Yes, can you explain a little more?" "… Oh, is that so?" Yoo Seong-woon scratched the back of his neck and continued. "I think I said something vague when I explained the gardener last time… but it was a bit vague back then. It's hard to summarize, but I'll explain it to you." "……." "There is a transcendent being that we humans define as the 'source', the god of gods. It is a kind of system that manages balance and creates various rules throughout the universe and dimensions." "A system." "And this source usually creates other children. They are called 'children of the source'. They are beings that can be categorized as one nature, like waves or wind, or animals and humans." "……." "These children of the source can be categorized into several types…" Yoo Seong-un pointed to the figures of civil servants moving inside the palace. Their faces were hidden by large hats and veils, and their sleeves were strangely long, making it impossible to identify any part of their bodies. Their movements as they moved in groups had a sharp and attractive angle that drew attention, as if they were watching a military dance, but

because of that, they didn't seem like living beings. It was as if shadows were wearing clothes and imitating people. "Those guys are called 'Donghwa'." "What kind of beings are they?" "Like most children of the origin, they are not interested in humans and do not harm them. 'Donghwa' are living stories and at the same time, they are beings that resemble humans in form." "Then aren't their minds close to humans?" "They don't really think like humans, they simply imitate traces. Children of the origin are good at decorating their appearances. It's not like they learned it later, it's just their inherent nature." Yoo Seong-woon took a sip of persimmon juice and continued. "Donghwas, no matter what kind, all wear masks, but they don't have faces on the other side. They don't have human bodies or the ability to think like humans, they just imitate their appearances." "……." "Just because you draw someone doesn't mean that the drawing becomes an actual human. Oh, of course, I don't know about you, but… Usually, there's a limit to the dimensions." "I understand." A portrait like mine wouldn't be common in the world. When Geo agreed, Yoo Seong-woon continued. "They have their own stories, and when those stories are over, they disappear. Gyeongbokgung Palace is a place with many people, but strangely enough, it's a place where many fairy tales like that live." Geo, who was observing the people, asked. "Don't people see those children of the origin?" "Not many people do." Yoo Seong-woon nodded. "Ordinary people can't detect the frequencies that dolphins or bats use. It's similar. The children of the origin exist in the world, but not many people can detect them. It's not like they're hiding." "Ghosts?" "Uh… You could see them as similar, but the fact that they don't understand humans at all is a bit different. No matter how much they look like humans, they're empty inside. Their roots are different." He said as if something had occurred to him. "Ah, that's right. In the past, no one could see the children of the origin. They say that because the Earth was greatly influenced by the origin, dungeons were created… and the Awakened were born… and the ecosystem itself changed, they were able to see them." It was a mysterious story, like a

fairy tale. “As you can see, I am one of the few people who can perceive the origin.” “I guess so.” “Hmm, I guess so.” Although he tried to hide it, Yoo Seong-un looked a little awkward. It was probably because he thought of me as something other than a human. ‘Anyway, Yoo Seong-un will know that I am a harmless being that cannot kill even an ant, whether I am human or not, so it doesn’t matter.’ Fearing that he would be dragged out of the portrait, Geo did not bother to correct him, and instead looked back at the view of Gyeongbokgung Palace. ‘The Earth and humanity have become stronger.’ He had definitely been eliminated. Geo, who only knows how to eat, sleep, and draw, lost confidence in his ability to survive in this harsh world. “How many people can see the existence of the origin?” “Are you asking about the percentage of all humans? Well, not many.” “I see.” If something is special, it’s bound to get hurt. Geo once again vows to dedicate his life to portraits. “…….” Geo, who was sitting blankly on the bench, soon noticed a small commotion. “I hear the sound of a fight.” “That’s rare, in a tourist spot like this.” Yoo Seong-un, who was leaning against his chair, leaned forward. “The security guards will arrest him soon, but…” As expected, the guards wearing thick hanbok caught the man who was yelling. It was a middle-aged man, but he was making a fuss about rushing at a rather handsome man wearing a scholar’s uniform. The scholar, who had been grabbed by the collar, looked embarrassed as he straightened his shirt. “…….” He was definitely a young man with a kind face, but… Let’s make a frame and determine the safety level (0/1) Reward: Seal Geo had a hunch. “Geo?” “…….” A frame. Geo raised both hands, made them into the shape of a camera, and held them up to his eyes. Danger ★★★★★ Five stars. 'Very dangerous?' It seemed like the guards had caught the wrong person to drag out. Would you like to check the history? [Yes/No] Do I really need to do that? “…….” The eyes of the young man in the scholar’s uniform met Geo’s. ‘I was staring at you too intently.’ Yoo Seong-woon seemed to find Geo’s sudden behavior strange, but he didn’t say anything. The scholar looked Geo up and down with his eyes as if he

was checking him out, then nodded and walked away. His expression seemed to indicate that he thought he had picked a fight. “Knock knock.” “Oh, surprise.” Yoo Seong-woon was startled by Honey’s sudden appearance. “…Huh? A water bird? Wait a minute, Geo, you showed me this guy last time…” “It’s Honey.” “You can take this guy out?” “I’ve never tried with other birds, so I’m not sure.” “Um, yeah, uh… I see.” Yoo Seong-woon had a somewhat liberated expression. “It’s almost time for the Earth to end.” “It seems to be holding up well, so I don’t know why you’re suddenly saying such nonsense.” “It was clear that it was a sand castle that would collapse if I hit it lightly...” Yoo Seong-un, who had been smiling with a resigned face, soon returned to his usual expression and asked. “So, why is that guy? Are you concerned?” “He looked dangerous.” “… Really?” “It seemed like he didn’t like me.” A scary person. “I didn’t want to pick a fight.” I had momentarily forgotten that if you make eye contact for more than 3 seconds, you have to choose between ‘Does that guy like me?’ or ‘Does that guy want to fight me?’. ‘I should have spoken politely and kindly before the 3 seconds passed, but his resume was too impressive, so I missed the timing to act friendly. Sergio, who was called the 21st century’s Pokémon trainer, must have lost all his intuition.’ They say that if you make eye contact, it’s a battle. Whether it’s for good or bad. ‘I think that guy just interpreted it in a bad way.’ In this tough era where businessmen in suits fight monsters, what would you do if you picked on a five-star danger lord? 'No, shouldn't the danger level of a passerby be this high?' Geo said sincerely, resenting this crazy hellish Republic of Korea. "It's scary." "Even if you say it's scary, it's hard to take it seriously... Are you being sarcastic?" "We should go back to the hotel." "If that's what you want." Geo left Gyeongbokgung Palace after gently putting Honey, who was trying to peek out from between his scarf, inside. He must have liked the shiny fish, because he had already put it in his stomach. And then he passed out on the hotel bed and woke up at 3:32 in the morning. "....." Geo confirmed that Honey was gone. "Please." Can't you just leave me in

peace? I might cry. * * * "....." A dark, deserted alley in a slum. "...So what the hell was that bastard earlier?" Now, the man who had taken off his scholar's uniform roughly ran his hand through his hair. "It felt strange." It was a man wearing a pitch-black hanbok. He was wrapped so tightly that his face could not be seen. He seemed to be about 190cm tall, but it was difficult to guess who he was based on his gender and height alone. "It feels weird." If it had been normal, I would have just passed him by as some weird kid picking a fight. But. "At that time, what was that hand gesture..." His hand gesture seemed to imitate something like a picture frame. For a moment, it felt like every single part of his identity was being revealed. "……." The man scratched his head. "…This won't work, damn it, this is strange. That kid must have been an awakened one, right?" The person sitting next to him was Hunter Yoo Seong-un. The curator of Bisabal was standing next to him, personally guiding him, so he must have been a rich young master who had recently awakened. "Because he had an unlucky manner ingrained in him." But it was difficult. 'If what I'm planning gets known...' He wouldn't simply be demoted to a 5th-grade citizen. There were more Awakened people than you could imagine who possessed the skill to freely check someone's thoughts or memories, or to glimpse into that person's past. It's not that rare of a skill, but everyone else is worried about getting stabbed somewhere, so they don't talk about it. So the pitch-black man I saw at the Gyeongbokgung night market might have used that kind of skill to spy on his thoughts. Considering that sudden hand gesture, it was a very reasonable conclusion. "...." Hoo... I sighed. "The event will start soon, what the hell is going on?" If I thought about the consequences, I couldn't let this go. That's how dangerous what he was doing right now was, and it was a betrayal of humanity. I've never felt any guilt, but I couldn't help but get caught and get in trouble. No matter how much I thought about it, it was still the same. "I have to kill him." How much time and effort had he put into securing a spot in the Temple of the Sun? Now, I couldn't just ignore the risk factor because it left a bad

aftertaste. It was when I had made up my mind to trace the traces of the man I saw at Gyeongbokgung Palace. “…….” “…….” “…What is it?” A squishy bird was sitting on a pipe. Inside, fish and other tourist attractions were swimming, making it quite bright. It was so dark that I wondered why I only noticed it now in this dark alley. “…….” It was strange. ‘…This is the first time I’ve seen a city monster like this.’ Furthermore, monsters that took the form of birds in general, especially small ones like this, usually traveled in groups. That’s because all beasts or monsters that traveled alone were capable of defending themselves. So how likely was it that this insignificant-looking bird was an ordinary monster? “…This, damn it, no way….” Was it a surveillance monster attached by the bastard I saw at Gyeongbokgung Palace? ‘It was a trainer?’ I didn’t know it was a professional hunter. Somehow, that sinister bastard Yoo Seong-un treated it so kindly. Does that mean it was an Awakened who was worth it? The man gripped his staff tightly. “…Well, is it okay?” After all, the owner of this bird seemed to be a rookie. Didn’t he sense his master’s scent from the bird? It seemed like he hadn’t thought that he would be caught when he sent the spy. The man forced a smile. “If you noticed something strange, you should have told Yoo Seong-un right away.” He didn’t feel threatened by this bird that was just blankly staring at him. It really seemed to be a surveillance camera, and if that was the case, it would be easier to track it down. ‘You weren’t sure enough to tell Yoo Seong-un?’ Not reporting your suspicions to your superiors in advance. It was a mistake that rookie hunters often made. ‘How stupid.’ He didn’t know exactly what this bird was, but he had to deal with it now. Thinking so, the man reached out and grabbed a bird that was barely big enough to fit a bite… . —Crack. “…….” “…….” “Huh?” The hand. Disappeared. “…….” His hand was visible inside the bird’s transparent body. The flailing fish back wrapped around his dismembered hand. Soon, the two of them slowly melted away. “… Ah.” “Kkuck.” “Fuck.” The man was not incompetent. “Guruk?” “This, this fucking shit…” “Gurururururuk?” “…That’s ridiculous.” “Gurukguruk.”

As a priest of the sun and a rank that was by no means easy, he was in a position where he could be proud. However, all of this was a situation where things that could not have happened in common sense overlapped like a disaster rather than a miracle. It was not a difficulty that a single individual could do anything about. The small bird's body began to swell strangely. "Fuck, fuck, fuck." "Guruk?" Feathers that glittered with a light that was indistinguishable from the moon or the sun. Strong claws and long legs that resembled hooks. And, a large beak. "No…!" Gulp—. The sound of running water could be heard. "Uwuk, woof…!" And then the sound of stirring could be heard. "…! …!!!" "……." "……!!" "……." "……." Soon, silence flowed. "……." The man was nowhere to be seen. "Kuruk." Only a very small bird was flying leisurely. * * * "Honey." Geo liked small and harmless things. However, the children of Geunwon were good at making things up. "Where have you been?" "Kuruk." "It's cute, that's enough." Then. What could its true nature be? "There's a bungeoppang over there." "Kuk!!" "You are my son after all." "Kururung?" "Tell me something delicious." Even the children of Geunwon themselves wouldn't know that.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (33)

Episode 33

I've seen strange things since I was a child.

“What? People?”

“Yeah, over there. Can’t you see it?”

“…What are you talking about, it’s just an empty lot.”

“…….”

“Have you seen any monsters?”

“It’s not a monster….”

It sometimes took on a human-like form.

“…Sorry, I think I misunderstood.”

“Are you sure it’s okay, oppa?”

“Is it because I’m not fully awake?”

Like a squirrel or a stray cat, its tail hangs long in the bushes, or it stands tall like a tree and emits a strange scent, or it seems to float leisurely high in the sky like a cloud… .

I knew it was something fundamentally different from any plant or animal I knew. At times it was quite similar, but at other times it was

strangely crude.

“You might be overdoing it these days. Why don’t you take a break?”

“It’s still doable.”

Like most wild animals, they didn't acknowledge me.

“You should do it while you can.”

So Cha Eun-hyuk also pretended not to see it.

'Can't anyone else see it besides me?'

I've been thinking hard about their identity.

'... Are they ghosts? But if they were ghosts, they would usually look like people, but they definitely look like animals. Sometimes they only imitate parts like ears or tails. So are they hallucinations? They leave traces, so it's hard to call them hallucinations. Are they monsters? But monsters don't usually show indifference to people like that.'

They sometimes danced, sang, admired flowers, or floated on the water. Cha Eun-hyeok had a feeling that as long as he didn’t touch them, they wouldn’t harm him.

But very occasionally, dangerous guys do show up.

“There was a fire at home.”

“Somehow, the lady of that house has been forgetting things a lot lately….”

“The whole family burned to death in that house.”

The townspeople blamed a housewife with dementia for the fire. That may have been true, but Cha Eun-hyeok knew that there was something else at stake.

“…….”

That thing used to follow the lady of that house around carrying a bundle.

'Oh, I see.'

That must have killed the lady.

I don't know exactly what that did, but since then, Cha Eun-hyeok has realized that there could be dangerous guys among them.

Although I didn't sense any ill will towards them, their mere presence could be threatening to humans.

'I wonder if it's some kind of monster.'

Cha Eun-hyeok defined it like this.

“Brother, are you going to keep selling bungeoppang?”

“It sells pretty well.”

“What do city people say? In places like that, the discrimination between citizen classes is particularly severe….”

“Everyone is so friendly. I haven’t heard anyone say anything about being a third-class citizen yet.”

In fact, I didn't have the time or energy to worry about monsters or anything of the unknown.

“Of course, there are people who are paying attention, but it’s time for the youngest to have his initiation ceremony too.”

“…….”

“You have to buy a priest’s robe, pay for the dormitory, and give them some money to spend while living there.”

“…Why did he awaken as a priest?”

“I have two hunters at home, so it’s really nice and secure.”

His two younger brothers were both Awakened.

My younger sister was an F-rank, the lowest rank, so the only job she could do was as a porter. Not only was the pay not very good, but she also had to buy equipment that would increase her chances of survival when entering dungeons.

The youngest brother awakened as a 'priest', but it was a useless profession unless he made a contract with a god. However, it was said that it was nearly impossible to serve the god on his own, and that he could only receive grace with the help of the temple.

“But we were lucky. The youngest was called by the Sun Church in Seoul.”

“…….”

“Our youngest will soon become a second-class citizen. What’s the point of me taking a break when you’re working too? I have to save face as the eldest son.”

“Well, I’m an Awakened One… and I have better stamina than you, right?”

“Okay, I get it, so don’t worry and just rest.”

“…Should I go work with you? If the people in Seoul try to hack you, I can stop them….”

“I need someone to look after the youngest at home.”

I was short on money.

"don't worry."

So there is no time to worry about unknown guys.

'There's no danger if you don't keep it close anyway.'

Those guys probably had their own lives. Just as you don't get hurt by a poisonous toad on the side of the road if you don't touch it, those guys who were playing around on their own were harmless as long as you didn't cause trouble.

'It's not like I can't avoid them because I can't see them, and there's no way I'll get into trouble since they're all visible to me. It's okay, so it's okay.'

However, if there is a problem.

"……."

"……."

There comes a moment when avoidance is no longer enough.

I didn't know that it would be when I was trying to sell all the bungeoppang and close the store.

"……."

What should I do?

'I've been looking at bungeoppang all this time.'

The 'thing' that came at an unexpected time was a man wearing a pitch-black cloak.

He was very tall, and the clothes he was wearing were luxurious. However, because he was all black, he looked like a guest at a funeral. The air around him became heavy and dead, sending a chill down my

spine.

It didn't feel like a grim reaper or something. It seemed like something much closer to nature than those soul-collecting beings with egos.

I could definitely tell it was 'it'.

“…….”

Should I bring this up or not?

'I've never seen anything good come from meddling with these guys.'

But I was afraid that if I ignored it, it would have its own set of consequences, even though it was so obvious.

'I miss the youngest.'

I tried to act calm, not wanting to provoke her, but cold sweat was running down my back.

Cha Eun-hyeok had guessed that these were some kind of monster. They were generally more docile than the ones he saw.

But sometimes, it was unsettling to see someone being harmed so carelessly and without any ill intentions.

‘… I just keep looking at the bungeoppang… .’

If I give this to you, will it disappear?

That was when.

“How much for one bag?”

“…….”

Speak?

'A monster?'

I was surprised, even though I didn't show it.

We have seen creatures in human form many times. They often imitate human life, but their actions are not only ineffective, but there has never been a single one that actually speaks.

'And you asked how much it was?'

Are you really trying to imitate a human being to this extent?

"ah…."

But I couldn't ignore the question.

“Five thousand won for ten.”

“Do you only accept cash?”

“Cash would be nice, though.”

“…….”

The black cloaked man, who had been silent while carrying his luggage on his back, put his hand inside his hood. I wondered what he was doing, but soon I saw that he was holding a jewel in his hand that was shining with a transparent light.

Even Cha Eun-hyeok, a local resident, knew that the beautifully crafted thing was worth more than ten bungeoppang.

“Is this not enough?”

“…….”

It was scary to think that he was doing such an outrageous thing, as if he was imitating a human being quite convincingly. It was to the point

where I began to resent him.

'Who gives a jewel to someone who buys bungeoppang?'

Cha Eun-hyuk felt a chill down his spine.

It's the same when you try to barter, and when you don't know the conventional value of the item you want to get, and no matter how much the other person imitates a human, it just feels uncomfortable.

'But I'm even more upset because I still think it's definitely human.'

I barely managed to answer.

“…That’s too much.”

“There is no other item besides this.”

“You don’t have a card….”

“Is this a card?”

“Uh… yes.”

"okay."

I was skeptical, but he really did hand me his card.

“…….”

“…….”

“…I was just cleaning up, so I need to bake some more. Is that okay?”

"it's okay."

“It will take some time.”

Eunhyuk Cha, who quickly gave up, started making bungeoppang.

'There is no such thing as a disaster.'

Because business was so good today, I couldn't get to the terminal until the last train left.

I got permission in advance so I don't have to worry about getting caught. I was planning on sleeping out today, but then I got a new guest.

That too, an unidentified monster guest.

"……."

Dalgrak.

The hand that closed the fish-shaped bread mold shook a little.

'… I don't think he'll kill me all of a sudden.'

As with most monsters, most of these guys seemed to have their own rules.

Open your eyes only when the sun is up, spend your whole life with a blind person, and walk only on white stones.

Many of these rules were childish, but some of them were threatening to humans.

'But it's the first time I've seen someone who can talk, so I can't tell.'

This is the first time I've seen someone imitate a human so well.

The problem is that there is a sense of discomfort here and there, but aside from the strangely cold atmosphere, their speech and actions are quite similar to those of humans.

'There's even a card.'

Suddenly, Cha Eun-hyuk realized.

‘… If you didn’t steal it, then someone else must have lent it to you.’

Well then, isn't there a guardian for this guy somewhere?

“…Is there anyone else in your group?”

“It used to be there, but it’s not there anymore.”

“…….”

“He must be asleep by now.”

I thought it meant he was killed for a moment.

'This is the first time I've felt this resentful toward someone I don't even know.'

In a world where you can't even take a dog for a walk without a leash, how can you just let a dangerous creature like this, no matter how much it resembles a human, out on the loose?

“…….”

No, wait a minute.

'If he gave me the card, I guess he thought I could use it.'

There was no way a monster that was invisible to other people could use a card.

So, is the opponent in front of you a human rather than a monster?

“…in Seoul….”

Cha Eun-hyeok opened his mouth cautiously.

“Is this your first time?”

“It’s not the first time, but it’s true that I’m a tourist.”

“Oh, sightseeing. Did you go to Gyeongbokgung Palace?”

“Yes, it was fun because there was a variety of food.”

Although the conversation was a bit choppy, I got enough information.

'Other people can see it too?'

So does that really mean he's just an ordinary guy with an eerie vibe?

Or maybe it’s a humanoid monster that’s supposedly introduced in textbooks… .

“…….”

“Crunch.”

Cha Eun-hyuk was startled.

'bird?'

It was because a faintly glowing bird jumped out from between the hood of the black cloak.

“Honey, come in.”

“Gurrung….”

“I’ll give it to you later, so stay inside.”

“Kkukkung.”

"okay."

The sight of him giving orders to a small monster was the image of a 'trainer' commonly known to the world, but strangely, Eunhyuk Cha did not think that the black cloak and the bird in front of him were a pair of

a human and a monster.

The feeling of strangeness became more evident the moment the bird's eyes met mine.

“…….”

“Gulp.”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyuk lowered his head, unable to meet her gaze.

‘… It’s dangerous.’

My hands and feet felt cold, to the point where I was sweating profusely.

'That guy is really dangerous.'

The bird, with its sweet color and dainty body, would be considered pretty and cute by anyone who saw it. However, to Cha Eun-hyeok, who could vaguely sense its true nature, it was no different from a ridiculous deception.

Perhaps it was the name given by the owner, but the nature of the bird called 'Honey' was like a storm-like wave. It was spontaneous, rough, and strong. But the reason it took on that fragile form was probably because the owner wanted it to.

“…….”

So then, what kind of being is the master, Black Cloak?

'Damn, I didn't know it would turn out like this.'

Among the guys that only Cha Eun-hyeok could see, there were definitely some who were interested in human food. They savored the

rice that the townspeople had left for the ghosts to eat, and even stole side dishes from the restaurant one by one.

But none of them were so blatant in ordering food. Most of them were just imitating everyday life in human form, and they didn't really try to interact with humans like this.

'I let my guard down.'

I should have been more careful.

‘That bird doesn’t even seem to like me that much… .’

The bird watching me from deep within the hood of my black cloak was intimidating.

“…Here, there are 10 bungeoppang.”

"thank you."

The black cloak that received the bungeoppang paused for a moment.

“…….”

“It's a gift.”

"yes?"

“Thank you for your hard work this morning.”

“No, wait a minute….”

Black Cloak continued speaking to Cha Eun-hyeok, who was trying to refuse.

“I’m sorry if I scared you. I came here because it smelled like bungeoppang, but I stopped cleaning up and made a mess again, so I want to apologize and thank you.”

“It’s okay.”

“Thank you.”

He leisurely disappeared, leaving behind one of the blue gems he had just seen.

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok, who had been staring at the black cloak until its back was out of sight, soon collapsed when even the end of the cloak could not be seen.

"…ha ha ha…."

What the fuck.

Lived.

'I thought I was going to die.'

From the moment I discovered that I could see things that others could not, I had a feeling that this would be the end. I would die in such a strange way that others would not even be able to guess the cause of death. That was what I had thought.

But even so, I won't die selling bungeoppang.

"and…."

Cha Eun-hyeok wiped his face with both hands.

“I was so shocked.”

The identity of the black cloak is still unknown.

If others can see it, is it a person? But its essence is too distant and vicious to be that. Then is it the same kind as the ones I usually see? But the communication is too smooth to be that. Humanoid monster?

There is no dungeon nearby.

If it's neither this nor that, then maybe it's some kind of monster I don't know about.

“…….”

And either way it was horrible.

'Can you survive after meeting a humanoid monster?'

That's when I thought so.

“Crunch?”

“…….”

I heard that before.

“Crunch….”

“…….”

“Gulp, gurgle, gurgle gurgle gurgle.”

"…uh…."

“Cur.”

When I raised my head, I saw a large beak. I could see a lot of teeth beyond the Adam's apple. I could see a pitch-black tongue.

“Kung.”

A beak as hard as metal half-swallowed Cha Eun-hyeok's head.

“…….”

Knock, knock.

He pretends to bite it a few times and then spits it out.

“Kkurung.”

“…What, what….”

“Kkuk.”

When I regained my sight, 'Honey' was the same compact figure I had seen before.

“…….”

That seemed like such a disgusting, disgusting pretense.

“What the heck?”

The bird flew away.

“What the heck was it….”

I really don't know anything, but one thing I know for sure is that I almost died just now.

The bird, sweet as honey in color, seemed to be saying this.

'This much is okay.'

Said.

“…….”

It seemed like he was saying, "I passed."

I got goosebumps.

“…I have to move tomorrow….”

I hope we never meet again.

* * *

And then at 2pm the next day.

“Do you sell bungeoppang?”

Cha Eun-hyeok met the ghostly black cloak again.

"…yes…."

“Please give me 10.”

"All right."

What should we do if the world is this small?

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (34)

Episode 34

“Oh.”

Yoo Seong-un made a delighted expression when he saw the face of the fish-shaped bread young man.

“Aren’t you the person who was doing business in front of the collection center last time?”

“Ah… that’s right.”

“I haven’t seen you recently. I guess you moved.”

“If you stay in the same spot all the time, you’ll get caught.”

Street food such as bungeoppang was not subject to such strict controls. However, it was not possible to remain in the city without a citizen's ID.

Moreover, since he was advised to immediately demolish the building if there was even a complaint, Cha Eun-hyeok moved frequently. It was wise for Cha Eun-hyeok himself to be careful when he was getting off easy.

“There haven’t been any complaints recently.”

“It’s a shame that if we stay in the same place, word of mouth will spread better.”

“There’s nothing I can do, it’s not an officially licensed store.”

“Well, they don’t really give permission to the bungeoppang carts.”

“Still, I was allowed to stay for a few days.”

In general, if you stayed for more than ten days without a city ID, you would be fined.

But how thoroughly can you cut off people in the world they live in? If you apply under various pretexts, you can stay in the city for about a week, even if you are not staying at a lodging facility.

“…and, um, rather than that….”

Cha Eun-hyeok's gaze fell on the black cloak next to Yoo Seong-woon.

“…….”

"…huh?"

“…No, that….”

That thing isn't human.

‘… What, doesn’t this guy also know the exact identity of the Black Cloak?’

The figure of a man staring intently at the bungeoppang with his face covered by a pitch-black hood. It was definitely the black cloak I had seen at dawn, but it was less intimidating than before, and the customer's reaction was too indifferent.

‘Was he really just a human…? They say that even among hunters, there are those whose energy is hard to control. Maybe he was just one of those types… .’

As Eunhyuk Cha thought so, a honey-colored bird came into view from

deep inside the hood.

“…….”

“Uh, is there a problem?”

“…Just out of curiosity….”

Eunhyuk Cha, who was trying to brush it off as he didn't want to get into trouble, hesitated and asked.

“…Is the person next to you a trainer?”

If we understand it logically, the most likely explanation would be a trainer.

“Because you bring a monster with you.”

“…That’s right, I’m a trainer. I have permission to take it outside, so don’t worry.”

“Oh, I see.”

Anyway, I feel relieved now that I have received permission.

'Now, if someone dies, it's not my fault for watching.'

The identity of the black cloak is still unclear, but no, didn't that white-haired hunter give me permission with his own mouth?

'He also said trainer.'

Then I didn't want to delve any further into it. With family members to take responsibility for, it was only natural that I didn't want to be interested in 'something' that could put my life at risk if I got involved even a little bit.

But Black Cloak didn't seem to have any such intentions.

“I was grateful for the dawn.”

“…….”

“Huh? Dawn?”

Yoo Seong-un looked back at Geo in surprise.

“You went out at dawn?”

Cha Eun-hyeok felt his stomach start to ache again at the startled reaction. It seemed that the white-haired guest had not expected the black cloak to wander the streets alone at dawn.

‘In other words, it is a being that should not be allowed to act individually… .’

If a first-class citizen who goes to a respectable guild is paying this much attention, then how dangerous does it mean that he is?

“Yes, Honey disappeared so I went out to look for her.”

“If you want to leave, just tell me.”

“I found it right away.”

“That’s not the problem….”

The white-haired guest, who was about to say something, soon calmed down.

“…Yeah, I can’t do anything about natural disasters.”

“I am not a natural disaster.”

“Maybe the typhoon thinks so too.”

Yoo Seong-un felt warm. How can he not be so objective about

himself?

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un took a deep breath and asked the Bungeoppang young man.

“What happened in the morning?”

“…You bought some bungeoppang.”

“What else is there…?”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok, who had been hesitating, answered.

“That bird….”

“Oh, yes.”

“He chewed my head twice and left.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un was speechless.

"…yes?"

“Oh, it wasn’t really chewed, it was just nibbling like cats playfully….”

"oh."

A speechless Yoo Seong-un looked back at Geo.

"what do you think about it."

"…sorry."

“Speak sincerely.”

“I am truly sorry.”

It may not seem like it, since his facial muscles had all died a long time ago, but Geo was quite surprised by the words of the fish-shaped bread young man.

This is dizzy that my parrot is said to be called 'fucking baby'.

“Are you hurt?”

“Oh, yes. I bit it without hurting anyone and it didn’t hurt.”

“I’m still sorry. My son….”

Perhaps it was a side effect of sleeping for 31 years, but he suddenly started talking in front of people he was meeting for the first time. Geo regained his social skills and corrected his speech.

“Our pet bird is causing trouble.”

I thought it was because he always joked around the cabin saying, "Oh my son" and "Kuruk guruk guruk", but to Yoo Seong-woon and Cha Eun-hyeok, it was an unusual sound.

'Son…? I heard that you drew them in pictures, but do you think that those guys you created are your own children? We need to be careful about this.'

‘… You just said son. If you naturally said son when the species itself looks different, does that mean he’s not really human as you see him… .’

Although Geo didn't know what they were thinking, he felt that their expressions had become subtle, but he ignored them.

'I can be Honey and Daddy's son, why are you like that?'

Even 31 years ago, there were quite a few people who would suck on their pet dogs and cats, calling them “my little pup” and “my daughter”. I could be proud to say that Geo was one of those people.

“…….”

“Is it okay if I look at your forehead for a moment?”

“I’m not hurt.”

“I am a doctor, so I know how to see wounds. I am doing this because I feel sorry, so if you could show me just once, I would be grateful.”

Yoo Seong-un stayed still and was hit on the back of the head again.

"doctor?"

"yes."

“Oh… I see.”

Where on earth do you think you're a doctor?

‘… Even if he had human memories, I didn’t think he was a doctor. If he’s a doctor with such a heavy atmosphere, how many patients would mistake him for a grim reaper… .’

But surprisingly, and shockingly, Geo was right.

“Excuse me.”

And he was a priest.

“It’s a little warm.”

“Huh? Uh, uh….”

“I purified it just in case.”

"purification?"

“Your scalp was scratched a little bit… If you get sick, it’ll be a big problem.”

Looking at the young man with a bewildered expression and the portrait imitating the young man's appearance, Yoo Seong-woon just gave up.

'Will the day ever come when I fully learn Geo's true identity?'

There were no onions at all.

“…That, ten fish-shaped breads.”

"thank you."

“No, and I’m okay with what my pet bird did….”

"ah."

Geo rummaged through his cloak with a face that said, 'Oh, right.'

“It’s a reward.”

“…….”

“…Is this a gift?”

“The purpose of giving is not the problem.”

What kind of jewels are you giving me when I haven't even shed any blood?

“This is too much for me. The jewels you gave me yesterday were too much for me, and I was already in trouble.”

“But it is a fair price.”

"that is…."

At the sight of Cha Eun-hyeok trying to refute something, Yoo Seong-woon shook his head behind Geo.

“…….”

"that is?"

“…No, I will gladly accept it.”

Eunhyuk Cha realized this as Seongwoon Yoo nodded with a relieved expression.

‘If I don’t accept this, I’ll be at a disadvantage… .’

He didn't know how misfortune would come, but he couldn't ignore it since he saw a face that desperately wanted to save someone. Cha Eun-hyeok gratefully accepted Yoo Seong-woon's earnest advice.

But it wasn't as scary as before.

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyuk, who had been fiddling with the sparkling tangerine-colored jewel, raised his head.

“I heard you were sightseeing.”

“Oh, right. Is there anywhere you would recommend?”

“There will be an event at the square in a few weeks.”

“If you say event….”

“It’s an initiation ceremony.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded as if he understood.

“Ah, I guess it’s about time to start.”

“Because it’s usually done a lot in the middle of winter.”

“Which temple is this an initiation ceremony for? If it’s a ceremony held nearby, the moon? Or the sun?”

“The temple of the sun.”

Cha Eun-hyeok looked back at the black cloak without realizing it.

“…I didn’t know you were a believer. Usually, trainers don’t worship God very well….”

He had sorted things out in his own way.

'You must have been a very high-ranking hunter, to the point where you could be mistaken for a monster.'

When the black cloak swept my forehead and infused me with energy, I felt a warm sensation similar to what I had felt at the Temple of the Sun. If I could even perform the purification ritual on my own, I must be a very devout believer.

'You said you were a trainer, so you're not a priest, are you?'

The Awakened One can only have one job at most. The white-haired guest clearly said he was a trainer, so it couldn't be a priest, which was a bit disappointing. If he had that much talent, it would have been good to manifest as a priest.

There was no way someone who could use such warm energy could be bad. Above all, I had never heard of a monster using holy power.

'I guess I was scared because it was my first time seeing a Hunter of such a strong rank. Priests tend to not control their energy, and their energy itself is said to be very different from that of humans…'

It was clear that Cha Eun-hyeok himself was frightened by the spirit of God.

Cha Eun-hyeok, who was very sensitive to the aura of others and had never seen ordinary priests or high-ranking hunters, made that judgment. It was a relief born of ignorance.

“The youngest in my family has awakened to become a priest and is having an initiation ceremony this time.”

“Oh, you have a job. Of all jobs, being a priest is amazing.”

“I’m also worried about how I will make a living if God doesn’t choose me.”

“If you awaken as a priest, you will have a higher affinity for the divine, so you will be able to work as a temple clerk.”

“That would be great.”

Perhaps because he thought that everything was his own mistake, Cha Eun-hyeok let out a little bit of tension and smiled.

“It seems like they’re going to do something pretty grand this time, so it’ll be fun if you come and see.”

“I really need to stop by. Thanks for letting me know. It’s hard to know the schedule for the initiation ceremony unless you’re an official….”

“I think it would be better if there were more people at my brother’s induction ceremony.”

Just as it is easier for humans to see ants gathered together than scattered ants, the more people gather together, the easier it is to receive the gaze of God. The more exposed you are, the higher the probability of receiving God's grace.

"bon appetite."

“See you again at the induction ceremony.”

"thank you."

When they got a little further away, Yoo Seong-un asked Geo.

“Was nothing really happening yesterday morning?”

“As you heard, Honey had an accident.”

“Any other thoughts?”

“I don’t know.”

A crying sound was heard from inside the hood.

“Gulp.”

“I claim to be innocent.”

“Yeah… I see.”

I don't know if the 'innocence' that the original being speaks of is the same as that of a human being.

'Geo is particularly sensitive to good and evil and manners, so he's worried.'

Honey was a being created by Geo and was his son. If so, Geo's personality must have had a big influence on him. When he said that he flew around on his own while Geo's eyes were closed, my heart sank.

'He might have gone around killing people he thought were evil.'

Judging from the fact that there hasn't been any fuss so far, I guess there hasn't been any major accidents, so I can only hope.

“And, um, the jewels….”

"yes."

“How about exchanging it for a different type of gift?”

No matter how sorry I was, it was absurd for a human being to give away a jewel right away.

“Usually people don’t exchange gifts like that.”

“…Isn’t that right?”

“I don’t know what you were thinking, but it’s probably not that.”

“…….”

Geo was shocked.

'In this macho world that seems to be a manifestation of hell, you don't have that much toughness?'

Is it strange that in a world where office workers catch monsters, flowers made of cheese bloom from the ground, railroads fly overhead, and streams come alive with spring in winter, it's exchanged for money in jewels?

“I thought it would be okay because there were people who walked around with jewelry all over their bodies like crows.”

“It’s just a personality thing. Or maybe it’s an artifact that’s meant to add to your abilities or a type of armor.”

“I understand what you mean.”

Geo, realizing that he had gotten too far ahead of himself, decided to reflect.

'I might have thought too much of Giovanni's sense because of the

synchronization.'

In Giovanni's world, this kind of cash payment was popular. He, who was gradually regaining his memories as Giovanni, thought he had to keep his balance.

Maybe it's because I've been in the cabin for so long that my modern senses have become dull. Sometimes, that's how I react to certain situations...

"…ah."

“What, is there a problem? Or is there somewhere you want to go?”

“What is a trainer and what is a priest?”

“…Uh… Okay….”

Yoo Seong-un had a face that seemed determined to make something.

“I guess I have no choice but to call you a hunter.”

“Am I a hunter now?”

“While we’re at it, I’ll tell you about the Hunter system and ranks. Do you know anything about it?”

"no."

“I knew it.”

“…….”

I felt a little sorry for Geo, who had been lost in his paintings for 31 years.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (35)

Episode 35

“There are three main factors that determine a Hunter’s rank.”

Yoo Seong-woon, who came to the Chinese restaurant with all the doors closed, explained to Geo.

“Occupation, Aptitude Skills, and Level.”

“…….”

“The Hunter rank I have been talking about is awarded by comprehensively evaluating these three.”

“Are the grades evaluated by people like an administrative examination?”

“No, the ‘system’ that is supposedly aided by the source evaluates. That’s why there are times when an Awakened who appears incompetent to humans manifests as an A-class.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled faintly.

“Back when there was no system and there was a lack of common sense about hunters, there were people who manipulated the ranks. However, since the ranks themselves are not something that can be given by humans, those who manipulated them were quickly caught….”

“I guess I was criticized.”

“It didn’t end with criticism. At that time, hunters were like powerful people who couldn’t be easily confronted. In a time when force was much closer to law than it is now, people with superpowers who could even defeat monsters were treated in various ways.”

He lied about his rank and tried to get treated well by himself when everyone was having a hard time.

“There was no way it could have ended well.”

Yoo Seong-un returned to the main topic.

“Grades are usually indicated in the alphabet.”

“Is there a reason?”

“I think it might have been a hassle to unify by country. Then wouldn’t the numbers be much more consistent worldwide? But apart from that, it has been confirmed that the first Awakened person came from the United States….”

“It was tailored to the American perspective.”

“That doesn’t mean the entire system is in English. Anyway, the lowest grade is F, and from there it goes up to D, C, B, A, and the highest grade is S.”

Yoo Seong-un rolled his eyes for a moment after saying that.

“…Well, that doesn’t mean that’s all, according to current scholars. In the case of Class F, they are already a bit stronger than the average person, so what’s the point of lowering them any further? But it’s only been 31 years since the Great Disaster.”

“I guess it’s too early to tell.”

“Yes, there are rumors that the president of the Korean association is actually hiding a higher rank.”

Even Yoo Seong-un, who was the research team leader of the association, did not know the exact truth.

“Surprisingly, there aren’t that many S-rank hunters. That’s why there are rumors that they’ve hidden higher ranks. Anyone can see that that S-rank is much better than that S-rank, but they’re listed as the same rank.”

These ratings also affect social perception.

“First of all, there is a law that states that S-class hunters must become public figures.”

“If you are a public figure… do you reveal your personal information?”

“They’re not exactly celebrities, but since they’re mostly known for their looks and appear on TV shows, you could say they’re kind of celebrities. Since S-class people can turn a country into ashes if they want to, they’re restricted in many ways.”

“It will be uncomfortable.”

“There are many people who enjoy that popularity.”

As Geo said, there are many hunters who feel uncomfortable.

“That’s enough about the levels. Now, should I explain the occupation you asked about earlier?”

“The priest and trainer that the student I saw earlier mentioned are classified by their profession.”

"yes."

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“It is not essential that this profession be realized.”

“Then are there people who get jobs and people who don’t?”

“That’s right. Not everyone can have it, but it does have a significant impact on rank, so a culture has developed where hunters with a job are given preferential treatment whenever possible.”

“It’s amazing.”

“Because Awakened people with jobs have the influence to change the rules of the world. To a mere human, they seem very attractive.”

Even if it is not necessarily a matter of rank, 'occupation' has a major image that comes with it.

“There are a total of 10 occupations.”

“It’s less than I thought.”

“I think this is a lot… If there were more, it would be hard to tell them apart.”

Doctor, priest, knight, teacher, spy, architect, artist, magician, cook, trainer.

“After hearing it, doesn’t it seem like a lot?”

“If you look at the jobs that actually exist in the world, there aren’t that many….”

“That’s true, but this is very different from that job.”

“That's true.”

“The priest and trainer you heard about earlier are not very common professions.”

Priests use the power of the gods to influence reality, while trainers exert influence over intelligent beings. Both are considered difficult professions because they require the help of the contracting party to fully function.

“The more successful you become, the more praise you receive.”

Priests in particular have a strong tendency to do so.

“A trainer can train his opponents as much as he wants if he develops his abilities, but a priest cannot do that. He must wait patiently until God looks upon him and grants him grace. He does not have the initiative.”

“But didn’t you say that a priest who does not serve God cannot carry out his duties in earnest?”

“It’s a job that has such unreasonable aspects. However, it’s a job that involves exercising the power of an alien god on Earth, so I think that this frustrating aspect is actually a blessing for humanity. If we’re not careful, it could end up being a disaster.”

Of course, those who awaken as priests will be a little upset.

“However, once you manifest as a priest, your divine affinity increases. Even though you cannot exercise the influence of a god, you can use the power of the god as a believer.”

“It’s the power of the Holy Spirit.”

“The Bungeoppang youth I saw earlier also mistook you for a ‘trainer believer’, right? A trainer is the only profession that can strut around the streets with monsters so openly, and even if you’re not a priest, you can still use your holy power if you become a devout believer. That’s why you made that mistake.”

“Then, it’s not necessarily the job that’s the only thing that’s valid.”

“That’s right, there’s no need to evaluate a Hunter based on that alone. In the first place, a profession is something that is innate when awakened, but it can also be acquired through effort, so it’s rather fluid.”

The remaining professions also had their own rules.

“With this profession alone, the Awakened can exert influence over the rules of the world. To put it simply, a priest gains a greater affinity for the divine, while a trainer gains an affinity for things other than humans.”

“Is it all affinity?”

“Unlike skills, awakening a job doesn’t suddenly give you new abilities. However, you gain latent abilities that normal people wouldn’t be able to have. Shouldn’t we usually call this affinity?”

Yoo Seong-un moved on to the next topic.

“But aptitude skills aren’t like that.”

“In what sense is it not so?”

“This is something you basically get when you awaken, and it doesn’t increase with individual effort. It’s only natural that your proficiency will increase as you use and understand it….”

However, there are no awakened characters who have no aptitude skills or more than two aptitude skills.

“At least for now? I don’t know if there will be any exceptions in the future, but even if there are, this rule is fairly common among the Awakened.”

The aptitude skill was a kind of stone grabber. The Awakened had no choice, but with just that one skill, it was possible to roughly predict

what the Awakened's future life would be like.

“Just with that skill, you can roughly tell the tendencies and abilities of that Awakened person.”

“Can you also know the future?”

“Isn’t it roughly similar? Once you manifest aptitude skills, you have to keep them for the rest of your life, so it’s inevitable that the awakened person’s life will be affected.”

Most people who have awakened study this aptitude skill first. If you are lucky, you are born with a job, but aptitude skills become an inseparable community of destiny.

“There are many people who cry and say that this doesn’t suit their aptitude.”

If you wake up and the skill you have is to pick up trash, how absurd would that be?

"yes?"

“…Do such skills actually exist?”

“Such a skill does exist, and in some cases it is even an aptitude skill. I heard he is currently working as a city beautification worker, but I don’t know the details.”

“Still, you’ve made good use of your aptitude skills.”

“He is a positive gentleman.”

For reference, skills are divided into 'aptitude skills' that are innate with awakening and 'general skills' that are innate through acquired efforts. The content of the skills themselves is not that different from each other, but... .

“Of course, I tend to value aptitude skills more.”

“The content is the same, so why are you rating one side higher?”

“There’s nothing we can do about aptitude skills, since they are the criteria for evaluating a person’s soul and qualities.”

For example, there are Hunters 1 and 2, and they have the same skill called A. Even though they have the same A skill, 1 is an innate aptitude skill, while 2 is a general skill learned later in life.

“Then the starting point was different from the beginning.”

"okay."

“First of all, there is no level for aptitude skills. You can use the skill with the highest level of proficiency from the moment it is activated, but in fact, proficiency increases the more you use it. Even with the same skill, it is inevitable that there will be a big difference depending on who uses it.”

And here is the petty side of humanity.

‘It’s kind of like a class system… .’

Is it because they were born with it that they tickle a corner of people's hearts? Those who have awakened with high utility or rare aptitude skills are arrogant and people tend to look up to them.

'I don't really want to tell you this.'

Although he seemed noble and intimidating, I didn't want to tarnish Geo's innocent side, like a child who believed in Santa Claus in a fairy tale.

For the sake of the peace of mankind, it would have been better for Geo to have known a little less about the ugliness of humanity.

“You can learn general skills by going to the center and applying. Even if you are an Awakened person without a job or with poor aptitude skills, you can still raise your level through acquired efforts.”

“It’s flexible.”

“And as I’ve been saying here and there since a while ago, the ‘level’ is a visible indicator that evaluates your proficiency in all of these things.”

Levels evaluate your occupation, skills, and physical abilities.

“The lowest level is 1, and the highest level is 10. I wonder why they didn’t write it in alphabets… but I think that level could be written down to decimal points, so it didn’t need that much detail.”

“Is it displayed up to the decimal point?”

“Well, 2.8. 4.9. Something like that….”

“Is that the case for you too, Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

"uh…."

Yoo Seong-un added after hesitating for a moment.

“The level is okay, but for your information, people usually don’t ask each other about the specifics of the system.”

“Is that so?”

“Because there is a strong perception that it is polite.”

“…….”

Although his expression was still blunt and cold, Yoo Seong-un felt that Geo seemed a little shocked.

"…sorry."

As expected, he soon apologized. As expected, Geo had a side that valued manners.

“I apologize for not knowing much about this stuff.”

“It’s okay. I didn’t do it knowingly. It’s not like we’ll curse each other if we ask.”

There was no real damage done, but it was just a kind of culture.

“Just like I didn’t ask what color underwear you were wearing today….”

“I am truly sorry.”

“I’m being a bit harsh, so don’t try to give me a bail by shaking me out. Put me down, honey. Oh, it’s crushing. I don’t think it’s very normal to try to give me a bail every time I do something wrong.”

Only then did Geo gently put down the little bit of honey that he had been shaking. Honey was already picking at the jewels that had fallen off one by one and swallowing them. It was so natural that it was dizzying.

“If you act like that, Honey will get upset.”

“Sometimes I play like this….”

“How on earth do you guys play?”

Honey had a rather satisfied expression on her face, as if it wasn't a lie.

'Where did I find satisfaction in that round face?'

Both of them were expressionless, but their expressions were very clear. They could truly be called father and son. Looking at this, I guess you could say that they were children born from the heart. To be exact, they were children created with a brush.

‘… but definitely, much more than when I was inside the portrait… .’

It was human-like.

“…Anyway, they don’t usually ask about things related to the Hunter’s system. It’s more like asking for exact figures like height or weight. Since it’s personal information, they don’t usually reveal it out loud.”

“I’ll be more careful next time.”

“Oh, then I’m grateful.”

It was more than a joy to have such a cooperative source, it was like a miracle. As a gardener, it warmed my heart.

“Since you seem curious, I don’t have a job. My aptitude skill is ‘Emotion’, and I’ve learned several general skills. My proficiency in general skills is maxed out. My overall grade is A.”

“Can you tell me?”

“What does it matter if I say it myself?”

"okay."

“Well, it’s not easy to tell. Since the job is so obvious, such a cautious culture doesn’t apply, but if someone tells you about their rank, it’s a huge favor.”

To explain it roughly, it is like this.

“I trust you. You are my friend, my lover, my family….”

“…….”

“Well, I guess that’s what it means.”

“It’s romantic.”

“You like this kind of thing.”

He was a guy with a really pure side.

“Did Mr. Yoo Seong-un say the same thing?”

“Then, as a gesture of goodwill and trust, you told me about my system.”

And the fact that the other person wasn't human also had a big impact on being able to open up to them without any burden. Since they were beings who were ignorant of human culture, I guess you could say that they didn't feel awkward telling me anything.

Rather, it is more awkward if you are awkward when dealing with humans.

“If you have any further questions, I can get you a separate book. There is a textbook used at the Awakened Education Center. There is also a textbook for beginners who have just awakened, so let me know if you need it.”

“I think it will be okay thanks to Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s good explanation.”

“Well then… um.”

Yoo Seong-un asked.

“Are you thinking of going back to portraits soon?”

"yes."

Geo nodded as if it was obvious.

“Outside, there are a lot of people, a lot of fun toys, and a lot to see and feel….”

“…….”

“I don’t think this is the place for me.”

Yoo Seong-un understood what he meant.

'It's amazing that he's been able to maintain that condition for so long.'

If I were a normal Awakened person, I wouldn't have been able to endure it for even a second.

Geo's status could not be compared to that of a human. At least in the picture, a being with god-like powers was walking around the noisy world of humans with his status suppressed, his limbs cut off, and weights tied to his torso.

That was absolutely horrible.

“Of course it was fun.”

“Thank you for that. Do you have any plans to attend the initiation ceremony that the Bungeoppang youth told me about?”

“Yes, I would like to see it.”

“I’ll let you know when the time comes, so in the meantime, just rest in the portrait.”

So Geo went back to the portrait.

* * *

Geo returned to the cabin and slept all day.

“It’s dangerous outside the blanket.”

“Kyurrrrung.”

Geo, who was exhausted, needed some time to himself.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (36)

Episode 36

It's not that he dislikes playing, but Geo's energy was limited.

“…….”

“…….”

“…Honey, if Dad gets upset, you should at least scold him.”

“…Kungkungkungkung….”

“If we are both spread out, there is no answer.”

The busy modern society that we met again has drained Geo's stamina.

'Even if a vampire sucked my blood, I wouldn't be this tired.'

I don't think it was originally such a peaceful and gentle country. But after 31 years, South Korea had become a hellish Republic of Korea. The weak Geo was scared.

Geo, sprawled on the bed like a 29-year-old rag, groped the honey that had spread out like a liquid monster.

“As far as I know… I’m still in sync with Giovanni.”

“Crunch?”

“It feels much less when I’m inside than when I’m outside.”

“Gurr?”

“The synchronization speed has also slowed down.”

Fairness rate 14.8%

“When I dipped my feet in Cheonggyecheon, it was almost 6% full.”

“Kkuk.”

“When I took the waterway to the restaurant, it was almost 4%….”

They had one thing in common: they were all water-related actions.

“Is it because I have a lot of connection with water?”

It was Giovanni's story.

Anyway, the speed of synchronization was much faster when in reality than when still in a picture.

“It must be the characteristics of the world inside the portrait.”

“Gurrrr….”

During the synchronization, I felt like I was going back to my old lifestyle. I would get hungry at the right time, I would have to sleep after working hard, and my body, which had been strangely light, would become heavy…

But after returning from my tour of Seoul, I felt that the feeling inside the portrait had become a bit duller.

“It might be because, even though I’m in sync, I’m still treated as a painting, not a human, inside the portrait. When I’m here, even the emotions I feel are treated as ‘paintings.’”

When Geo is the subject, even if the object is something intangible, it seems to be judged as a 'picture'.

Just like in the past, if you felt grateful to Yoo Seong-un and gave him fruit juice as a gift, it wouldn't have been a problem in the 1:1 system.

“…….”

After syncing, does it go back to 'portrait'?

“What would it be like for a human being to become nothing more than a portrait if he did not assimilate into other people?”

“…….”

“That’s really annoying.”

“Curr….”

“There is no portrait like mine anywhere in the world. I will have confidence.”

Today, Geo's self-esteem soared to new heights.

“I am truly amazing.”

Geo's humanity was not swayed by his identity as a mere portrait possessed by a ghost. Geo's self-assertion was too strong to allow such a trivial matter to cause confusion in his self-identity.

“Let’s eat.”

“Gulp.”

The conversation between the two eventually turned to food. There was no pig.

“Shut up.”

Geo finally got out of bed when exactly 29 hours and 36 minutes had passed.

Honey was still spread out, not thinking about it. She was a precious young master who knew very well that Geo would take care of it.

“If you were really like that, wouldn’t you be so unlucky and cute?”

“Kung.”

“Do you think that cuteness is everything? That’s right, that’s all there is to the world.”

“Gurrrr.”

“You’ve already served your purpose as cuteness.”

When Geo thought about it, there seemed to be no emotion that brought peace to humanity more than cuteness.

“I will take care of dinner today.”

It's always been like that.

“Should I go to the garden after a long time and check how much it has grown?”

“Kung kung kung….”

“You find it too bothersome to fly there? Your bothersomeness has reached the sky. Just stay still and I’ll put it in the basket for you.”

“Kuuuungkururur!”

“Where are you going to send me off alone? Oh, my. Sigh. No, go with me. Dad, it’s lonely.”

Geo swept the sloshing liquid monster into the basket. Honey slurped and slurped, and Geo left the cabin with the basket with a satisfied

look on his face.

And I witnessed Mother Nature.

“What is this?”

Where did my humble garden go and the Amazon came in?

“Where on earth did my precious little garden go?”

“Kku, kkuru….”

“My garden wasn’t like this.”

I thought there would be at most some sprouts, but instead of any cute sprouts, only cherry tomatoes had grown to about 3m tall.

“No, can a 3m long cherry tomato be called a ‘cherry’ tomato?”

no.

“Was it really a tomato in the first place?”

The tomatoes I know aren't as big as small watermelons?

Geo, who had tried all kinds of farming at least once, was confused by the results he had never experienced before. Not only had he not left his garden for that long, but he had clearly planted ordinary seeds and seedlings, so how did a monster garden emerge instead of a garden?

“The condition of the lettuce is….”

“…….”

“It is the incarnation of Cthulhu.”

“Gulp?”

“There is something like that.”

There is an octopus monster god that drives even sane people crazy enough to buy a fish-shaped bread for 5,000 won.

“It looks exactly like that.”

And Geo knew that was where he had planted the lettuce.

“I planted octopus instead of lettuce.”

“Crunch.”

“Don’t be so positive, honey. Daddy gets hurt easily.”

The lettuce, with leaves thicker than those of autumn cabbage, towered high into the sky. Its appearance was so majestic that Geo felt like he had been rejected even though he hadn't confessed.

“This is a reality I could never have imagined.”

And corn.

“…….”

“…….”

"fearful."

Geo was scared.

“Is it a tree?”

The stem was so thick, and the eggs were even thicker. It was very scary.

The potatoes and sweet potatoes that were hidden underground were even more terrifying. Even though they hadn't revealed their true form, the stems that were crawling out of the ground were like watching a horror movie.

“This strong vitality… It’s alive.”

“Crunch.”

“Don’t break the birth canal, Honey. Even Daddy knows that much.”

“Huh?”

“I meant that it seemed like it would soon learn to crawl on its own. It wasn’t supposed to be like that.”

If this isn't a horror movie, then what is?

“Peas….”

“…….”

“…Even a zombie crawling out of hell wouldn’t be that obsessed.”

The pea stems, which clung to the plants growing nearby as if they were parasites, were long and thin, which made them even more bizarre. They looked as if they would soon eat bugs. Like spiders.

“So what the heck is this?”

What have I done?

“I am truly amazing.”

No, that's not it.

“It’s funny at this point.”

“…Kkuk?”

“Yeah, that’s what I wanted to say.”

It was just fun when such an unexpected situation arose.

“Surely the taste has changed.”

Okay then.

“It soon became a sturdy garden that seemed like it could even have a conversation with me….”

“…….”

“But let’s call this place a garden. I feel embarrassed saying it, but we, who know its humble beginnings, must preserve its identity.”

“Cur…?”

“Honey, think carefully. Those guys are going to start moving soon, so we need to make ourselves visible before they do so we don’t get eaten.”

It was half joking and half serious.

'In a world where even humans evolve into portraits, wouldn't it be normal for a plant to have an ego?'

My grandmother used to say that we should always live humbly and wisely because we cannot know when disaster will strike.

Today, Geo became a good grandson and faithfully followed the wisdom of his elders.

“…….”

But when an accident happens, it is human nature to want to blame someone else.

“…Could it be that Mr. Yoo Seong-un gave us the monster seed from the beginning?”

“Kung.”

“Yes, the seed itself looked ordinary when I saw it. It seems to be the

problem of this world.”

So I was really curious to see if it would taste good.

“Let’s have a taste….”

“…….”

“…….”

“……?”

Geo, who entered the monster field, doubted his eyes.

'Are you getting presbyopia?'

Or is it a hallucination?

“If this is real, isn’t our safety at risk, honey?”

“…Gurrrr….”

“Why is there a dead deer here?”

Geo was very scared.

“Oh, God of Heaven and Earth.”

Please take care of this poor portrait.

“So why are you really here?”

“Gulp, gurgle, gurgle.”

“You can do it too? No, don’t compete. Who the hell caught this? Where did the deer come from in the first place? Dad, I’m so confused right now, so please, Honey, come out of the basket and stop promoting yourself….”

The monster field was so overgrown that I couldn't see it very well, but when I went inside, I saw a deer that was clearly dead, lying there in a very fresh state.

The deer's appearance was very sturdy and solid, so it wasn't originally from Geo's cabin forest. The animals here were cute and suited his taste.

“…….”

Wood deer

A herbivore that camouflages itself by growing flowers or fallen leaves on its horns according to the season. It usually avoids fighting with other animals, but if its camouflage is discovered, it becomes extremely excited and causes a commotion. Its metallic horns, teeth, and hooves can easily break animal bones. As part of its camouflage, it emits the scent of nuts, flowers, or fruits.

Processed meats: Dried in the sun after being rubbed with fat, provide a strong feeling of fullness and eliminate minor abrasions.

Habitat: The Destructed Avilas Rainforest_Animal Kingdom

Geo was thrilled.

“I ended up causing an accident.”

Our lives are so unpredictable that we can't even see an inch of the future. We expected that if we continued to live without thinking, the end would come someday, but the end came sooner than we expected.

“The day of destruction will come soon.”

“Kung?”

“An alien species is coming in.”

It was clear that Geo, whose only means of self-defense was his drawing ability to draw potatoes, would not be able to endure it.

“Gulp, gurgle, gurgle.”

"honey?"

“Knock knock knock. Knock, knock.”

“…….”

Geo, who was observing the situation closely, realized something as he saw Honey's appearance, as if she wanted to tell him something.

"…this…."

“Kkuk!”

“There’s a hole in your forehead.”

And then I noticed blood on a nearby sweet potato stem.

“…….”

“Gulp?”

“Are you trying to tell me that a sweet potato stem just came to life and pierced the forehead of an alien species that emerged from the dimensional gate I created, killing it instantly?”

“Kkuk.”

“I see.”

Geo was worried.

'Which one should I be afraid of?'

A violent alien species flowing in from an unknown dimension

VS

A sweet potato that moves and can pierce even a solid skull in one breath

“Oh my god, heaven and earth.”

They were both scared. Geo got scared for the third time today.

“Honey, can a fragile being like me survive in this wild?”

“…….”

“Don’t be serious, Dad. I’m too weak to survive in this great outdoors.”

“Kung.”

“Where else can you find someone as pitiful and worthless as your father?”

After a long conversation, Geo was assured that all creatures in the Monster Field would be friendly to him. Just as all the plants and animals in the forest were friendly to Geo, so were the crops he grew.

It was a story with no concrete basis, but… .

“Okay then.”

Geo's ultimate positive mind freed him from the same fears.

First of all, I was just about to prepare a meal.

“There’s meat.”

“Gulp.”

"meat…."

By the way, in the recipe, it says 'processed meat'.

“…Good.”

That's how today's content was decided.

By the way, Geo has learned how to slaughter.

* * *

Again, again… .

“…….”

widely.

“…That’s strange.”

A quiet alley in a slum.

A woman with blue hair that swayed leisurely like the deep sea muttered.

“The traces end here.”

I was very worried when my dear human assistant's energy was cut off, but what the heck is this?

“There is no sign of battle.”

I carefully selected and put the appropriate ones under the sun.

He must have had decent infiltration and combat skills, but if there are no traces of combat, let alone escape, it is hard to believe.

But it doesn't deny what has already happened.

“Did you get hit?”

I don't know who did it.

“That needs to be investigated further.”

The woman hummed and sang.

“It seems like the temple is in trouble, it wasn’t reported in the media, and it happened in a slum, but no one knows what happened. What a ridiculous situation….”

I understand the shrine's position.

“Where would the caution of those who like to keep things hidden from the beginning go? They are so sinister.”

It was about time for the event to take place, so it was understandable that it would be difficult.

“I was trying to ruin the Festival of the Sun.”

“…….”

“The person who was going to ruin it is gone.”

The woman said to the child.

“Isser, the only galaxy by my side.”

"yes."

“You have to do the work.”

“I won’t disappoint you.”

“Don’t be like that.”

The woman laughed, revealing her shark-like teeth.

“Something we all do to have fun together.”

A dress that resembles the sea flutters in the wind.

“…….”

In the meantime, only one child with blue hair remained.

The child was smiling affectionately.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (37)

Episode 37

Why did you learn how to slaughter?

“I had a friend who lived in Majang-dong.”

“Gurr?”

“After drinking a few times, I learned some skills.”

I have never actually dissected a complete beast.

He used to say that you shouldn't leave knife skills to just anyone, so he just told me how to carve it into pieces if I ever had to buy a large piece of raw meat at home.

The point is, I've never really done a proper slaughter before.

“But even if you’ve never done it yourself, you know how to do it.”

Geo had good learning abilities.

“It seems like he hasn’t been dead for long since his body wasn’t cold. He’s like a hot stone.”

“Crunch?”

“That’s because we have to drain blood. It’s hard to drain blood after a considerable amount of time has passed since death.”

The blood flowing from its forehead seemed to have soaked into the ground for a long time, but Geo was a little nervous about the soft body of the deer. It seemed that this world, where food does not rot or spoil easily, had some effect.

Yeah, I mean 'something to eat'.

“…Is it even okay to eat a dead deer?”

Geo himself is also attempting slaughter.

'Anyway, it would be much easier if my body wasn't stiff.'

Geo, who was dragging a deer as big as a house, hung it on a tree of an appropriate height. He then made a hole in its neck to allow the blood to drain.

"honey."

“Huh?”

“It’s clear that Dad has evolved.”

“Gurr.”

“I thought it had evolved into a portrait, but I didn’t know it would become so strong.”

It was hard to tell if it was because the laws of physics were less applicable in the world of paintings, or if Geo himself had gotten stronger, since he could hang a deer bigger than him on a tree without any effort.

“Then, while the blood drains, shall we take out some of the intestines?”

“Gurrrr.”

“…Honey, don’t drink the blood from below. I’ll support you.”

The sight of a tiny bird drinking the flowing blood was horrifying.

“Dad, I was scared.”

“Kung.”

“It’s not a lie.”

Trust between the rich was absurdly low.

“…….”

It's okay because it's funny.

'You have to take out the insides before they get hurt.'

According to the laws of the world of painting, it doesn't seem like it would spoil easily, but I have had the experience of a goji berry that was exposed to the sun for a long time becoming hard like a mineral.

It's better to do what you can when you can, because you never know what problems might arise.

“The leather is thick.”

There was also a considerable amount of fat under the skin.

“The system says this deer came from the rainforest, but isn’t the rainforest usually hot? I don’t understand why its fur is so thick and full of fat.”

“Cur.”

“Stop drinking blood, honey. Daddy said it was creepy.”

“Kung kung kung….”

“Don’t look at me like I’m cute.”

I had no intention of getting along with the smelly bird.

“Kung.”

Honey grumbled and grumbled, then spat something out.

“…….”

“Gurrrr.”

"jewel…?"

It was a sparkling jewel that Honey loved so much, but it didn't seem like a coincidence that after Honey vomited out the red jewel, it returned to its original color.

“Did you make blood into jewels?”

“Crunch.”

“As expected, our son is extraordinary.”

Geo decided to turn off his nerves.

“Dad, can I draw a picture with that later?”

“Gurrrr!”

“Thank you for allowing me to drink more, I won’t say anything.”

“Crunch!”

“You thought about it too.”

Drinking the blood of a hunted animal might not have been such a strange thing. As a human, Geo would have thought, 'What the hell is that?' But honey is a bird, isn't it? It was natural for animals to have

such habits.

'I really don't care as long as I can get back to how I was.'

Even though he was a child born of paint, it was not the parent's job to suppress his animal instincts. As long as he drank some deer blood, he wouldn't die.

“I’m going to cut open your stomach soon, so be careful not to spill your intestines.”

“Cur.”

“Okay, let’s see….”

Geo focused his nerves on the tips of his fingers and felt the deer's belly.

“I heard that this kind of thing is easier to split if you start from the anus.”

It was quite a cruel story for a living creature to start cutting from the anus, but that's how the food chain works.

“Shut up.”

Although the knife had never been sharpened, it was so sharp that it easily split the pear.

When the abdomen of the deer hanging upside down was cut open and its internal organs were revealed, Geo witnessed something strange.

“……?”

Why are there jewels here too?

'It seems much bigger than the jewel that Honey spat out.'

In terms of location, it was around the heart.

“…Isn’t that a little funny…?”

A jewel heart, common sense was being destroyed.

“How did they purify and create blood with something like this?”

“Gurrrr.”

“Come down and I’ll make sure your dad is safe later.”

Anyway, Honey, who couldn't stand anything shiny, made a fuss, but Geo shook his head. No matter what, it felt too strange to give the beast's intestines.

“Let’s just dismantle it.”

Geo cut open the stomach from the anus to the ribs. This was the first time he had done this kind of dissection, but fortunately, no unfortunate incident occurred where the internal organs were ruptured.

“The blood needs to drain properly.”

“Huh?”

“If you don’t drain the blood in time, the blood will seep into the flesh. Then, the flesh itself will easily deteriorate, and it will become too tender… If possible, you should drain the blood right after slaughtering the animal.”

The remaining internal organs were carefully taken out so as not to burst.

“If it explodes, it will be a disaster.”

You will see hell.

The leather should start from the hind legs, which are easy to reach.

“I’m not sure if I can use the leather, there’s too much fat.”

“Honeyy ...

“It needs to be dry enough to be made into something with leather, but it’s still pretty fluffy, so if you make it into a cloak, it’ll be useful when you get back to reality.”

“Kkuk.”

“I can’t keep relying on you.”

The day before the tour, Honey helped Geo, who was thinking about drawing a picture because he didn't have any winter clothes. Just holding Honey warmed up his whole body, so he didn't need any separate winter clothes.

But that couldn't happen every time.

“I guess I’ll have to trim the leather.”

Anyway, it was a good thing that quite a bit of fat was coming out.

“The meaty flavor is pretty good. The fat also has a savory smell. Don’t throw away this fat, but refine it and save it so that you can use it later when you make a stir-fry. The flavor will be doubled.”

“…….”

“Eating fat as it is isn’t as tasty as you think.”

Geo's heart warmed at the sight of Honey staring intently at the province.

It's like looking at a mirror or an album. This is family. It was clear that Honey was a big eater, just like me.

“Are you thinking of gaining more weight while you’re eating?”

“Kung.”

“If you don’t like it, then don’t say anything.”

The thick hide was cut off. I slowly peeled off the deer's fur while checking the deer's muscle fibers. Fortunately, the hide was not that hard compared to the abundance of fur, so I was able to work without much difficulty.

“Starting from the hind legs… to the torso….”

The hind legs, where the bones are directly connected without flesh, were stripped of their hide starting from the ankle bone area in humans. Next came the torso, forelegs, and then the skin was completely removed along with the deer head.

Surprisingly, the leather was quite intact thanks to the separation without any mistakes.

“Let’s separate the fat.”

“Gulp.”

“…Just have a taste.”

Geo gave permission for Honey, who coveted the fat, to taste it, and Honey, who tasted the fat with her father's permission, writhe in pain.

“I told you it won’t taste good right now.”

“Ku, ku… kururu….”

“Trust me, Dad. I know damn well that food is tasteless.”

“Kurururururur….”

“Is it worth crying?”

Honey was shocked by the tastelessness of the fat compared to the exquisite aroma and cried in sorrow. Geo put Honey, who was unable to recover from the shock of the monster, into the hood of his cloak.

“Now we need to start dismantling in earnest.”

Now that the entrails, skin, and fat were all removed, it was time to remove the meat.

'The scent is definitely as good as the system described.'

They say that wild animal meat is tough and has a gamey smell, but this didn't look like that at all.

Since Geo enjoyed cooking quite a bit, he knew very well what raw meat smelled like. No matter how well-raised the veal was, it had a peculiar, fishy smell.

But this deer didn't have that unpleasant smell.

“…It smells a bit like nuts.”

Strictly speaking, the scent was closer to walnuts than peanuts.

“That’s funny.”

This was the first time I smelled this kind of scent from meat, so I was a little taken aback, but it wasn't a strange feeling like mint-flavored potato chips. Rather, the scent was quite harmonious, so I felt a different kind of pleasure.

“It’s definitely a different world.”

“Crunch?”

Even though they appear to be similar ingredients, they differ slightly in flavor and taste from those on Earth.

“Actually, it’s a bit of a shame that the heart is such a jewel. The heart of a freshly slaughtered animal is a pretty good ingredient for cooking, so I was thinking of roasting it… but I think it might be a bit questionable to eat it in this condition.”

“Gurrrr.”

“Yeah, I don’t know, but you can eat it. Dad will cook it for you.”

It won't taste good in this state.

“…But there’s quite a bit more than I expected….”

Remove the soft flesh buried deep inside the back, the old man. Dismantle the legs and peel off the hard flesh.

"hmm."

This part seemed like it needed to be cooked slowly. The meat on the upper leg was soft enough to eat.

Besides that, if you remove all the ribs and sirloin… .

“Taran.”

“…….”

“A mountain of meat has formed.”

“Kung.”

“Are there a lot of sheep?”

“Cur.”

“I see.”

It wasn't for nothing that the system told us to dry processed meat in the sun. With so much meat in such quantities, it seemed best to store

most of it by salting or drying it.

“It won’t spoil if you put it in the ice storage… but I think it’s better to make it if you can.”

First of all, beef jerky and sausage came to mind.

“Should I have the jerky first?”

Sausages take much longer, you know.

“Let’s get rid of some of the blood first.”

“Gulp?”

“Even if you hang it upside down and drain the blood, not all of it will come out. It wasn’t hung up for that long, so to properly remove the odor, you need to soak it in water and drain the remaining blood.”

Geo soon came out of the cabin carrying a large basin.

“Honey, put the meat in.”

“Crunch!”

Honey, who was held hostage with a delicious jewel heart, was a good worker.

The two of them put the meat for jerky in a large basin and poured plenty of water from the stream that flowed leisurely around the cabin. The streams scattered here and there in the forest were very useful even in normal times.

“If it was made on Earth, I would have put some Cheongju in it too….”

There was no problem because there was only wine as alcohol and the meat itself had almost no gamey smell.

“I should make some seasoning before the blood runs out.”

“Crunch?”

“The crops in the garden have all grown, so shouldn’t we make use of them now?”

After washing his hands that were stained with the deer's blood, Geo picked some crops from the monster field and returned to the cabin. Fortunately, the monster field did not get angry at Geo for taking some of the crops.

“It’s clear that you know who your father is. It was worth raising you with sunlight and water.”

Geo, standing in the kitchen, took some powders off the shelf.

“And let’s use some Cheongdo.”

I took out the dried goji berries that I had kept in the corner of the kitchen. I had saved them before giving them to Yoo Seong-un.

“You have to add something like this to make it sweeter.”

“Kururu….”

“It may seem strange, but it’s surprisingly delicious.”

The sweet and salty taste was an unchanging truth wherever you went.

Geo checked the materials.

“Raw onions. Since there’s a lot of meat, about 10… The garlic and ginger powder are already here. I’ll add some sugar as well. I think it’ll be fine if I add a little bit of dried pollack….”

Making jerky wasn't that difficult.

Finely chop the cleaned onions and make them into a paste, then mix

in various powders that are spicy and pungent and remove the strong smell. Add a little bit of cilantro to add sweetness and a little bit of sugar to remove the rough taste, and the jerky seasoning is complete.

“I think the blood is slowly draining.”

After I put the seasoning on a plate and washed the cutting board and knife, quite some time had passed.

Geo left the cabin, looking at the sky between the leaves that was already starting to get dark. Honey, who shined like soft moonlight at night, helped him not to stumble in the darkness.

“Ah… I think this is about right.”

“Gurrrr?”

“This is just water with blood in it. I’ll give you something else later.”

Geo returned to the kitchen after placing the moist meat on a plate.

“I should hurry up and go to sleep too.”

The rest was now simple.

Lightly shake off the moisture from the meat, and when it feels dry enough, season it thoroughly with the previously prepared seasoning sauce. After letting the seasoning soak deep into the meat, Geo washed his hands.

“It’s over….”

“…….”

“…Honey, why do you keep coveting my guts?”

Even though he was my son, his tastes were incomprehensible.

In the end, the deer's intestines were deliciously shared by Honey and

her waterfowl friends. There was something mysterious and bizarre about the golden waterfowl lake with bloody intestines floating around.

“Oh, except for this.”

“Kung.”

“I’m going to make sausages.”

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (38)

Episode 38

When Geo, who had successfully completed the jerky content, fell asleep.

The world outside the frame was busy with work hours.

“That’s why you called me.”

“Hey kid, let’s talk, why do you have such a scary face?”

“If you think that I am only in charge of ‘Portrait of Geo’, you are very mistaken….”

“I’ll give you an incentive.”

“Fucking capitalist society.”

Yoo Seong-un was summoned by the guild leader.

“Didn’t I tell you that I would organize the report and upload it soon?”

“How can I wait until then?”

“Why can’t I wait for this?”

“I know.”

“I don’t know.”

“You have to look a person in the face and talk to him.”

“What an extreme insult to our highly developed modern society.”

“The world these days is so heartless. Our employees are even more so.”

“I don’t know what kind of affection this shitty world expects, and I don’t know why you ask that of me.”

“Everyone is so immersed.”

“You’re saying something that doesn’t make sense, even though it’s your taste.”

Bisabal smiled brightly and poured some fruit juice for Yoo Seong-un, who had a very tired face.

“Would you like to drink some to cheer yourself up?”

“Is it poison?”

“Oh my, this is a gift from our precious portrait master, but it’s poison?”

“Please give me some poison. I’ll take it and lie down….”

No matter how gentle 'Portrait of Geo' was, it was the original existence, and if we look at it simply, it was a monster. It was difficult enough to deal with a precious humanoid monster, but that was not the only task assigned to Yoo Seong-un.

“I heard that the sea has been very noisy lately, so I was called out again.”

Yoo Seong-un was also taking on external requests.

“I looked into it and the movements of the children of the origin were strange. I will submit a report on that part soon. Probably tomorrow or the day after….”

“You can report that later. It wasn’t my request either.”

“Are you stupid?”

“So, can you tell me about Geo now?”

“I knew this would happen.”

By the way, Visabal hasn't been able to talk to Geo yet.

“Since you act so burdensome, isn’t that why Geo avoids talking to you?”

“No, what did I do?”

“There are many employees who have seen the black cloak, but the guild leader has never spoken to them even once. This is dereliction of duty.”

“I told you I was trying to talk?”

“I meant to suggest that we change our approach a bit.”

It was a problem related to Geo's characteristics.

“Doesn’t Geo hate rude people?”

“I don’t hate you.”

“That’s true, but….”

There are two things I dislike about 'Portrait of Geo'.

Rude, mean, or rude.

‘… but even though I dislike rude people, I don’t view them in a completely negative light.’

Aren't there people who like dogs and cats but hate reptiles?

That's roughly how Geo disliked rude people. He didn't disparage their existence, but he didn't enjoy dealing with them.

“That kind of indifferent side is quite similar to the child of the origin.”

“I guess so. Even if they claim to be human, they can’t be like humans in every way. They might be trying hard to ignore the fact that they’re not human….”

Actually, Geo just didn't have any thoughts about it.

“Well, I guess criminals don’t have that kind of indifference.”

While he would think, "That could happen," when faced with rude opponents, Geo showed clear disgust when faced with malice. Although he had never actually encountered a criminal, this was something that could already be known from his usual words and actions.

“Either way, you have to be careful. Guild leader, you have to be careful too.”

“I will try to control myself.”

“I guess I’ll just keep saying this. Anyway, so….”

The reason why Bisabal called Yoo Seong-un was obvious.

“Are you curious about what Geo looked like while touring Seoul?”

“Of course I’m curious. A being of unknown origin roamed the human world. And it even returned safely without causing any major trouble?”

"you're right."

Of course, there was one uncomfortable fact.

“Has one of the priests of the sun gone missing?”

“Hey, that’s about it. When I looked into it, it didn’t look that clean.”

“So it seems like they are keeping quiet internally as well.”

“Since the induction ceremony is coming up soon, I guess you don’t want to make it public anymore.”

“…It seems like Geo may have had something to do with the missing person case.”

A hunter who is good enough to be a curator must have more than ordinary observation and memory skills. Yoo Seong-un remembers a man in scholar's clothing he encountered at Gyeongbokgung Palace, and the priest who went missing this time was that man.

“That day, Geo made a hand gesture in the shape of a camera and looked at the man.”

“If we consider the camera as a portrait of Geo, wouldn’t it be closer to a picture frame?”

“That could be true. Anyway, after I made eye contact with the man, I suggested that we leave Gyeongbokgung Palace, but he didn’t seem to be in a very good mood.”

“Are you feeling bad because you met a bad person who doesn’t suit your taste?”

“I think that is highly likely.”

“Geo, you’re so good at empathizing with people. That’s good information.”

When confirmed with Bisabal’s information power, he was already a priest with a dirty back. Yoo Seong-un trusted Bisabal, and the two of them did not even consider the possibility that the priest Geo dealt with was not a villain.

“But the fact that he handled it quietly shows how much understanding Geo has of human society. He probably didn’t want it to become a fuss.”

No. It was just Honey's independent action while Geo was sleeping. It's not that Honey didn't want to cause a commotion, but rather, she sensed the threat to her father, dealt with it, and then went back.

However, Geo didn't seem to be that thoughtless. Rather, he seemed like a quiet person because he knew a lot, and the two continued their conversation under the assumption that Geo already knew all of this.

“In this case, I wonder what would happen if I confronted the criminal head-on.”

“Why are you curious about something like that? Don’t be so curious.”

“It’s a buried car.”

“…….”

Do you want to be like that at that age?

'I shouldn't grow old like that.'

Yoo Seong-un ignored Bisabal, who pretended to be pitiful.

“The most surprising thing about this tour and observation is that Geo lowered himself to the level of a human.”

“…Lower your level?”

Visabal looked surprised for the first time in a long time.

“Geo? Are you saying that you have lowered yourself to the level of a human?”

“Yes, it’s amazing.”

“Before it was surprising….”

Visabal considered his words for a moment. He soon found the right words.

“It’s gross.”

As expected, Geo wasn't human.

“You dig up my flesh so nonchalantly.”

“I was also shocked when I first saw it. If Geo were human, he would never have made such a judgment.”

“I can’t sympathize even more if it’s just to avoid causing a fuss.”

Although Bisabal had never talked to Geo, he had 'seen' him many times. The level of Geo that Bisabal knew was incomparable to that of a mere human.

“But the fact that you brought yourself down to the point where you felt like a human being….”

It was no different from torture, like being torn to pieces alive.

“Do you look healthy?”

“There was nothing unusual that I could see, and he had the same blank expression as usual.”

"okay."

Geoya was originally human, so the feeling wasn't strange. However, to other people, it was an act of more eccentricity than gouging out one's own eyes, cutting off one's limbs, and taking out one's internal organs.

“Was there anything else unusual?”

"uh…."

Yoo Seong-un chose a light topic.

“I heard you like to eat.”

“Why do you keep giving me food as gifts?”

“You seemed interested in both eating and cooking.”

So there was something I was worried about.

“I was afraid I might get caught if I wasn’t careful.”

“Oh my.”

That was a bit of a problem.

“I told you I already told you about that part, right?”

“I don’t know if you understood.”

“Rather, the presence of benevolent sources is much more difficult to deal with.”

If it were a normal monster, it could be dealt with normally, but since it requires constant interaction between the two, there were more things to worry about. It was like protecting was more difficult than attacking.

“Still, it’s fortunate that the will to cooperate seems strong.”

“I guess he’s a good guy after all….”

Geo was definitely a nice guy, except for the creepiness of the situation.

“It’s a threat just by existing.”

“Until then, there’s nothing we can do about it, right?”

“I know, I know.”

But regardless of Geo's sincerity, constant vigilance seemed necessary.

"…ah."

“What else is there?”

“It’s a story about Geo’s personality.”

“Personality is already interesting.”

“Geo, who had lowered his level, really looked human.”

This one needed a little explanation.

“It was to the point where he seemed like a completely different being from the usual Geo.”

“If that’s the case, then it’s not just a matter of high or low status, right?”

“It has been confirmed that it also has some effect on personality.”

“Is this a side effect of lowering the level?”

“Isn’t that more likely? It’s better for us since this is more harmless, but….”

There was something eerie about Geo, who was often seen wandering around the building at dawn, or in the paintings. He was almost like a grim reaper.

'No, it would be closer to death itself, without will or emotion.'

He wears a pitch-black cloak, his footsteps are barely audible, he always carries his luggage on his back, and he walks neatly like a

nobleman, looking at the world with curious eyes. Nevertheless, his expressionless, gloomy face has a coldness to it.

That low temperature didn't mean that Geo's personality was cold. It just seemed to say that his very existence couldn't contain warmth.

“Geo, who did not lower his status, was very polite, neat, and serious. Even among those who did not necessarily talk to Geo and only saw his portrait, many commented that it looked like he was painting someone’s deathbed.”

Geo felt like a being that embodied a funeral.

And that farawayness.

“You can never call him human.”

“But is it really something that should be discussed to the extent of personality change?”

“We have confirmed that it definitely has an impact.”

Geo, who had lowered his class, seemed like a really ordinary person.

“A person who is a bit blunt and polite.”

But the usual Geo was different.

“A little more arrogant.”

“Hmm?”

“No, the word arrogant sounds a bit weird… how should I put it….”

It's difficult to express.

“…as if he were a high person….”

Geo looked down at the humans.

As someone who has a hobby of keeping insects might see the curious ants carrying loads, or find them cute.

“In fact, Geo gave gifts to people several times. It was a concept of compensation, but it was clearly in the form of a sergeant. He said he was an ordinary 29-year-old human being, but he evaluated and praised employees who were much older than him.”

The scribe asked him.

“But Geo, who lowered his level, was different?”

“Yes, he really seemed like an ordinary young man back then.”

The 'Geo' confirmed by Yoo Seong-un was a 29-year-old man of good manners and few words.

“That’s a bit too much… There were times when I was overly curious, or when I tried to pay the price with bail….”

“He’s not a real human, so there’s nothing he can do about his unique characteristics. But despite that, I find it really amazing that he behaves like a normal young man.”

“He said he took separate measures, so that must have had an impact.”

There were also some concerns.

“I normally wouldn’t think of doing anything because of his high status, but since he looks like an ordinary 29-year-old young man, I was suspicious that he might have fallen for some strange scam.”

“…Is that about it? But I also have emotional skills….”

“When he was transformed into a human, not only was his personality much more gentle, but his abilities also seemed to be limited. Even his emotional skills could only be confirmed by making hand gestures in

the form of a frame.”

And one more thing.

“The longer I was out, the weaker I became.”

It was just that he had been exposed to modern society for the first time in a long time and had lost some of his energy, but as a meteor who cared deeply about each and every one of Geo's conditions, he had no choice but to give it a wider range of meanings.

“I’m worried that other people might touch it.”

“That would definitely be a problem.”

“Right?”

“Geo too, but that’s….”

The visage brushed my chin.

“Lowering the level doesn’t change the essence.”

Let's say we compress one of two large pieces of metal into a very small size.

If that were the case, one side would obviously be bigger and the other smaller, but the weight would be the same. In fact, because it was smaller, it would be easier to hurt humans.

A similar example is a bomb. Even if you make a bomb into a small and cute shape, it will still explode the moment you light it. In fact, the more compressed it is, the more violent the explosion may be.

“It’s just a guess since there’s no exact analysis… but Geo thinks of himself as a human, so if you poke at his true nature, the backlash will be much greater. There’s no need to cause such a disaster.”

“I think so too.”

“What if the entire nation didn’t agree to commit suicide together?”

So, when Geo became a 'human', it seemed that he needed certain protection.

“I guess I’ll have to get a hunter’s license.”

“If only that were there, there would definitely be less trouble.”

In this world, hunters were a kind of powerful people and celebrities. When a dispute arose, most conflicts were resolved simply by showing the hunter ID. This was because the association thoroughly prevented fights between hunters.

“And one more thing.”

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking.

“This is also a personality issue.”

“What other problems could there be here?”

“When he was human, Geo could be defined as a 29-year-old young man named ‘Sergio’. Right?”

But I definitely witnessed the meteor shower.

“When Geo stepped into Cheonggyecheon….”

“…….”

“And when I took the water taxi.”

A change has occurred in Geo.

“I was looking at the water as if I was looking at someone else.”

Those eyes did not belong to Geo, a blunt and reserved 29-year-old youth.

Rather, he seemed to have more experience, had more distinct emotions, and had a clear sense of distance, but he was not cold, but rather gentle like a beloved model student. There was even a light and cheerful part to his smile that was engraved in his mind like a cool sea breeze.

In many ways, it was different from the previous 'Sergio' or 'Portrait'.

“There was also a change in appearance. The hair turned white and the eyes became watery.”

“Oh, that’s pretty similar to the meteor curator, isn’t it?”

“It felt a little different for me. It’s true that we’re in a similar category, but….”

The color was much warmer.

Like the summer sun, or the surface of the sea.

“…….”

It wasn't certain.

“Let’s find out more.”

“Let’s do that.”

I knew too little about Geo.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (39)

Episode 39

The last piece of jerky hung in the yard.

“…….”

Geo clapped his hands.

“There is no separate meat field.”

“Gulp.”

“This dad agrees, it’s a beautiful sight.”

However, not all meat was made into jerky. Some raw meat was kept in the ice storage, believing that the forest would not spoil the ingredients, and… .

“We should either make the leftover meat into sausages or store it.”

The system said that 'processed meat dried in the sun' would be effective. So, I first marinated the minced meat and spread it like dried fish, but I intentionally used only the soft parts so that it would be easy to eat later.

It was time to deal with the leftover meat from making jerky.

“I intentionally separated the intestines and stomach to remove any unpleasant odor, so you can start using it soon.”

They didn't give all the deer's entrails to the waterfowl. They left out the long, rope-like intestines and the stomach, which was clearly full of traces of having eaten a lot.

Since you've removed all the smelly stuff and soaked apples, lemons, and onions in water, you won't have any more headaches from weird smells.

“As far as I know, there was plenty of meat left.”

“Gurrrr.”

“I’m still not very good at slaughtering… There’s a lot of broken pieces of meat, so I think it’ll be suitable for making sausages.”

It wouldn't be bad to use it for national defense, but if the system wanted to increase the effectiveness of the tree antler deer, didn't it tell you to produce it in the form of 'processed meat dried in the sun'?

It seemed more effective to roll up the meat into sausages and spread them out than to dry the pieces individually. It's also a great way to store scrap meat.

“Let’s make soup with the remaining bones and meat later.”

“Gurrrr!”

I thought it might be okay to make the bone broth in advance.

“Then the important question now is how to season it.”

Honey was delighted.

"honey."

"pig?"

“Cur.”

"okay."

I felt like I had finally accepted my own identity.

“Since I’m here, I’d like to try some different spices….”

Even a cursory glance would tell that this forest of cabins was quite large.

The places Geo went to were always the same, and there were many places and fruits he had yet to see.

“Shall we go exploring for the first time in a while?”

“Knock knock knock.”

“Of course I’ll take you.”

When I recalled the sight of them eating deer entrails in a combative manner, I felt very sturdy.

'The animals of this forest may be friendly to me, but... there's no rule that says animals from other dimensions should be friendly. I'm scared, so I have to take Honey with me.'

Yes, Geo was nervous.

“No matter how much I think about it, the invasive species were severe.”

“Ugh…?”

“If a deer with metal horns and hooves were to run wild, I would be confident I would die in 10 seconds.”

“Kungkung….”

“Protect your weak father.”

So now where do you go to find some spices?

“Once you start moving your body, won’t you start to find things you want to do?”

Geo, who had come to a clear conclusion, took out his cloak and put it on. Even though he wore it whenever he felt like going out for a little distance, the cloak was still neat.

'I'll have to upgrade this later too.'

I think I've thought about it more than 50 times already. Usually, people don't touch it.

“…….”

“Curr….”

“I will do it someday.”

As usual, Geo, who also brought a basket, set his top priority.

“I wish I could find some new spices or sauces. There must be some unique ingredients that can only be found in this fantasy world. Like lulupus or goby berries….”

For example, things like pepper, salt, and sugar.

“There is a limit to living in a shack.”

The basic food and spices in the cabin cupboard or storeroom are fully stocked, but it is not known how long they will last, and they may be automatically replenished when they are used up.

“It’s better to prepare in advance rather than drawing everything one by one later and having the hassle of doing it.”

“Gurr.”

“Especially things like salt are essential for survival….”

The water in the lake was salty, so if we evaporated it somehow, salt might come out.

'I haven't tried it yet, but I don't think it's impossible.'

Suddenly Geo muttered.

“It seems like it would be okay if a cow or a chicken fell somewhere.”

He even wished for livestock.

“Then you can get milk and eggs anytime.”

“Gurrrr?”

“You… weren’t you a male?”

I thought it was a male, but I have no evidence to support this. Can it lay eggs?

“Was it a daughter or a son?”

“Kung.”

“Oh, that’s not it.”

“Kung-kung.”

"…oh…."

I guess it seems like there is no gender.

“That’s amazing.”

Indeed, looking at the lake birds that divide their eggs like amoebas and are called water birds, there does not seem to be any particular need for a process such as mating.

Geo nodded.

“I don’t want to bother thinking about it too deeply, so let’s just say he’s my son. Do you agree?”

“Kuruk.”

“Okay.”

Geo was momentarily scared by his limitless powers, but then realized that all he could do with them was make baked potatoes and he relaxed again.

“There’s no way a harmless person like me could be a creature that poses a threat to world peace.”

“…….”

“Just be positive, honey. Your dad is a harmless creature.”

Honey did not give her approval until the end.

“Be firm.”

It was a honey that could say that it wasn't not.

The forest cabin was very cool. A cool breeze blew when they entered the shade, and when they were in the sun, the warm air enveloped them like a blanket spread out in spring.

There was a pleasant elegance to wandering around without any particular purpose, like going on a picnic.

"ah."

Geo, who had been going on a blind path like that, finally reaped a decent harvest.

“I think this is edible.”

“Gulp.”

“Right? The scent is unique too….”

It was a plant with a structure in which small, transparent, tetrahedral fruits hung in clusters like bell flowers.

Milky Way Mary

A flower characterized by transparent fruit and black stems. It was named 'Mary the Milky Way' after the first discoverer, Mary, and its unique appearance. Each plant produces 11 fruits. It is slightly toxic when eaten raw, but when dried and hardened, it can be used as a spice with a spicy and spicy flavor.

“…….”

Who discovered it first?

'There was a first discoverer named Mary?'

This was information that greatly expanded my worldview. Doesn't it mean that the plants and even animals that grow here might exist in another dimension?

“It wasn’t an ecosystem created solely by my imagination.”

“Crunch?”

“No, I don’t feel bad.”

The only thing that was a bit funny was the strangely broad worldview setting.

“Oh, God of Heaven and Earth.”

Where on earth did I fall?

“Life is a roller coaster after all.”

Method of preparation: If you soak it in the sap of the common tree, the toxicity will be neutralized and drying will stop. If you store it in canned form and grind it with the wings of a forest butterfly and make it into small pills, it will be a good fatigue recovery agent. Store it in a dark place where sunlight does not reach.

The system also taught him the recipe, but he wasn't very interested. Geo only focused on the taste and aroma.

“So it’s called pepper?”

I didn't see any signs of fatigue recovery or anything like that.

Geo, glad to find spices after a long time, quickly picked the fruit of the 'Milky Way Mary'. Since the fruit was already fully ripe, it fell off as soon as he hit it.

“I must remember that.”

Geo muttered, stretching his back as he gathered more than a handful of berries.

“I guess this is the Milky Way galaxy.”

The flower garden, full of small, transparent fruits, was too beautiful to be seen alone. Perhaps because the forest was so dark, the transparency of the fruits stood out even more, so much so that it looked like the Milky Way.

“It would be even prettier if you saw it at night.”

“Gurrrr….”

“Anyway, the pepper has been taken care of.”

Sniff sniff, I tried to smell it, but now there was no smell.

“…Is it a structure that gives off a scent when dried?”

Like the goji berry.

'What kind of spiciness is it?'

It was said to have a spicy and tangy scent, but I couldn't tell exactly what it was.

“It might not be pepper, but more like a small, hot chili pepper.”

“Gurr?”

“Or maybe it’s similar to the prickly ash berry? But prickly ash is more on the tingly side than spicy… I guess I’ll have to dry it myself to find out what kind of dishes it can be used in.”

The small fruit sparkled like transparent beads, but it felt fragile and rustling, as if it were made of thin plastic. Inside, it felt like there was firm flesh rather than a rind… but it seemed like it could be easily crushed.

“If you dry this, it will become hard.”

It was a strange plant that seemed to come out of a fairy tale. It even looked like it came from a fairy tale.

“I should try it sometime when I grill meat.”

Geo felt the worth of life and held the basket in his arms.

In the past, pepper was treated almost like gold on Earth, and that was exactly how Geo felt right now.

“Are there any other spices?”

“Kur?”

“No matter what, it’s too boring to just make it with pepper.”

“Kkuk.”

“Let’s go in a little further.”

Sausages can be made in a variety of ways.

“First of all, meat and fat are the basic preparations.”

This part was already prepared by dividing it into parts. To prevent it from spoiling, I placed it in a cool warehouse and covered it with a large cloth. When all the other preparations were gathered, I planned to start working on the minced meat.

The meat I slaughtered this time didn't have any gamey smell, but I needed other spices to enhance the flavor. It wasn't fun to just make sausages with salt, pepper, and meat.

“Any sausage should have a deep aroma and flavor.”

Luckily, we have already found 'Milky Way Mary' who can do both chili and pepper.

“But this alone is not enough.”

The fun part about making sausages is that the taste and aroma can change dramatically depending on what herbs and spices you add to the filling.

Even just the Milky Way Mary, which is supposedly a mixture of chili peppers and peppers, would make a decent sausage… .

“Let’s keep going for now.”

“Gurrrr.”

“You have to let us know if a dangerous animal jumps out.”

Geo, who could be called Honey's father, instinctively knew that this round water bird was not weak at all. Although Honey was small and precious, she was acting as a strong bodyguard.

Geo continued talking as they walked through the forest.

“There are important conditions for making delicious salted meat.”

First, adjust the amount of salt according to the storage period and climate.

“It may sound like useless talk in a forest like this where the food itself doesn’t rot….”

“Huh?”

“If there is too much salt in the salted meat, it can be stored for a long time, but it becomes difficult to use in cooking. However, if there is too little salt, the salting itself will not proceed properly and the meat will spoil.”

“Kung kung kung….”

“Yeah, it’s a hassle.”

And that's the funny thing. All the tricky recipes in the world had a fatal charm that stimulated Geo's spirit of challenge.

“The temperature in this forest is moderately mild, but I think it’s great because you don’t have to worry about the meat spoiling as long as it’s salted well. I don’t like overly salty jerky or sausages anyway.”

“Gulp….”

“If it’s too salty, you can’t eat much. You’ll get full quickly.”

“Kkuk.”

“I thought you would agree with me.”

The rich confirmed their trust in each other.

“And second. Dry it for its intended use.”

“Hmm?”

The reaction was something along the lines of, 'Is there a use for salted meat?'

“Not all sausages are the same.”

I was really happy because I didn't have to worry about anything alone since I had a son by my side. That's why people need friends.

“It’s natural that the meat becomes tougher the longer it’s dried, so there are many different types.”

“Kururu….”

“Of course you’ll eat anything, but think about the people’s position too.”

There are more types of cooking in the world than there are people.

“There are sausages that you eat while they are still fresh, and there are sausages that you cook and eat after they are completely hardened.”

The former is mainly eaten boiled or grilled, while the latter is eaten boiled like a raw sausage or steamed.

“If you heat up a raw sausage, the juices will overflow, but a completely dried sausage won’t. No one wants to chew on a hard sausage, so they try to fill in the moisture that’s lacking in it somehow… I think that’s what it’s like.”

And thirdly.

“This is the most important thing. Taste and aroma.”

“Gurrrr.”

Honey agreed vehemently.

“You look like a gourmet.”

In fact, I think 99.9% of the conditions for a great sausage are based on this.

“This dad doesn’t like things that don’t taste good.”

“Ugh.”

This time, Honey agreed vehemently.

“So, since I’m making it, I want to make it well this time too.”

Depending on the type of sausage, the form of the ingredients that go in also slightly differs.

“There are endless ways to make sausage. If you want a mild meat, just add a little salt and a little spice to remove the gamey smell. If you want a spicy side dish, add some spices that will give it a spicy flavor and make your tongue tingle.”

“Ugh….”

“If you want to experience a wider variety of flavors, you can add vegetables as well as spices. Of course, that’s a bit difficult if the vegetables produce too much water… In my experience, if you salt them and drain them before adding them, it’s good because it prevents water or mold from forming inside the sausage.”

Geo rolled his eyes and imagined the sausage he would make.

“I’m starting to want to eat something spicy, so I’d like to find some spices or vegetables that can warm my tongue. When making sausages like that, if you add some ingredients that give it a slightly bitter taste, the flavor will be richer. Of course, if you add too much, you’ll end up with a weird meal….”

Geo's self-esteem was too high to be anxious about such things.

“There’s no way I, with the soul of an accomplished artist, would make such a mistake. Just trust me.”

“Gulp?”

“…Are you worried that spicy food might not suit your taste? Well, it might be too spicy for a bird.”

Geo nodded.

“Then I guess I’ll have to make a mild sausage too. The same goes for making sausages. If you want to make it taste richer, you can add ingredients that have a mild, fragrant flavor. Things like herbs with a mild flavor would be good.”

“…….”

“But I still want to eat something spicy. How about making one spicy one and one really salty sausage? It would be nice to have some ingredients that go well with spices like Milky Way Mary or ginger.”

“…….”

Geo nodded confidently at Honey's bright gaze that said, 'Can you really do that?'

“There’s nothing this dad can’t do.”

Geo was confident that he would do anything to eat something delicious.

Then something nice caught his eye.

Crying hem

The unrefined weeping buds are dark blue-green in color and have a spicy taste and aroma. Their toxicity can be removed by washing them in water mixed with sugar and sap from the Chinese juniper tree.

“That’s a perfect explanation.”

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (40)

Episode 40

'Spicy taste and aroma.'

It couldn't be anything other than what Geo was looking for.

“…….”

Of course, there was more to the explanation of the crying hem.

… a herb that grows like a concave bell, and when dried in the sun for more than a month, it turns pink and its leaves become plump. The pink weeping buds that have been purified in this way have a sweetness that is strong enough to tear your tongue. The rurufu petals pickled in its essence are very helpful in the recovery of the optic nerve.

Method of preparation: Dry the weeping leaves in the sun for more than a month. When they are dark pink and the leaves are about 3cm thick, it is the right time. Squeeze the sap from the leaves that have absorbed moisture from the air and become plump. This is an excellent painkiller, and if you put the petals of the lulupu in it and store it in a cool place, you can make a medicine that is good for optic nerve recovery within 3 days.

“…….”

But it was too long.

I just passed it over.

'I need spices, not medicine.'

What he eventually noticed was only the 'spicy taste and aroma' part. He was talking about recovering the optic nerve and was just saying that he wanted to eat the sausage deliciously, so he didn't need medicine.

“Does it look like a morning glory?”

Although not exactly the same, it was quite similar in form, with leaves that fluttered like lace and a vine that wrapped around trees. However, the leaves were much larger than those of the trumpet vine… .

“It’s almost as big as my hand.”

“Gurrrr?”

“Yeah, it’s pretty big.”

Even though Geo's hands were not small, the size of his tears was just enough to overflow his hands.

“It’s also unusual that the vines are a deep white color.”

The leaves, called 'weeping leaves', boasted a gradation of green that became darker towards the tip. The vines connected to the leaves were an opaque white, which would really stand out when seen in the evening.

"anyway…."

Got the pepper.

'I should try making red pepper powder with this.'

I really liked it.

“Let me check the condition.”

I tore open the hem of the tear and sniffed it, and indeed, the savory and spicy scent was exquisite.

It wasn't exactly the same as the peppers on Earth, but it was similar, and it had a strangely soft flavor that I thought would go well with the nutty flavor of this meat. The complex flavor seemed to be confusing.

'Is it a scent with a bit of chili pepper and mala? It also has a soft, sweet scent similar to pandan leaves. Since the meat smells like walnuts or hazelnuts, if I cook it well, I can make a tantanmyeon-flavored sausage in no time.'

Geo muttered after thinking that far.

"but…."

There was a problem.

“I think this will become burdensome if I use it too much.”

As a person who eats everything well, I would have liked the pepper flavor to be strong, but the flavors of mara, star anise, and pandan leaves were a little strong.

Even if you just pass over the sweet and sour taste of the pandan leaves, which are only fleeting, star anise,

“This is a bit too strong.”

“Gurrrr….”

“…….”

It was even more so when I tore it into small pieces and put it in my mouth.

“Yeah, it’s so strong.”

The scent was so strong that it went beyond my nose and pierced my brain.

“Assassination?”

Technically it could be considered suicide, but it was an extremely strong scent.

Star anise is a spice mainly used to remove the off-flavor of pork, and is characterized by a savory yet somewhat bittersweet aroma.

The problem was that the 'sweet' part combined with the mysterious sweetness of the pandan leaves gave it an overly heavy feel.

“I guess I shouldn’t use this too much.”

I saw the explanation earlier that this guy can be completely addicted if you do something about it, and seeing the strange sweet smell mixed in here and there, I vaguely understood. If you do something well, it could become that addictive.

“But it’s not bad.”

“Curr….”

“Don’t worry, honey, I won’t give it to you to eat raw.”

They were all going to end up in sausages anyway.

“…….”

“…….”

It was a thought that suddenly occurred to me around that time.

“…Are all the ingredients that go in medicinal herbs?”

“Kkuk.”

“What kind of sausage am I going to make?”

Anyway, if there are too many, the remaining ones will be thrown into the meteor shower.

* * *

After a long adventure.

Geo returned to the cabin and declared proudly.

“I did it.”

I found ginger.

“It’s very different from the ginger I know, but the scent and taste are similar, so let’s call it a ginger.”

“Kung-kung.”

“It’s not that I’m trying to gloss over it, it’s that they’re really similar.”

Arum

It has a light brown skin and a light pink color. The flesh is dark red. It contains a lot of starch, so it is efficient when dried into powder. It can be eaten without a separate refining process. A ginger plant characterized by a pungent aroma.

Method of preparation: If you cut it thinly and dry it, it is good for headaches. If you make it into powder and dry it in the sun, it is good for the digestive system and excellent for restoring immunity.

"right?"

“Kururu….”

After all, there isn't just one type of ginger on Earth.

“There’s something called galangal. It has a more complex aroma and milder flavor than the ginger we mostly use back home….”

“…….”

“It’s okay to say you’re bored if you’re bored.”

“Kkuk.”

“Okay, then.”

The 'Arum' that he found this time really caught Geo's eye.

The taste was quite spicy, but closer to a hot sensation than a tingling sensation. The scent was strong enough to be similar to the ginger commonly used in Korea, and if used well, it seemed like it could be used as a spicy and tangy spice.

“Taran.”

There were many other things I discovered this time.

“This is nutmeg….”

Lavender Walnut

The skin is red, the flesh is white, and the seeds are black. Mainly… .

“Teacher, am I not speaking now?”

… The part that is utilized is the seed, which can be used raw or dried. It is mainly used as a spice characterized by a soft and deep flavor. The peel and flesh can be made into medicine.

Method of preparation: The seeds can be steamed and eaten while soft after peeling off the pulp, or they can be chopped finely or dried hard and used as a spice. If the peel is dried in the sun for more than a

day, it becomes a good medicine for joints. If the pulp is squeezed and hardened, it becomes an ointment good for wound healing.

“You are a very stubborn friend.”

“Gurrrr….”

“I’m glad you agree.”

Honey seemed to admit it too.

Anyway, I found a nutmeg called Lavender Walnut. It was a popular spice on Earth because it was not too spicy, but it removed unpleasant odors and made dishes more sophisticated.

And the biggest income.

“Discovering vinegar was truly a great discovery.”

Wow, the wonders of nature!

“It’s not that it’s not, it’s really vinegar created directly by nature….”

“Kururuk?”

“I think it’s a bad habit to eat everything you see as soon as you can, my son. If you do that, you might end up eating something strange and get a stomachache, so let’s learn to control ourselves.”

“Gurrrr….”

“Yes, vinegar is not something that is naturally produced in nature.”

Life is really interesting.

“I was already thinking about making vinegar or alcohol from the goji berries.”

There are many different ingredients that can be used to make vinegar.

“You can make vinegar from grains like rice, barley, and wheat… You can make it from fruits like jujubes and peaches, flowers like lotus and roses, and even honey.”

But the method of making it took quite a bit of effort.

“That’s the way it is with all fermented foods.”

The important thing about fermentation is that if you do it wrong, it will just turn into spoiled porridge. You have to maintain the right temperature and volume and grow the right bacteria to make a proper fermented food.

And as I've thought about it several times, this place is a chef's paradise.

“Vinegar comes out of a large tree on its own.”

It was a rather unusual looking tree.

There were trees with round, bead-like bulges near the roots, and among them, there was one that was particularly hard and had a dark red color.

I smelled a sour scent, so I approached and saw vinegar slowly leaking out from the swollen pillar.

“It was an amazing sight.”

Geo had to call out to the gods once again.

candy trap tree

A tree with a round, swollen base like a candy. It is a monoecious plant, with leaves on the outside, but the fruit grows inside the swollen

trunk. If the fruit of the candy trap tree, which has a strong sweet and bitter taste, is not removed in time, it will start to rot from the inside, and depending on various conditions, this fruit mixes with the tree's sap to become vinegar, juice, or fruit wine.

Method: If you take out the fruit before fermentation and soak it in the sap of the common aloe tree, it can be used as an excellent nutritional supplement.

'I should also look for trees that produce juice or fruit wine.'

Anyway, all those miscellaneous materials.

“The time has come.”

Ready to make the sausages.

“This is true content.”

“Kung?”

“You have served your purpose with cuteness. Take a look.”

Geo washed his hands.

“I wonder what the condition of the intestines that were pickled in advance are like.”

Geo approached the basin where the deer's entrails had been stored.

Modern sausages usually use collagen casings, which would be much easier to make, but since this is a forest far from the modern world, Geo had no choice but to stick to the classic method.

“No matter how much I searched, I couldn’t find the casing in the cabin.”

“Huh?”

“Drawing the casing is a bit difficult.”

The casing was made of paint, so I felt like it would tear easily and it was just unsettling. I also thought that it would be a hassle to draw the thin, transparent casing one by one.

Honey, who was looking at the intestines, started to cry. It seemed as if she was saying that it was a different form from what she knew.

“It’s been cleaned, so it’ll be a little different from what you know. All the fat and foreign substances that filled the inside were removed, leaving only the shell, so the shape is a little different from the first one.”

The intestines pickled in sour fruit had no gamey smell.

“Is it because the meat didn’t have a musty smell to begin with?”

After checking the intestines that had been washed and deodorized, Geo lifted the basin containing the intestines. He was now planning to go down to the kitchen and start the work of chopping the meat.

“When making sausages, it’s best to use tough, flavorful cuts. Depending on your taste, deciding how much tough meat to use and what cut to mix it with is one of the joys of cooking.”

“Gurrrr….”

“You shouldn’t eat now, so should we step back a bit?”

He immediately chopped the meat.

“If this continues, everything will be taken away by pigs.”

I had to hurry and make some sausages.

“I think it would be okay to put a little more into this part.”

“Kung?”

“That way it tastes better.”

How you mince the meat also has a big impact on the texture of the sausage.

If you cut the eggs into thick pieces, they won't stick together easily, but will have a bumpy, lumpy texture. If you chop them finely, they will have a soft texture that will slowly fall apart in your mouth.

“It’s better if you mix it moderately.”

On Earth, due to issues with drying, the size of the minced meat is fixed, but here, it was a picture full of the mystery of nature. Thanks to this, Geo was able to plan a sausage with a unique texture.

Slightly coarsely chopped, or completely chopped.

'If you do it this way, the texture will be good, and since the shell will be filled in without any gaps, the appearance will also be good.'

Geo, who had minced all the meat, brought the ingredients to be mixed into the minced meat.

'Milky Way Mary', which adds the flavor of pepper and chili pepper, 'Uleum Jarak', which is in charge of a strong and stimulating taste and flavor, and 'Arum', which is definitely spicy like chili pepper and has a sharp flavor, from the ginger family.

‘Raven walnut’ gently removes fishy smell and adds a luxurious flavor, and ‘sugar trap tree vinegar’ with a sweet and sour taste adds variation to the taste… .

“…….”

I'm excited.

“Good.”

I couldn't contain this excitement.

“Who can have this experience?”

Mysterious ingredients from deep, quiet forests where no human being can be found. An experience of cooking with ingredients that have a flavor you’ve never imagined, while taking in the refreshing phytoncide.

Geo produced about 10 kilograms of sausages that day.

“…….”

“…….”

I guess I was a little over excited.

“Admit your mistakes.”

He nodded.

“You don’t have to worry, it’s okay.”

“Kung.”

“We have Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“Gulp.”

The two agreed on the issue of bad inventory.

* * *

“Geo, are you here?”

Yoo Seong-un went to give Geo some bungeoppang for the first time in a long time.

“The student I met last time was selling bungeoppang, so I bought a

bag.”

“I see. Thank you for your kindness.”

“It’s nothing special, so take it. If you really must return the favor, please give me something simple like before.”

“We have just the right food.”

“Oh, really? That’s good, I was out and about.”

How much time has passed?

“…….”

He came out of the gallery carrying a paper bag full of sausages.

“…It’s not appropriate at all.”

I know it's a completely different case, but I felt a little cheated.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (41)

Episode 41 [Forest Guts] [Rating: -] Sausage made from the meat of deer horns and herbs and fruits that grow in the veins of destiny. It is processed by Geo, the master of the forest, and can be accepted by the human body. This sausage, which gives a deep sense of fullness, is excellent for some injuries and restoring immunity. “Help.” “Oh, that’s surprising.” “Please help me.” “Would you stop coming to me every time you receive a gift that is difficult to handle, Curator Yoo Seong-un?” “This is mine, so I can’t share it with anyone else.” Bisabal cheerfully replied to Yoo Seong-un’s sudden appearance. “Then why don’t you ask if I can share it?” “I guess that’s the only way.” “Have you tried this gift?” “I ate about three at home.” Yoo Seong-un nodded. “It was delicious.” “Oh, now that you say it, I suddenly feel drawn to it.” “Wait until I ask Geo and come back.” “If you’re not going to let me eat it, then why did you bring it to me?” “It’s obvious that if someone else sees it, my position will be in trouble.” “Ah, for the safe…” Bisabal smiled bitterly. “As expected, our employees are too cynical.” “Didn’t you say that you collected all those people?” “No matter what, most people use the guild leader as a safe. They don’t treat me very well.” “Who created this atmosphere and are you joking now?” “So what are the effects?” “You’re changing the subject.” Yoo Seong-woon thought for a moment and rubbed the back of his neck. “They say it’s excellent for recovering from injuries and immunity, but I haven’t seen any effects yet because I don’t have any injuries like that. However…” “However?” “I do feel like my eyes are a little clearer.” “Are my eyes clearer?” Even in this world, medical technology related to eyesight has been slow to develop. Worn-out optic nerves tend to recover even

less as time passes. In that sense, the effects Yoo Seong-woon mentioned sounded quite interesting. “Is it a definite effect?” “That’s what I feel. If other people eat it too, we’ll have a comparison group, so we can analyze the effects in more detail.” “Then I guess I’ll have to get Geo’s permission first. Ask him when you receive the gift. I don’t think Geo would outright refuse.” “Not only should we not assume the existence of the source like that, but I was out of my mind at the time after working up an all-nighter. I saw the bungeoppang, so I went to give it to him, but did I know that I would receive this gift?” “If you’re really tired, how about eating the cookies I received last time?” “It’s been a while since I finished eating.” Yoo Seong-un was a slave to caffeine again. “The fruit syrup I received before… It didn’t look like anything, but anyway, what did the other employees think of the fruit syrup?” “The response was very good. And he seemed confused. First of all, the biggest advantage of Sumac’s honey is that it ‘restores human physical abilities to their limits’…” “Even if you didn’t see the explanation, you would feel it with your body, so you would be suspicious.” Bisabal asked with a smile. “Would you like a cup of fruit tea before you go?” “…Please.” Yoo Seong-un, who was on the verge of death from overwork, needed to recover. Yoo Seong-un let out a small sigh after drinking the fruit tea that had a rich, savory flavor like soup. It was really delicious, but he felt a sense of doubt that he was consuming such an enormous amount of something just to recover from fatigue. “It would be a great help if you took it into the dungeon. It would also have a significant effect on the mortality rate.” “That’s true.” “But that doesn’t mean there’d be another uproar if you really took it.” “That’s true.” “…It’s also a problem if the source’s existence is too friendly.” It was a new realization. “So the employees weren’t suspicious? They must have felt something was strange?” “They were all curious about the source of the fruit tea, but they didn’t ask me again. I told them that I bought it at an auction, but most of them didn’t understand it.” “So what did you say?” “What do you mean, what do you say? No one asked, so I didn’t say anything. Our employees really

hate getting involved in complicated matters." "No one likes to work overtime." "Anyway, they're all just squandering." Bisabal said, drinking her share of fruit tea. "Still, it seemed like not many people guessed that it was a 'piece of art.'" "A piece of art" is a kind of idiom used within the collection, referring to objects, blessings, or curses given to curators by works locked in Bisabal's gallery. "No matter what, there are almost no people who would think that there would be works that give food as gifts…" "I guess so." Among the works gathered in Bisabal's gallery, there were quite a few beings with egos. Depending on how sophisticated the ego was, a high-level curator would be in charge, and the curator would take care of the bond between the works and himself. So very, very rarely, very exceptionally, a curator would receive a 'piece' like this. "Usually, they give things." "Food is an object, after all." "Rather, I'd give you accessories, paintings, or weapons." "Yes, most of them." There couldn't be any other works that were as delicious as Geo's. "Is cooking your only hobby?" "No, as I said before, I also enjoy drawing." "Those kinds of drawings can become passages or living creatures." "That's right." "Then what would happen if you painted a landscape?" "……." Yoo Seong-un's face crumpled like a crumpled piece of foil. "I'm resting right now, so don't make me nervous." "It wasn't that big of a story." "It was a story that I had a rough idea of, but I don't want to think about it right now." "Poor thing…." "If you say your boss is pitiful, it's just sarcasm, right?" Bisabal nodded with a smile at the sight of his exhausted subordinate. "I'm just curious. Geo can create anything with his drawings, so I'm just curious about what would happen if he painted a landscape." "Maybe it could create another world." "Like a dungeon?" "……." "Wonderful." Bisabal said, rubbing his chin. "Quite a few night guards have witnessed Geo moving through some kind of landscape painting." "That's a little different from what I've heard. Is it a landscape painting instead of a portrait?" "It seems like it's a portrait when Geo is inside, and a landscape painting when he's out. Doesn't it seem convenient?" "That's really annoying..." "They say that the artwork hanging in the

hallway disappears around sunrise, so it seems certain that it can be used for transportation.” “But wasn’t that something you already guessed?” “So what I’m curious about is, if Geo can move to an existing place through a painting...” Then. “Can Geo move to another dungeon?” “…….” “I’m curious.” “That...” Yoo Seong-un frowned. “It seems a bit dangerous.” “Is that what you heard?” “I don’t know exactly what the guild master saw in Geo, but from my perspective, where my eyesight isn’t that great, that’s what I think.” “Geo has already been on a tour outside under the guidance of Curator Yoo Seong-un.” “I agree, but what you’re saying now is to expand Geo’s scope of activity.” I felt uncomfortable. “The fact that I show Geo more favor than his work… Of course, I have nothing to say. But this is the nature of gardeners. It’s something engraved in their souls.” Gardeners are like that. They don’t feel threats as threats, and they don’t think of cruelty as cruelty. For them, who tend to the garden, the existence of the source was something they had to take care of. “As I said when I signed the employment contract at the guild master’s suggestion, and as I’ve said many times before, gardeners are not on the side of humans.” They were born as humans and have been tending the garden, so they want both to coexist. It was inevitable that Yoo Seong-un would be captivated by Geo, who seemed very close to the source. Because they couldn’t survive as gardeners without being crazy about the source. It is an age-old taste that cannot and should not change. “But isn’t the guild master a complete human being? If I am not thorough as a curator, you should point it out and fix it.” “…….” “The guild master allows too… much to his work. It wouldn’t be strange if he were worried about that.” Bisabal laughed. “Wasn’t it the same reason that Yoo Seong-woon could use me as a safe?” “…I know that I am not in a position to say anything because I have received help in many ways, big and small, thanks to the guild master’s favoritism.” All of the guild members of the collector’s guild were Bisabal’s collection. His pathetic weakness and excessive favor were all due to Bisabal’s irrational desire to collect. Bisabal loved all of his collections. “No matter what, I

think using the world as a testing ground for one's work will have huge repercussions later on." "Repercussions." "Whenever a work outside the standard like Geo appears, the guild master acts like this." "How did I act?" "No matter how the world was ruined, no matter how many people died, as long as they could understand and appreciate my work, it didn't matter." "You saw it well." Bisabal nodded. "That's why I hired curators to take care of it for me, who was busy appreciating it." "……." It was a dirty, irresponsible thing to say, but it wasn't wrong either. Yoo Seong-woon sighed. "If I, a gardener, am taking the side of humans like this, it's really serious." "I thought I was restraining myself, but if Yoo Seong-woon says that, I think I went too far." Bisabal's eyes widened sharply. "But aren't you curious?" Those were the eyes of someone who had no intention of hiding their greed. "I'm curious about what kind of being my work is. I'm really curious about how much of a good young man Geo is, whether he can kill someone, and how much and how he'll kill them if he does." "……." "Geo is a painter. He is also a portrait artist. He is a person who avoids friction. He sees himself as a 29-year-old young man. I wonder how he will fit in with people? How will he react when he experiences unpleasant things? How will he change when he realizes that he is a work of art?" "……." "To be honest, I don't care what happens to the world because of Geo. It makes me angry when my works get damaged because of stupid people, but I'm not afraid when my works get hurt and burn while fighting each other." That was Bisabal's honest greed. "Have you ever heard that the higher your rank, the more you become less human?" "…It's a famous story. Stories about how inhuman S-class Hunters are are popular." "It's embarrassing to say this with such a pitiful physical ability, but I hope you understand that I am also an S-class." He was close to being inhuman. "I wish this world was beautiful and sophisticated enough for me to cherish. Isn't that right?" "……." Yoo Seong-woon's face twisted in fatigue as he heard such absurd words right in front of him. "…Ordinary people don't necessarily consider the possibility of mass murder, even if the world isn't beautiful or

ingenious, Guild Leader…" "That's because they have a narrow view of the world. To put it more bluntly, even if the world were to be destroyed because of my work, it would have happened anyway." "The Association President should have heard this. Isn't Bisabal's gallery the only one that the Association, which has strict regulations on dangerous items, trusts?" "I know you said that, but he doesn't really trust me either. It's just that the Association President doesn't have enough time and resources to manage everything himself, and I was the only lesser evil who could take on the increasingly dangerous works." The reason being that he shared half of the government and the Association's work. For that reason alone, Bisabal gained autonomy as a gallery. "So the Association President doesn't trust me. He just needed the space and manpower to consistently manage the minimum." "…Even with such distrust, the association has not taken away the artwork. When I think back, as a researcher there, it was clear that the association coveted the guild leader's gallery…" "That's why life is all about timing. If I had opened this gallery 10 years later, would the association have been so generous?" Bisabal's face brightened as if he had heard a funny joke. "Bisabal's gallery is very famous in the world now. It is much more performative, stimulating, and easily exposed to the public than the association, which quietly conducts research, analysis, and control." "……." "Even the gallery is what I manage. Customers may come, and those customers may buy the artwork. The association cannot suppress this gallery with its long history, where there are customers who support me." Bisabal's face dramatically filled with sadness. "Oh, really… When I think of the artworks that are trapped inside the association, tears well up in my eyes. How harshly they must have been treated to survive." "…That…" "In addition, when I think about the humiliation and pain my precious and delicate works will endure at the association's research institute, I absolutely cannot hand them over. There is a soul in the works." "Oh, yes…" For Yoo Seong-woon, who was once the association's research team leader, this was truly outrageous, but since he was now working

under him and receiving convenience, he decided to let it go for now. “So you have no intention of restraining yourself?” “I am restraining myself sufficiently, but I don’t know what more I should restrain myself from.” “This is the Demon King’s Castle.” There was no way to know what kind of catastrophe would occur if it exploded. “If an accident happens, it will really explode. You know that, right?” “That’s why we give curators life insurance, right?” “I wasn’t asking if they knew that. Korea could be erased from the map.” “That would be really scary. I believe that our curators will take care of it before that happens.” “Have you ever seen such an irresponsible director? I hope you realize that this is your gallery.” The gallery in Bisabal was more stimulating and open than the association’s research institute, but it was less safe. 'If we have to safely manage those dangerous and sensitive works in the first place... a little stronger control would be needed.' This place really had a lot of supplies under minimal control. It was the complete opposite of the association's research institute. Bisabal loved my works and managed them with love. One of the basic requirements for the curators here was 'building a strong bond with the works.' "....." As expected, the current Earth was maintained too precariously. 'It's a situation where all systems collapsed and are being rebuilt, so it can't be helped...' Everything was going on solely by the mercy of a small number of powerful people on Earth. 'If just one person had gone astray, there would have been chaos, but fortunately, no such unfortunate incidents have occurred yet.' It seemed like they were holding on. "...We will work harder. In terms of Geo." "In that sense, don't you plan on helping Geo make new friends? He'd be lonely alone." “Aren’t you even thinking of wrapping it up in a big way now? It’s clear that everything I just said went in one ear and out the other.” At this point, it seemed fate that Geo had been sold to Bisabal instead of the association president. “…….” Well, as a gardener, Yoo Seong-woon himself was quite funny for welcoming Bisabal’s art-friendly opinion. He nodded. “I’ll ask him something.” He was planning to go talk to Geo this early in the morning anyway. One question or two

would probably be fine. * * * At that moment, Geo. “I made a few.” “Kung?” How many? “Yeah, it’s a lot.” “Kung?” A little? “Yeah, Dad was being a jerk. He was so excited that I couldn’t handle it myself.” “Knock.” “I’ll reflect on it.” He handed Yoo Seong-woon about 5kg of sausages, but he still had 5kg left. “Since I dried them once in the sun, they won’t rot if I store them in an ice warehouse, but…” “Kurur?” “As I said earlier, I was so excited, and I also wanted to give them a present since I’ve neglected the waterfowl’s nest. It’s to share it with everyone instead of just eating it ourselves.” “Kurururururururuk.” “I knew you’d like it too.” The piled up sausages were so generous that they looked like small hills. They were smaller than all the waterfowl living in this forest, but what’s the point of that? The amount wasn’t much of a difference. But Geo was determined. “Try this first. I thought you wouldn’t like spicy food, so I made this light.” He was excited. It would have been fun even if he had made his own sausages with ordinary ingredients, but wasn’t this a dish made with fantasy ingredients? “This is a sausage made with arum, lavender, and vinegar. I also ground up a little Milky Way Mary. To be honest, it’s too light for my taste… but I thought you’d like it.” “Kurururuk.” “That doesn’t mean I won’t eat it.” After a long time, Geo set up a table outside the cabin and finished preparing a meal. The table was filled with freshly cooked rice in a cauldron, baibamenil, which had been seasoned like a vegetable with its toxicity removed, and hot homemade sausages that were baked in the oven and were full of meat juice. “I’ll bring them to the waterfowl nest later. I’ve prepared the table for us to taste first, so let’s eat slowly and stop by the nest later. Do you agree, son?” “Gurgling.” “You are my son after all.” Sergio nodded inwardly as he put the long sausages in his mouth without cutting them. ‘… People who like spicy flavors like me might find it a little bland. To be honest, it’s a little boring, but it’s seasoned just right, so it’s good to eat with rice.’ The sausages, which had been briefly dried in the sun, were very crispy on the outside, perhaps because they had been baked once. On the other hand, the skins, which were made by personally cleaning the intestines, were

somehow savory and chewy, and yet soft enough not to resist the teeth. It was a texture that coexisted with crispiness, chewiness, and softness. “Mmm….” Crunch! “Ah, hot.” The contents inside were overflowing with meat juice. The scent of wood gently permeated the roof of my mouth. The sausage, freshly baked in the oven where the wood fire was blazing hot, was hot enough to be hot, and the sweet yet sticky meat juice tightly trapped inside the shell soaked my mouth. Warm. “…….” It was delicious. ‘… It’s made lightly, but it still has a good flavor.’ I reduced the amount of salt as much as possible to bring out the original flavor of the meat, and added various yet complex flavors to fully enhance the compatibility with the original meat. The result was the current sausage. The combination of the subtle nutty flavor of venison and the walnuts that went well with it unified the flavor of the sausage. In addition, the spicy aroma of arum hidden deep inside and the vinegar of the sugar trap fruit on top asserted themselves in a mild yet clear way. 'This tastes better than I thought, I thought it would be very boring.' The faint bitterness from the vinegar itself goes well with the deep smoky scent of the bonfire wood from which the sausage was roasted. The sausage and the cooking method were excellent. "I think they put in the vinegar well." "Kk?" "Is it because it's naturally fermented fruit vinegar? It has a subtle sweetness, but this sourness and bitterness that balances the greasiness without being too strong... It really goes well together." Next was the sausage made exclusively for Geo. Crunch! "..." The red sausage stimulated my taste buds as soon as I took a bite. 'My mouth feels hot.' There was a hotness that somehow clung to my tongue. 'The aftertaste isn't that long. It's a very soft and clean spicy flavor.' All the ingredients I found this time went into the sausage made exclusively for him. Milky Way Mary, which has a clean scent like a combination of chili pepper and pepper, and Ulreum Jarak, which has a strong spicy flavor but also a mysterious and heavy sweet scent. The ginger-scented arum that unifies the mixed scents into one, and the lavender walnut that lightly covers it with a deep, soft scent. Finally, the

sugar trap vinegar that adds a sharp sourness here and there to vary the taste… . “…….” Was it a little too much? “But it tastes good.” “Kung.” “Don’t avoid it, it would be okay if you taste it once.” “Kung, kung, kung...” “If you don’t like it, there’s nothing I can do.” Honey’s opinion of avoiding spicy sausages suited Geo’s taste very well anyway. It felt like the empty insides were completely relieved. The feeling of having a shot of samgyetang or going straight to a steam room with a bowl of sikhye and slurping the sikhye with a straw while sweating profusely. This fullness that exactly fills in what is lacking. “Good.” Happiness is not far away. 'I was worried because it was the first time I used this ingredient, but it turned out better than I thought.' The sausage was based on the concept of spiciness, but the overall subtle sweetness and the oil covering the entire meat made the spiciness very clean. If spicy food is cleanly spicy, it should be considered a success more than 90% of the time. "It's worth getting a feel for cooking. This is when grandma's cooking is used." "Kung, kkung, kkung, kkung..." "It's not that my dad made it wrong, it's just that our tastes are a little different." This was a very delicious spicy taste. Sergio, who knows a lot about food, also enjoyed the chicken feet. Usually, when he had a hard time eating spicy chicken feet, he would dip them in oil sauce or drink a sweet drink with them. Then, he could eat it like an intellectual with a much calmer mind. The sausage he made this time was in the same vein. 'The taste and aroma itself are overall spicy and tangy, but the walnuts had a subtle sweetness to them from the beginning. In addition, the lavender walnuts also had a soft sweetness unique to nuts. The vinegar naturally produced by the sugar trap tree, which is said to bear extremely sweet fruit, goes without saying… .' If the spice flavor seemed too strong, the soft scent suppressed it. If it seemed too spicy, the deer fat that was added a little too much washed away the pain on the tongue like silk. If the fat felt too rich, the vinegar asserted its presence sourly and calmed the rumbling stomach. The overall balance was good. 'The arum plays a big role in tying together the complexly intertwined flavors and scents

that could feel excessive. It works much better than I expected.' Geo thought of a new dish even though he had food in his mouth. "If you put arum in when you make a dish with various ingredients, the quality of the dish will definitely improve." "Kung...?" "I'll make it less spicy then. It seems like you have an aversion to spicy scents." The arum bound all the spices that showed off their individuality by jumping out in all directions in one place. The stickiness was so effective that he didn't feel burdened at all even though he felt such a complex flavor. 'Also, I paid attention to the texture of this sausage.' Geo nodded. "Doesn't it have its own chewy flavor?" "Gurgling." "Yeah, isn't it delicious? Certainly, the chewy flavor has become much more diverse since the size of the meat balls is different. I'll have to think about the texture the next time I make it." "Knock knock..." "I always think about it, but this forest is great because it doesn't get moldy." If not, he wouldn't have even dreamed of making this work. 'The casing was made from real intestines, which have high moisture content... If it doesn't rot while I'm working on it, that's a good thing.' If the meat balls are different, air is created inside the shell, and there's a high chance that mold will grow through those gaps. At least all the sausages Geo has made so far have gone through that process. 'You weak-willed bastards.' If you were real pork, you would have to endure mold with all your might. "Hmm." Anyway, thanks to that, even the texture of this sausage was excellent. The meat, which had already been mashed softly like porridge, pleased my tongue as it touched a corner of my mouth before I could even chew, and the bumpy pieces of meat gave a pleasant elasticity as they were chewed on my teeth. ‘The meat juice is flowing… and the texture of the intestines is surprisingly good.’ Maybe it was because the intestines were so plump, but it felt like I was chewing on thin tripe. The intestines that had been prepared in advance had no gamey smell at all, and they had the chewy texture and richness characteristic of intestines. Furthermore, the outer skin was crispy like a cookie because it was baked in an oven, but the inside of the skin was still sticky. I could also feel the faint bitterness

characteristic of nuts. “……” Geo muttered. “It seems good.” I wanted to live like this for the rest of my life. In peace.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (42)

Episode 42

After finishing a hearty meal, Geo threw sausages to the water birds and returned to the cabin to rest. Perhaps because he had eaten a big meal, he wasn't hungry even when dinner came.

“Nurungji….”

“Gulp?”

“It’s a bit weird to eat it now, but let’s make some nurungji rice and eat it tomorrow. That’ll be delicious.”

“Kururururuk.”

“…….”

Sergio, lying on the bed, poked Honey, who was lying next to him.

“Kung.”

“…….”

“Kung, kung, kung.”

“It’s fluffy.”

“Kung!!!”

Honey rebelled fiercely, but that made her even cuter.

“This harmless guy.”

I thought that if it got a little bigger, I could use it as a pillow.

'Couldn't it be possible to create a material with a similar feel?'

Because I feel a little bad about sleeping on a live bird, I make a soft pillow that is not alive.

Geo blinked his eyes, daydreaming about this and that.

“…….”

I couldn't sleep at all.

“Phew….”

There were times like this sometimes.

“Is this the artist’s fate?”

“…Kung?”

Honey's reaction was something like, 'Why don't you stop talking nonsense and just go to sleep?', but it wasn't easy.

Geo rubbed his face a few times against the soft blanket that felt like it was full of feathers, then quickly got up from his bed.

“Honey, Daddy is going.”

“Crunch.”

“What a spicy guy.”

Leaving the tired Honey behind, he headed to a workshop filled with all kinds of materials.

“…….”

As such, his severe insomnia was due to his sudden interest in something.

“…I became curious about the scenery outside the company.”

By pinpointing the exact location and imagining it, Geo was able to visualize the scenery there.

At first, I thought it was just my imagination. No matter how much I imagined what the third floor of the 'Collector' company would look like, it was no different from what it actually looked like.

But as he continued to imagine and gradually completed the picture, at some point Geo was able to realize something.

'The scenery of the location I imagine is relatively similar to reality.'

I thought maybe it was one of the benefits of becoming a portrait artist.

“Outside is probably….”

Geo muttered.

“It looks like it’s going to be a dark dawn.”

It wasn't a place he had never seen before, and it wasn't difficult to draw a place he had already seen once. Geo stood on the wall of an alley and stroked his brush, recalling the sight he had seen.

Soon, a picture frame appeared in an alley in Seoul.

* * *

“Haaah….”

On a street at dawn, a woman tore through my hair.

“Where else should I cling to?”

The woman with short black hair, Cha Ara, couldn't hold back her sigh.

'As expected, there is no place that accepts F-class.'

Even if they are Awakened, F-class people are not treated better than porters.

Chaara's rank was F. Her main skill was 'Body Strengthening'. She had no other skills to learn, and of course, she had no job. She had the typical porter's status.

"……."

She was sitting on the bench today, helpless after being released from her original team.

"…Well, where would you use a porter with a broken leg?"

It was because I injured my leg in the dungeon I visited in the afternoon.

There were plenty of F-class people who wanted to be used as porters, so there was no reason to hire someone who limped.

'It was nice that only pretty normal people gathered together.'

It was a team made up of people who were not very interested in each other, even if they could not be called friendly. Although they ignored Cha Ara, who was just a porter in the F-class, as if she did not exist, the team itself had a tendency to be like that to each other.

Such indifference was one of the virtues of modern people that is hard to find.

"It was cut that easily though."

Chaara, who was considered useless, was kicked out, saying she could no longer be hired.

It was fortunate that I received all the money I was owed and was kicked out. I looked at the balance in my account on my phone for a long time.

All together, about 500 thousand won.

“…….”

This is not enough to pay the rent and buy the youngest son's priest's robe.

“The rent went up this time….”

Yeah.

Cha Ara groaned.

“…What do I do now?”

Chaara clicked her tongue as she looked at the sky where snow was starting to fall quietly.

“Like a dog.”

It's already freezing, so why is it snowing?

'... The terminal has probably been disconnected for a long time. Since my brother is still at home, the youngest will be okay. As long as he doesn't share his stuff like a fool somewhere else, that's fine.'

Cha Ara got up from the bench, sniffling inwardly at the loneliness that was building inside her.

“We need to find a place where our eyes don’t meet.”

The youngest, Cha Ara, tied the scarf she had made herself tighter and moved her feet.

I had originally planned to just take a nap on the bench, but if it

snowed, I might not be able to open my eyes the next morning.

'It would be nice to be able to sleep near the history or the building.'

Public facilities with lots of people passing by or areas around companies that make money were covered in a warming spell.

If you could sleep nearby, you wouldn't have to worry about sleeping on the streets like this, but if you got caught doing something wrong, you could end up being demoted to a 4th class citizen at worst.

'I got a Hunter's ID so I could stay in the city for a few days, but that doesn't mean I can sleep anywhere. It'd be a pain if I got caught by the security guards…'

At times like this, I felt envious of my older brother, Cha Eun-hyuk.

“That guy can sleep even on a fish-shaped bread cart.”

Her brother, who sells bungeoppang, always moved his cart from the countryside to the city to make a living, because if he left it in the city, someone would steal it or tear it down.

“Ahh….”

So, even Cha Ara herself couldn't expect to fall asleep in his cart.

After walking aimlessly for a while, Cha Ara's footsteps reached a dark alley.

“…….”

…what is that?

'…portrait?'

It was a portrait of a man hanging on one wall of an alley.

“…What is this, it’s creepy….”

The man in the portrait was handsome, like a statue or a doll, but more than his handsome appearance, the stillness of his eyes quietly closed struck me first.

Chaara hesitated and left the place, feeling the gloomy atmosphere as if someone's corpse had been drawn there.

'Some crazy guy hung a picture here.'

It was probably the work of some crazy guy with a peculiar taste or a hunter with strange skills, so Chaara decided not to pay much attention to it. She had no intention of falling asleep in this place where the snow was falling right away anyway.

Cha Ara, who had been walking a little further, soon discovered a woman.

“…….”

I had been hit by the cold snow for so long that a soft white snow had already piled up on top of it.

Judging from the woman's behavior, curled up like a ball, she was clearly a fourth-class citizen living illegally in the city.

“…….”

“…….”

The slender body that seemed to be breathing was shaking, but it was not dead yet.

'It's pretty far out there.'

Usually the poor live in deeper alleys.

Cha Ara, who was trying to ignore the poor man and pass by, stood in front of him again with a very uncomfortable expression on her face after walking a few steps.

“…….”

Poor Min was either asleep or passed out from the cold, but he was still breathing, unable to come to his senses. He didn't even notice that Chaara was right in front of him.

“…C.”

Cha Ara took off her scarf, put it lightly around Binmin’s neck, and quickly left the place. She could faintly hear Binmin moving, so her pace became even faster.

'Fuck, this is so annoying. Fuck, fuck… .'

My neck was so cold that I felt a bit resentful.

“Why are you sleeping so pitifully and making a fuss…!”

I felt sad for no reason.

The poor man looked to be about my age or younger. So at best he couldn't have been more than 20 years old.

I couldn't just pass by a friend who was sleeping like he was about to die.

“Miss, it was the youngest one who knitted it… Youngest one….”

It was a scarf that was knitted with difficulty using fur from livestock and monsters caught in the village. The youngest's skills were not bad, so it was a pretty good scarf. I had been using it well all winter, but I stupidly lost it like this.

‘Fuck… I shouldn’t have said anything to oppa or Chaisol… .’

As Cha Ara was walking along the road, something strange caught her eye.

“…….”

Portrait of a man.

"…uh."

I saw it earlier.

'... What, what is it? I didn't see it here. Did I see it wrong? Or were there multiple frames?'

The frame was half-shadowed and the face was not clearly visible, but I could tell immediately that it was the same portrait I had just seen.

For some reason, it gave me goosebumps because it was so eerie, like watching a horror movie.

“Uh, uh uh….”

Even if it's an F-class, an awakened person is an awakened person. They can instinctively feel danger.

“Am I okay?”

In those vulgar words.

The portrait buried in the shadows opened its eyes.

“…….”

“…….”

The mouth of the portrait, not obscured by darkness, opened softly.

“Excuse me.”

Aristocratic tone.

Cha Ara blinked her eyes in a state of extreme discomfort.

“…….”

The picture frame was nowhere to be seen.

“…….”

What, woah, what.

'What is it?'

Cha Ara realized too late that she had collapsed.

“…Shit, shit….”

Save people.

Her hands trembled as they touched the snow-covered ground. Cha Ara knew, and the world knew, that it wasn't simply because of the cold.

It was nonsense, but I felt like I wouldn't be able to come to my senses if I didn't say something like this.

"crazy…."

Cha Ara realized this without even realizing it.

'I almost lost.'

In fact, it wasn't that dangerous of a situation, but Cha Ara knew that the strange portrait she had just seen was a very dangerous being.

Who knows, if that being had been just a little less polite, not feeling the need to apologize by saying, "Excuse me," Cha Ara might have turned into a corpse.

“…What, what is it? Seriously, what did I see?”

As Cha Ara struggled to get out of this place, something cold and hard caught her hand.

Chaara, who felt goosebumps all the way to the top of her head from the small, hard sensation, couldn't even scream and just opened her mouth.

“…….”

As she groped again, shivering, a cold grain soon entered her hand.

Let’s take a look with a very nervous mind… .

“…See, a jewel?”

It was a black and transparent colored jewel.

“…What is it….”

This is also something I felt instinctively.

Chaara realized that this was a gift from the portrait she had just seen.

“…….”

Before her parents died, they always told her that if she did good deeds, good things would come.

This whole situation seemed like a creepy fairy tale.

* * *

And here's another one that got creepy.

“Stalking is bad.”

Geo couldn't come to his senses at his own rudeness.

It was fine to draw the alley at dawn. However, after drawing the picture, I saw a woman moving inside the frame, and I was worried for a moment whether it was dangerous at this late hour.

As a result, Geo's gaze continued to follow him without him even realizing it… .

"In the end, it's stalking."

I ended up observing the other person without their consent.

"You must have been surprised."

Normally, he would just quietly look at the building inside the collection, or move around through the frame, so he didn't know. However, through this opportunity, Geo has definitely come to know.

'When I fix my gaze on something that moves, the frame of reality moves with it.'

That was the story of the living, moving portrait incident that followed Cha Ara.

"I hope the meaning of the apology was conveyed well…."

Because he was only blankly staring at the short-haired woman, he could see her handing over her scarf to the poor and her frightened expression upon seeing the picture frame. Only when the woman turned pale and collapsed did Geo come to his senses.

I felt admiration for the woman who still looked like she was in high school, worried about whether she was okay alone at this late hour, and sorry for startling her with my rudeness.

"……."

This deep feeling was recognized as an item of trade, and Geo gave

Cha Ara a jewel as a gift.

“……?”

No, wait a minute.

“Are you rather scared?”

I was so shocked by my own rudeness that I couldn't think.

But if you were to give a gift to a high school student who was already terrified of a living, breathing portrait, who would pick it up and say, "Wow, it's a gem?"

"ah…."

I should have just given him something like a cookie.

'I happened to not have any baked cookies right now, so I ended up drawing a jewel without realizing it.'

If he had given her some worthless snacks, it might have been less frightening. Geo vaguely saw the back of the short-haired student running away in panic through the picture frame.

"sorry…."

At that point, Geo realized something.

“…….”

Do I sometimes change my personality?

It was finally the moment when I became aware of myself as the 'Black Cloak'.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (43)

Episode 43

In the morning, back in bed.

“…….”

“Crunch?”

“Hmm.”

Geo was lost in shallow thoughts.

It wasn't the first time I realized that my personality could change.

“There is also Giovanni’s case.”

But now that I think about it, Geo often seems to break away from his usual personality. This is mainly when he interacts with people outside in a 'portrait' state.

“If you think about it, praising employees or giving them gifts out of the blue isn’t a normal reaction.”

“Crunch?”

“There were people older than me, but for me, a healthy young man from the Land of Courtesy in the East, to act like that, honestly, considering my current situation, it’s not exactly normal.”

The problem is that Geo himself didn't feel any discomfort about the

change.

“At that time, I just thought it was natural.”

It certainly seemed that the identity of 'portrait' was changing him.

“Oh, God of Heaven and Earth.”

“Kungkung….”

“When I stayed in the portrait, I didn’t feel anything strange because it was the same as usual.”

“Crunch?”

“No, it’s okay.”

Whether his personality changed or something else changed, Geo did not give in to this level of mystery.

“But I have to be careful not to be rude to other people.”

If things continued like this, it seemed like soon I would be able to naturally accept being patted on the head by a stranger I had never met.

“There’s no way I could do something so shameful.”

The act of patting someone's head was something that could only be done by a creative person or by a parent to a child. Even if they were lovers, such bold touches were avoided, so Geo felt the need to be careful with his behavior.

“Of course I’ve never had a lover.”

“…….”

“How can you look at your heavenly father with such eyes?”

I might not have a lover.

“Anyway, it’s not that unfamiliar that personality changes. When I went out to Seoul, there were times when my self-awareness as Giovanni grew… I think it’s in a similar context to the topic I’m thinking about now.”

However, it did not feel like the 'personality' itself was literally changing.

“If it was that much, I would have noticed it a long time ago.”

If I had to put it into words, it felt more like recalling a forgotten memory.

“I can’t say it’s Sergio, but if I’m right, it feels like that….”

“…Gulp?”

“It’s not a split personality. It’s a misunderstanding.”

In his previous life, he lived as the priest Giovanni, who had a compassionate smile, but in his current life, he lived as Sergio, who was often asked, “Do you not know how to smile?” It was similar to how, when he recalled his previous life later, he would sometimes recall habits he had forgotten.

“I never thought there would be a problem because of its identity as a portrait.”

Geo muttered.

“It seems to be a similar problem to the resolution. If you try to act like a human with the body of a portrait, there might be an error somewhere. The speech becomes stiffer, and the actions and thoughts become strange…”

I felt like I had to be careful.

“Let’s try harder to be more objective about ourselves in the future.”

“Kung.”

“You find it annoying? Honey, you should work on your social skills.”

At the sight of Honey grumbling, Geo placed the round water bird on his hand and rolled it around. Honey, rolling around like a water bag, didn't look too bad.

“Are you happy?”

“Gurrrr.”

"I see."

Geo, who was momentarily surprised by the change in personality, was able to calm his mind by seeing her peaceful appearance.

“Anyway, it’s fun, so it’s okay.”

Wouldn't it be stranger if this ever-changing life weren't fun?

“Then shall we eat first?”

“Gulp?”

Although Honey questioned him, Geo ignored her and got up from his seat.

“Even if you don’t have to make it right away, it’s a good idea to make the soup and side dishes in advance. Since you already have bones from the deer you butchered, you can clean them up and make bone broth, then store them in the icehouse and take them out whenever you need them.”

Bone broth can be a hearty meal all on its own. Geo nodded.

“Whenever I had diarrhea, my grandmother told me to drink the bone soup with a little green onion and salt.”

I don't know about other people, but when I was hungry, Geo felt much better about eating bone soup than porridge. It didn't have any side dishes, so it didn't fill his stomach, but it was oily, so he felt like he was eating something.

“If you add a little salt, green onions, and freshly cooked rice to the white broth and eat it, that’s gomtang. The rich beef bone broth has an incredible savory flavor. That’s why even a simple meal like that is filling.”

“Gurrrr…?”

“That’s not spicy.”

Honey, who had a strong aversion to spicy sausage last time, seemed to be wondering if Gomtang would be spicy. However, Gomtang will not taste spicy unless you mix it with red pepper powder or spicy seasoning.

“If you’re really bored, you can add meat, or you can put noodles instead of rice. Eating both together isn’t as bad as you might think. I think adding more seasoning or pepper to your liking is one of the charms of gomtang.”

There were many other places where bone broth was used.

“Even if you boil spicy ramen with broth instead of water, it tastes fantastic.”

“Crook! Crook! Crook!”

“But the broth itself makes the soup a bit milder… Okay, let’s skip this one.”

Honey, who hates spicy food, shouted out her opposition, and Geo, who was about to become a father, respected Honey's opinion. If there are people in the world who can eat anything, then somewhere there are weak water birds who can't eat even a little bit of spicy food.

“Then it would be okay to add some more vegetables and make a different soup. A representative example would be mandu soup.”

Geo muttered.

“Then tteokguk is good too. Budaejjigae, which is made by boiling various vegetables and ham all at once, isn’t bad either… Even soybean paste stew or seaweed soup tastes much better when you add bone broth to it.”

“Kung?”

“If it’s budaejjigae, I don’t think the rest will be spicy. Unless you add green chili peppers… By the way, did you know that when you cook rice, it tastes much better if you add broth instead of water?”

“Gurr.”

“Okay, let’s go make some broth.”

Honey, who had become the world's favorite rice bird after eating rice balls last time, could clearly see how delicious it would be to make rice balls out of bone broth and bake them.

Geo, who was going down to the ice storage where the bones were stored, suddenly became anxious.

“Come to think of it, isn’t bone broth usually made from beef bones?”

“…Kkuk?”

“Well, last time I trimmed and cleaned it, it was quite full of marrow. Since it was just slaughtered, the red border of the cross-section of the

bone marrow was clear, so it probably won't be in bad condition. Since the deer is so big, the bones are thick and strong, so it'll be fun to boil the bones…."

"……."

"Since when have we been eating only Earth food?"

The bones used to make broth are usually from the legs of animals. If it was a cow, it would have been the ox foot, but Geo thought it might be different if it was a deer, so he cleaned them up first. He brought the bones out of the ice storage room and into the kitchen.

"I washed it once, but it still feels weird."

After cutting the bones so that the marrow could be clearly seen and washing them cleanly, I took out a large pot and dropped everything into it. I lit the firewood with the bellflower and the water boiled quickly.

"The blood was drained when it was first slaughtered, so there shouldn't be that many impurities. It should be pretty clean since it was drained for almost a day, but there are still foreign substances inside. We need to remove them to get good broth."

"……."

"As you can imagine, this is a filthy, time-consuming task."

"Kung kung kung…."

"I didn't even expect to be able to eat broth today anyway."

After the bones were blanched in boiling water and washed and completely clean, it was a battle of time and sincerity from then on. There was a reason why 'real' bone broth was expensive.

"You can keep boiling it in the pot like this, but don't boil it over too

high a heat. Even if it takes a while, you should boil it over low heat so that the broth's savory flavor comes out better."

"……."

"The longer you boil it, the more oil and other impurities will continuously rise to the surface. It is said that the broth that is boiled for the first time is too oily and thick, making it difficult to eat, perhaps because the marrow has been completely removed. That is why you cannot eat the broth that comes out first…."

"Kung."

"You're going to eat it?"

"Crunch."

"Pig."

Honey protested loudly, but that didn't change the reality. This love that couldn't even give up the first broth that made her mouth greasy enough to make a slurp sound. This obsession.

"You are already a great pig."

"Gurrrr!!!"

"Accept reality."

If possible, I wish it was a bit more plump.

"Enough for me to lean on…."

To be exact, I wish it was plump enough to lie down on.

"……."

"……."

Geo nodded at the look of determination on his face.

“Are you in puberty?”

I felt a strong belief that she would somehow maintain her current cute and adorable appearance.

'You know you're cute.'

Even if he was born with paint, if he had the right beliefs, he should be supported. Geo decided to back down. Fat animals are cute, but if you force them to gain weight, it's animal abuse.

“Anyway, the skeleton won’t be completed right away. The impurities will also take some time to come up, so even if we stay right next to it, there’s nothing we can do.”

“Kururuk?”

“Okay, so we have to prepare another dish. Let’s give our generous friend some alone time.”

Geo looked at the pot, which wasn't even boiling yet because he had just added water.

“I’m not sure, but I’ve heard that eating too many bones can actually be bad for your health… I don’t know what to do with the legs of a deer.”

The skull of a wood deer

This is the bone corresponding to the leg part of the deer bone that has been cleaned. It is full of bone marrow and is oily, but if the bone is boiled for more than 3 days, it completely dissolves in the broth and becomes a health food. It is characterized by a strong meaty flavor that can be felt as nutty or salty.

Method of Regeneration: After cleaning, boil it on low heat for 3 days,

and the marrow and bones will melt and become a tonic. The medicine made in this way can be used immediately, and when used on humans, all bone abnormalities will be recovered. The degree of recovery will vary depending on the amount taken and the individual's constitution.

“…….”

Geo nodded.

“You didn’t have to worry.”

What kind of realistic concerns were you having in this fantasy world?

“They say the marrow and bones will melt on their own, so we just have to wait while occasionally filtering out the impurities. Let’s stop worrying about those self-reliant guys and start worrying about our lunch.”

“Gulp.”

“Then it’s okay….”

Geo, who had been thinking for a moment, soon made up his mind.

“The day has finally come.”

“Crunch?”

“It’s time to go fishing.”

Shouldn't we refresh our stomachs after eating a lot of meat with some fish?

“That’s courtesy to my tongue and stomach.”

And Sergio was a true eater, having learned the term Engel's coefficient (the proportion of household spending on food) at the age of

five. I still remember the warm voice of my grandmother, who would laugh heartily and say, "We have sweet potatoes at home."

So Geo thought about how to eat fish. There were many ways.

“The stream is narrow, but it is quite deep, so I have seen fish of all sizes as I went back and forth. In particular, the waterfowl nests are connected to the streams and springs so that various creatures can move… In fact, you can get good fish just by going to the nests.”

“…….”

Honey, who had been tilting her head at Geo's words, soon came up next to his ear and poked his cheek. It didn't hurt because the beak was so small and harmless that she didn't even know why it was running.

“What’s going on, honey?”

“Gurrrr.”

"…ah."

Come to think of it, Geo had another source of fish.

“There was a ‘breathing sea.’”

One of the dimensional gates Geo had previously created, the 'Breathing Sea', was literally a world submerged in the sea. Last time I saw it, it was definitely teeming with all sorts of creatures.

Geo took Honey's advice.

“You’re smart.”

“Crunch.”

Honey was so proud. She was so cute.

“No matter how cute you are, the only person you can conquer is your father.”

“Kung, kung, kung.”

“No matter where you go and act cute, do you think you can treat them as well as I do? Where in the world is there a butler as capable as me? You just stick close to your daddy.”

Today, too, we were a friendly family.

Geo went straight to the second floor, specifically the storage room where the completed works were stored. That was because the frame that could be moved to the 'Breathing Sea' was hanging there.

Geo, standing in front of a picture frame filled with blue light, slowly melted away.

“…….”

And then, within.

He was in the water.

“It’s been a while, Father.”

Giovanni entered the 'Breathing Sea'.

“It hasn’t been that long, has it?”

“ ”

“I went out to see the outside world for a bit.”

The one who was talking to Geo was none other than the sun god of the destroyed world. He was the lonely old man who had previously been asked by 'Giovanni'.

He asked why I visited today.

"ah."

And Geo was confident anytime, anywhere.

“I came to go fishing.”

Give me the fish.

“If it goes well, I’ll share it with you.”

“ ”

“I thought you’d like it.”

The sun god was delighted.

It was clear that only pigs had gathered there.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (44)

Episode 44

The so-called 'breathing sea' was literally a world submerged in water.

There was no one else but Geo. The water was so high up that even the sun seemed to be trapped under water, and even the traces of humans, such as brick houses and fences, were submerged.

Among them, Geo was sitting on the edge of a cliff.

“I’m completely underwater so I have no idea how to fish.”

“Kuuuurung.”

“Honey, stop drinking sea water. You’ll get too big and the fish will run away.”

There were a lot of underwater creatures visible here and there.

A creature that looked like a giant crab with a very large body moved awkwardly and clumsily across the red roof with its companions, and a gentle-looking snake that seemed to be a water snake repeatedly jumped out of the sand and hid.

In addition, there are large groups of whales floating in the high water sky, colorful seahorses dancing in pairs as if singing, and fish hiding in the crevices of seaweed growing between bricks… .

“Maybe I’m not good at fishing.”

“ ”

“Well, in this situation, a fishing rod seems to be of no use.”

“ ”

“A garden? That’s not bad either.”

I was looking at a dreamy sight, but I didn't catch a single fish.

“But it’s not like I’m a very good swimmer.”

'Giovanni's' world was so closely connected to the sea that 90% of humanity was good at swimming. 'Giovanni' was one of the 5% who were particularly bad at swimming.

“When I first met Aria, we had a connection because she threw me into the sea. From what I’ve seen, I can’t say Aria was a good child, but she was still a diligent student.”

“ ”

“I feel at ease since my father does not resent Aria.”

Geo, who had his signature kind smile on his face, soon took on an embarrassed expression.

“But… how do you catch fish?”

Giovanni was not a good swimmer, and Sergio, although a good swimmer, had never caught a fish like this before.

No matter which specialty I used, I didn't think I would be able to catch a fish that looked so nimble just by looking at it.

“…….”

“ ”

"yes?"

Geo turned to the bright yellow water bird, pointing to none other than the sun god, who was pointing to Honey. Like an actor on stage, Honey was shining brightly under the sun god's spotlight. There was no other revelation from the god.

"honey?"

"……."

"Honey, can you catch it?"

"…Kung…."

"Why are you avoiding Dad's gaze?"

Geo tilted his head at the look on his face that clearly said, 'I can do it, but I don't really want to do it.' If he just didn't want to do it, he wouldn't have made me do it, but it wasn't a reaction of disliking the work itself, so it was hard to interpret.

"Why do you say no?"

"Kung kung kung…."

"……??"

The sun god slyly told the truth to the rich man who had trouble communicating.

" "

"……."

" "

"…ah."

It was only then that Geo realized that his water bird was not ordinary.

No, of course, living water in a new form would never be ordinary, but anyway, Honey had much more powerful potential than Geo had expected.

“Our child can evolve?”

“…….”

“Oh, sun.”

Honey was very capable.

“You have to evolve to catch fish, but you don’t want to end up like that, so that’s why you’re acting like this now…? Really? Oh, my gosh, that’s so cool and ridiculous. You really have to maintain a cute appearance.”

It was clear that my son had prince syndrome.

“I thought I told you 30 minutes ago that no matter how cute and adorable you are, the only person you can conquer is your father. Why are you so helplessly cute?”

“ ”

“I’m sorry, I was a little reckless. But don’t you think your grandson is really cute?”

The sun god just laughed and said that the relationship between the family members was very good.

Although he had not heard a clear explanation, Geo decided to be satisfied with this. The most important thing now was to work together to overcome the difficulties in this situation where there was no answer, get the fish, and prepare a meal.

"…hmm…."

Geo, not wanting to force them to work, simply told them about the reality they were facing.

"honey."

“Kung.”

“Dad, I can’t swim.”

“…Kung?”

“So I can’t even catch fish.”

“…….”

“If you really don’t want to, I can’t help it, but if you don’t catch the fish for us, we’ll all starve. If you still refuse, we’ll have to grill the sausages we had last time for lunch today.”

At those words, Honey's pupils shook. I don't know where the pupils were in those watery eyes, but it was clear that Honey was shocked by the reality they were facing and was shaking.

Geo nodded solemnly, like a judge passing judgment.

“Yes, we are in a situation where we have to eat the same menu over and over again.”

It was a miserable reality that was difficult for them, as gourmets and big eaters, to accept.

“If you still don’t like it, I’ll try my best to prepare sausage stir-fry, sausage stir-fried rice, and sausage soup for lunch today.”

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

The sun god was horrified by the strange confrontation. Even he thought that the stir-fried sausages, fried rice with sausages, and sausage soup were a bit excessive.

The Sun God, who had recently become accustomed to the meals Geo had prepared for him, watched the situation with an anxious heart.

"…dream…."

The winner was Geo.

“Gulp.”

But there was a condition.

“Close your eyes?”

“Kkuk.”

“Why can’t Dad love his son no matter what he looks like?”

“Kkuk.”

“Puberty has come after all.”

Even if they were parents, everyone had secrets they wanted to hide. Although Geo had never been married or in a relationship, let alone had children, he knew that it was important to protect a child's space.

Geo nodded with his eyes closed.

“You don’t want to show me how much you’ve evolved? I’m really, really curious, but if it makes you feel better, I can close my eyes….”

“Gulp.”

“As expected, puberty isn’t easy for kids.”

I heard the sound of something large and splashing, followed by the sound of sea water crashing. It wasn't long before I listened to the sound.

“Kung gurgling.”

“……?”

Oh, already?

“Can you open your eyes, son?”

“Gulp.”

"okay."

And Geo saw.

"oh."

This is the sight of about 30 fish caught inside Honey's plump body filled with seawater.

“Isn’t that great?”

“Gulp, gurgle.”

“It’s like a great pig.”

“…….”

“It was a compliment.”

I had seen Honey grow this big ever since she came to the 'Breathing Sea', so this appearance could not be Honey's 'evolved' form.

'Perhaps it swallowed the fish in its evolved form and then returned to its original form.'

Anyway, it was funny and good.

"pig…."

“Kung.”

“A pig with fish in it….”

“Kung, kung, kung.”

“Good.”

Giovanni smiled brightly with his characteristically cheerful smile.

“It can be this sturdy.”

Geo had big hands.

* * *

Geo returned to the cabin and went straight to work on cleaning the fish.

“Exactly 33.”

Today was a number that meant Geo's hand would be tamed, but he decided not to care.

It was a great shame for a pig to show weakness in front of a mere 33 salmon-sized fish, as my grandmother acknowledged.

“Fortunately, they are all edible, so I can prepare them with confidence.”

“Gurrrr.”

“Honey, spit one out.”

“Kkuk.”

Phew.

Still the big honey spit out a fish.

“…….”

The moment Geo caught the fish while staggering, he felt dizzy.

'What kind of challenge have I been given?'

Anyway, it is time to prepare seafood, for which freshness is key.

Even though food doesn't rot in this world, it's unclear whether it would prevent already dead fish from becoming rancid over time.

Geo stabbed the first fish in the forehead with an awl and sent it to the Dragon Palace.

"hmm."

I am proud to say that it was a skill as nimble as the swordsmanship in a martial arts novel.

“It was worth cutting some fish.”

“Crunch?”

“There is nothing quite like cutting and eating freshly caught fish on a boat.”

Geo quickly moved his hands as he recalled the bittersweet past.

I cut off the wing part, scraped off the scales, and then inserted the knife at an appropriate depth to prevent the internal organs from bursting, and cut all the way to the excretory opening.

“It must be really fresh because there’s almost no fishy smell even from the intestines. Now, if we take out the intestines like this, next….”

“Kurungurungurung.”

“Honey, if you only eat intestines, one day you will become as ugly as intestines.”

Where on earth does that rascal come from who just grabs the intestines while dad is cooking?

‘… More than that, the way you separate and melt things is always amazing to see.’

They are water birds who enjoy decorating themselves by putting things in their bodies.

Honey, who loved jewels, was no different, but when it came to food rather than just decoration, it quickly melted inside Honey's body.

To be exact, rather than saying that it melts, it seems more correct to say that the nutrients that enter the body are also replaced by water. The food that is swallowed becomes more and more transparent and ripples until it soon becomes invisible to the eye.

“…….”

Whose son was born to be so funny?

'It's interesting.'

Judging from the fact that even the way he eats is funny, Honey is definitely Geo's son. It seems like even his breathing is great content.

“Uhm….”

“Kung?”

“I was just looking around to see when it would all be taken care of.”

If it were already prepared fish from the market, I would have no

problem buying it in bulk, but preparing live fish myself was quite a labor-intensive task.

“Don’t continue.”

The fish had its intestines removed and its stomach emptied, and if it were a human, all the blood that had pooled inside the ribs had to be scraped out. Geo diligently washed the inside of the stomach and then proceeded to disassemble the fish.

“…….”

“…….”

And here's a surprising fact I found out.

“…Was it really salmon?”

“Crunch?”

“No, it’s not salmon.”

But the flesh inside was very peculiar.

“It has the texture of white fish, but the color is orange, like salmon or trout.”

When separated like sashimi, the visible flesh was crushed gently with just a little force, just like salmon.

However, the flesh was round and chewy, just like white-fleshed fish such as flounder or sea bream.

“…….”

well.

“…….”

The taste was similar to salmon. It had a refreshing watermelon flavor that made it seem like it was more like trout.

'The texture is much more springy and chewy than that….'

It felt very strange.

Even though it is a fantasy world, isn't it a bit funny how elements you know overlap with something else at the same time?

"uh…."

“Kung?”

“…It’s okay because it’s delicious.”

Because the meat was soft, it was easy to handle.

“I’ll cut some into pieces and prepare some more and fry them whole in oil.”

“Crunch?”

“It’s tastier than I thought. It’s fried in oil, so there’s no way it would taste bad. Honey, don’t worry and just wait for your fried fish.”

“Gurrrr….”

“It would be even more delicious if you added some spicy sauce.”

“Kung kung kung…!!!”

“Do you really need to hate it so much? There’s a lot of fish left. Don’t you think you can make one spicy fried for me, son?”

After finishing all the cooking, Geo half fainted.

“…….”

“Kururung.”

“It was a record-breaking day.”

It was concluded that 33 large fish were too many.

Stressful and repetitive work tires Geo out.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (45)

Episode 45

Geo was good at everything.

“So you’re also good at cooking.”

“ ”

“Please skip swimming.”

Giovanni shook his head politely but firmly in response to the sun god's question that poked at his weak point. How could a two-legged human born with the ability to breathe only out of water be good at swimming?

“But even so, I am breathing underwater right now….”

Is it because 'Giovanni' is already a dead character in this world, or is it because even though he is in a fairy tale, he is essentially a 'portrait'? Geo was able to breathe normally even in the 'breathing sea' filled with water.

“Is this water made so that humans can breathe?”

“ ”

“It has truly become a special sea. We should consider this as one of Aria’s accomplishments.”

Still, there was a sense of emptiness.

“I feel like I’m not bound by the rules of this world. Is it because I’m no longer a resident of this place? My physical condition right now doesn’t seem to be much different from when I was in the Forest of Pictures….”

“ ”

"okay."

The sun god also agreed.

“It’s a shame.”

Giovanni smiled his characteristically kind and light smile. It was a neat smile, just as before.

“I should say it feels like I’ve lost a part of my hometown.”

“ ”

“It’s a little sad, but it’ll get better in the future.”

Now was the time to eat rather than talk like that.

“I think my father doesn’t like spicy food either, so I prepared a special dish that is mainly light. I think he’d be upset if the food got wet, so please make some space this time too.”

To 'make space' was to create a big bubble of air in this water-filled world.

Although the sun god had lost all his followers except Giovanni and was weakened, he was still able to perform miracles like that for a short while.

“…….”

Using that miracle for a meal might seem a bit absurd to others.

“But still, people need to eat to live. Then, is there a rule that says God can’t eat?”

“ ”

“If anyone says anything like this, please hand that poor person over to my son. I will give him a severe punishment.”

“ ”

“It’s strange that people nag others about what they eat.”

The sun god was very happy. It was definitely the pig god.

'Can a believer gain weight?'

Geo suddenly had that thought, but soon shook his head internally. It seemed too unscrupulous to expect an intangible opponent with no substance or even a voice to gain weight just by eating.

Anyway, at first, the gentleman who had been so discouraged and withered that he even refused to eat was now setting out a table for me as if demanding that I serve him right away, which made me feel very good.

Giovanni smiled brightly in pleasure. As a priest of the sun, a warm light shone around him.

“Thanks to Honey’s hard work, we had a very satisfying meal today.”

At Geo's praise, Honey entered the air bubble and proudly puffed out her chest. It seemed like she wanted praise not only from Geo, but from the sun god as well.

“Gurrrr.”

“ ”

“Crunch crunch crunch!”

Soon, Honey's body glowed brightly for a brief moment.

“Thank you for your compliment.”

“Crunch.”

It resembled sunlight.

'Honey is an animal that evolved by drinking Lulupu's juice, so she especially likes the sun god.'

Rurupu, who grew up in the spring of the forest of pictures, was a flower that grew under the light of the moon and sunlight. Strictly speaking, it was a creature born from the sun and the moon, so it was understandable that it liked the sun god.

'He's just like a grandson showing off his skills in front of his grandfather.'

Anyway, it's cute so it's fine.

Geo looked at Honey cutely, wiggling her butt and flapping her wings following the halo of light that could be called the touch of the sun god.

Thanks to Honey's special aegyo, she was able to easily break down the Sun God's guard and be accepted by him again.

“…….”

Communication with the Sun God (1/1)

“Then I’ll go prepare some food.”

The food they brought did not get wet, thanks to the sun god evaporating some of the water with his heat.

What Geo made today was assorted sashimi, sushi, warm fish soup, rice to go with it, and fried fish to serve as a side dish.

The fried food was fried lightly and prepared so that each person could dip it in a sour or spicy sauce, so it was expected that there would be little resistance from the two spicy food lovers.

“It’s time to eat, I’m done preparing.”

“Kurururururur!!”

First, Honey flew in combatively, flapping her wings as big as my body. Then she stood in front of the fried fish that Geo had placed aside, but the fish was ten times as big as Honey.

“It’s big.”

To be honest, it was a bit of a funny sight.

“Then, Father, please come down too. It tastes better when you eat it while it’s warm.”

“ ”

The power of the sun god, who agreed with Geo's words, soon spread out to somewhere.

The warm glow reached a platinum-white teddy bear that was carefully placed near the picture frame that was Geo's entrance.

And soon, a teddy bear slightly smaller than a child began to move.

“Kyuu.”

“Welcome.”

The sun god has descended.

I said I was going to eat.

'Pigs.'

It was cute.

“Kkuu, kku….”

“Can I help you?”

"dream."

The teddy bear was flapping its wings instead of walking properly, perhaps because it had been placed in water. It seemed that the teddy bear's old and worn body was having a hard time escaping from the water pressure and resistance.

Geo readily put his hand on the teddy bear's side and lifted it up. Then he placed the teddy bear with the sun god in it in front of the bowl.

“Kyuu.”

“I’m glad you like it.”

He was very cute, but I felt a little sorry for his son, Giovanni.

'You've become so weak that you can't even fit into a doll.'

Of course, this is not a complete incarnation of the sun god, and only a portion that is edible is included.

However, since the ego of the sun god was expressed in the teddy bear, it seems likely that the doll was imbued with an important power that served as the heart or brain of the god.

However, the doll did not burst, and the sun god did not feel any discomfort. With only Giovanni as the believer, it seemed inevitable that his power would weaken compared to when it was at its peak.

“…….”

It is a miracle that the sun god was saved from extinction by just one person, Giovanni.

“Then let’s eat.”

“Kyuu.”

“Kururururuk.”

A human, a water bird, and a teddy bear all began eating without a second thought. The teddy bear, which must have only had cotton inside, opened its mouth wide and stuffed the fried fish into its mouth.

Geo was amazed once again.

'It's strange.'

I see it every time, but I couldn't figure out how to savor and digest it.

“Honey, is the taste okay? Is the fish cooked well?”

“Kururuk.”

“Yeah, just avoid this sauce. It might be a little spicy for you.”

Just in case, I put some hot sauce in the middle of the table, but I was sure no one would touch it. After all, this sauce was made exclusively for Geo.

“…….”

Let's see.

'I'll eat raw fish first.'

Honey had already eaten a lot of fresh intestines, so she went for the fried food first. And the sun god, who did not eat raw food according to the tastes of the humans who served him, was drinking rice and fish

soup.

For some reason, I feel like trying things that others don't do.

'Raw fish tastes better when eaten fresh.'

Geo picked up a piece of raw fish right away.

"…hmm…."

I've seen it a lot while grooming, but it still has a unique appearance.

'It's amazing how it has the same color as salmon, is soft like salmon, and has a springy texture unlike salmon. Thanks to that, it doesn't feel as heavy as salmon when fried.'

When I dipped it in soy sauce and ate it, I could feel the chewy yet soft flesh melting in my mouth.

“Mahita.”

"honey."

"dream."

Seeing everyone's reactions of happiness on their own made Geo feel good too.

Honey, who wanted to finish the hunt quickly, caught a school of fish all at once, and all the fish she caught were flounders in salmon disguise.

But the taste and texture were so special that I couldn't get enough of it.

'It's not like it's not oily at all.'

What was unique about this fish was that it was oily when eaten raw, but when heated, such as by frying or boiling, all the oil came out.

Thanks to this, even fish soup with few ingredients could have a rich flavor.

“How about soup?”

“Kuuuk.”

“I am glad that you like it.”

Geo looked at Honey again.

“Honey, you….”

“Kuung.”

“Yeah, you’re eating well.”

Nice to see you pigs.

'I'll eat something cold first, and then eat something else.'

Considering that he would be eating dessert later, he thought that it would be better to eat cold jelly when his stomach was a little warm. Geo decided to try something else after finishing the sashimi and sushi he was eating.

The sashimi, which had a moderate amount of oiliness and oozing out like meat juice, went well with the sushi.

'The rice grains in the flounder sushi are separate.'

It's not that I don't like flounder sushi, but I thought the chewy flounder meat and the plump, rolling sushi roe were too strong.

So Sergio preferred salmon sushi, which was soft enough to slide down the throat with just a little chewing, rather than halibut sushi.

But this sushi was different. The airy sushi spread out like a net the moment I put it in my mouth, and the sashimi on top resisted my teeth

for a moment before melting away smoothly.

The combination of rice marinated in sweet soy sauce and slightly oily raw fish was excellent.

"hmm."

Geo ate all of his share of sashimi and sushi. Any leftovers from the other family members would be all for Geo.

'Next is fried food.'

Thanks to the consideration of the sun god, it is kept dry, but no matter what, the fried food easily loses its crispiness. Geo chose fried fish as his next dish.

“…I didn’t coat it with batter because I was worried it would get too much. It’s already fried in oil, and the fish flesh is plump….”

Honey and the bear doll looked at Geo, who was making excuses that weren't excuses, as if to say, "What are you talking about when you're eating so well?" Geo, who was in charge of the cooking, felt his heart instantly relax.

'Nothing warms my heart more than a well-fed pig.'

They seem like gentlemen who would eat lye water as long as it tastes good. As someone who cooks, I couldn't help but feel happy about this situation.

“Sorry to bother you. Just eat.”

“Kyuuu.”

“Crunch crunch.”

“…….”

By the way, is the teddy bear's crying sound based on Honey?

'I've felt this way every time, but it's quite similar.'

I was too hungry to worry any more.

“Ah, it’s hot.”

Fortunately, the fried food was still warm and crispy. It was thanks to the consideration of the Sun God who had generously showered it with his blessings. I don't know if it was just because he wanted to enjoy it, but it was good anyway.

Basasak—!

"oh."

Indeed, the sun god does not tolerate even a single drop of moisture.

'The crispy fried skin and the juicy meat inside are exquisite.'

Since it was a hassle to prepare 33 fish one by one, they were fried whole, and thanks to that, the inside was juicy and tender.

The fat that was on the meat was drained away and stayed on the skin, so it felt like I was eating chicken.

‘Maybe it’s because it’s fried, but the meat has become much chewier.’

It wasn't so elastic that it was unpleasant, but it had a resistance that was just right for me. When I chewed without much force with my teeth, I could feel the texture of the food loosening up like silk threads.

“…….”

It's delicious even without any sauce?

'Is it because the shell is salty?'

This fish had seawater soaking into its skin. After draining the water, all that remained was saltiness. I don't know the principle behind it, but even after frying it once, the seasoning was exquisite.

'The flesh is almost sweet but juicy, and the skin is especially oily and crispy… it goes very well together.'

It was so delicious that I could eat rice in one go when dipped in the spicy sauce.

"……."

Slurp.

The fish soup, boiled like soybean paste stew, was also very good.

"…The fish is fresh, so they're doing this too."

"Kururuk."

"Yeah, this is better than I thought."

I didn't put in any fancy sauce. I just put well-prepared fish in water with some soybean paste dissolved in it, and topped it with some radish and green onions.

Nevertheless, the deep, savory fish soup tasted like drinking a long-boiled bone broth.

'If the fish was just a little bit fishy, it wouldn't have been possible to do it this way.'

That's why when you say fish stew, you usually think of spicy fish stew. There was no case where the fish wasn't fishy unless it was freshly caught.

Especially when boiled in soup, the fishy smell of seafood is further enhanced, so usually the fishy smell is covered up with spiciness.

But Geo, who had the ocean inside his cabin, didn't need to do that. The freshly caught fish was incredibly fresh, and he could make a soup with a deep flavor with just a little soybean paste.

“Hoooo….”

My stomach was so hot that I felt like I wouldn't be able to wake up until evening if I continued to sleep like this.

“Good.”

“Hold on?”

“Yes, I am full.”

Oh, right.

“I’m boiling the bones, I’ll come back when they’re done.”

“Kuuuu.”

“Yes, I guess this is your first time having bone soup, Father. It’s much more flavorful than this fish soup….”

Characteristics of gluttons.

Talk about eating while eating.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (46)

Episode 46

Geo returns to the cabin.

“…….”

He was now checking the reward he had received from the system after realizing the level of danger of the young man he had encountered at Gyeongbokgung Palace.

“I was busy.”

Reward: Seal

“I was busy eating.”

I know the system has no ego, but I made excuses for nothing.

“So I was wondering what the seal was….”

Geo looked at the stamp, which seemed to be carved out of marble.

“…….”

Geo held the stamp to his softly shining back. It was beautiful, shining so clearly like sunlight shining through a thin blanket.

It was similar to marble, but the quality of the light was different. Geo muttered as he looked down at the small pillar that seemed to be alive and breathing, and he could hear a faint beating.

“Where have I seen this?”

“Kururuk?”

“Don’t look at it with greedy eyes, honey. Even if you love gems, this is too much. If you really want marble, go to the spring where there are trees that grow from similar stone.”

“Kung kung kung….”

“You can’t pretend to be cute.”

This is a system that has evolved Sergio, who was an extremely ordinary person, into a portrait whose personality can change in an instant. There is no way that the seal given by such a guy would be ordinary, so I couldn't let Honey eat it.

"hmm…."

After looking around, Geo came up with an answer.

“Was it a sealing wax seal?”

Sealing wax, a sentimental item used to seal letter paper. It looked like a seal used to melt the wax, like candle wax, and press it to create a pretty and cool design. It was a type of seal.

In the era that Geo lived in, it was an item that chose sensibility over practicality, but that aside…

“I don’t have wax.”

“Huh?”

“There is no one to whom I can send a letter I have put so much care into.”

“…Kuru….”

“Tears are clouding my vision.”

I am a dung beetle.

“I don’t have any friends.”

“…….”

“…I wonder if it meant that I should try making a pen pal.”

I don't know why he gave me this seal, but since he didn't know anything, Geo interpreted it the way he wanted.

This was definitely a consideration from the system to encourage Geo, who had no friends, to make new connections.

“Then let’s try sending a letter to Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

The easiest opponent, Yoo Seong-un.

Today, Yoo Seong-un, a modern man who is so tired and exhausted, suffered misfortune again without any problems.

* * *

“…….”

When Yoo Seong-woon returned home from work, his heart almost stopped.

“…What, a letter….”

There is a letter on the living room table that I have never seen before.

“…….”

He looked around and muttered.

“There is no sign of intrusion.”

With the help of the leader of the Bisabal Guild, who was concerned about the safety of his employees, the security of the residence where Yoo Seong-un was staying was so tight that only S-class hunters could enter. It was surprising that a strange letter was left openly in such a house.

Yoo Seong-un sighed for a moment, then calmly collected his emotions and sat down on the table sofa.

“Let’s go and take a look.”

Rustle.

The letter sounded like dried grass.

“…….”

It's dried grass.

“…Geo?”

For some reason, I felt like I knew who the sender of the letter was.

'I'm not sure, but I have a feeling that's the case.'

The envelope felt similar to Korean paper, but it was much drier. Much softer. Yoo Seong-woon’s gaze, which was staring at the envelope that was as black as Geo’s eyes, soon fell on the wax sealing the letter.

A texture like a sparkling jewel.

"oh…."

It's definitely Geo's.

'… It looks like the crystal structure of the gem was melted like candle wax and stamped with a seal. I don't know how such an extraordinary feat could have happened, but it is dreamlike and beautiful, like

something out of a fairy tale.'

This strange sense of presence was particularly felt by Geo. I guess you could say he had a strangely emotional side to him.

“It’s a seal….”

It was a pattern I was seeing for the first time.

“…Portrait, does it… look a little bit like it?”

The plants spread out around the rectangular frame, and the pattern inside the frame that looked like a star. It was a seal that somehow reminded me of the 'Portrait of Geo' hanging in the gallery of the Visabal.

“You really have a strong taste.”

The way he acted was like that, and Geo had a strong feeling of being a fantasy medieval noble.

'Should I say it has a fairy tale-like feel?'

I think he said that he lived in a hut, so I thought he was a very peaceful guy.

“Then let’s look at the contents.”

He carefully peeled off the seal that he felt was worth studying, taking care not to damage it, and saw the pure white letter paper inside. Yoo Seong-un took out the letter paper and read the pitch-black writing carefully.

“…….”

And then he let out a deep sigh.

“…I don’t understand….”

If you're going to send a letter, shouldn't you write it in Earth's language?

'… I thought you knew a lot about Korean culture, so I expected you to write the letter in Korean, but I guess it's hard to expect that much. Geo isn't really Korean, either.'

I read it again, wondering if I could interpret it, but it was still a language I had never seen before. It didn't even feel like there was any regularity to it, so Yoo Seong-un felt troubled.

"If it's something like a curse letter, it's going to be a headache."

It's unlikely that Geo would send something bad out of the blue, but the beings of the source weren't the kind of people who could be guessed at in that way. If it was an item that would cause a curse if not properly interpreted, it would be quite difficult.

"……."

The meteor cloud subsided a little, as it no longer felt that ominous.

"…Since I was planning to go see it tomorrow anyway, I might as well ask about this too."

It wouldn't have mattered much as long as it wasn't a bomb about to explode.

Yoo Seong-un carefully sealed the entrance again so as not to crumple the letter. The blue jewel seal, which had no adhesive at all, was cold and smooth, but perhaps because it had some weight, it did not float away and held the entrance in place.

"Anyway, I can't figure out its identity."

Should this also be considered a 'fragment of a work of art'?

"They say you have a knack for making people lose their minds…."

I don't know when we'll be able to find out Geo's true identity.

That point was a little bit distant.

* * *

“Geo.”

The next morning, Yoo Seong-un found Geo.

“Is this the letter you sent?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“You were right.”

“…….”

The portrait still had an expressionless face, but it asked something as if it was curious.

“I wrote my name on the letter, but you didn’t check it?”

“Ah, that….”

Yoo Seong-un took out the letter with an embarrassed face.

“I feel sorry for you who took the time to send me a letter, but how can I read a letter written in a language I don’t know? If it’s not an Earth language, I can’t verify it.”

"…okay."

Geo paused for a moment and then continued speaking.

“But if I remember correctly, I sent you a letter in Korean.”

“Huh? Really?”

“Yes. I think there must have been some unexpected problem in the delivery of the letter. Just as you feel that the resolution of this portrait is off.”

“Oh… um, that’s… definitely….”

That could have been possible.

'The language of the letter also didn't seem to have any regularity at all.'

Geo's letters were written as if they had been typed on a broken typewriter; the outward appearance of the letters was neat and tidy, but the detailed language and rules were utterly confusing.

This part could certainly be what Geo said.

'If you're talking about resolution, it's probably about the level of Geo we talked about before... .'

Just like the great sense of oppression and fear felt from Geo outside the portrait.

'Looking at that, it certainly seems like the frame containing this portrait is acting as some kind of filter... Could it be a filter to contain Geo, a being that humans cannot handle?'

If the language was mixed and distorted in the process of going through the filter, then the current content is understandable. Geo's level is also a frame that is being distorted, so wouldn't language be distorted even more?

“It’s a bit of a shame for the person sending the letter.”

“I’m sorry if this made you feel embarrassed.”

“I guess it’s okay, but why did you send the letter?”

“It was just a simple thank you and greeting, nothing special.”

“…But didn’t you have your own rules?”

In response to the sudden doubt, Yoo Seong-un asked a light question.

“If you want to take something out of a painting, someone has to pay the price. But I don’t remember paying the price.”

“I thought about that too, but I think the seal helped me avoid being tied down by the rules.”

“A seal?”

“It’s a seal I obtained by chance. If I mark it with it and deliver it, it seems like I don’t need to charge anything in return.”

“Hmm, really?”

As expected, the 1:1 rule wasn't something Geo wanted.

'Because they figure out ways to get around the rules like that.'

If we look at it that way, Geo's rules are probably a kind of defensive line to prevent the huge scale from overflowing and destroying reality. As I thought before, I think it might be the result of the 'frame' acting as a filter.

'But if you think of a way to avoid that suppression, like a seal or something…'

It's a bit creepy from the perspective of a weak Earthling.

'… Even if Geo isn't the type of person who enjoys harassing others, someone of that caliber can unintentionally bring people down. If the rules given to this guy exist to protect Earthlings, then we should be careful of his tendency to casually ignore the rules.'

Anyway, I felt a little relieved. I had been losing sleep after receiving that strangely creepy letter, but as expected, it didn't seem to be a bomb scary enough to harm Yoo Seong-un.

“I was surprised. When I got home from work, there was a letter I didn’t know there….”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t expect the letter to be moved like that.”

“I guess you don’t usually send letters?”

“Yes, but….”

Geo rarely trailed off.

“I wanted to try making new friends.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un took a deep breath and asked in his usual tone.

“…New friend?”

“It’s embarrassing to say, but I only talk to Yoo Seong-un. Before we start a new relationship, I sent a letter to Yoo Seong-un first.”

“That’s… very good.”

Although Yoo Seong-un is a being of origin and has a calm and calm side, that doesn't mean he doesn't know how dangerous Geo is.

Since it was a meteor shower, it passed without a hitch, but if it was a normal person, they would have been shocked and fallen down upon seeing the strangely arousing letter. Especially if they were a civilian and not a hunter.

“I think it would be good if you paid a little more attention to that part because other people might be surprised.”

“I will be more careful next time.”

“I would appreciate it if you could do that.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was wearing a scarf around his neck, asked next.

“But how do you find that ‘new relationship’?”

How is Geo, who always appears in portraits, going to make 'new friends'?

If he were a normal person, he would move around and make friends through the Internet, but none of this was the case for Geo.

“Will that letter be delivered randomly to a random person?”

“No, the recipient must be correct so that what I am sending is delivered as intended.”

“That must have been my case.”

“I think I need to think a little more about how to make new friends.”

“Hmm….”

Is this the perfect timing?

Yoo Seong-un recalled the conversation he had with the leader of the Visabal Guild and asked Geo.

“Geo, is it possible to move to another dungeon?”

“Is it a dungeon, not just a simple portrait?”

"huh."

“…….”

Geo blinked twice as if he was thinking for a moment and then

answered.

“In the case of the world I drew….”

"huh?"

The world drawn?

“The world you just drew….”

“Yes, in the world I’ve drawn, moving around is not difficult.”

"uh?"

“But the dungeon that Mr. Yoo Seong-un is talking about doesn’t seem to be the space I drew. Are you talking about a dungeon that already has an entrance on Earth and that Earthlings can visit?”

"…uh…."

Although he was a little confused, Yoo Seong-un answered while maintaining his composure as much as possible.

“Yes. I’m talking about a dungeon that already has an entrance on Earth that even a hunter like me can visit.”

Yoo Seong-un continued, thinking that he should increase Geo's risk level.

“You created portraits here and there and used them to travel around the company, right? Then I wondered if I could find your portrait in other dungeons. That means you can visit those dungeons too.”

“I haven’t tried that part yet.”

Geo, who had said so, added shortly.

“But it sounds like it would be fun.”

Geo showed interest.

'I'm glad I had that in mind.'

It is a portrait of Geo, who surprisingly pursues a life centered on interest.

If I asked this question, I had anticipated that Geo would be very interested and might try it right away.

'It's a bit difficult to figure out its behavioral patterns, perhaps because it has intelligence equivalent to a human or higher, but since it showed this much interest... If possible, it would be better to make suggestions within a manageable range.'

As Bisabal said, some humans like Yoo Seong-un cannot control Geo's actions. This was true even without selfish intentions.

There is no objective way to stop Geo, who considers himself human, from going out into society. He can go anywhere and create anything just by drawing pictures.

'Then it would be better to at least give them a direction. Even if I can't stop them from moving, I can at least recommend a place to go.'

Yoo Seong-un took out a piece of paper from his briefcase.

“Then what about places like these?”

“What is this?”

“I’ve picked out some dungeons that you can visit without causing any trouble.”

If possible, we chose a location with the least amount of casualties.

“The dungeons have low rewards and low recognition, so hunters don’t visit them often, and they’re not scary enough to put you in danger….”

“…….”

“If you want to experience an environment outside of the portrait, I thought you might want to try something like this. If you move around like this, you might meet other hunters when you visit the dungeon. Then, you’ll have a higher chance of making new friends.”

Geo nodded, wondering if Yoo Seong-un's suggestion didn't sound unpleasant.

"thank you."

“I hope this helps.”

“Yes, I have something to give you as a token of my appreciation.”

“Is it a gift?”

“The jerky I made earlier dried well.”

"…okay…."

I never knew you could even make beef jerky.

'This isn't ordinary jerky.'

I started to think that if I continued living like this, I wouldn't be able to live up to my name in another sense.

‘I don’t think I’ll become so healthy that I’ll live a long life or even become immortal…’

It was a meteor cloud that suddenly became eerie.

* * *

Geo, who successfully delivered the jerky to Yoo Seong-un, was troubled as he looked at the list of dungeons he had given him.

“Honey, let’s take a picture.”

“Kururuk.”

“Go to the dungeon where the jewel you spat out stopped.”

“Kukkurururuk.”

“I thought you’d like it too.”

The list of dungeons that Yoo Seong-un handed over also included photos of the interior. It seemed like the dungeons had already been investigated by people called Hunters.

Soon, Honey spat out the jewel.

“…….”

“…….”

“Here it is.”

vein of jewels

“…….”

jewel?

“A jewel?”

“Kururu.”

"…okay."

“Kurururururururururururu.”

“Okay, then stop….”

“Kurururururururur….”

"stop."

If it's shiny, I can't stand it.

'Does this kid know Korean?'

I began to have strong suspicions that it might not have been said intentionally.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (47)

Episode 47

“Fuck.”

F-class porter Cha Ara couldn't stop swearing for even a moment.

“How can life be like this? It really sucks… In my next life, I should be born as the youngest child in a harmonious, wealthy family….”

In a vast and complex anthill-shaped dungeon, Chaara was left alone and groaning.

“You little shits, you left me behind. I’ll fucking curse you.”

The place where she was abandoned was a dark cave filled with luminous gems.

You might wonder how it could be dark when it's filled with luminous gems, but it was home to light-eating, dust-like creatures.

There was a faint background visible right next to the brightly shining jewel, but other than that, nothing else was visible.

“…….”

Chaara was abandoned in such a dark dungeon.

“Fuck.”

As expected, it was like a dog.

“…You’ll stumble on the threshold and tear your nail, and it’ll bleed. You’ll trip and fall down on the side of the road, and you’ll get beaten up because it’s crowded. You’ll get drunk on your emotions at dawn and write stuff on the internet, and then wake up the next day and reflect on yourself….”

The reason it was abandoned was obvious.

It was good that I entered the dungeon with courage the size of an ant's tears, but I couldn't find a way out, food ran out without any results, the mood fell into the abyss, and I ended up using a return stone to escape the dungeon.

I understood up to that point.

'It's frustrating to waste money and time, but it's better to get out alive than to die.'

They say that even rolling in shit is better than this world. Even if it's a C-class dungeon, it's still a dungeon. You never know when someone might die, and especially in a dark dungeon like this, your mental power becomes noticeably weaker.

Since the blood had already been shed, it would have been wise to leave if there was a way out.

“…….”

But one return stone was missing.

“Fuck…!!”

The return stone itself was an expensive item, so even if there were enough, it might have been given to Cha Ara, who was an F-class porter. Maybe the fact that there was no return stone itself was a lie.

“Ah, you really are a bitch!! You got dumped on the day before your

wedding and cried so much that you'll live the rest of your life as a bastard, you fucking bastards!!"

Cha Ara sniffled as she sat next to a jewel as big as her body.

This kind of thing wasn't common. No matter how cold-hearted the world is these days, it's not like they would abandon their porters so openly. Still, they're colleagues in a way.

"……."

However, it was an event that was secretly happening, but it was not widely known because the hunters kept it quiet.

'… It's more of a problem because it's not something that never happened.'

This wasn't the first time Cha Ara had been subjected to something like this.

'The biggest problem is that there are very few visitors to this dungeon.'

Even if you were left alone during that time, you could escape together with the hunters who came after you by bowing to them.

'Hunters have always had to pay attention to their image management.'

Since Hunters are a type of celebrity, they pay a lot of attention to controversies about their character, so unless they are a particularly ill-tempered Hunter, they would take in at least one poor porter who was left alone.

but.

"Oh really, no, this time, really, what should I do…."

This is the 'vein of jewels'.

It was a C-class dungeon with unusually few monsters and poor rewards, so it was not visited often by hunters.

“They say that if one team comes in a week, that’s a lot.”

The paths are intricately tangled, and because of the tiny creatures that absorb all light, whether it be lanterns or anything else, you could easily get trapped in this dark maze and die. Finding the exit is no easy task.

The reason why hunters occasionally visit this place is because of a monster that inhabits this dungeon.

“…….”

A small monster with a jewel body that glows softly like a mood light.

Also known as 'anti-cat'.

“…You idiots, ever since you said you were after that guy, I thought I was strong….”

Anticat was a cat-shaped monster the size of an adult male's palm or slightly larger.

Despite its cute appearance, it hates humans approaching and runs away. It also absorbs light like cave creatures, darkening its surroundings. This adds to its rarity.

'Even if you catch it like that, you shouldn't raise anti-cats.'

Raising monsters is not only subject to severe crackdowns on the country, but Anticat is a terrifying monster that, when angry, burns everything in its path with a blue light.

'Well, since it's such a monster, there are a lot of kids who are secretly crazy and want to buy more.'

Anyway, I shouldn't have joined this team. I should have jumped out from the moment I said I was going to 'Jewel's Vein'.

If only money weren't tight.

“…Really, what should I do….”

It had been less than 24 hours since I had been locked in the dungeon alone, but perhaps because of the darkness and silence that made even sound inaudible, I felt like my mind was being shaken. Although I was clearly in a large cave, it felt like I was trapped in a place where all sides were blocked.

I heard that in prisons, they sometimes lock in small, dark rooms on purpose to torment the prisoners, and it felt just like that. It wasn't as physically uncomfortable as being in a small prison, but it was mentally exhausting.

"eww…."

I was starting to get hungry.

'But it's not like I'm strong enough to clear this dungeon alone. I heard that the exit here appears under certain circumstances. It seems like it would require several people… .'

If we just wait for rescue, that is a situation with no answer.

“…….”

Cha Ara, who had her eyes tightly shut, quickly got up from her seat.

“…Let’s see if anything moves.”

It's easier said than done, but it was a long time when I was sober.

I was tired of just sitting still to extend my lifeline. If I continued like this, I would go crazy before rescue came, so I thought it would be better to

move my body to avoid going crazy.

“Still, the vein of the jewel has fewer monsters. I can’t even dream of conquering it alone since I don’t have enough food, stamina, or skills, but if I just watch out for the ghost-like monsters that suddenly appear… I’ll be fine.”

The vein of the jewel is not mainly about fighting monsters.

The strategy is all about 'finding an escape route', but this place is as complex and dark as an ant hole. It's a dungeon that relies more on mental power than attack power, so even if you're a little bit sane, you can still get out without dying if you just keep your wits about you.

“…….”

But after about 3 hours, I felt like I was going crazy.

“Oh my gosh, this is driving me crazy.”

I was hungry, thirsty, sleepy, and my arms and legs were aching. The leg I had injured in the last raid had not yet recovered and I was limping.

If things continued like this, it was clear that I wouldn't be able to escape when a dangerous situation arose.

'But it's stupid to sleep peacefully in a place full of monsters that suck your life force away.'

I don't know much since I only heard about it and saw it myself without learning it separately, but I do know that all the monsters that live in the 'Jewel Vein' have a ghost-like appearance.

In the same vein, the monsters here attack by sucking the life out of the hunters. Although their physical attack power is not high, if you are not careful, your lifespan can be reduced by half.

‘Only when you’re awake can you come to your senses and kick them out… .’

It was when I was walking like that.

“…….”

In the distance, I saw something faintly glowing. It was a very faint light.

“…the jewel pillar….”

I don't think so.

Cha Ara squinted her eyes. Her eyesight wasn't bad, but she couldn't see very well how small the other person was.

'what?'

I could tell as soon as I saw it. It wasn't a glowing gem lying in a cave.

It is much smaller than that, has a round shape that catches the eye at first glance, and above all, it has four legs that move quickly and smoothly like a young lady from a wealthy family.

"uh."

Pointed ears and a bushy tail.

“Uh uh….”

Anti-Cat was a cute, jewel-like cat that fit in one hand, with a body as small as a kitten but with fur that rivaled that of any other long-haired cat.

“…Crazy, I get to see this.”

If the hunters who went out first find out, they will beat the ground and

regret it.

'Just thinking about it makes my tired body and mind feel full. Everyone, eat well together.'

Chaara gained some energy and looked at Anticat.

‘… There’s no way I can catch an anti-cat, and I don’t even want to.’

Even though they say it's a world where you can just hush it up, it was illegal to begin with. If you didn't get caught, it would be fine, but if you did get caught, there was a high possibility that you would receive a severe punishment like a F-class porter with no one to look after you.

So what Cha Ara wanted wasn't the capture of Anti-Cat.

'There was talk that those guys were moving in the direction of the exit. It's not confirmed information, but still… .'

Anticat also noticed Chaara's presence and turned around.

"oh."

“…….”

“…….”

It is said that when an Anti-Cat detects a presence, it turns off its body's fire and absorbs all surrounding light before leisurely running away, but fortunately, the one in front of me did not do that.

Cha Ara inwardly sighed in relief.

‘… I, I lived.’

It was the first time I saw an anti-cat emitting such a soft light. No, it was the first time I heard of it. I learned that anti-cats usually hide in the darkness and avoid humans by consuming all the light around

them.

The anti-cat, whose tail had been wagging, soon began to move its body in a brisk pace. It was a light and elegant gesture, like a soft balloon popping up or flower petals fluttering.

“…….”

I wonder if I can follow you.

'... As a monster, it probably doesn't have any intention of helping humans by turning on the light, but it doesn't seem to have any intention of attacking me. It's said that the monster's habits are quite similar to those of a cat, so if I just keep a reasonable distance, I won't be suddenly attacked... .'

Cha Ara, who was following Anticat so carefully, noticed something strange.

“…….”

“…….”

“……?”

Anti-Cat seemed to be checking to see if I was following him.

'…what.'

It could be said that it was a miracle of favor from the monster, but no matter how low the rank, she was a hunter named Cha-A. She knew very well that monsters would not like humans and would not show proper favor.

In particular, Anticat was a monster rumored to hate humans.

‘But that appearance definitely seems to be luring me… .’

wait for a sec.

“…….”

invitation?

It was when Cha Ara hesitated and tried to run away.

"hello."

“Ugh, huh ...

Crash!

Cha Ara's legs gave out and she collapsed.

“What, what what what, what what what….”

“…….”

“…Who, who are you….”

It took me a while to figure out what was going on.

Cha Ara, panting and catching her breath, realized that there was someone else in the darkness besides her.

It was a dungeon where nothing could be seen unless you were right next to the glowing jewel, so I never thought there would be anyone beyond where Anticat was heading.

'It's not a monster... right?'

Where in the world would you find a monster that speaks?

“Who, who are you….”

Even though she was hesitating to ask, Cha-Ara mustered up her courage and got up from her seat.

In the case of porters, even if the opponent is human, there are times when they get killed for fun in the dungeon. It is better to be careful about anything.

'Please calm down, kid.'

In the meantime, Anticat approached 'someone'. It was shining a little brighter than before, and the affection that Anticat held could be seen in the blue yet gentle light and the much softer gestures.

As the small body approached, all that was visible were pitch-black suit trousers and pale bare feet, and Anti-Cat was rubbing her body against those ankles and acting cute.

“…….”

It was a ridiculous scene.

“…Anti-cat….”

Aren't you an anti-cat who's famous for hating people?

“Oh, by the way, are you… a, a trainer? Uh….”

“…….”

“Which guild are you a hunter from…?”

I asked him, certain that someone at the level of a trainer would not work as a freelancer, but he still didn't answer.

An eerie silence followed.

‘…Why are you so silent?’

No, from the beginning.

Why didn't I feel any presence?

‘Even if I’m an incompetent hunter, I can tell if there’s a person at this distance…’

Cold sweat ran down Cha Ara's cheeks.

I instinctively sensed that something was wrong. By now, the pitch-black suit trousers and the pale bare feet beneath them were starting to feel eerie.

Yeah, that's right.

“…….”

There's no way a crazy kid would come into a rough cave like this barefoot.

“…….”

…let's think about it.

Anti-cats hate people.

'He said that even the trainer was no different.'

If this was a problem that could be solved by the trainer stepping in, anti-cat sentiment would have been more openly sold.

However, Anticats extremely abhor contact with humans, and the same goes for trainers who can make contracts with monsters. It's not for nothing that they have 'anti' in their name.

‘That anti-cat is acting so cute… .’

At that moment, the stranger bent down and hugged Anticat.

Even Chaara could see Anticat's small body fitting into a large hand. It gave itself over completely without any resistance.

“…….”

"hello."

"…yes yes."

Oh, really?

I was so out of it that I just let it go, but then Cha Ara remembered that she hadn't responded to the other person's greeting.

'Did you just scream?'

Chara nodded awkwardly, feeling strange.

“Hey, ah, hello….”

In this situation, he suddenly repeated the same thing. Maybe he was asking me again because I didn't respond to his previous greeting.

It was by no means an ordinary reaction.

'Are you a person obsessed with manners?'

Even as she thought that, Cha Ara hesitated and took a step back.

Her careful movements, hoping not to provoke the other person, showed that she had already determined that the man in front of her was a dangerous being.

‘… Something feels strange.’

The anti-cat, who hated people, was rubbing her cheek while being held in the man's pale hand.

Even if it was the result of a man's training, it was strange. Just because a monster made a contract with its master, it doesn't mean it naturally has affection for its master. Most of their relationships were very dry, or even connected by hatred.

'Besides, I've never heard of an Anticat emitting a soft light like that in a person's arms. It's such a rare sight that it's never even been photographed.'

The light was like a lantern luring prey in the deep sea.

“…….”

Although Anti-Cats do not like humans, it has often happened that monsters offer tribute to monsters stronger than them.

"…uh…."

Now that I think about it, there are talking monsters in the world. They are so rare and uncommon that I never dared think of them, but they definitely exist.

Humanoid monster.

“My name is Sergio.”

“…….”

“What is your name?”

A face locked in darkness, with nothing visible.

The hand holding the anti-cat and its chest were faintly visible.

A pitch-black shirt, a pitch-black suit, and an even blacker cloak. Big, thick fingers that were as pale as a corpse… .

“…….”

Cha Ara quietly took it in with her eyes.

Even though it was just hidden in the darkness and invisible, it felt like a human being without a face.

“…….”

And of course,

There is no human being in the world without a face.

“…I, I….”

“You seem nervous.”

“…….”

“Are you scared of me?”

“…….”

“I promise I won’t cause any harm.”

The voice was overly polite.

'…what's this.'

It was a creepy good voice.

It was neat and clear, like an announcer reporting the weather, and soft and firm, like a teacher teaching a student. Cha Ara suddenly felt that the voice was so perfect that it seemed strange.

It must have been quite a while since it had cleared up the confusion, but 'it' spoke to me again, as if it was not satisfied with the flowing silence.

“Don't be afraid.”

Cha Ara realized.

“…….”

ah.

That's it.

“I wonder what your name is.”

You're not human.

“…….”

“…….”

“Tea, tea… It’s tea.”

“Nice to meet you, Cha Ara.”

In the dark.

I saw darker eyes than that.

“Would you like to talk to me?”

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (48)

Episode 48

How did things end up like this?

“Let’s go, honey.”

“Gurrrr.”

“It’s a picnic.”

Nothing much. Geo and Honey were just having a picnic in the novel setting of a dungeon.

“Can I get that jewel?”

“Cur.”

“The one who pegs loses.”

The dungeon that was in the documents that Yoo Seong-un handed over, ‘Jewel Vein’.

Half unable to resist Honey's urge to go for the word jewel, and half unable to resist Geo himself enjoying this fantastic picnic, he made a passage using the information provided by Yoo Seong-un and visited this place right away.

“……?”

Then I discovered something peculiar.

“The assimilation rate doesn’t increase at all.”

“Gulp?”

“Well, I don’t really know why.”

It was the fairy tale rate of 'Giovanni' that went up even when he was still in the portrait. But when he suddenly stopped moving, I couldn't help but be concerned.

“Does the fairy tale temporarily stop when you come to a different dungeon? It doesn’t feel like it stops completely.”

“Gulp.”

"frame?"

“Kkuk.”

“It could be a problem with the passageway, as you said.”

Honey asked if the connection was lost because she came out through a passage she had created herself, not through 'Geo's Portrait'. For some reason, Geo felt like Honey was right.

“One thing is not important.”

People must live in the present to be happy.

“Even I, a portrait possessed by a ghost, am no different.”

“Crunch?”

“Portraits are people too.”

When Geo cried out, Honey didn't say anything anymore. I don't know if it was out of filial piety or because she was obsessed with the jewel, but either way, that's how it was.

Leaving the question as a question, Geo took a good look around the dungeon that Korean hunters often visit.

“Good.”

The 'Jewel Vein', which was somewhat eerie and dreamy due to the influence of luminous stones, was a great tourist attraction.

"stylish."

“Kururuk.”

“I like it.”

I think I understand why they call this place the 'Jewel Vein'.

“It’s all made of jewels.”

It looked like a cave created by flowing lava, like a cave created by flowing jewels.

Big gems. Small gems. Transparent gems. Opaque gems. Gems in the shape of pointed hexagonal columns. Gems in the shape of round spores. Gems that twinkle in clusters above like chandeliers… .

“Son, don’t eat too much.”

“Kung.”

“I have a stomachache.”

All kinds of jewels were gathered together in a haphazard manner, forming a number of branching paths.

'Sometimes the protruding end glows.'

Geo recalled the explanation of the data that Yoo Seong-un had given him.

“You said it was a very dark cave.”

“Kkuk.”

“Isn’t it a brighter place than you thought?”

It is said that the air in this cave is teeming with microscopic monsters that devour light.

Monsters that suck the life out of people roam the inside without a sound, and monsters that are too small to be caught absorb all kinds of light.

In this place so quiet that even sound seems to have been taken away, the only thing you can rely on are the self-shining jewel pillars.

“I said so….”

Geo's eyes were wide open all around.

“It’s a little dark, but the glowstone doesn’t block your view that much.”

“Kururuk.”

“Yeah, you too.”

I also thought that this was a benefit Geo could receive because he was a 'portrait'.

'I don't know exactly what the benefit is, though.'

If I can see something that all the other hunters on Earth can't, then Geo is definitely the weird one.

The only thing that came to mind as the reason why Geo, who was just a harmless human without even a white belt in Taekwondo, had acquired such strange abilities was the portrait.

“…….”

It seems like this is getting more and more human with each passing day.

“…It’s okay because it’s funny.”

“Huh?”

“It’s a very interesting life.”

“Kur?”

“It’s because I’m handsome.”

It's because he's really 'good' looking.

Well, as people live, they may become portraits, and they may even stray from the standards of ordinary humans.

That didn't bother Geo at all.

“Life is a series of contents, and contents are meant to be enjoyed.”

“Gurrrr….”

“There’s no reason why I shouldn’t enjoy my life, even if it’s a portrait.”

He did not give in to this level of realization. Geo, who had no other thoughts, toured the 'Jewel Vein' with peace of mind.

And I was amazed.

“The tourism industry on Earth has developed so much in 31 years.”

There were monsters that appeared faintly like ghosts, and for some reason, they would express a little favor to Geo and then just pass by. They looked no different from the animals in the forest.

Those guys sometimes kiss my ankles before they leave.

“Because they are like cute darlings.”

Geo nodded, having made his decision based on love, friendship, and peace.

'Did you know that I'm harmless?'

Anyway, since he knew that even monsters were not a threat, he had nothing to fear. Geo walked around the 'Jewel Vein' with a full heart.

As a result, Geo was able to enjoy the amazing tour to 120% with his son… .

“…….”

There were some things I didn't like.

There was no one.

“…I should have known from the moment you said it was a sparsely populated dungeon.”

Perhaps because he felt sorry for Geo, who was growing old alone, he even set up a system of letter communication to help him make new friends, but he couldn't find anyone who was worth becoming a pen pal.

'I am a dung beetle.'

I have no friends.

Since you can't just say hello to someone and become friends with them right away, Geo had to try several times to make new connections. It was this hard to make pen pals.

‘I haven’t seen a single hair on a person’s head since the beginning…’

Sergio, the messenger of this age who was full of love, friendship and

peace and could fill his stomach without eating, was deeply saddened.

“In my 29 years of life, I have never been a loner without friends.”

“Kur?”

“Except for family. Wouldn’t it be a bit strange to call the child born from my paints a friend?”

“Kung kung kung….”

“Even if you’re dissatisfied, there’s nothing you can do. No matter how open-minded this dad is, if something can’t be done, it can’t be done.”

As Geo lowered his head, feeling drained for no reason, he saw a cat sitting down near his feet.

“…….”

Oh, cat.

“…When did you come?”

“What the hell.”

“You’re cute.”

It was a long-haired creature with long, fluffy fur, but compared to the whitish monsters of the 'Jewel Vein' that I had seen so far, it had a definite sense of weight and solidity.

“Has the time for selection come?”

Geo, who was checking to see if there was a mother cat nearby, soon died down again.

I mustered up my courage to come out into society and find that my new relationship is with a kitten the size of my palm. Is this okay?

“…I guess there’s nothing that won’t work out.”

Wouldn't it be better if everything was more complex? Life is something that cannot be lived alone.

Convinced, Geo asked the cat.

“There aren’t many people here, kid.”

“Gyarreung.”

“You’re cute, but you don’t answer.”

The kitten just lay down and didn't answer. Butler Geo, who was ready for the natural command to immediately stroke his belly, crouched down and gently stroked his tiny belly.

'Hard and cold.'

A rustling sound was heard. If the master is satisfied, I am also happy. Geo nodded.

“You’re cute.”

“Huh?”

“It’s cute because it’s small and harmless, right?”

“…….”

“…I don’t know why, but it seems like you’re denying what this father said, but whatever the truth is, it would be best if you didn’t tell me. It’s said that people are happiest when they’re ignorant, and that’s exactly what I am. I don’t want to know the cruel truth, so just leave me to enjoy myself.”

Honey acknowledged Geo's sincere appeal.

“But it’s really cute.”

The monster, which was as small as a kitten, was not as clean and transparent as Honey. The monster, whose entire body was made of jewels, had a lot of tight crystals and cracks inside, making it look as if it was opaque.

However, when I touched it directly, I could feel the soft fur covering its outer surface. Unlike Honey, its body made of jewels was cold and hard, but the cat's behavior of lying on the floor and enjoying being touched was very sophisticated.

“Can’t even a monster like this have emotions?”

Anticat

A cat-shaped monster made of jewels that has been acting independently since it was hatched from an egg. It has an extreme hatred for Earth creatures, and the humans who first discovered its existence named it 'Anticat'.

Etiquette: The jewel hair balls that Anticats spit out very rarely can be stretched out and woven into cloth to create an invisibility cloak. Even more rarely, Anticats shed tears, which are used as an excellent tranquilizer in their own right.

"oh."

Geo realized.

“Well, I did give emotions to the monsters in Cheonggyecheon, so I guess the monsters in the dungeon aren’t that different. They’re like this honest Speed Wagon.”

And then the second thing I realized was:

“…Do you hate creatures on Earth?”

Then what about me?

“Am I not considered a creature of the Earth?”

“Grrrr.”

“Don’t be so noisy, but answer me about my identity, kid. Although I am currently living in a semi-forcible portrait because my identity and real estate have all been liquidated, I am still a healthy, South Korean man who grew up in the mountains of Gangwon Province and received pure energy.”

“Gyarrrr….”

“Do you have catnip on your hands?”

I was so happy that I was embarrassed that I liked it this much.

“I found a prepared butler.”

Even though it was a monster, it seemed to be very well-suited to the touch of Geo, a veteran at petting cats, perhaps because it had the nature of a cat.

It was a moment when I felt rewarded for stopping by a cat cafe every now and then while living in a busy modern society.

“…….”

“…….”

Anyway, there was no one there.

"hmm."

Only the cat was cute.

“It’s sad.”

“Oh really?”

“I came here to make new friends, but I came back with only the owner.”

Geo already had his mind set on kidnapping this Anti-Cat. It says that it 'behaves independently from the moment it is hatched', so it seems like it doesn't have a separate family to live with.

'The cats of Earth should not be touched carelessly, but….'

This guy was a monster, so there was a little less burden.

“There’s an icehouse with a similar environment to this one, and I could draw a house in a similar place for you, so I think it’d be okay. What do you think, kid?”

“Gyarrrr.”

“I take it you agree.”

But not seeing a single person was a bit of a blow. The timid Geo had to expend a lot of energy just to go outside to make new friends.

“I don’t like having too many people, but I wish there was at least one person.”

“Okay.”

“…….”

“Grrr.”

"hmm?"

Anticat, who clearly understood what Geo was saying, quietly got up from where he was lying and went away.

"oh."

Geo intuitively sensed new content and waited quietly in that spot.

'A friendship brought about by animals? This is a beautiful situation, like a fairy tale… .'

As I waited in anticipation of a heart-warming encounter, the Anticat soon arrived to lure the humans.

I'm talking about a young and pitiful human who is so frightened by the mere sight that he can't even comprehend the situation, and who is dragged along like a moth by the faint light of the Anticat.

“…….”

Is it an offering?

'Sacrifice?'

Hey, no way.

'I brought you here to make friends, but it's too bad. You look as young as the students I taught to be my friends… .'

Geo spoke to the person who hadn't noticed him yet in the kindest voice he could muster.

"hello."

“Ugh, huh ...

This is a bit hurtful.

“What, what what what, what what what….”

“…….”

“…Who, who are you….”

It really hurts.

“Who, who are you….”

“…….”

Geo became sullen, not even noticing the other person's reasonable question. He was really depressed. Honey, who was hiding in the hood, seemed to be angry and said, "Why are you killing my dad's spirit?", but he ignored her.

I had anticipated that this would happen. It wasn't something I had completely forgotten about.

'Still… I thought I got used to people being afraid of me, but it turns out I don't get hurt.'

Moreover, the guards working at the 'Collector' were not that scared. Perhaps because of the recent rumors about the 'Black Cloak', most of them were not overly afraid and talked to Geo.

In short, this was the first time I had ever met someone who was so afraid of me.

‘… Did I surprise a student who looked like a high school student… ?’

Sergio, who was a high school teacher, suddenly felt heartbroken. If he were a student he was teaching, he would have tried to comfort her by giving her a sweet snack, but in the current situation, he thought that would only make her more scared.

Knowing Geo's feelings, Anticat rubbed his body against Geo's leg as if he had completed his mission. It was so cute. Geo looked down at Anticat.

“…Anti-cat….”

“…….”

“Oh, by the way, are you… a, a trainer? Uh….”

“…….”

“Which guild are you a hunter from…?”

Geo realized belatedly that the other person was asking very careful questions.

“……?”

Oh, that student.

'Are you the student I ran into in the alley last time?'

A kind-hearted student who kindly donated his scarf to a homeless person on a winter day.

'It's still amazing when I think about it again.'

I had to give them a reward right away. Or a store. Or a snack… .

'A special student who showed us that even in hellish Korea, there are special sprouts.'

As a teacher, Sergio was weak towards young students, and personally, he liked good people very much. There was no one who warmed his heart more than a kind and polite student.

'What should I do?'

Geo felt even more lost for words when he remembered that his opponent had been a good student at the time.

‘I think you were really scared of me that day… If you found out that it was the same person, wouldn’t you faint?’

Besides, Geo now didn't have the status to do so. In other words, it meant that he couldn't answer the questions the other person asked.

No matter how crazy you are, you can't say something like, 'Actually, I

was an art teacher at a high school 31 years ago, and during a fire, a portrait became possessed by a ghost...'

“…….”

“…….”

But it was not the right thing to do as an adult to continue to ignore the student's questions, saying that my words were lacking.

It was just a coincidence that we saw each other once, but it was nice to see a familiar face, Geo said, putting pressure on his slightly stuttering brain to speak.

"hello."

“…Ah, yes.”

“…….”

“Hey, ah, hello….”

Oh, this is it.

'I'm sure that all the sociality I had in me during the 31 years I was asleep has dried up.'

As I watched the student looking very awkward, I couldn't help but feel sorry.

This was the first time someone was so scared of him that he didn't know how to react, and since the other person was a young student, he became even more cautious, which also played a part in Geo's attitude.

Geo hesitated for a moment and then spoke again.

“My name is Sergio.”

Grandma said that the most effective way to soften someone's heart was to speak clearly. Geo firmly believed in the words of his heavenly grandparents.

“…….”

“What is your name?”

However, even so, this was a bit strange, but Geo, who appeared in the dungeon as a 'portrait', had no awareness that he was objectively saying strange things.

Even if he had been aware of it, he would not have been able to deal with the situation in a plausible way.

“…I, I….”

“You seem nervous.”

“…….”

“Are you scared of me?”

“…….”

“I promise I won’t cause any harm.”

Geo was just saying it out of good intentions and sincerity. The other student seemed so nervous that he just wanted to say, 'I'm harmless, so don't be so scared'...

“Don't be afraid.”

Life isn't that easy.

“…….”

“I wonder what your name is.”

There are already things that have eaten into the ego as a 'portrait', starting with overly polite speech.

'Are you not relaxed?'

To prevent the already dangerous 'Portrait of Geo' from losing its human personality, Yoo Seong-un and Bisabal never depicted how he was a fearful and distant being to people.

That's why Geo also thought of himself as 'a gloomy old man you meet in an alley late at night.'

'It'll be better if we clear up the misunderstanding.'

How great would it have been if Geo's self-objectification had been like that?

“Tea, tea… It’s tea.”

“Nice to meet you, Cha Ara.”

Geo asked with great kindness.

“Would you like to talk to me?”

Look at my open heart. I'll show you how harmless I am. Well, that was the promise.

“…….”

“…….”

“Please save me.”

It's not like I was completely sincere.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (49)

Episode 49

“…….”

“…….”

Oh, what should I do?

‘I did try it anyway…’

Chaara's legs were shaking like a newborn deer.

'shit.'

Chaara's knees, which knew no limits and became cowardly in front of the strong, were already ready to kneel, but in most situations where life and death were at stake, the knees of most humans were not valuable enough to guarantee the survival of their masters.

'Especially when the opponent is not human.'

First of all, I knew that the opponent was not human. No, I couldn't help but know.

How could one not be aware of this profound sense of discomfort, when one feels as if the face is not there at all, even though it is only hidden in the darkness and cannot be seen?

'...Fuck, fuck, what should I do. But the fact that you're talking to me means you want to talk to me, right? Of course, if I don't like it, I can

just kill you right away... But for now... .'

Chaara was not a so-called 'educated hunter'. She had only received basic training from the association, and did not know the exact ecology of monsters or how to deal with them.

But even so, I knew how dangerous humanoid monsters could be.

‘If I ever meet a humanoid monster, I just hope that it won’t hurt and that it won’t kill me if I’m below C-class…’

At home, her pig-like older brother and rabbit-like youngest sibling were waiting for her. Cha-Ara, who couldn't die quietly, decided to ask for help.

'First of all, if you can communicate and have the will to talk… it seems like you have it. Right? Right?'

Cha Ara opened her mouth while shivering.

“I, I… I’m just a porter. Do you need a slave…?”

“…Porter?”

"ah."

Not all humanoid monsters were well-versed in human culture. Although it was only a little while before Chaara realized it, it was good news that the other party was interested in what she had to say.

Cha Ara answered with a smile. There was a faint hint of a way to survive.

“A person who carries luggage. I can do many other things besides that. I’m good at cleaning, cooking, and running errands. If you really spare my life just once, I’ll do my best….”

“I'm good at it too.”

"…yes?"

“I’m good at cooking and cleaning.”

“…….”

What kind of mentality would it be to say, "I'm useful too," to a person who wants to live by demonstrating his own usefulness? Cha Ara felt like spitting out blood.

'What on earth do you want from me? Are you not going to let me live? Are you saying I'm useless? Or, or… .'

Even though Cha Ara thought she had a talent for pleasing others during her long life as a porter, her top-level social skills were useless in front of monsters.

'... Ah, no, it's too early to give up. Since we're speaking the same language and the other party is willing to communicate, I'm sure I can interpret what that monster wants and what it's saying. I can do it... Humans will win... .'

Soon, Cha Ara remembered something.

‘…Is this you trying to find something in common with me?’

Whether it was the statement from earlier or what he's saying now, it was obvious that he was trying to induce Cha Ara to feel favor or intimacy towards him.

“…….”

It's so awkward that it only makes me feel more uncomfortable.

“Uh, that….”

Cha Ara, who had been trying hard to hold back the tackle that instinctively came to her mind, meekly surrendered to the strong force.

“…I see! That’s amazing!”

"thank you."

“Cooking and cleaning aren’t something just anyone can do! You must be really good at it! You’re so cool!”

“The same goes for Ms. Cha Ara.”

“…….”

I was speechless.

'I ended up being the one who put myself up in front of that humanoid monster with such strong pride.'

I really needed a real return stone.

'Oppa, maknae, I'll go first.'

As Chaara hesitated in preparation for her painful death, a rustling sound was heard from the other side. Judging from the black cloak she was wearing, it seemed as if someone was tilting their head.

'You do have a head.'

As a strange sense of relief and fear simultaneously washed over me, the monster spoke.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t need slaves.”

“…….”

I'm sorry, youngest. I love you, oppa. Cha Ara once again prepared herself for a horrible death.

'Ara, I'm going to die here.'

I hope those bastards who abandoned me will appear on the 9 o'clock news, get beaten up by the entire nation, and never show their faces in this industry again.

'You guys, if you don't cover your face when you go to the convenience store to buy a snack, you'll get hit with flying eggs. Get so dirty and famous.'

As I poured out love and curses in my heart and shed tears of cold sweat, the other person continued speaking.

“Is your job slavery?”

"…no…?"

I just said this to mean, 'Oh my, you can treat me like a rat, but please just let me live, hehe.' In a country governed by law like today, what kind of slaves would there be?

“Oh, of course, that’s true… I’ve heard whispers that some rich people buy and sell slaves illegally….”

“This is terrible.”

“Yeah, that’s right. It’s horrible. Oh, they’re just bad people.”

“It’s scary.”

“…….”

Cha Ara was truly speechless at the polite and noble word 'scary' that did not convey even a hint of emotion, let alone fear.

But I sensed something.

‘… Are you trying to imitate a human now? Are you pretending to be scared?’

It was something I never imagined, so I realized it too late, but when I think about it, that's what it was.

‘The greeting from earlier, the way you made your name known, and the way you tried to empathize with me…’

It's so formulaic that I can't even tell what it was intended for and it just feels strange.

'I wonder if they were trying to act like humans in their own way?'

No, no, no.

'Isn't this unfair??'

Even if it's just an imitation, you have to be at least a little bit human to pretend to be fooled and say, 'Oh, shit, that's how it is!'

'This isn't even a modified version of a previous question. I'm telling you to imitate the questioner's intentions so that you can understand them. Who would fall for something like this?'

Even the leader who abandoned me made a joke that was easier to understand than this.

'If he were to be proud of himself for imitating an awesome human being and then say that, that would be really ridiculous.'

Cha Ara stammered and opened her mouth, feeling a strange sense of injustice that she had only felt once in her life.

“Yes, that’s right. That’s right, it’s scary.”

Once I realized that the opponent was imitating a human, I had a rough idea of the situation.

'Wouldn't it be similar to not answering or repeating something until I acknowledged your greeting? Like learning how to use a machine… .'

I know that when people greet each other, they greet each other in the same way, but Cha Ara didn't react that way.

'Is it like hitting a broken TV to bring it back to its senses? Like asking the same question over and over again to an AI that doesn't respond?'

When I look into it in detail like this, I feel sorry because it seems like I studied and imitated humans so hard, but honestly, I don't understand it at all.

The monster, who had been stroking the anti-cat while holding it to its chest, opened its mouth again, not knowing whether it knew Cha Ara's feelings of not knowing how to respond.

“I will not kill Ms. Cha Ara.”

“…….”

“It won’t hurt you, and it won’t make you sad.”

"uh…."

“I didn’t want to make it scary.”

The monster wearing a black cloak continued speaking.

“I wanted to make friends.”

"…friend?"

what?

'Does this mean that you are wandering around looking for a scapegoat to drag to the afterlife?'

The words themselves were very mild, but the other person's tone was not mild at all, so I was naturally suspicious.

If this heavy, stout being, whose appearance was barely visible but whose breath was suffocating and whose heart was about to stop, wanted to be a 'friend', it certainly did not seem to mean ordinary friendship.

'He looks like a funeral parlor attendant or a grim reaper. Could it be…? He really saves his comrades from the afterlife…? Something like that…?'

Before Cha Ara's doubts could even end, the monster continued speaking.

“Cha Ara is too young to be my friend.”

“…….”

You can't do that when you're young, right? Isn't this really like looking for a companion on the way to the afterlife?

‘… No, more than that.’

Cha Ara faintly frowned at the monster's attitude, which seemed to use the words young and weak as synonyms.

'I'm not that young, but I guess I don't know much about these things since I'm not human.'

At 18 years old, Cha Ara should already be married. She is treated as an adult, but she feels a sense of alienation once again when people look at her as if she is still young.

‘… But I said I wouldn’t hurt you… .’

It might be foolish to believe a monster's words, but it couldn't help but give me a little bit of peace of mind.

“Are you here alone?”

“…Ah, ah, yes. I’m alone.”

Surely he wouldn't kill me alone? Cha Ara suddenly became nervous.

It was basic knowledge known to all hunters in the world that monsters had their own rules. From a human perspective, there were many rules that felt strange and cruel.

'In particular, humanoid monsters are said to have stronger such regularities… .'

A monster that only kills hunters who are alone?

“Oh, like that.”

Fortunately, that didn't seem to be the case.

“I thought people in dungeons usually act in groups, but am I mistaken?”

"uh…."

You're describing people like a pack of dogs.

I really thought she was being really dirty and monster-like, but Cha Ara was really perceptive. She was so terribly polite that I could sense a faint hint of goodwill in her strange voice.

It seemed like a comprehensive and fair favor not directed at Chaara as an individual, but toward the entire human race… .

'It's not like I had no feelings at all.'

My mind was a little at ease. It was much less scary to face a monster with emotions than one without.

“…No, you know very well. That’s, I wasn’t originally alone…but somehow my group abandoned me. I didn’t have the strength to leave

the dungeon alone, so I wandered around…”

“…….”

“…After seeing Anticat….”

Oh shit, I see.

'I… I wanted to know if that black cloak was a friend or a sacrifice, so Anti-Cat asked me, a human, to bring it to him.'

So, is that humanoid monster the unknown boss monster of this dungeon?

'It's not uncommon to see monsters cooperating with each other, but…'

It wasn't that common to hear one-sided orders.

'I don't know how to define it since I haven't learned anything. I never thought I'd see a humanoid monster in my life. Oh, shit. I really want to go home.'

It was around the time when I started to feel depressed.

Gulp!

“…….”

It was a dirty, loud belly alarm.

"…sorry."

“You seem hungry.”

"sorry…!!"

Today, Cha Ara learned for the first time that it is possible to feel both disgust and fear at the same time. Since the other person is trying so

hard to meet human standards, it is scary, but it seems that she has the luxury of feeling disgusted.

“I haven’t eaten for the past three days….”

“3 days?”

“Yes, it’s been a little over 13 hours since I was abandoned. The food started then….”

“3 days?”

“…….”

What, what is it?

'What did I do wrong?'

The humanoid monsters weren't the kind of monsters that would appear in the association's textbooks.

Humanoid monsters each had their own set of rules, so no one knows what kind of strange rules the invisible monster in front of you might have.

Fortunately, however, the monster didn't seem angry at Chaara.

“They are bad people.”

“Gulp.”

Cha Ara was surprised by the new voice.

“Ugh, what, what….”

“This is my son.”

"yes?"

“…….”

The monster was silent for a moment, then he held the Anti-Cat in one hand and moved the other hand behind his head. It was hard to see because of the darkness, but… .

Cha Ara soon realized where the crying sound just now came from.

"honey."

Yes? What?

“I should say hello.”

“Kung.”

“He is a good student.”

“…….”

Before the ridiculous words like 'good' and 'student' came into Cha Ara's sight, there was something else.

On the monster's pale hand rested a small, honey-colored bird, filled with all sorts of jewels.

“…….”

… ears, cute.

“…Your name… is Honey?”

“Yes, I do.”

“Ask?!”

It doesn't look like that at all, is that a paragraph?

“But I won’t ask because I don’t want to.”

“Oh… I see….”

“Honey, let’s go home now.”

That was the moment.

Hwaaaak—!

“……!”

The little bird's body glowed brightly, illuminating everything in the cave.

“…Wow, wow….”

A jewel cave with its appearance clearly revealed.

'awesome.'

It was fantastic.

I forgot that I was in a state of fear and was amazed by the beautiful sight that I would only see once in my life.

'So this is what the veins of the jewel originally looked like.'

All sorts of large and small jewels were gathered together as if they were one body, and the paths of the cave were like ant holes. It was a space filled with a beautiful yet messy, dreamlike, and chaotic confusion.

Chaara saw the true form of the jewel vein for the first time.

“…….”

Thanks to that, I also realized how much of a monster 'Honey' is.

‘… I drove away all the dark insects living in the veins of the jewel.’

The 'dark bug' that doesn't physically attack, but is impossible to defeat unless you're a priest of class A or higher. That little bird instantly revealed it, absorbing all light except for the light from some glowing jewels.

It felt like a huge ray of sunlight was shining down.

“…….”

“Ms. Cha Ara.”

"…uh."

Only then did I see the monster's face.

“We are familiar with each other.”

“…Uh, uh uh…!”

As he said, I have seen someone named Cha-Ara.

“At that time, Jewel…! Portrait…!”

“I’m glad you remember.”

“…It was a monster?!”

“I am human.”

“That, that’s true, well, that may be true, but…!”

Chaara quickly nodded, not wanting to offend the monster. It seemed like he wanted to look human somehow, but he didn't want to die after yelling, "Stop joking. What kind of human are you?"

“…….”

Cha Ara, who had been hesitating, asked.

“…I, am I… going to die…?”

“I won’t die.”

“…….”

“Good people deserve to be rewarded.”

"that…."

Cha Ara suddenly realized.

‘That monster… is trying to treat good humans.’

Like the 'good student' I mentioned earlier, and also calling the group that abandoned Cha Ara 'bad people'. Even though Cha Ara was uneducated, she could tell that the other person was sensitive to good and evil.

“I’m sorry for surprising you last time.”

"uh…."

“It’s been a long time since I’ve seen such a kind student as Ms. Cha Ara, so I ended up following her without realizing it. I know you must have felt uncomfortable, so I’d like to take this opportunity to apologize.”

“Oh, no, there’s no need for that….”

“I didn’t mean to startle you this time either. But people are strangely afraid of me. In fact, I’ve never seen anyone as afraid of me as Cha Ara, so I didn’t know how to react. I apologize for any inconvenience caused by my confusion.”

“…….”

That was a dirty, polite monster.

'Don't you know that being so strict makes me feel sorry?'

It felt strange.

The monster, who introduced himself as 'Sergio', looked like an ordinary human being.

'no.'

He seemed like a very handsome man.

But the oppressive and distant feeling of the black cloak covering him was so great that he couldn't even see that.

How could a mouse praise the appearance of a giant in front of him? No matter how fragrant the smell was, a mere creature would not have the presence of mind to even evaluate that.

"……."

It was very gentlemanly.

At the same time, it was a distant and heterogeneous existence.

'… It's as if the universe is imitating humans… .'

I had no idea how to deal with it.

At that time, 'Sergio' held the small monsters in his arms and spoke to Chaara.

"I want to go home."

"…Ah, yes, that, I see. At home…."

huh?

'Do you have a separate house?'

Wasn't this home?

‘The gift you gave me last time was also a jewel… and since the anti-cat is following me like that, I thought that monster might be the real owner of this dungeon.’

Or did it mean that there was another habitat deep within this ant hole?

“…….”

“If you don’t mind, Cha Ara.”

"yes?"

“Would you like to accept the invitation?”

invite?

“An invitation? What the…?”

“Ms. Cha Ara is young. It’s dark here and there’s nothing to eat. You look tired and hungry, and I don’t want to just pass you by. I would appreciate it if you would allow me to treat you to a meal.”

“…I, I am that….”

“I swear I won’t harm you, and I promise to return you to Seoul after one meal. I’m saying this on the back of my own child, Honey, so please don’t doubt me.”

"ah."

“Would that make you feel a little bit more at ease?”

I didn't believe in monsters.

“…….”

However, just like Sergio said, Cha Ara herself was too young and

weak to reject such obvious affection.

“…Please.”

I'm tired of being left alone.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (50)

Episode 50

As the late seniors said, don't trust monsters.

'That's not wrong.'

Cha Ara was a person who acknowledged the deep-rooted distrust of monsters in the hunter community.

Actually, the word 'distrust' is a bit strange, because no one trusts a wild boar that came down from the mountain.

'It's stupid to believe that.'

Before discussing trust and other things, the hunters and monsters were in a relationship where their very existence threatened each other's right to survive.

The monsters mentioned here mostly live in dungeons, and there are also those that settled on Earth in modern times. The common denominator among these monsters, which vary in size and taste, is that they are all dangerous.

'Because monsters are basically hostile to life on Earth.'

It didn't matter how insignificant or powerful the ability was, being unilaterally hostile to something other than a human was enough to devastate the human spirit.

“…….”

In that context, it was difficult for Cha Ara to accept the current situation.

“You’d better watch your step.”

“Oh, yes?”

“There is a fault right ahead.”

"ah…."

“Your eyes are dark.”

No, your eyes are bright.

'Even if you talk to a monster, they won't understand.'

The bird that Black Cloak had called 'Honey' brightly lit up the world for a moment, but then the bird returned to a soft brightness and hid behind the hood of the cloak.

Thanks to that, Chaara was following the black cloak following the light of the Anticat.

'Is it because the main body itself is so black? Even when it's close, it's hard to see. If there hadn't been an anti-cat, I probably wouldn't have been able to keep up with it...'

Anyway, I know that 'Sergio' is taking care of me.

'Apart from the fact that my imitation of humans is a bit awkward… you know.'

In the first place, who would come to a cold cave like this barefoot?

In fact, Geo had his own reasons for this. The reason he sometimes walked around barefoot outside the portrait was because he took off

his shoes at home.

As he drew pictures to create passageways and entrances, the places he moved to were mostly the workshop in the cabin, and Geo, who came straight from there to the dungeon, did not bother to bring shoes.

Since the 'vein of jewels' was dark, I thought that even if I ran into someone, they wouldn't look at my feet.

"……."

But from Cha Ara's perspective, it felt like it was just crudely imitating human clothing.

"Well, by the way, what is a house…."

"Almost there."

"Oh, really?"

Chaara felt a little relieved at the kind treatment.

'… Judging from the fact that he answers me every time, it seems like he doesn't have any negative feelings toward me.'

Normal monsters don't have this level of intelligence, so they can't be compared.

But basically, monsters are almost always easygoing, and when they see people, they want to see the color of their internal organs.

'I heard that humanoid monsters aren't that different…'

Even if the monsters were kind to humans, it was a disaster from a human perspective.

So, even though she didn't quite understand this kind of polite treatment, Cha-Ara tried to suppress her fear and followed behind the

black cloak.

'If things continued like this, I would have starved to death anyway. In that case, it would be better to try something.'

As Chaara tried to calm her mind, the man in black cloak stopped in his tracks and opened his mouth.

He pointed to the wall.

“Here it is.”

“…….”

frame?

‘… It’s an empty frame with only a forest background and no people.’

If so, I could just call it a 'landscape painting', but I felt that something was missing, that this was not a complete work.

"…ah."

She soon realized that it looked somewhat familiar.

“Did you see it last time….”

“Yes, that’s where I’m staying.”

“…Oh, I see.”

A drawing of a person. I'm not sure, but I think the essence of the black cloak is a portrait.

'Was it in the form of a portrait when we met before?'

The black cloak held out his hand.

“Come on in.”

“…….”

I'd be lying if I said it wasn't scary.

‘… If I stay here like this, I’ll just starve to death.’

I'm tired of waiting in the dark, starving, and waiting for new hunters who may or may not come.

Some might say it was a foolish decision, but Cha Ara did not want to miss the opportunity right in front of her.

“Phew….”

I grabbed the other person with slightly trembling hands.

"…ah…!"

Then, for a moment, I lost my mind.

Cha Ara felt like her body was entering the painting.

She felt like she wasn't herself, she felt a hazy sense of floating, and after dozens or hundreds of strange sensations passed through her, she was finally able to come to her senses.

“…….”

A gentle and clear air greeted the moment when the confusion had not occurred, as if it had been a momentary one.

“…….”

“Are you okay?”

"…yes yes."

It happened very quickly.

‘…Just now, something… .’

But I definitely felt a creepy sense of distance as I passed through the frame.

“…….”

It was terrifying.

Or is it loneliness?

Cha-Ara, who had never been to school and was not good at expressing herself, was at a loss as to how to describe the feeling she had at that moment.

If I were to evaluate it after quite some time had passed, it was an eerie and strange sensation, as if I had been left alone in space for a moment.

“…here is….”

“This is the house I am staying in.”

As he said that, Black Cloak put down the cat he was holding in his arms, Anti-Cat.

“Honey, I’ll be your little brother, so take care of me.”

“Kurururuk.”

"kind."

The sight of him talking to a bird made of water was like a scene from a fairy tale.

“…….”

This space was like that too.

A dense chest of drawers filling the walls. Paints infused with the scent of nature, canvases hanging on wooden easels… .

“…Workshop?”

as.

'Why is it empty?'

Not a single canvas was painted.

The air was mild. The scenery was peaceful. But for some reason, Cha-Ara felt eerie as she saw parts that were similar to the human lifestyle but different from each other.

“Yes, this is my studio.”

“This may be a rude question, but… there is no picture.”

“I’m always drawing.”

“…….”

“It’s just not a painting anymore.”

It was a story that was so difficult that it sent a chill down my spine.

“A finished painting either goes away on its own, or… it remains like this.”

“…Wasn’t it a passageway? This was, uh, a painting?”

“It is both a passageway and a painting.”

The monster, who answered bluntly, covered the frame of the 'Jewel Vein', the passage through which Chaara had come out, with a black cloth.

It was only then that Cha Ara realized that there were several picture

frames covered with cloth like this all over her studio.

“…….”

“Would you like to take a look?”

“Oh, no.”

“You must be hungry.”

Chaara blinked at the other person's words.

‘… Didn’t the voice change somehow?’

No, the voice itself was no different from before. But… .

“Are you not afraid of me now?”

“…Huh? Oh, huh?”

“I asked because you seemed more relaxed than before.”

“That’s, uh, that, that’s….”

“…….”

The monster tilted its head as it watched Cha Ara stutter, but waited for her. Cha Ara, who once again saw consideration in that, was soon able to calm herself down and continue speaking.

“…Yes, it seems less scary than before….”

“That’s fortunate.”

The voice of the black cloak was polite and soft.

“When I go out, people are afraid of me. I think it’s because I’m a portrait.”

He opened the door to his studio.

“The kitchen is on the first floor.”

“Kitchen….”

It's too homely a word to hear in a monster's lair.

Cha Ara felt a strange awkwardness, but she mustered up her courage and asked.

“Hey, can I go with you?”

“Of course.”

"thank you…."

Cha Ara followed the monster just like she did in 'The Vein of Jewels'. But the atmosphere was completely different then.

‘… It’s very bright.’

To be exact, it would be more correct to say that it is gentle rather than bright.

This place, filled with warm air, gently relaxed my hands and feet, but there was something about it that was not light and calm and settled.

“…….”

Why is that?

'It's like a fairy tale.'

The wooden walls gave off a fragrant smell.

The stairs, although made of hard material, were soft enough to give the illusion of being soft, and the cabin, filled with soft sunlight, had a soft atmosphere like one might expect from a well-dried blanket.

‘Still, strangely…’

Chaara felt like this place was like a grave.

“…….”

“You can take a look around.”

"yes?"

“It looks like it’ll take a while to prepare the meal.”

The voice of the black cloaked man speaking like that had a somewhat aristocratic air.

“In the meantime, I think it would be a good idea to take a rest and look around the cabin.”

“Is that okay?”

“I’ll make you some fruit tea. How about taking it with you?”

"oh."

It's fruit tea.

'Isn't that really expensive?'

While he was hesitating, the black cloak went into the kitchen and soon came back with a glass. The tea, with its mysterious colors like the sunset, was like a magic potion, and it was refreshing thanks to the round ice cubes.

“You can eat while sitting on the sofa.”

“Go, thank you.”

Do all humanoid monsters act like humans?

‘It’s probably natural, in a way, since the word ‘humanoid’ was added to it in the first place… .’

Cha Ara, who accepted the glass, carefully sat down on the sofa.

“!”

It was very soft.

'It must be an expensive sofa.'

Although she thought so, Chaara felt a little embarrassed when she realized that monsters would never buy furniture according to human rules.

In the first place, it was foolish to try to understand the rules surrounding monsters from a human perspective.

“…The scent is really nice….”

It looked more like a work of art than food, but it had a very soft and sweet scent.

“…….”

Let's take a sip.

A mild sweetness enveloped my mouth.

"wow…."

Cha Ara's pale cheeks turned faintly red.

‘… What the heck, this is so delicious. Are all fruit teas like this…?’

Because sugar itself was so precious, I had never properly eaten a single fruit, let alone a fruit tea called cha-a.

So for a moment, I thought that all fruit teas in the world were like this,

but that doubt was momentarily put to rest as I sipped the tea and realized something amazing.

“…….”

Oh, I'm not hungry.

‘No, I’m still hungry…’

The horrible feeling of emptiness that felt like my stomach was being scraped with a fork is gone.

'What? Was it a real potion?'

Well, it's a fruit tea obtained from a dungeon inhabited by humanoid monsters. I don't know if I should compare it to the regular fruit tea used by humans.

Cha Ara pursed her lips as she groped to figure out the situation.

“…Ummm….”

I felt strangely good.

It wasn't enough to make me laugh out loud, but I could tell that the tickling inside me was letting go of the tension.

She felt like the stress she had been feeling at work recently and the resentment she had toward her teammates who had abandoned her were starting to subside a little.

“…….”

The fruit tea was quickly consumed.

‘… My body feels so light.’

The tea had a special effect, and the injuries and fatigue she had were

washed away. Thanks to the relaxation that followed, Cha Ara was able to look around her surroundings with a little more leisure.

“The ceiling is really high.”

I didn't realize it because I was so nervous, but now that I think about it, it seems like it took quite a while to even come down the stairs.

Although it was only a two-story building, its scale was enormous.

'But it doesn't feel like a rich house like the ones you see in dramas. Is it because this place is a kind of dungeon? After all, it's a place where monsters live, so if it's a dungeon, it's a dungeon...'

Cha Ara slowly blinked her eyes.

The rustling sound and the slow breeze unique to spring.

The chirping of birds coming from outside the window was bright and clear, like a round bead vibrating.

“I’m a little sleepy….”

I keep thinking about it, but it really was like a fairy tale.

“…….”

and.

It resembled a funeral.

“…Is it because it’s quiet?”

It was different from sadness or sorrow.

It did not resemble someone's heartbreaking weeping. It did not resemble a visitor mourning silently. It felt rich and heavy, like several white chrysanthemums quietly placed in front of a photograph of the deceased.

"hmm…."

It was an atmosphere that was difficult to describe.

'It's not uncomfortable.'

It was just uncomfortable.

So much so that it could be considered dire.

“Ms. Cha Ara.”

“…….”

“Ms. Cha Ara.”

“Ah, yes yes…!! Hunter Chaara is here!!”

“I know, so you don’t have to be so nervous.”

The monster that came out of the kitchen had already taken off its cloak.

“…….”

“Are you having trouble moving?”

“Oh, no.”

and.

'crazy.'

I didn't know people could be like that.

'Ah, no, I shouldn't call him a human since he's a monster... but he's really handsome.'

Why is something that should be in a museum preparing a meal in a hut like this? He was so handsome that he felt distant. He didn't seem

human in many ways.

The monster, unaware of Cha Ara's thoughts, spoke with his characteristically blunt expression and voice.

“I prepared a light meal, so I wonder what you might like.”

“Oh, thank you.”

And then Cha Ara sees an unexpected sight.

“…….”

“Do you like rice?”

“I can’t eat it because I don’t have it. I can’t eat it because I don’t have it….”

“Is there a side dish you dislike?”

“I wouldn’t complain like that when I’m getting something for free. But, no. That…”

“Is there a problem?”

“…You were Korean?”

What is this seven-course meal?

“I introduced myself as Sergio. Doesn’t that sound like a Korean name?”

“Oh, I see.”

I was so scared I could hardly think, but it was a Korean name and I didn't have time to think about it. I didn't know that someone with such a neat and gloomy face like that aristocrat would prepare such a cozy meal for me.

'So it was Sergio.'

I just learned that the reason the name was made up of three letters was to give it a Korean feel.

There was plenty of plain white rice and various side dishes that I don't usually eat, but Chaara felt a sense of awkwardness.

'…Why can't I feel the energy of my late grandmother?'

Cha Ara felt a little strange.

Considering the noble aura of Sergio, a humanoid monster, it should not have been out of place, but it felt even more awkward because it looked so natural.

"……."

Cha Ara suddenly realized one of her feelings.

"Enjoy your meal."

"…yes."

It's a very faint and rather alien feeling in this peaceful atmosphere.

It was a kind of 'awe'.

"thank you."

This refers to emotions that can be felt towards non-human objects.

'… It's a bit funny to say this after receiving such a friendly meal… .'

Cha Ara suddenly raised her head and looked into Sergio's eyes.

A plain black eye is visible.

"……."

“Is there a problem?”

"…no."

It looked quite human now.

"thank you for this food."

In other words, it never felt human.

It's not fear, I can only say it's awe.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (51)

Episode 51

Sergio, who grew up in his grandmother's care, never saw anyone starve.

'Students who look like they're only high school students are forced to work without even eating?'

To be honest, it felt more terrifying than a natural disaster. Natural disasters are natural events that occasionally erupt when the Earth is bored, but if a child is starving, it is a problem caused by humans.

'I can't forgive you.'

Geo, who had once been a teacher, felt a great sense of responsibility.

“Does it taste okay?”

“Oh my gosh, it’s so delicious…!!”

“I am glad that you enjoyed the food. You are wonderful.”

Look at that nice meal.

'I wish I could go out and gain 5kg.'

There was nothing that made me happier than seeing a young student enjoy the food I prepared for him.

'What a blessing it is to eat so well.'

Geo didn't notice, but the air in the cabin also became warm, responding to his mood as the master of the forest.

Cha Ara, who was already excited about eating dinner for the first time in her life, quickly realized it.

'… Oh, something feels lighter.'

The atmosphere at the funeral seemed light, like an intensive care unit.

'By the way, this is really delicious….'

If Cha Ara, aka the 'learned hunter', had been frightened by this strange phenomenon, he would have been frightened.

I had a vague feeling that this cabin was a dungeon, and that the dungeon's owner was the black cloak in front of me, but it wasn't very common for a dungeon to change its environment depending on the boss's mood.

The dungeon that changes according to the boss's mood is no different from a living creature. In other words, right now, Cha-Ara is eating inside the stomach of a monster called 'Geo'. If she had known a little more, she would have thought about it that way.

But I was so taken aback by the miraculous kindness that suddenly came to me.

"Even if you only eat rice, it's really delicious. Hey, is this… is the rice delicious? Or is it because you cooked it well?"

"The rice is ordinary."

It's rice made by drawing on the packaging of rice we ate when we lived on Earth. It felt like it was my first time doing art for college entrance exams in a long time, so it felt a bit new.

'Anyway, there's nothing better than something delicious to help kids

relax.'

Actually, this didn't seem to be just a story for kids. People who were afraid of Geo due to the influence of the portrait were able to relax a little after receiving a delicious snack. I thought it might be along similar lines.

Geo was determined to fatten up this skinny student.

“If there’s one thing different, it’s that this is rice cooked with broth.”

“Add broth…?”

“I used broth instead of water. It’s a little different in that I used deer bones instead of the more commonly used pork or beef, but to be exact, this rice was made with bone broth.”

“…If it’s bone broth….”

Isn't it really expensive?

'People in the city can eat it if they go to a restaurant, but for people in rural areas like us, if we're lucky, we have to slaughter a large cow in the village... .'

It felt like a waste of money to use it for cooking rice instead of anything else.

'What am I eating now?'

I was hungry and the food was delicious, so I ate it without thinking much about it, but wasn't this a situation that was more extreme than I imagined?

Geo said to Cha Ara, who was secretly sweating.

“Even if it’s not necessarily bone broth, it’s also delicious if you make it with anchovy broth, chicken broth, or vegetable broth. If you don’t like

oily things, that would be better.”

“Uh, no, that….”

“There’s quite a lot of it, so you can eat as much as you want. But you should be careful not to ingest it. I didn’t want to say anything because it seemed like you were chewing it thoroughly, but if you overeat, you’ll get an upset stomach.”

"…thank you."

Anchovies and chicken are burdensome, but I thought I could make it at home with vegetables that I grew in my garden.

'I need to make this meal before the youngest goes into the dormitory.'

Because we lived so frugally, it was difficult to even eat rice. The most common foods we ate were baked potatoes or sweet potatoes, and the eggs that the village chief occasionally gave us were considered luxurious.

'If I just pick some vegetables here and there from the garden, I can do it somehow, but what should I do about rice…?'

Cha Ara muttered to herself and soon gave up on the idea.

“…….”

Let me enjoy it first.

'I thought I would starve to death or be eaten by ghosts, but I never thought I would get this lucky.'

Perhaps because her stomach was full, Cha Ara's tension had eased a lot.

Although I couldn't completely let go because my opponent was a

humanoid monster, I felt relieved at the thought that there was no need to bother poisoning the food when it wasn't even my rule.

'In this respect, monsters are more trustworthy than humans.'

At least the monster didn't deny his own rules. He trusted the monster who had never threatened him and was polite from beginning to end, rather than the human who lied as easily as breathing.

Of course, you shouldn't trust them. There were monsters that pretended to be kind and deceived humans, making them let their guard down. If you thought of Geo as a monster, it was a mistake you shouldn't have made.

“……?”

“Is there a problem?”

“No, my legs… seem better….”

"ah."

Geo nodded.

“Have you ever broken a bone?”

“Huh? Oh, yes, I once encountered a monster while moving luggage in a dungeon and my leg broke.”

“The bone broth in the rice you are eating now has the effect of restoring bone abnormalities.”

“Oh… ah… oh….”

“After you finish your meal, I’ll check to see if your bones have healed before you go home. If not, I think it would be a good idea to give you some soup. I didn’t prepare this meal with the expectation of this effect, but I’m glad it helped.”

“Oh, I see….”

Who cooks rice with potions?

'This is how you act inhuman.'

I didn't know because it looked like a normal dining table.

'It's like my bones are all glued together after eating just a few spoonfuls of rice.'

I don't know for sure since I'm a lowly Chaara, but it would be a fairly high level recovery potion.

It was surprising that they cooked rice with it, even though its form was a bone soup. I could clearly feel that its way of thinking was different from that of humans.

'Still… I never thought I'd say this, but it seems like a good monster.'

As she ate the rice, which was so well-cooked that it felt sticky and had every grain of rice crumbling down, Chaara thought, “Those bad guys make bad rice.”

'Monsters have their own rules, so as long as you don't break them, it'll be fine.'

Cha Ara decided to ask outright.

“Excuse me, is there anything I should be careful about when dealing with Mr. Sergio so that he doesn’t feel bad?”

“What should I watch out for?”

“Uh, so… like, don’t make a mess of the house… there are things that Sergio particularly hates or wants you to keep from doing.”

"hmm."

The monster blinked twice and answered.

“I would appreciate it if you could just observe basic manners.”

"is it so?"

“I don’t really care as long as you don’t commit a crime.”

“Ah, crime….”

As I felt in the 'Jewel Vein' I encountered earlier, it was clear that this monster hated it.

'I guess you hate rude and bad people.'

And Cha Ara was confident in that direction.

'I suffered what I got, but I'm not strong enough to bully anyone.'

He was a F-class porter, the lowest class among hunters, openly called a slave class. He had no intention of committing a crime in the first place.

When Cha Ara learned the rules of the monsters, she felt much more at ease. It was something that the weak Cha Ara would never have done.

“…….”

That doesn't mean you can completely relax, though.

‘… His actions are very kind and polite… .’

Strangely, it was difficult to treat him comfortably.

'I know you're trying to be considerate. And you've never been particularly overbearing, so I don't understand why you're cowering like this. I feel a strange sense of pressure...'

But Cha Ara was steadfast.

“…Just one more bowl of rice….”

“It’s nice to see you eating well.”

“Oh, it’s me.”

But the food was delicious.

'Is this the monster my late grandmother sent me? It's really delicious.'

I think our village chief needs to learn cooking skills.

* * *

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un felt dizzy.

“I was in trouble, but thank you for helping me.”

“…Uh, no. Just this much.”

“I don’t know much about Korean geography, so I needed help.”

“I’m grateful that you called me.”

I never thought a sane person would pop out from behind this gloomy frame.

“What did Hunter say his name was?”

“Chachachachaarayo….”

“Oh my, you’re so nervous.”

Even Yoo Seong-un, who said that, was nervous. Wasn’t it a situation where he had hastily released Geo due to his own greed and that of the guild leader?

‘… It was fortunate that I had prepared myself mentally in advance. It was a much more peaceful situation than I had imagined.’

Even though it was part of the process of finding a way to coexist, it was right after he gave Geo a list of dungeons he could visit… an action that could be quite harmful to humanity.

I was drinking coffee and staying up all night, thinking that something unexpected might happen. I might hear news of a dungeon that was rarely visited by people exploding.

'I thought the association might step in, but it doesn't seem like it's that big of an issue. It's just a person being spit out of a picture frame.'

Still, it was surprising.

‘I never expected it… I never thought it would be connected so openly like this.’

Geo said to Yoo Seong-un, who had come to see him after receiving another indecipherable letter. He said that he had found a young human while playing in the 'Jewel's Vein', and that he felt bad about sending him away alone, so he asked if he could take him home.

When Geo said 'young human', I thought for a moment that he was around 10 years old, but thankfully that wasn't the case.

'Well, from Geo's perspective, it might be difficult to figure out what's young.'

Just as it is difficult for people to estimate a dog's age, Geo seemed confused as well.

'If you're 18, you're definitely an adult.'

Even if we didn't know that the Earth's culturally correct Hunter was an adult, it would be a bit ambiguous to call an 18-year-old young man

'young'.

Yoo Seong-un rubbed the back of his neck.

“…I think it would be right to bring Mr. Cha Hunter home first. Is there anything I should know?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Okay, then. Let’s continue the conversation when you come back later. Thank you for calling me first.”

After Yoo Seong-un's greeting, the portrait closed its eyes.

Since it meant that he had nothing more to say, Yoo Seong-un looked back at Cha A-ra without hesitation. He had to take this young hunter home so that he could complete the request that wasn’t really a request.

“Tea Hunter….”

"yes yes?!"

"…ah."

Yoo Seong-un was a little flustered by the strong reaction, but soon realized something.

“If you don’t mind, may I ask what rank you are in?”

“…….”

“I know you may feel offended by my sudden request for personal information, but I do not mean it in a bad way.”

“…It’s an F-class….”

“Aha, so that’s why.”

I thought he was a bit overly nervous, but he was definitely too weak of a hunter to be here.

'There's no way an F-rank hunter could tolerate the gallery of the Bisabal Guild Master so easily. And this is on the 5th basement floor.'

It was a gallery full of all sorts of dangerous items. Only Hunters with a C-rank were allowed entry. Those below that level were restricted from visiting to protect the Hunters.

'I didn't show any consideration because such a weak person would not come in. It's a very different atmosphere from the association's research institute where even researchers of the average level can enter through complete control.'

As a former research team leader of the association, Yoo Seong-un said that although they were comparable, each had its own strengths and weaknesses. From the gardener’s perspective, he felt that the association’s research institute was excessively abusing the existence of the source.

In any case, only those employees who can enjoy even a minimal level of communication with such dangerous works can become curators, so it would have been difficult for an F-class hunter with no connection to them to endure.

“I’m sorry, this is the first time a C-rank or lower hunter has come here, so I couldn’t pay attention to you.”

“No, no, no, that….”

“Shall we go out for now? There are a few things I want to ask, but I don’t think it’ll be possible to do so here.”

“Yes, yes, yes, yes….”

“I’m the curator here, so don’t worry too much. If you stay by my side,

you won’t get hurt.”

There were a few works that occasionally gave me a heads up, but I didn’t plan on going near them, so it wasn’t a problem. Yoo Seong-un led the trembling, frightened Hunter Cha Ara to the elevator.

That was when I arrived at the first floor.

“…….”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un almost closed the elevator door again for a moment, but he was able to stop his muscles from moving thanks to the patience of capitalist society.

A giggling Bisabal appeared in front of his eyes. Yoo Seong-un couldn't help but ask.

“…What are you doing here, Guild Leader?”

“I was watching the CCTV, and I think I caught something really interesting.”

Should I say that in front of the F-class hunter who was trembling pitifully? It must have been hard to be so openly happy, but he really was an amazing person.

'It is clear that all the consideration that the Guildmaster of the Visabal should have given to humanity went to his own collection.'

Even if this world had fallen into the abyss of human rights, this wasn't it. Yoo Seong-woon shook his head to protect his guests.

“I don’t want to hear any more. I should be the first to interview Mr. Cha Hunter. You just came out of the gallery, so you’re very nervous. It would be awkward if you came out like this.”

“It is very unfortunate, but Curator Yoo Seong-un has no right to stop my enjoyment. No matter how you try to harass me, I am still the guild leader, right?”

“Should I get a promotion?”

“No matter how much I get promoted, I won’t be as good as the guild leader, but I wish I had done it when they told me to.”

"after."

Yoo Seong-un felt like chewing his tongue, but he couldn't hand the frightened, pale young hunter over to this crazy hedonist. In that case, he would be at a loss for words to say to Geo.

“…I know, it’s an exceptional situation that caught the guild master’s interest. But wouldn’t it be enough for me to check first and then report back to you? After all, the guild master is the face of our guild, so if you personally handle small tasks….”

“Wouldn’t it be comfortable for you guys?”

“Please, have some dignity, please have some dignity.”

It's a very good thing to do in front of a hunter you're meeting for the first time.

'Still, it's one of the top 3 guilds in Korea, so they're making an image for cheap.'

Hunter Chaara was unable to accept the situation as it was going and was completely frozen.

It seemed that he had decided to become a handful of air rather than accept this situation, but he was not the type of person to leave his tempting prey alone.

“Okay. You said you were Mr. Tea Hunter, right? What is your name?”

“Cha, Ara… It’s Cha Ara… Please save me….”

“Oh, dear. You’re so scared! No one kills Hunter!”

The thought, 'Why would you kill such an interesting person?' was written plainly on his face. It was more like the eyes of a viewer watching a wonderful relic or a meaningful movie than a human being.

It seemed like only Yu Seong-un noticed, but Cha Ara slowly hid behind Yu Seong-un.

‘… I was also wary of you when we first met, but I thought I would be safer than that human. Should I call that wise…?’

Yoo Seong-un hid her out of pity. But that didn't mean he could avoid the situation where the guild leader was holding the elevator button in his building.

“…….”

Now that it has come to this, it has become difficult to get this poor hunter away.

“…I was planning to go to the interview room….”

“Shall we go together?”

“…I see.”

It seemed that the only way to stop the meteor shower was to block it from the center as much as possible.

Geoya, you tried hard.

* * *

The visa was excited.

“Then, come on Hunter.”

“Yes, yes, yes.”

“Can you tell me what happened?”

“I just, nothing….”

“I don’t want to blame Hunter Chaara.”

This was quite a surprise.

“I am just amazed.”

Oh my, the being of origin is embracing a human? And a weak F-class at that.

'Contrary to what Curator Yoo Seong-un said, who prefers the appearance of overweight humans, Hunter Cha Ara is on the thin side. No, was it rather a choice to gain weight? Aside from the fact that she looks quite innocent, she is not a particularly special porter, but perhaps it is this innocent side that catches Geo's interest.'

The yellow eyes of the visage gleamed.

'Is it really necessary to have an innocent lamb rather than a sinner? Considering Geo's innocent nature, there would have been no need to offer pure blood like when dealing with traditional evil spirits, but if a good, young human had been offered from the beginning, a more certain response would have been obtained… .'

Bisabal thought of Yoo Seong-un, who had reported to him after the portrait and tour. He had been a little disappointed because Geo's first experience with human society had ended too smoothly, but this bait of visiting Earth's dungeons seemed surprisingly successful.

'Is it because he is the original being that he moves more actively in the dungeon? Since Geo has a fair amount of favor towards the

human race itself, it may be inevitable that he becomes active in places where there are few humans who are easily frightened by his status. That is an interesting story in its own way.'

Portraits that arbitrarily draw humans into frames and then spit them out, no matter what the meaning, could not help but be sweet to collectors.

Visabal's smile deepened.

“Please explain how the painting ended up on the other side of the frame, what happened inside, and why you met the monster wearing a black cloak.”

I'm already looking forward to hearing what an interesting story he'll tell.

“Would you please do that?”

"…yes…."

"thank you."

Bisabal was very curious as to what artistic miracle this worthless hunter had managed to survive.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (52)

Episode 52

After hearing the whole story, Yoo Seong-un felt complicated.

“…….”

No, I just felt sick to my stomach.

‘…I never thought that the Source would allow humans. Has there ever been a case like this before?’

No matter how gentlemanly Geo is, he was born from the origin. If we were to find something similar, it would be something like 'the child of the origin', but well, I guess that's okay now.

The problem is probably what Cha Ara saw….

“…It was a cabin in the forest?”

Because it was assumed to be a kind of 'garden' of origin. If I had to find the most similar thing, it would probably be like that.

'... It's not a place that anyone can visit, because if someone who isn't qualified enters, they'll die. It's not even a normal dungeon to begin with.'

At Yoo Seong-un's question, Hunter Cha Ara wiggled her fingers. Then she nodded her head in a rather defensive manner.

From what Yoo Seong-un could tell, he seemed to have a rather

sensitive and prickly personality, but more than that, he seemed to be more intimidated, which seemed to be due to how he had been treated in his daily life.

“Yes, I think so, but I’ve never been outside the house.”

“I see.”

Yoo Seong-un rubbed the back of his neck.

'This is a headache.'

I heard that the air changed depending on Geo's mood.

Although Hunter Chaara didn't seem to think that far ahead, there weren't many boss monsters among humanoid monsters that were so integrated into the dungeon.

'At that point, we should treat the monsters and the dungeon as one body.'

In other words, Hunter Chaara went into Geo's stomach and came out.

'Not even just a dungeon, but a garden... Does that make sense?'

For Yoo Seong-un, who knew how terrible things could happen if an unqualified person were to enter the 'garden', it felt like a ridiculous and bad lie.

'Even if Geo gave permission, it's not a merciful space where a weak F-class hunter can come out alive.'

If what this person had seen was really a garden, even if Geo had been a unique type of gardener, he would not have been able to protect Chaara. A mere gardener did not have that much authority.

Strictly speaking, it's like a kimbap that went into a person's mouth and came out of the stomach without being digested. It's impossible, and

because of that, it's become difficult for Yoo Seong-un to define the current situation.

“…….”

If that's the case, then Geo, really… .

“…I know you must have been flustered by the sudden situation, but thank you for answering me with all your heart.”

Fortunately, Bisabal just smiled and didn't interfere, so it was easy for Yoo Seong-un to control the flow.

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking, intending to wrap things up for now and give his opponent a rest.

“It seems like we’re the only ones asking questions, but if you have any questions, feel free to ask.”

“…Can I ask?”

“…….”

As expected, he was a sharp person with a lot of vigilance.

It seemed like he was stretching out his legs to find a place to lie down, but even so, he couldn't hide the sensitivity of this young hunter. He may have some kind of survival strategy, but his personality itself didn't seem to be very well-rounded.

'You're saying that you melted that kind of person so sweetly that you even fed him?'

I've never thought about it because so many people say it's scary, but Geo might have the ability to lower people's guard.

While pushing such a guess to a corner of his brain, Yoo Seong-un slowly nodded his head to make the other person feel as reassured as

possible. The other person was a valuable witness to Earth's history, so it was right to be as considerate as possible.

"Of course you can."

It seemed like it would be better for him to explain first, so Yoo Seong-un continued speaking.

"The piece that Hunter Chaara encountered is called 'Portrait of Geo.'"

"…A work of art, right? Not a monster…?"

"We are still trying to figure out the exact identity, so please understand. However, for the sake of understanding, it would be better to think of it as a humanoid monster."

"Rather, I don't understand it even more…."

"You can think of it as a monster with less hatred towards Earth compared to other monsters."

In fact, he saw it as something much higher in level than that, but he couldn't tell this hunter who was meeting him for the first time that much. His mouth didn't seem to be open, but there were many variables in the world.

"The title of the work, 'Portrait of Geo,' suggests that there is a self defined by 'Geo.' It can move through the frame, just like the way that Hunter Chaara said she saw it at dawn on a snowy day, and it can even move outside the picture."

"…That's…so…."

"Because it has a fairly friendly attitude towards humans and there is no way to stop it from moving by drawing beyond the frame, collectors are also trying to persuade it to leave it alone."

“What, no, yes?”

Cha Ara shivered.

“How can we just leave such a dangerous person alone…! Well, since you said it’s a work of art, doesn’t that mean it’s stored in a collector’s gallery? T-T How can we not keep it locked up?”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un felt doubtful.

‘… Did you just say person?’

It was a strange thing, as it was not an easy word to come out while feeling the oppressiveness of that black portrait.

'Even though he says in words that he wants to lock her up because she's a work of art, I guess that means he actually feels like Geo is a person. This is definitely unique. If Hunter Cha Ara herself isn't special, then maybe it's Geo's ability.'

While thinking that, Yoo Seong-un said with his characteristically innocent smile.

“There are only two places in Korea where dangerous objects like ‘Portrait of Geo’ are stored.”

“…Ah, were there any other places besides the collector’s gallery…?”

“It’s not well known, but that’s where the Society’s research lab is. It’s a much more secure place than the collection gallery.”

“Then why don’t you send it there….”

“The guild master had a strong opinion. The ownership of ‘Portrait of Geo’ belongs to the successful bidder, Guild Master Bisabal.”

The guild leader's opinion was that ownership and time to appreciate the work were more important than people dying from dangerous works. Cha Ara seemed speechless at that shameless answer.

Despite the danger of the work, did she understand the harsh world and her own situation where she could not protest in any way? Yoo Seong-woon, who had been watching her become a little quieter, continued speaking.

“Our guild will compensate for any inconvenience caused to Hunter Chaara.”

“…You want me to shut up after receiving that?”

“I would appreciate it if you could do that. Is there any reward you would like?”

“…….”

“If you still can’t think of anything, feel free to ask other questions during the remaining time. Hunter Chaara must have been very flustered by this situation as well.”

Hunter Cha Ara, who had been hesitating and looking around, soon opened her mouth.

“That, that… person…? Anyway, that person isn’t human, is he?”

“As I said before, you can think of it as a humanoid monster that can speak. That doesn’t mean it’s a real monster, but at least you can be sure that it’s not human.”

The visa holder spoke.

“You can think of him as a god who enjoys playing. Even though I don’t know his exact identity, I don’t think his status is lower than that of the gods worshipped by priests.”

“Guild Leader, I am concerned that spreading uncertain information to a hunter you are meeting for the first time could be a source of great anxiety.”

“But wouldn’t that be easier to understand? A humanoid monster that can talk isn’t something that hunters would really relate to. On the other hand, there are some eccentric gods who enjoy having fun.”

At Bisabal's words, Chaara muttered with a trembling expression.

“You cook too…?”

“…….”

“Are there any gods who cook…?”

At his insecure muttering, Bisabul burst out in laughter without a sound, and Yoo Seong-un tried hard to hold back a sigh.

So, Geo, are you a grandmother?

'Even if you like fat people, why do you get anxious when you see people and can't feed them?'

It wasn't enough information to give an answer, so I nodded obediently.

“…Yes, it’s one of the habits that ‘Geo’s Portrait’ shows. There are already many people in our guild who have received gifts from Geo. Things like cookies, chocolates, and candies….”

When Yoo Seong-un glanced at Bisabal, he nodded with a smile still on his face. With that permission, Yoo Seong-un continued to speak comfortably.

“In my case, as someone who manages ‘Geo’s Portrait’, I also received gifts of fruit tea and sausages. I think it was probably the tea that Geo gave me at the cabin. I think the type of food may change

depending on Geo's feelings toward the other person, their relationship, and his personal judgment."

"Ah… ahh…."

"But… I have a question, so for a moment."

Yoo Seong-un asked Cha A-ra.

"Did you give Geo something before you ate at the cabin?"

"…? No… What? I, I'm a beggar… I don't have anything like that…."

"It doesn't matter if it's nothing special. Even if it's just a rock, didn't you give Geo something? Or did Geo seem to have strong feelings for Hunter Chaara?"

"……."

Cha Ara looked confused between annoyance and bewilderment with a face that said, 'Why on earth are you asking me this?', but soon she became lost in thought, deciding that this wasn't just a useless question meant to harass her.

Even though some time had passed, Cha Ara's answer was the same.

"…It doesn't seem to exist, no matter how much I think about it… Even if it's something like an emotion, it doesn't seem to exist at all…"

"Is that so? Didn't Geo even say anything about considering Hunter Chaara a friend?"

"I said in 'The Vein of Jewels' that I came to find a friend, but, uh, um, no. I said that I was too young and weak for you to have me as a friend."

"aha."

It was a strange standard.

'… It's definitely a bit unusual for Geo to think that someone around 18 is too young, but anyway, did he think that it would be hard for an 18-year-old and a 29-year-old to be friends? I don't know if he was worried that the other person would be oppressed by his status, or if it was a conclusion that fit the popular view of humans… .'

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“It certainly seems like I didn’t receive anything.”

“Is that not okay?”

“As far as we know, there has been no such case.”

One of Geo's rules was 1:1 trading.

“When interacting with humans, ‘Portrait of Geo’ would receive something in return, and when given something, it would want to receive something in return. This applies even if it is not necessarily something material. Geo would always give a gift of apology to those he thought he had surprised.”

“Ah, ahhh…!”

“……?”

“A gift of apples!!”

Cha Ara rummaged through her arms as if she knew something.

“That, that…! The present I received on that snowy day, when I saw it back then…!!”

“I would appreciate it if you could calm down and speak slowly.”

“Ughhhh….”

Cha Ara took a deep breath and took out a black jewel from her bosom.

“I, I received this. I found it when I sat down in surprise.”

“…….”

“I forgot for a moment, and I wasn’t sure if what Geo-ssi gave me was right, so I couldn’t tell you….”

“…Can I take a look for a moment?”

“Oh, yes.”

"hmm…."

The armored meteor lifted the jewel and examined it closely.

“…….”

A crystal structure that shimmers faintly, almost like a liquid.

But the quality is solid.

“…That’s right, Geo gave it to me.”

“Oh, really?”

“Yes, only Geo can create such jewels.”

That's what I've found out so far.

“If you don’t mind, may I purchase this gem from our collection?”

“Huh? This?”

“Because it is a crystal structure that does not exist on Earth, even if you put it up for auction, there will be a lot of gossip. In the worst case, even Hunter Chaara and her family could suffer damages.”

"uh…."

“I think it would be better for us, who manage ‘Portrait of Geo,’ to keep it.”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders as he said that.

“I’m not forcing you.”

“You’re completely forcing me… You’re threatening me by bringing up my family….”

“I just told you the reality, and the choice is yours, Hunter Chaara.”

“Ugh….”

“I’m not saying I’ll buy it right away. I’m saying it’s only if Hunter Chaara allows at least some minimal protection.”

“Protective measures? Are you talking about surveillance?”

“Because I can’t just leave the unidentified gift from ‘Portrait of Geo’ alone.”

"no…."

“As I said before, this is not something we are asking for right now. We also feel burdened by the idea of forcibly taking away the gift that ‘Portrait of Geo’ gave us.”

It wasn't the way of the collector to steal and buy something while the other party hadn't even figured out the situation yet. He had no intention of committing any hooliganism against a young hunter who seemed inexperienced in trading or auctions.

“If you are sure, please contact me then.”

“…Aren’t you taking it?”

“It is a gem that has no value on its own, except as research material, as its crystal structure itself is unique.”

Although it may not be as large as the Association's research lab, the collection also has a separate team that can study new works or pieces of works. Geo's jewel had already been confirmed to have 'no special functions' and its safety had been confirmed through various experiments.

'It's not like I can be completely at ease though… It's not something dangerous or valuable enough to warrant the risk of taking it from a young hunter who's already scared.'

And then, if you die with the favor of the work, it is a natural death, which is also Bisabul's opinion. As a gardener and employee under him, Yoo Seong-un had no reason not to follow this direction.

Yoo Seong-un continued his explanation.

“Most gems are valuable simply for their beauty, and collectors often buy gems simply for their beauty, but that doesn’t mean there’s anything wrong with that.”

“What the heck…?”

“I meant that there would be no problem if you just had the gem in your possession. If you hide it well so that other hunters don’t notice it, no one will know that the gem is special unless they look at it closely. If you’re just going to use it for decoration, I recommend not selling it.”

In such cases, you may suffer an accident if it is stolen or you may be seriously injured due to a risk factor that the collector is unaware of, but there will be protective measures at the guild level in that regard.

'We also need to prevent the world from becoming too noisy because of Geo's existence.'

Yoo Seong-un took out a red jewel to reassure his opponent.

“I also received a jewel in return for ‘Portrait of Geo’.”

It was a jewel I received after drawing an apple for Geo a while ago. It was still transparent and beautiful even without any separate action.

“I have examined it as closely as I can from a collector’s perspective, but it is no different from any ordinary gemstone on Earth, and is harmless, neither easily broken nor scratched. There is no problem with it, except that it is excessively hard.”

"ah…."

“I personally recommend keeping it for ornamental purposes, but there has been no detailed research on the ‘Portrait of Geo’. There is no way to know when or how the gem might harm you, so if you wish to trade, please contact me then.”

Suddenly, Visabal became sullen. It was a truly disgusting reaction.

“Are you not selling it now…?”

“Please keep your cool, Guildmaster. This is not an auction house.”

“I… I don’t have anything… I don’t have Geo’s jewel… We’ve never talked before….”

“So what I’m saying is, you should change that personality.”

How burdensome must it be for that kind Geo to even avoid conversation?

'There's no way a guy who likes to be quiet would get hit by a viper. He's not a bad person, but he's definitely not a good person... He's harmless to his work, but he's a very harmful person to other people.'

I barely managed to hold back my sighs in front of outsiders. No matter

how much the collector's image was of a free-spirited atmosphere, there was no benefit to showing the staff disparaging the guild leader.

“Besides, I need to ask Geo for his opinion on whether I can sell the jewels I received as gifts to our guild. Monsters are strict about rules.”

“…That, that’s true… I guess….”

“Aside from that, there won’t be any problems for the time being, so it would be better to keep it for ornamental purposes. If you feel uncomfortable, you can sell it now.”

I didn't want to see the Visa-Bal people jumping for joy, nor did I want it to fall into the hands of others and cause a stir in the academic world.

As long as there are no emergencies, it's not a bad idea to just own it as an individual.

'It would be safest to keep it unofficially in a collection store.'

Cha Ara was a rare hunter who received much favor from 'Geo's Portrait'. She was the only one who ate a meal prepared by Geo himself, not just a simple gift like cookies or fruit juice.

'It's a shame to incur hostility from such a person. He is a person who basically has a wary attitude towards others... Let's not make him uncomfortable.'

As a gardener, I was curious about what effect Geo's jewel would have on an F-class hunter. Yoo Seong-un continued speaking.

“Our collectors still don’t know much about the ‘Portrait of Geo’. However, since you have received Geo’s favor, Hunter Chaara may also encounter the ‘Portrait of Geo’ again someday.”

“…….”

“So let me tell you what I have to share.”

It would be a problem if Hunter Chaara buys the portrait for no reason.

“As I said before, Geo prefers a 1:1 deal. From what I’ve heard from Hunter Chaara, it seems like this rule only applies when there’s a picture frame between them. You said that there was no problem even though you didn’t give Geo anything when you were eating inside the painting.”

“Oh, yes, that’s right. I don’t really have anything….”

“If you ever encounter ‘Portrait of Geo’ again, there’s no problem with talking to him. However, if you give or receive something from Geo, you should be mentally prepared for a corresponding price.”

“Uh, uh, uh, how? What price do I have to pay?”

“I confirmed that there is no problem in paying up to 10 bungeoppang.”

“…….”

It's simple.

Cha Ara made a strange expression as if she had seen a talking panda. It seemed like she thought that Geo was receiving something so ordinary that it was not worth much compared to his status, and Yoo Sung-woon also agreed with that a hundred times.

“I also confirmed that telling Geo personal information such as your name is not a problem. Several of our collection staff members have shared their names with the portraits, but no unilateral contracts have been made.”

"…thank god."

"and…."

Yoo Seong-un held back a sigh as he felt the fatigue suddenly creeping up on him.

“…….”

Whether the situation was good or bad, the source's being friendly to humans was also a matter of consuming one's soul.

I will never meet a being like this again in my life.

* * *

“…….”

1. The name of the man wearing a black cloak is Geo.

2. Geo is a member of the early morning shift. Don't ask for his identity.

3. If Geo wants to use his full name, please let him know. No problem.

4. Respond kindly and politely to any conversation Geo initiates. If the conversation is successful, you will receive a gift from Geo.

5. Rule number 4 is exaggerated and does not have to be strictly followed.

6. Ignore rule number 5. Always be polite to customers and coworkers.

7. You can give Geo a gift. In this case, be sure to get something in return from Geo.

8. If you see a picture frame hanging inside a building that you haven't seen before, ignore it. It will probably be taken down before dawn due to experimental installation by the early morning shift. Do not touch or scratch the artwork.

9. Bad people cannot go in front of the portrait on the 5th basement floor. Be especially careful not to visit the portrait at dawn.

“What is this?”

“These are rules that our guild leader personally established.”

“Is it okay for me to look at this?”

“Actually, it might not work….”

Yoo Seong-un suffered from extreme fatigue.

“But since the guild leader himself asked me to show it to you, I guess it’s okay.”

“Are you sure it’s a good thing? This is just giving up. Can a large company run like this? The management of the work is also a bit strange.”

“This is a rule that was created for our employees to use, so please check it carefully with some caution regarding terms and such.”

“Yeah, yeah….”

Chaara, who had been looking over the rules, tilted her head and asked.

“By the way, what are numbers 4 and 5? It looks like these are rules written by two people. It’s not like it’s a ghost story.”

“Ah, that’s because Geo personally added the part after seeing the rules the guild leader had put together….”

“Can we just let the monsters change the rules themselves? Why did we leave it like this in the first place?”

“The guild leader said to leave it as it is because it’s fun.”

“…….”

“If you understand, can I take you home now?”

Cha Ara nodded cautiously as she looked at the tired office worker's face.

“Father, please….”

Not all big companies are good.

It was a moment of enlightenment.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (53)

Episode 53

Meanwhile, the staff at the collection office who received the same official document as Cha Ara were very embarrassed.

“……?”

“What is this?”

“Is the guild leader joking or something…?”

“You’re not the type of person to play around with official documents.”

It is true that Bisabal frequently plays pranks, but surprisingly, he is a man of solid public works. If it were not for his collecting habits, Bisabal, who always maintains a gentlemanly attitude, would never play pranks on official documents.

“Is it like a ghost story?”

“Is this the story of the black cloak?”

The staff was confused.

“So, ‘Geo’ is a person or a ghost….”

1. The name of the man wearing a black cloak is Geo.

2. Geo is a member of the early morning shift. Don't ask for his identity.

3. If Geo wants to use his full name, please let him know. No problem.

4. Respond kindly and politely to any conversation Geo initiates. If the conversation is successful, you will receive a gift from Geo.

5. Rule number 4 is exaggerated and does not have to be strictly followed.

6. Ignore rule number 5. Always be polite to customers and coworkers.

7. You can give Geo a gift. In this case, be sure to get something in return from Geo.

8. If you see a picture frame hanging inside a building that you haven't seen before, ignore it. It will probably be taken down before dawn due to experimental installation by the early morning shift. Do not touch or scratch the artwork.

9. Bad people cannot go in front of the portrait on the 5th basement floor. Be especially careful not to visit the portrait at dawn.

The official document says to treat him like a human being, but the nuance is that it means, 'This kid is definitely not human, but don't show it and behave yourself.'

“…….”

“…….”

The staff foresaw a future in which they would become tired. They looked at each other.

“How should I interpret this?”

“…Let’s first gather our teams together and assess the situation.”

“Oh my, Guild Leader….”

As expected of a guild of cynical people, they no longer squabble and gather among themselves to discuss things coolly. They know that nothing will get done if they just wallow in confusion.

“First and foremost, this is a discussion about whether this is a joke or serious. If you have any opinions, please feel free to share them.”

“First of all, I don’t think it’s a joke. Our guild leader is someone who knows how much he can control his employees with a single official document. He’s someone who often ruins people when it comes to his works and art, but he usually maintains a clean attitude.”

“I agree with you. However, I think rules 4 and 5 are just jokes. It’s like someone messed with the rules the guild leader had set up….”

One of his employees said to him:

“Isn’t it possible that someone else has been messing with the rules that the guild master has set out? The most likely one is the ‘Geo’ mentioned in these rules, aka ‘Black Cloak’. I mean, the ghost that is assumed to be a humanoid monster.”

“Ah… That’s what I meant when I said it was a joke. This official document isn’t shared in real time, and it could have been easily edited, but it was sent like this. I think the guild leader is enjoying this kind of ghost story-like atmosphere.”

“That makes sense.”

Even if Bisabal had established a rule in this way where the two egos check each other, it was a joke, and even if 'Geo' had touched the rule established by Bisabal, it was a joke because he didn't modify it and just threw it away.

“But in that case, we can stipulate that these rules are worth knowing.”

“After looking into it, I found out that they sent an official letter to all

employees except for those who had been irregular workers for less than 6 months. Judging from the fact that they took measures to prevent the official letter from leaking outside the guild, I can tell that this case is quite important."

"Then let's conclude the first discussion with 'I am sincere.'"

"I agree."

"I agree."

Second, the staff reviewed the content of the rules.

"It is true that this rule is targeting the 'Black Cloak' that we know of. The name Geo was also secretly known thanks to several sightings. However, I think the reason for introducing his identity in the first sentence like this is to let us know about his existence."

"It says that I'm a member of the dawn shift and that I'm not to ask for my identity. I'm sure this is because Black Cloak doesn't like people asking for my identity. I don't know why…."

An employee asked.

"First of all, is the black cloak human or a monster? Shouldn't we start by making that clear?"

"But you even sent me this official document in the form of a ghost story, vaguely organized. It seems like the guild leader is saying indirectly that he has no intention of revealing the exact identity of the Black Cloak."

"Still, we can guess."

"No, think again."

The employee shook his head.

“The more we know, the more likely we are to take on difficult tasks.”

“You’re wise. In that case, it would be best to treat Black Cloak as Schrödinger’s Man. Until we see for ourselves, everyone should think of Black Cloak as a member of the early morning shift that the guild master secretly brought in.”

“Yes, the official document also has the nuance of treating ‘Geo’ as a human being. If the guild leader tells you to do so, it is the virtue of a good subordinate to follow.”

The employees who were virtuous and had no intention of taking on additional work all nodded their heads. It was truly a guild that could not help but be running in a precarious state.

But there wasn't a single employee who wanted to know the details of the incident that made Bisabael so happy and nervous, whether it was a ghost story, a human, a ghost, or a scorpion.

“The more you know, the more work they’ll make you do.”

“But they give me more allowance.”

“I won’t work if I don’t get paid. I have to go home and take Choco for a walk.”

"but…."

They were serious about work-life balance.

“Anyway, if you tell me not to ask for my ID, doesn’t that mean that employee Geo doesn’t like being asked questions about his identity?”

“The more I look at this, the more it looks like a human, a monster, or something….”

“Oh, if you don’t want to be given extra work, then keep quiet. But since they said there won’t be any disadvantages to giving your full

name, at least they're not someone who's messing around with contracts."

"Team Leader, you're treating me like a monster right now."

"I told you to be quiet, so that's why you're doing that."

Unless there were very special circumstances, there was no way that a visa would do anything to damage one of my collections, the staff. So it seemed true that there was no harm in making a statement.

"But the fact that the word 'Tongseongmyeong' appeared in the official document means that Black Cloak attempts to make Tongseongmyeong quite often, doesn't it?"

"Everyone uses their full name, right?"

"But if it even appears in an official document, it means that the black cloak is making statements in an unnatural manner. No matter how you look at it, this is a monster imitating a person…."

"It's quiet."

"I'm sorry, I'm so speechless."

The analysis continued.

"No matter what conversation you have, be kind and polite…"

"After that, it is written, 'Let's always be polite employees to customers and colleagues.'"

"It seems that Black Cloak hates rude people, judging by the fact that he emphasized it twice."

"And bad people too."

One employee pointed out rule number 9.

“'Bad people cannot go in front of the portrait on the 5th floor underground. Be especially careful not to visit the portrait at dawn.'”

“…….”

“This part seems to block access altogether, so we can see that the Black Cloak’s penalty for ‘evilness’ is greater than that for ‘rudeness.’ I think it would be best to prevent hunters with criminal records from entering as much as possible.”

“No, really.”

The young employee who had been grumbling for a while now washed his face dry.

“Fuck, even if I try to treat him like a human being, the way this guild leader speaks is just….”

“Calm down, this guy is the guild leader and that’s just how he is. He probably signed the contract without knowing, but everyone knows by now.”

“You are right.”

“But it’s become clear that the black cloak is deeply connected to the portrait on the fifth floor of the underground gallery. I heard that there was a portrait of a man in the fifth floor gallery that the guild master recently bought at an auction, um, yeah.”

“…….”

“Let’s stop here.”

No matter how hard they tried to figure out the identity, the truth was of no use to the employees who absolutely hated the extra work. They gritted their teeth and ignored the identity of 'Geo' while analyzing the official document to avoid making a mistake.

“Let’s go back to rule number 4. Not only is it simply a courtesy, but it also says at the end, ‘If the conversation was successful, you will receive a gift from Geo.’”

“Then, if I have a conversation that doesn’t satisfy Geo and I don’t receive a gift, is there a separate punishment? Like being sick all day…?”

“Considering that the guild master is just leaving the black cloak alone, it doesn’t seem like there will be any major problems that will affect his life or daily life. However, it seems that the black cloak hates rude people, so ‘unsatisfactory conversation’ could also be considered a form of rudeness.”

“Then, if such ‘rudeness’ piles up, rather than just not receiving a gift at the time, then you could incur the enmity of the Black Cloak. That could definitely be dangerous, so you should be careful not to miss out on receiving a gift more than three times.”

“I don’t know if Black Cloak’s patience will last three times… but I understand.”

The employees who saw rule number 5 exchanged glances.

“This is also….”

“It must be something the black cloak wears.”

“It’s exaggerated, so don’t follow the rules. What does this mean?”

“It could be that we are waiting for you to let your guard down as per rule number 4.”

“It’s creepy.”

There were many monsters like that. They were monsters that deliberately made humans break their rules, and then when humans

broke the rules, they would use that as an excuse to attack or harass them.

“So that means you know Korean, right?”

“According to eyewitness accounts from the morning guards, he introduced himself as ‘Sergio.’ It seems to have been done in a Korean style, so I think he must have been very familiar with Korean culture.”

“If you treat me like Schrödinger’s man, then you’re right, Team Leader.”

“Ah, um… yes, there are people among humans who are ignorant of different cultures.”

The team leader waved his hand as if to brush it aside.

“Rule number 7 is also easy to understand. If you want to give something to Black Cloak, you must receive something in return. I think this part is Black Cloak’s rule.”

“So this is just a monster….”

“Shh. There are people who value rules everywhere. I don’t know how much direct interaction we’ll have with Black Cloak in the future, but if we give him anything, make sure you get something in return.”

“I guess he’s the kind of person who really likes to repay favors with favors.”

“Yes, that’s very kind of you.”

They were still gritting their teeth and turning away from the truth.

“Isn’t rule number 9 difficult to achieve in the first place? The number of people allowed to enter the gallery on the fifth basement floor, which is the last floor, is limited. Is this a rule for the curators?”

“I think that's not very likely.”

After finishing the general cleanup, the employees dispersed on their own.

“I should buy the curators a meal soon….”

They sympathized with the curator, who was the manager of the gallery.

At that moment, numerous curators were holding back tears.

“It’s not just me.”

“Anyway, ‘Portrait of Geo’ isn’t our responsibility.”

“If Mr. Yoo Seong-un is busy and can’t come, we have to do it.”

"ah…."

It was the same with the dawn guards.

“…They say it’s that scary.”

“…You have to be careful, huh….”

Anyway, as long as I follow the rules, there won't be any problems in my life, right?

Then, the employees accepted it calmly.

* * *

“…Things have turned out like this again….”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“I think you’ve chosen your staff very well.”

“You all seem so indifferent. It’s typical of our collection members who

hate extra work more than dying.”

“Anyway, I think I’ll adapt well.”

Visabal said there was no way to keep 'Portrait of Geo' locked up, and he also wanted to make sure that his work was not abused in that way.

With the input of gardener Yoo Seong-un, they devised a way for the 'Black Cloak' to properly blend into the human world.

This could be called a kind of vaccination. Bisabal laughed, saying that it was not a judgment that would be detrimental even on a human scale. The way he said that it was okay if some people died was indeed shameless, worthy of an S-class.

“And the Chaara Hunter I saw last time.”

“Oh, is there a problem with that guy?”

"that is…."

Yoo Seong-un scratched his neck.

“I think Geo and your family will meet soon.”

"oh my god."

Visabal's face brightened.

“Is Geo going out again?”

“I wrote in my last report that I was planning to watch the initiation ceremony of the Solar Church.”

“I thought it might change your mind, since this is a portrait that doesn’t like much noise.”

“I was worried about that too, so I asked him again, but he said he still

wanted to go out.”

“The first outing went really well, but I don’t know if it will be the same the second time.”

“Isn’t this strictly speaking the third outing? Geo has already met Hunter Chaara in ‘The Vein of Jewels’.”

“To be precise, it is the formal imitation of a human being in a portrait. It is a pleasure.”

"…happy…."

“Has the sea been noisy lately? You said there have been changes in Geo’s personality as well… Hmm.”

“…….”

The meteor cloud has become ominous.

“…It seems a bit strange to hear you say this, but have you seen anything? The future, for example?”

“My skill is emotion. Please refrain from making strange lies, Curator Yoo Seong-un.”

The visa holder laughed.

“But it sounds like it would be fun.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un clenched his teeth.

It was a remark that shortened the lifespan of Bisabal, which was famous for its good eyesight, by saying, 'It looks like fun.'

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (54)

Episode 54

Meanwhile, in a peaceful cabin.

Geo was looking after his new family member.

“Is this kid all grown up?”

“Gyarrr.”

“You’re cute.”

It was a cuteness that brought peace to my heart.

Geo gently grabbed Anti-Cat's two front paws as he saw it lying on its back and flapping its four legs. Cats on Earth don't like having their paws grabbed, but Anti-Cat didn't seem to mind at all.

He held the front paws lightly and shook them a few times as if he was playing with a newborn baby.

“Grrrr….”

“I don’t think you hate it.”

“Mishap.”

“A cat is a cat.”

“Mmmmm.”

“It’s really cold.”

Anticat's body felt cool, as if touching a stalagmite in a deserted cave.

“Honey, it’s the complete opposite of you.”

“Kururuk?”

“You are warm.”

Perhaps because it evolved from the juice of Lulupu, who grew up under sunlight and moonlight, Honey's bean-sized body was particularly warm. It seemed that its temperature had risen even higher recently thanks to the generous affection it had received from the sun god.

“It’ll be hard to stick close to Honey when it’s this cold….”

I don't know if there is any scientific basis for this, but don't you think that if you hold something like a fish or a frog, which is naturally cold, with your hand, you might get burned?

“If you feel uncomfortable with me touching you, just tell me, kid.”

“…….”

“You keep your mouth shut like a ghost. Good girl, good girl. Very smart.”

It doesn't seem uncomfortable.

“It seems like you understand what I'm saying.”

That was really interesting.

‘It sparkles like a jewel… It seems to be a crystal of something.’

Anticat's body was like that of a kitten only a few months old. Its body was filled with a dense sparkle like a well-cut diamond.

Thanks to that, unlike Honey, whose body is completely transparent, it also appeared opaque.

“That’s cool.”

“Ugh.”

“It even knows how to glow on its own, it’s amazing.”

Honey looked at Geo intently from the side.

“…….”

“…Of course, Honey, you’re special too.”

“Kung.”

“Oh, it’s pretty.”

“Gurr.”

Raising children is so hard.

“By the way, what does our youngest eat when he grows up?”

I roughly checked and it seems that it lives by sucking life out of people. They say that on Earth, it's treated as a kind of ghost, but if it's such a cute ghost, I thought it wouldn't be bad to suck out the life out of it just once.

“I might have to build a cat tower soon… I guess I’m good at making hiding tunnels.”

“Gyarrr.”

“There are tall, rugged trees scattered around here, so it would be good for climbing, but even inside the house, you would need an anti-cat territory. If you resemble a cat, you would be sensitive to your own

territory.”

“What.”

“The place where the youngest lived was the ‘Jewel Vein,’ so it would be fun to have a similar environment. If we make a hiding place like a dark ant hole and put some jewels in it… I think it’ll be okay.”

So now it was time to name it.

“Sparkle….”

“…….”

“…Is this deja vu?”

It was a similar reaction to when I first thought of the word 'Golden' with the name Honey. It was a reaction that seemed to ask, 'Are you serious, human?'

Geo tried to be a little more creative.

“…….”

He was silent for a moment and then muttered softly.

“Dana?”

Among Korean names, there is one that means 'a person who always goes ahead', but in fact, this was not the reason that I thought of the name 'Dana'.

“I kept thinking of Diamond, so I thought about giving it a similar name, but Diamond is too long. Even if I shortened it to Diamond, it felt too long.”

But it seems too unscrupulous to shorten it to 'daa' or 'dai'.

“How about making a little change there?”

“No response.”

“I’m glad you like it.”

Passed the examination.

"after."

Geo gave this honor to the namers of the world. As expected, naming is not an easy task.

“Now let’s go prepare dinner.”

“Kururururuk.”

“I got hungry while naming it.”

I also had to clean up the bone broth.

“Fortunately, it seems that student Cha Ara liked the taste as well.”

The earth's skeleton has many things to take care of. The process of handling it was similar, but after that, the care was put into controlling the fire and removing the impurities that came up.

“The first bone soup that comes out is too oily, so it’s too much of a burden to eat on its own. I boil the bones at home, but it’s a shame to throw them away, so I try to use them somehow, but the fact that the bones are made from the earth’s own cows is still a hassle.”

“Huh?”

“There is something like that.”

Even though she understood what was being said, Dana, an anti-cat who was not used to it yet, hung on Geo's shoulder as if to say, 'I have no idea what you're talking about.' It was a heavier and more interesting sight than she had expected.

On the other hand, Honey, who knew that Geo enjoyed cooking, listened calmly. A true gourmet knows the origin of the food he eats and enjoys it more deeply. That's what Honey and Geo did.

“In that respect, the skull of the wood deer is quite independent.”

If you leave it alone for three days on low heat, the bones and cartilage will melt without you even being able to remove the impurities.

“If you really think about it, there is nothing to throw away about the wood deer.”

“Kurururuk.”

Honey, who had eaten all of the intestines except for some of the intestines, showed strong sympathy. Honey, who was happily shaking her tail feathers, looked back at Geo from Dana's other shoulder.

“…….”

“……?”

As soon as Geo Honey saw that something had come to mind, he realized what she was talking about.

"…ah."

Come to think of it, I had a jewel heart that I got while dismantling the wooden deer.

“I forgot to check.”

“Kung kung kung….”

“If you finish eating today and there are no problems, I’ll give it to you, honey.”

Geo, who was a jewel and could create it himself, did not covet the

jewel heart. It felt strange that it was still alive somehow even though it was clearly a part of a dead body.

“But if you think you’ll get sick from eating it, Dad will keep it.”

“Kkuk.”

Honey didn't go that far and throw a tantrum. Geo was pleased.

“What a wonderful thing.”

He was happy to have a good and honest son. Geo himself may not be a very good person, but he thought it was a great blessing to have such a good family all his life.

Geo skillfully corrected Dana's flowing posture and said.

“Actually, the bone soup itself was completed when I gave the rice cooked with it to student Cha Ara, but I thought it would be better to keep it in the ice storage and eat it for a long time, so I boiled it a little longer. I could just add more water later if I needed it.”

“Kurururururuk.”

“Yes, you waited a long time too. I can still clearly see you loitering in front of the stove because you wanted to eat, but you really held out well. Judging by your patience, you will grow up to be a big bird.”

Honey originally liked liquid food. The wait must have been quite harsh. Geo acknowledged and praised Honey’s patience and went to the cauldron where the bone soup was still boiling.

"oh…."

A sweet scent hits you as soon as you open the lid.

“Good.”

“Knuckle, knuckle, knuckle….”

“It must be hot now.”

“Kung.”

“If that’s true, I’ll spread it out.”

Honey had received the touch of the sun god several times without any problems. Now, it was natural that there would be no problem with the soup boiled a little longer with firewood. Geo tried to scoop up some soup into a small bowl and give it to Honey.

And Geo saw it.

"honey."

“Kuruk.”

“It would be good for my body and mind if I came out.”

I'm talking about honey that's been stuck in a cauldron.

“Kung kung kung….”

“I don’t want my son to eat our broth. This isn’t a scene from Greco-Roman mythology. What kind of human scum are you planning on turning me into?”

In the meantime, Honey had grown from a magpie to a pigeon, and if she went to the animal hospital, she would definitely be told that she was severely obese and that her guardian would have to be careful.

“It’s already concentrated and the taste is stronger, what is this?”

“Kung kkung kkung kkung kkung….”

“It’s not good for your health if you eat too salty food. Let’s calm down a bit so that Dad can make it more delicious.”

Honey crawled out of the cauldron, grumbling.

“…….”

"…you also?"

“Ouch.”

Was he impressed by the antics of his brother who confidently crawled into the cauldron and tasted it anywhere, anytime? Dana, who had been hanging on his shoulder like slime without much motivation, sat down next to the cauldron.

'It might be a little hot for Dana, who has a low body temperature.'

Geo cooled the soup down as much as possible and handed it to Dana.

“…….”

licking.

“…….”

"oh."

Geo nodded at the sight of her whole body glowing softly and silently.

'I guess you like it.'

Although he wasn't a talkative guy like Honey, it seemed like his mood was expressed through his body glowing.

Geo prepared the meal with pride as a father and a chef.

“Let’s eat some rice. I made some when the students came. Let’s eat that.”

“Kuruk.”

"net."

Dana, who had never shown much interest in eating, seemed to have felt something after tasting the bone broth. It was very interesting to see her following Honey around and meddling in the meal preparation.

“As expected, nothing speaks as well to children as something delicious….”

Geo scraped up the rice cooked in bone broth.

After scooping up all the rice grains that were still sticky, I scraped off the remaining scorched rice at the bottom. It was scraped off very cleanly, perhaps thanks to the oiliness of the bone broth used to cook the rice.

“Who would like some nurungji?”

When Geo asked about making a simple snack by rolling up the nurungji, both creatures responded.

“Kurururuk. Kurururururuk.”

“Mang, Misap, Mangok… Mangmangmang.”

“…Let’s go.”

Although the resentment was strong, is there a choice as wise and historic as the wisdom of Solomon? Geo neatly cut the rice ball in half, and when he got there, the two companion creatures stopped grumbling.

While they were busy eating the nurungji rice balls, Geo finished preparing the meal.

“I should try making some grilled rice balls with the bone broth.”

Even though I said that, it didn't mean that I was really going to bake just one.

“For a side dish, let’s try grilling eggplant in soybean paste… and making some soup.”

Geo headed to the backyard, which he called a vegetable garden and considered a monster garden.

The pea stalk still seemed to have a firm sense of self.

“…….”

Enough to say hello.

“…It’s starting to get funny.”

Softly.

“Yes, nice to meet you. The weather is nice.”

“…….”

“Thank you for taking care of the garden today.”

The stem that had received Geo's greetings sank again calmly.

‘… Even if I pretend to be an ordinary bean stalk now, I won’t look ordinary.’

But Geo decided to respect the privacy of the bean stalk. He naturally overlooked the fact that a normal bean stalk could not move.

Anyway, Geo picked four eggplants and some other vegetables from the garden. After washing them cleanly, he cut the eggplants into appropriate thicknesses and salted them. He peeled the radish and cut it into thin strips. He also took the peas out of their pods and washed them in water.

“…Even so, I feel a bit awkward putting in beef jerky.”

Geo brought sausages.

“Honey, you don’t like spicy food?”

“Kurururururururuk.”

“I knew it.”

It was a sausage with a refreshing taste.

“Huh?”

“Well, let’s find out later if you can eat spicy food. I’m only making one soup, so if there’s spicy sausage in it, Honey won’t be able to eat it.”

“Ugh.”

“I’ll cook the spicy sausages later.”

It may be an unfamiliar combination to Koreans, but it tastes better than expected when you boil sausage in soup. Of course, it would be a bit ambiguous to use ham that doesn’t even show the shape of meat eggs, like pink sausage or spam… .

“Then shall we take it off now?”

Geo trimmed the sausages.

If you slightly cut the end of the innards and gently push them out with the back of a knife, the meat filling inside the sausage will come out intact.

During this time, the spices have soaked in properly to create a deep aroma, and Geo cuts the meat and intestines into appropriate sizes.

“Now just put them all in.”

Add a little water to the concentrated bone broth and top it with radish, peas, and trimmed sausage.

The peas were thick and grew in the monster field, but were small compared to the others, and the sausages were already good enough to eat raw, so they could be eaten once they were cooked.

“And next is….”

After lightly grilling the rice balls and putting them in a sauce made with fruit juice, soybean paste, and soy sauce, the eggplants were dipped in it and placed in the oven. By the time the soup was almost done, the rest of the food had also been cooked.

“Let’s eat.”

“Kururururuk.”

“Oh my, oh my, oh my, oh my….”

Geo had never seen Dana cry this long before. It was so nice to see her enjoying mealtime so much. The kids were the cutest when they were eating.

“Dad, I’m going to go make an offering to the sun god, so you guys eat first.”

“Mwah.”

“Kuruk.”

Geo headed straight to the second floor art storage room. Several landscape paintings were there. Geo headed straight to the 'Breathing Sea'.

As expected, the sun god was very pleased… .

“…….”

Gave a gift.

“…What is this? A certificate?”

“ ”

“Then shouldn’t I receive it? It wasn’t mine to begin with.”

“ ”

“… Yes, I understand.”

I'm not sure what it is, but it doesn't seem bad, so Geo decides to gratefully accept it.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (55)

Episode 55

“…….”

“Huh? Why?”

“…You punk brother….”

"uh."

“What is that?”

At Cha Ara's question, her older brother, Cha Eun-hyuk, tilted his head.

"…jewel?"

“No, I know it’s a jewel when I see it. How did you get it?”

“Ah, that’s….”

“Brother.”

It seemed like he was preparing to make an excuse, but long-winded speeches were not Cha Ara's style.

“Look at this.”

“…It’s a jewel.”

“I got it as a gift from some humanoid monster.”

“…….”

The eldest son, Cha Eun-hyeok, silently placed his hand on his forehead, and the youngest, Cha Sol, dropped her spoon.

Cha Eun-hyeok said, letting out a big, deep sigh.

“…I’m sorry for trying to pass it off as a lie. Let’s talk about it honestly, step by step.”

It was two days before the youngest's induction ceremony.

* * *

“Oh, so….”

Eunhyuk Cha, the eldest son of the Cha family, nodded.

“That’s what you brought in, saying it was insurance money or something.”

“Oh, it’s money given to me by the Collectors’ Guild as compensation for damages.”

“Thanks to you, I was able to buy the youngest priest’s robe, but why are you telling me that now?”

“No, I didn’t mean to say anything….”

“Do you think we are that unattractive?”

“What are you talking about? If I just hit them, they’ll get hurt.”

Cha Ara grumbled sensitively as if it were a habit. It wasn’t that she was particularly angry or hurt, but it was just a habit of Cha Ara to act like a very cautious cat. Although she wasn’t aware of it.

Cha Ara continued speaking with a more subdued expression, since the other person was her family.

“I didn’t plan on saying anything originally. The youngest has a job, but he doesn’t know when he’ll be selected. He’s a non-combatant… not a field worker, but an office worker… That kind of feeling. My brother is a complete civilian.”

“That’s true.”

“It seems like even the Collectors Guild wants to keep it a secret if possible. It’s because I’m talking without thinking, but it actually feels like an incredibly important secret.”

“For something like that, it doesn’t seem like they even signed a nondisclosure agreement?”

“That’s a bit strange. I wish I hadn’t said anything, but since it’s going to get out eventually, if you really want to talk about it, then just say it… Something like that? Even big companies are more or less run by people than you might think.”

“What are you saying?”

Cha Eun-hyuk pressed his throbbing temples.

“So you’re saying that because you saw me holding that… that jewel?”

“They say there is only one gem in the world with such a crystal structure. So what? You’ve already met that monster, oppa. I thought there was no point in hiding it, so I told you.”

“The youngest is listening too.”

“Then you’re just going to ignore him? Hey, why are you acting so upset?”

“No, that’s not what I meant….”

Cha Eun-hyeok, who was about to say something, nodded.

“Isol-ah.”

“Yeah, bro.”

“You shouldn’t go around saying things like this, okay?”

“I’m good at that.”

“I’m already wondering what to do if I’m doing this well, but anyway, I’m proud. If I’m not careful, my brother and sister could end up being taken to a large guild in Seoul and used as test subjects.”

“Then I won’t say anything more!”

“The kid is cool.”

Looking at the youngest one cheerfully giving a thumbs up and the older brother praising him, Cha Ara reflected on her life for a moment. What kind of karma did we commit in our past lives to have such idiots gathered around us?

'I have to protect you.'

Cha Ara, unaware that all her family members were looking out for each other as objects of protection, mumbled while stirring her rice.

“Ah, this isn’t the taste….”

“You said you were dragged away by a monster and came back eating a seven-course meal, but your appetite has only gotten better. Look at our youngest who eats well without being a picky eater. How special.”

“This is so unfair. When was I a picky eater? And she’s my youngest too? Why am I not surprised? I’ve been collecting insurance money here and there.”

“You should have realized that although it helped with the household

expenses, it also increased my self-esteem. I would rather eat bread than live off your insurance money."

"You idiot, are you going to starve your youngest? If you live a good life like that, money will fall from the sky? Your grandfather in the afterlife will pick the lottery numbers for you?"

"How can you be so great that you can't even talk nonsense?"

The Cha family has been a householder for generations. It is not a situation where one can say who is better.

Cha Eun-hyuk and Cha Ara were worried that the youngest, Cha Sol, might get scammed somewhere, but when they saw that Cha Ara was a little better than that and Cha Eun-hyuk was slightly better than that, they realized that it was a case of acorns growing taller.

"You said you threw the scarf that the youngest knitted for me to a stranger last time."

"Ah, shit, then you're going to be so cold and just watch that?! Are you a fucking psychopath?!"

"Then why don't you just hurdle like a penguin instead of spending money, Hunter Cha Ara! That would have been much more economical!"

"You're a total stranger, why are you hurdling like that? Stop talking nonsense!"

"Yeah, you gave that stranger the scarf that the youngest made for you?!"

Looking at the two families, the youngest, Chae Sol, just ate the rice she had not eaten in a long time with relish.

"This is really delicious."

“My brother made that.”

“Chaesu is me, Woorim.”

“Yeah, it’s delicious! It’s awesome!”

The two elders gained strength from the innocent sight of their youngest giving a double thumbs up and were able to stop their meaningless fight.

“Will I not be able to see your face when our youngest enters the dormitory?”

“It’ll be hard.”

“Chaisol, don’t you miss your older sister’s face already?”

“I’m watching you right now, sis.”

“Fuck, this doesn’t make sense.”

Cha Eun-hyuk harassed my younger brother.

“Don’t swear at the youngest.”

“If I go into the youngest dorm, I’ll be the youngest.”

“You met a monster, so you got a hole in your head? The second child will always be the second child, and the youngest child will always be the youngest….”

“Let’s fight.”

In the midst of the chaos that was brewing, the youngest, Chae Sol, just ate.

"lol."

The rice I was eating after a long time was really delicious. The

monster my older sister said she met seemed like a very kind monster.

* * *

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok, who came outside for a moment, was lost in thought.

‘…The person I saw that day was a monster?’

It was strange from the beginning.

'Well, when I met you at dawn, I thought you were some kind of monster.'

A dark dawn with no one around. A man appeared wearing a pitch-black cloak that did not look human at all.

'I guessed it was one of those types because it had a similar vibe to the ghostly things that only I could see.'

But he was seen not only by Cha Eun-hyeok but also by other people. He may be overly blunt, but that is a personal characteristic, and I thought the strangeness I felt was just the power of a devout believer.

“…….”

But what if he was just a humanoid monster?

“…But doesn’t that make sense?”

Something was strange.

'I've seen monsters too.'

In the world, there are monsters that can only be seen by entering dungeons, as well as monsters that can be encountered simply by staying still on Earth. Even if they are weak enough to be caught by

ordinary people, their ferocity does not change.

Although Cha Eun-hyeok was not a hunter but an ordinary person, he had hunted monsters before, and so he could tell that the energy he felt from them was different from the energy from the black cloak.

'That wasn't the aura of a monster.'

Cha Eun-hyeok, who was sitting in the yard, looked at the dark sky.

"……."

I saw something like a large, black snake moving slowly beyond the dark clouds. It had human arms and legs, and was slow and huge.

"…He was definitely one of those guys."

The identity of the black cloak could not be determined.

'If we look at the situation objectively, it's definitely right to see it as a humanoid monster. He said he had a personal dungeon. However, the aura itself is strange… and to call it that type of monster… it's too… .'

Acted like a human being.

"It looks like a haphazard mix of things."

It seemed like a monster, a monster that only I could see, and a bit human. Since I could feel so many characteristics at once, it felt more natural.

It felt as if the black cloak was the source of everything.

"…That's nonsense…."

If you say that monsters, monsters, and humans are the origin, then it is no different from God.

'No, even God finds it difficult to do such a thing.'

It was a vain thought.

‘I looked into it here and there because of the youngest one, and it seems like the gods aren’t as omnipotent as I thought… .’

Cha Eun-hyeok thought to himself.

'In that sense, should we consider the black cloak that Nana Chaara saw as a being of a higher rank than the gods served by the priests?'

but.

“…….”

I think so.

“Ugh….”

It's the sexual power I felt last time that's being used.

Even though he may be an ordinary person, there's no way that Cha Eun-hyeok, who has a lot of experience, wouldn't be able to distinguish the power of a god. That was clearly the energy of a god.

It was different from the energy that Cha Eun-hyeok felt from the black cloak.

“…Considering how warm it was, it must have been something related to the sun or fire….”

I thought he must be a follower of the sun since there was a temple of the sun nearby. It was impossible for someone with the profession of trainer to have a second profession as a priest, so I thought he must have been a devout follower and gained holy powers.

But if the opponent was neither a god nor a human, then what on earth was that energy?

“The breath of God….”

Isn't it impossible for a mere monster to hold it?

“…….”

The more I thought about it, the more it seemed like it wasn't something that Cha Eun-hyuk himself should be concerned about.

“…First of all, it’s certain that it’s not a simple monster. Even the collector said that it’s definitely not human.”

A monster that could control the energy of a god could no longer be called a monster.

'If I had to choose the most convincing one, it would be the monsters I've seen before.'

While I knew a lot about monsters and humans, I knew little about those 'monsters'. Perhaps among them, there were monsters that could use the power of the gods.

'I've never seen it before.'

A monster with such a gentlemanly attitude? Even if it were a humanoid monster, it would have been a rather friendly opponent since it personally picked up my lost and abandoned younger brother, fed him, and sent him back home.

'But if you think about it this way, then it could be a being higher than the gods of Earth. The black cloak I saw that day had the aura of a god, but a god doesn't have the aura of a black cloak...'

The thoughts that had been going on up to that point suddenly stopped. I didn't want to waste energy on them.

“…There’s no point in thinking any further about its identity.”

Cha Eun-hyeok just thought about the future ahead.

“Cha Ara said she even went to that person’s dungeon.”

Although Cha Ara was openly treating the man in the black cloak as a monster, for some reason Cha Eunhyuk was referring to him as a 'human'. Even Cha Eunhyuk himself was unaware of this.

“So does that mean we might meet again someday?”

First of all, Cha Eun-hyeok invited him to the initiation ceremony. Since the youngest's initiation ceremony was decided, the chances of meeting him again were high.

'It looks pretty interesting, so I don't think it'll come.'

Now the misunderstanding that he was a believer of the sun god has disappeared, but in any case, he was someone who handled the power close to the sun. We were definitely going to meet him at the initiation ceremony.

“…I hope I didn’t invite someone too dangerous….”

The next morning, after spending the night worrying like that.

“…….”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok felt dizzy for a moment.

"…hello."

“Yes, hello.”

The Cha family, who came up to Seoul together for the first time in their lives, ran into none other than Geo.

A strange man wearing a pitch-black cloak.

“It’s been a while.”

It was a calm greeting.

'I thought it was a possibility, but I didn't know it would happen this quickly.'

The black cloak that he met again still had a strange aura surrounding it. It wasn’t for nothing that Cha Eun-hyeok thought, ‘This isn’t human’ from the moment they first met.

Meanwhile, the white-haired man next to the black cloak also came to say hello.

“It’s nice to see you again. I guess the whole family came up together?”

“What, you and Yoo Seong-woon knew each other?”

“We met often while buying bungeoppang.”

“Ah, bungeoppang….”

Cha Ara nodded and looked at the black cloak with subtle eyes.

“…….”

“Is there a problem?”

“…I’ll buy you some bungeoppang later too.”

Cha Eun-hyuk finally thought that our piglet had gone crazy. To openly give a fish-shaped bread to such an intimidating opponent? Of course, Black Cloak had bought a fish-shaped bread from Cha Eun-hyuk himself, but that must have been part of his social experience… .

But surprisingly, the black cloak accepted it obediently.

“I don’t know why, but thank you.”

“That… yes.”

Do you like bungeoppang?

‘… It’s more easygoing than I thought, isn’t it?’

In that kind of atmosphere?

'It feels like the criminal will soon be put on the gallows and judged.'

The black cloak was a being with a conspicuous air. Perhaps because of the pitch-black cloak, he looked like an evil spirit or a grim reaper.

It was not human, but rather ghostly, ominous, cold, empty, and beautiful, like an intricately crafted ornament, yet at the same time strangely creepy.

It wasn't just Cha Eun-hyuk.

“…….”

Looking around, I saw people going to work occasionally fixating their gazes on the man in the black cloak.

“Don’t worry too much.”

“…Oh, yes.”

“Because it’s always been like that.”

"okay."

Eunhyuk Cha felt a strange sense of unease at Yoo Seongwoon’s words.

'It's the youngest's entrance ceremony.'

Will this end well…?

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (56)

Episode 56

The initiation ceremony consists of three stages.

“The first is the pre-introduction, the second is the pre-training, and the third is the main course.”

“…….”

“I thought it was…”

Chiiik—

Yoo Seong-un asked while turning over the pork belly.

“Is that right?”

“Oh, yes, that’s right.”

Cha Eun-hyeok, the guardian of the prospective priest who had been momentarily distracted by the meat, nodded.

Under the leadership of Yoo Seong-un, who decided that they needed a place to talk right after meeting at the station, they sat down at a pork belly restaurant. The room, which was blocked off on all sides, was quite quiet and cozy.

“What we will hear today is a preliminary briefing session. It is said to be an event that will tell us about the characteristics of the priesthood, the type of education we will receive in the future, and the type of

priest we can become.”

“Pre-ordained training would be a place where prospective priests receive separate training before the main ceremony?”

“It would be difficult to proceed with the main ceremony right away for young children who don’t know anything. I think it was probably about learning the manners to be observed and the roles to be played at the main ceremony.”

Cha Eun-hyeok asked his younger sister, Chae Sol.

“You said that right after the pre-introduction session, we would go into the temporary dormitory and learn formal etiquette?”

“Yeah, he said it would take about a day.”

Chae Sol, who said that, looked back at Yoo Seong-un and Sergio and smiled bashfully.

"…yo. this."

“Hahaha, if it makes you uncomfortable, you don’t have to use formal language.”

“I use polite language a lot.”

“Really? That’s great.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed and clapped his hands together.

“So, it’s a two-day event then?”

“No. They say it takes a total of three days, one day for the pre-briefing and pre-training, and two days for the main event.”

“It takes two days to prepare the main course? I didn’t know because it’s not my field, but it’s been going on for quite some time.”

“I think it’s because in order to receive God’s gaze, it’s advantageous to have the main meal as long as possible.”

“Then I understand. Well, it seems like the initiation ceremonies for famous religious groups were generally long.”

Geo, who had been quiet for a while, asked.

“Do we really need God’s gaze?”

“…That’s because priests cannot do much if they are not chosen by God.”

Cha Ara, who had been keeping an eye on the unusual situation of eating pork belly with Geo, who was not sure if he was a monster or not, continued speaking.

“Becoming a priest does not always give you the opportunity to receive God’s gaze. The biggest opportunity, if any, is during the initiation ceremony when you are first recognized as a priest, and the rest… what did you say?”

“Anyway, when there’s an event, or if you gain a chance in a dungeon, or if you prove your abilities as a priest, the chances of getting the god’s attention increase.”

“That’s what they said.”

Even while the older sister and brother were talking back and forth, Chae Sol, who had hair as fluffy as a puppy, stuffed meat into his mouth.

“This is Mahita.”

“Eat a lot.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled as if he found the food cute. Local residents probably eat so deliciously because they rarely come to restaurants,

but even considering that, Chae Sol ate quite happily.

'Everyone who sees it feels good.'

Perhaps because Geo felt the same way, he placed meat in front of Chaisol.

“Thank you.”

“You eat well.”

“I eat well.”

“That’s wonderful.”

“Hehe.”

The three adults who knew Geo's true identity were watching the scene with a strange feeling, especially the two Chas.

‘Oh my, Isola… .’

'What should I do with that friendliness?'

I'm sure we had talked about 'Black Cloak' over dinner before coming up to Seoul, but looking at him like that, I think my brother didn't realize that 'Sergio' and 'Black Cloak' in front of him were the same person.

“…….”

“…….”

Cha Ara, Cha Eunhyuk, and Yoo Seongwoon exchanged glances at the sight of Black Cloak blatantly taking care of Cha Sol.

'Do you like kids originally?'

'I don't know either.'

Yoo Seong-un shook his head, but thinking about it, Geo said that he was also obsessed with feeding Cha Ara when he met her. He always gave food as gifts to Yoo Seong-un and others.

Considering that, it seems like he just has a strong interest in filling someone's stomach.

“Uhm….”

Of course, what's good is good.

“Geo, what do you want to do?”

“Are you asking about the initiation ceremony?”

“It seems like it’s taking longer than I thought. Is that okay?”

Geo seemed to have a hard time being outside the frame.

'How could it not be difficult to kill someone at the level of a normal human?'

The current Geo was maintaining the level of an A-class hunter while killing his usual temperament. It must have taken a hit to his soul or something essential, but I don't know if he can last three days.

“I thought it might be difficult.”

“That much is okay.”

“Then that’s good.”

While Cha Eun-hyeok and Cha A-ra made expressions as if they knew what was going on in their conversation, Cha Sol, who was diligently eating the meat, asked with a questioning face.

“Brother, you can’t stay outside for long?”

“…….”

“Are you feeling weak?”

While Cha Eun-hyeok and Cha A-ra were silently shocked, Yoo Seong-woon was only slightly surprised and decided to watch the situation. He was curious about how Geo would respond to the young human's questions.

Geo answered after a brief pause.

“I don’t think I’m physically weak.”

"sure?"

“In my case, I think I have a weak mind.”

“It doesn’t look like that?”

“I'm trying to make it look like there's no problem.”

This answer was unexpected even for Yoo Seong-un.

‘… I’m not sure if it’s okay to say that Geo’s mind is weak… .’

I thought I knew why he blamed his mind and not his body.

Lowering the level would be more mentally painful than physically painful. However, by human standards, it would be like enduring pain equivalent to cutting off a limb and being beaten, and that could not be described as 'weak'.

Looking at that, it seemed that Geo, unlike other beings of origin, did not consider himself a strong being.

'No, I think it's closer to not being able to do it.'

It was natural that he had difficulty being objective about himself, as he often appeared to have a disorganized personality and memory. Like an elephant with poor eyesight who doesn't know how big he is.

“What god do you worship, hyung?”

"god?"

“Yes, I feel something warm….”

Yoo Seong-un's eyes widened at Chae Sol's words, which seemed to be assessing something while staring at Geo.

“Can you feel it?”

“Yes? Um, yes. It’s really warm.”

"oh…."

“Isn’t it okay for you to feel this way?”

“That’s not true, but it’s rare to find a priest who can perceive other people’s powers.”

Yoo Seong-un snapped his chopsticks.

“Especially for a young priest like you who has no sacred affiliation.”

Geo muttered at those words.

“When you say ‘affiliated sacred’, it feels like it’s a single party.”

“It’s probably similar. Even gods fight over power and share things. As the number of believers increases, the power of the god in question grows, so it becomes easier to operate…”

“He is a god in name only, but he does not seem to be treated as sacred as he is supposed to be.”

“I think that since the great disaster, it has recently developed a slightly worldly image.”

As he said that, Yoo Seong-un lightly clapped his hands while holding his chopsticks.

“Congratulations, guardians. If Chae Sol does well, he will be chosen by God at this initiation ceremony.”

“Uh… Really?”

“Any god covets good talent. I’m not a priest, so I can’t guarantee, but he seems talented.”

Yoo Seong-un added an explanation.

“In the first place, the power called holy power is a power borrowed from gods, so unlike magic power, it is difficult for others to sense it.”

"ah…."

“Look, I’m an A-class hunter, but I didn’t know Geo could use his powers, and I didn’t know what kind of energy it was.”

“Oh, I see….”

Chaara looked at Geo with subtle eyes.

‘I don’t know if it makes sense for a monster to use its powers…’

Yoo Seong-woon nodded as if he understood what Cha Ara was thinking. However, since he couldn’t say it out loud in front of Geo, who thought he was human, he let it slide.

Even in the midst of all this, Chaisol remained steadfast.

“So, who is the god you worship, hyung?”

“There is no separate god.”

Yoo Seong-un whispered with an awkward smile and a stiff face.

“Geo.”

"yes."

“I think it would be better to say that it exists.”

“Why do you say something exists when it doesn’t exist?”

“Usually, there is.”

Whether you were a chosen believer or a faithful priest, handling the power of the Holy Spirit meant that you were chosen by God in the first place. It didn’t make sense that you didn’t have a god to serve when you had already cured Cha Eun-hyeok with the power of the Holy Spirit.

From the human point of view.

“…….”

“…….”

“If you use your powers without a god to serve, then that’s just….”

“Shut up, pig.”

“I'm sorry.”

Cha Ara shut her mouth at her brother's wise advice.

There were no gods to worship, but the only beings that could control the power of the Holy Spirit were gods. At the very least, they were beings of a comparable status.

'Your mouth is a square.'

I can control myself well in front of other hunters, but I don't know why my tongue becomes so unruly only in front of Black Cloak.

While Cha Ara was quietly shaking her pupils, Cha Eunhyuk was also trying to gather his wits.

‘… It’s completely different from the image or atmosphere of the god I know, so I thought that no matter what, it couldn’t be this… At this point, wasn’t it too disrespectful for them to introduce the black cloak to Cha Ara as a monster that could talk?’

Was it true that his delusional suspicions last night were correct? Cha Eun-hyeok was greatly shocked and skeptical at the sight of the world going on as it was.

'There was no need for me to know the truth about this enormous existence.'

Although she was very tired, Chae Sol, the youngest person here, was still cheerful.

“Wow, it is possible to have spiritual powers even without a god to worship!”

No, there isn't.

'That person is strange.'

Why are you pretending to be human and standing here like this?

Cha Ara, a porter hunter who has seen everything and never seen before, and Cha Eunhyuk, who has seen strange beings since childhood, swallowed their feelings skillfully.

But that doesn't mean I was scared and ran away. In the first place, the 'gods' of this era were at the level of dragons who enjoyed the entertainment of medieval fantasy. It was thanks to the eccentric gods who enjoyed life on Earth disguised as humans or monsters that they often made the news.

“…….”

Unlike the two Chas, who somehow accepted this situation, Yoo Seong-un had complicated feelings in his own way.

‘… I knew that Geo was a being with a great connection to the source, but even so, the fact that he had holy powers… .’

Yoo Seong-un swallowed a sigh inwardly.

'It's a little strange. Just because you're of a high rank doesn't mean you can be considered divine.'

Could this problem also be related to Geo's personality?

'I still don't know what it is.'

Yoo Seong-un scratched his neck.

I've known for a long time that Geo is not good at imitating humans. Not only Cha Ara, who was dragged to Geo's dungeon, but even Cha Eunhyuk seemed to have noticed it, so how could I hide it any further?

“…….”

As if he noticed the awkward atmosphere in an instant, Black Cloak also seemed to be getting awkward.

'Don't be awkward.'

If you do that too, the atmosphere will get worse.

Geo, who had been hesitating, said.

“…I also have a god that I worship.”

“You came now?”

“What does that mean?”

“Oh, no, I just said it once.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been dealing with the capricious and stubborn children of the origin, smiled neatly and followed Geo's rhythm. He did not want to upset the unknown being whose identity was still unknown.

“So what kind of god is he?”

“The sun god.”

“Yes, he is the most universal god….”

The religion that emerged in various parts of the world on Earth was the religion of the sun. In this small country alone, there are over 50 sun temples. Many people even know that it was a religion that existed almost before the great disaster.

And it was perfect for joking around like, 'Hey, I'm a believer in the sun.'

“Ah, so that’s why it was warm.”

Only Chae Sol was fooled by Geo's words.

“I like the sun god too.”

"thank you."

Why are you grateful?

'Are you not planning on hiding your true identity?'

Cha Eun-hyuk almost heard the sound of a slur. It was the first time in his life that he ate at a restaurant, but the food didn't taste good.

In fact, the reason Geo said thank you was because he was thinking of the old man resting in the inner room of his cabin.

'Father will like it.'

As he was already feeling sorry for the teddy bear who had become gloomy due to the lack of believers, it was natural for him as a son to feel grateful to Chae Sol who told him that she liked the sun god.

“Can I introduce you to a sun god I know?”

“Just a moment, Geo.”

Yoo Seong-un applied the brakes.

“We need to give Chaisol a chance to catch the eye of other gods as well.”

“I just said I would introduce you….”

“Why did you make that introduction in the first place?”

“Wouldn’t it be nice to have more friends?”

“Can God and Chae Sol become friends?”

“Why can’t I do it?”

"oh…."

Geo had intended to introduce a teddy bear that was growing old alone, but to the adults who didn't know about his circumstances, it was like saying, 'I'm like the sun god and I want to be your friend.'

'You really are so filthy and unbiased.'

This was definitely not the kind of story we should share at a pork belly restaurant.

“…Geo really has a big heart.”

"thank you."

“Okay, let’s eat.”

I felt like I had to quickly show him the inauguration ceremony and then return it to the frame.

* * *

“…….”

Bisabyeol blinked at the text message from Yoo Seong-un.

“…the sun god.”

I didn't really think it would be that way.

'In the first place, I didn't feel any divinity in Geo's portrait. It would be right to say that it's something that can't be felt unless he shows it to you directly.'

Moreover, it is too unstable to conclude that Geo's identity is 'God'.

“That can’t be all.”

His divinity is just one of Geo's many qualities.

It was still a confusing entity. It had the characteristics of a monster, had ambiguous aspects like the children of the origin, and, as Yoo Seong-un said, was also a being of divine status.

“At the same time, it resembles a human being.”

Sometimes he becomes a monster. Sometimes he becomes a human. Then, sometimes he becomes a god. As if everything in the world were a derivative of him.

‘… But, if you look at it that way… .’

In other words, Geo is the 'origin' of everything in the world.

“…….”

It is the source.

“…Hmm.”

Is it possible that it is a personification?

If Geo had made a bigger mistake, he would have been able to figure it out for sure, but his kindness was just wasted.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (57)

Episode 57

“Oh, let’s go see the initiation ceremony.”

“Shall I take a quick look and go?”

“It was already cold, so this is good.”

“What church is this event held at?”

“It seems to be the Solar Church….”

“The Sun Bridge is worth seeing.”

In any religious initiation ceremony, onlookers are not prohibited, even if they are not related to the ceremony. This is because the more members of the initiation ceremony there are, the higher the possibility of God coming.

“Thanks to that, we got a spot too.”

“There are more people than I thought.”

“It is difficult to receive God’s attention when only one or two people gather.”

Of course, there are cases like Geo.

'Not all gods are like you.'

Even though Geo's identity had not yet been confirmed, it was certain that he was the subject of some divine being. There was no reason to deny the fact, it was just that the confusion had been compounded by the added elements.

The Cha family had already moved to the event staff seats. Yoo Seong-woon, who had been scanning the scene, offered Geo a seat. It was a table that was a good distance away from the noisy crowd.

“Shall we sit here?”

"great."

Perhaps it was too much of a hassle or a burden to be so close to humans. Geo sat down in the seat that Yoo Seong-un had given him as if he was happy to see him.

Thanks to that, it was easy to talk.

‘… Most of them are civilians, not hunters, so they probably won’t be able to hear the conversation being held here.’

Yoo Seong-un, who had moistened his throat with the water on the table, opened his mouth.

“Can you handle divinity?”

“When you say divinity, are you talking about the authority of God?”

“You could say it’s similar. Or, what should I say… you could say it’s like a certificate.”

“Ah, so it’s a certificate.”

"also…?"

I was puzzled for a moment, but soon Yoo Seong-un added.

“It’s not strange to express it like that. You could think of it as a divine license.”

Divinity is different from what is commonly referred to as holy power.

The power that humans chosen by God can use with His help is called divine power, and divinity refers to the divinity itself that a god possesses and the power derived from it. They were guys on completely different levels.

“…….”

Geo said, as if remembering something.

“If you were talking about a certificate, yes, I have one.”

“…You received it?”

“I was the only believer.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un realized it instinctively.

‘… Is this a story related to the blond, blue-eyed Geo I saw at Cheonggyecheon before?’

When Geo's personality changed significantly, I guessed that his appearance would also change. I still vividly remember Geo's hair turning platinum like fallen leaves that changed color when he put his feet in water.

'But since it's particularly associated with water, I thought it would be a god of the sea, or a river or a pond, or something like that…'

It was quite interesting that the sun came out of nowhere. If Bisabal had been here, he would have felt the same way. I wonder what the story was.

“Getting a license from God? That’s amazing. It’s something that doesn’t usually happen.”

He exclaimed as if it was nothing, but as far as Yoo Seong-un knew, it was something that never happened. No god would give his status to a mere human.

'Why would anyone do something that would cause suffering to both humans and gods?'

But Geo's voice was still blunt and businesslike.

“You said you didn’t want to be alone anymore.”

“…The sun god before you?”

“As I was the only believer, I spent a lot of time with him, eating with him, talking with him… I felt like he was afraid of being alone like before.”

“…….”

“Then he gave me this certificate. He said he wanted to share what I see and hear, and that it was partly a gift. Even though it’s called a certificate, it doesn’t seem to be something tangible.”

Yoo Seong-un licked his lips.

‘Should I say that… the previous Sun God is too weak, or should I say that Geo is amazing… .’

It's probably the latter.

Usually, gods are unique beings and don't feel lonely when they are alone, but perhaps Geo made god feel that way during the process of their interaction.

That's right, Geo is great.

'Besides, if he was a normal person, he wouldn't have burdened me with that in the first place.'

If you think about it in the same context, it would be correct to say that since Geo was a being close to godhood from the beginning, the sun god recognized him as an equal being, felt lonely, and gave him godhood as a gift.

"……."

By doing so, it will become even more impossible to know the true identity of Geo.

If the sun god judged him to be equal, then that simply meant he was a different kind of god. At the very least, he was of a higher rank than them, capable of holding divinity.

How should I define that?

'What the hell are you doing?'

The more I dig, the more I find myself wondering what's going on, so I really wish someone would organize this into one story.

* * *

The pre-briefing session proceeded quickly.

"It doesn't take as long as I thought."

"Is the schedule tight?"

"That may be the case, we need time to educate the prospective priests."

Simple hierarchy. Definition of a priest. How should such a priest

behave, what virtues are necessary….

After a brief explanation of the priesthood, the story of the initiation ceremony followed. The main content was about the education and benefits that the prospective priests would receive.

“After speaking with all the families, the prospective priests will follow me. Those prospective priests without guardians can come to me first.”

As the dark blond priest spoke, several children approached him, timidly. A thick-faced priest who looked like he came out of a fantasy movie was leading the children. He had a distinctive Western face line and curly hair.

In Korea today, it is easy to find Western-style faces like that, but the atmosphere was different because he was a priest. Geo’s gaze, which was observing the general priest, turned to the children below him.

“I guess those kids didn’t come with their own families.”

“Well… although family is the most common form of human organization, in this day and age there are more cases of humans not being organized as blood-related groups.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded as if he knew what Geo was curious about.

Geo, whose knowledge of humans is vague, knows that 'humans form family communities', but there are always exceptions.

“Do you see how most of those kids are particularly unclean?”

"okay."

“They are probably the Carnation children who have awakened as priests.”

“What is a carnation eye?”

“Should we call him an orphan who actively seeks out a guardian?”

On the outskirts of the city, there are the poor, fourth-class citizens, and there are quite a few children who are intentionally abandoned. There is even a saying that it is a trash can where people are thrown away.

“Among them, the Carnation Children are children who advertise on the streets to find guardians who will take them in.”

“Do you promote yourself?”

“Yes. A child who wants someone to take him/her is holding a flower. A child who is a little better off is holding a real carnation. If not, they can fold the flower out of tissue paper or paper or something… As long as it’s old-fashioned, the meaning will be conveyed.”

The so-called 'Carnation Child' was a culture that was created right after the great disaster when there were many orphans.

“A great disaster occurred in the spring, and after that came Parents’ Day… a day when children would give their parents carnations as gifts. So, carnations were made to commemorate their deceased parents, but there was no one to give them to.”

Adults who felt sorry for this situation began to take away the children holding colored paper carnations one by one.

The clever orphans who saw this folded carnations that they had no intention of making and took them out onto the street, and this became the beginning of 'Carnation Kids'.

“Actually, I don’t know either. It happened one or two generations before me….”

"okay."

“Anyway, starting from there, even now, orphans who want to be adopted prepare carnations in that way. They fold carnations with tissue paper or colored paper, pick flowers from the street, or work hard to earn money to buy a single carnation… It means, ‘Please take me.’”

“It seems like they didn’t go through proper adoption procedures, so isn’t there a risk of them being abandoned again?”

“Why wouldn’t it be there? It’s one of the social problems that’s even in elementary school textbooks. When the Carnation Child culture first came into being, there was a lot of noise for a while because there were so many children who were abandoned like that. There’s no way things have gotten any better now.”

No one seriously considers adopting a carnation child.

“The same goes for Carnation Eye herself. She might have adopted him out of pity right after the catastrophe and wanted to treat him like family, but now it’s just… hiring him as a free worker? That’s more like it.”

“…….”

I don't know why I always hear such surprising news when I come to this place.

'The world has become a lot more scary.'

If I did well, I felt like I could open my eyes and cut my nose. Physically.

“But isn’t it possible that those children are not Carnation Children but simply orphans?”

“Even if you awaken as a priest, the only ones in charge at the temple are usually the Carnation Children.”

“Why?”

“Because they have a good workforce?”

“…….”

Where have children's rights gone?

“…Don’t look at me like that. It’s scary when you criticize with your gaze. In the first place, fourth-class citizens who have been neglected without any special poverty relief policies are not easily hired by regular companies. It may be different if they are working in back-alley production.”

“Is it difficult for a 4th class citizen to get a regular job?”

“In the first place, 4th class citizens had a bad reputation of being ‘vermin who came to the city without the ability to handle it and settled down.’ Not all of them are like that, but they usually don’t have the will to work.”

“…….”

“Even if you pay them a fair price, their efficiency is low and they are not well-received by the citizens, so no place would want to hire them unless they just want to get cursed at by customers. The perception of 4th-class citizens is that bad. It’s because they are protected by the city without making any proper efforts.”

Companies that employ fourth-class citizens are viewed negatively by the citizens. Why give a chance to these slackers who just sit around doing nothing and try to share in the city's benefits?

“In the same vein, usually, a child from the slums who manifests as a priest is not necessarily accepted by the temple. The chances of being chosen by the god are low, and there is no way to afford to take care of a child from the slums while receiving negative reviews… That’s the

context, I guess.”

“Your calculations are solid.”

“Carnation Children are different from other 4th class citizens in that their will to work can be confirmed through ‘carnations’, and since they are still young, the public’s gaze is not entirely negative. If they have already been chosen by God, then it may be different, but if there is an orphan who has simply awakened, there is a high probability that they are a Carnation Child.”

“…….”

Geo made up his mind.

'I just have to watch the initiation ceremony and then jump back into the frame.'

This world is so harsh. I couldn't live because I was so scared and cried.

It's not that I don't feel sympathy, but Geo was just an adult who had grown old enough to decide to break through this social atmosphere on his own.

Geo looked around, wishing the world would become warmer. It was intended to distract his mind, but he found himself feeling at ease sooner than he had expected.

“…….”

“Why? Is there something in common since we are from the same sun god lineage?”

“I was thinking that it was warm and felt good.”

I don't know why, but I felt welcome.

“Especially that statue….”

“…….”

“……?”

It seems as if my eyes met with a statue in the shape of a goddess.

Geo blinked his eyes twice.

'What is this? Is it a ghost story?'

His judgment was quick.

'Nothing happened.'

I decided to pretend I saw something strange.

“Your appearance is nice.”

“I think there was a gap just now, but I’ll just let it slide. I don’t want to get involved in the affairs of the gods as a mere human being.”

"thank you."

Although he did not understand Geo’s burden, as a mere human, Yoo Seong-un clenched his teeth and avoided the miracle that was right in front of him. After all, he was a member of the collector’s guild.

Yoo Seong-un also saw it clearly. The gaze that was openly poured out when Geo praised the atmosphere of the temple and the beauty of the statue. Yoo Seong-un had never felt such a direct gaze from a god.

'Please, make this miracle happen when I'm not around.'

I didn't want to get involved in anything.

“It seems like our dear Cha family is also talking, why don’t you join

in?”

"great."

So the two of them pretended not to notice the gaze of the god with their whole body, but the priest who served her could not do so.

There was a priest who was looking at the two with wide eyes as they headed towards the Cha family.

'You're done.'

Yoo Seong-un had that thought without realizing it.

The dark blond priest was clearly the high priest who presided over this event. If he was going to appear at such an event, he must have been one of the priests who served the bishop closely.

In other words, it means that he is a person who cannot help but know where the sun god's gaze is directed.

“…….”

“…….”

There was a strange tension in the air.

“…….”

The blond priest nodded faintly, as if he had noticed something. Perhaps because of his strong impression, it was a particularly sacred gesture.

Yoo Seong-un realized the meaning of the bow.

'You've caught my eye.'

It seemed that he had realized that Geo had divinity.

“Geo.”

“Yes, go ahead. I’m listening.”

“Should I go back now?”

“If it is a problem that can be resolved then so be it.”

“Probably not…?”

Yoo Seong-un wanted to leave work.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (58)

Episode 58

The blond priest, Kang Seo-dam, thought as he looked at the being wearing a pitch-black cloak.

'I never thought that a god would come to an event that I was unintentionally pushed into.'

This event wasn't his.

After the priest who was originally supposed to officiate went missing, Kang Seo-dam took over, but he never imagined that he would encounter a god of such an unexpected appearance at such an event.

'But it's quite quiet for a place where God himself is present.'

Neither the sun goddess he serves nor the god who pretends to be human and enjoys playing among the crowd. Despite the unusual situation, no confusion arose.

'... It's understandable that people wouldn't notice since the goddess didn't descend, but it's strange that a god who blatantly took on human form is so quiet.'

He seemed to be a god with a high level of understanding of humans.

“…….”

Indeed, most gods who enjoyed play were friendly to humans.

'Unlike the Temple of the Sun, it has a cool and desolate atmosphere. Could it be a god of death or disease? Judging by the cool aura, it could also be a god related to the deep sea.'

Geo received a 'certificate' from the sun god, but it was only one of the elements that made up Geo. Geo basically had a gloomy atmosphere that seemed to symbolize a funeral.

There was no way Kang Seodam could know what kind of divinity he possessed unless he checked closely or made contact. He looked around, guessing roughly.

"…hmm…."

If you pretend to know a god who enjoys playing, you will only be offended.

'There's no sign of a disaster miracle coming down. Judging from the fact that he's interacting well with other humans, I don't think he has any intention of ruining this event. Let's just let it pass quietly.'

Perhaps he is a god who is not well-known or who seeks out a select few, and he may be trying to find his followers through this event. It is a rare occurrence worldwide, but I heard that it is an event that happens secretly in religious circles.

“…This batch is lucky.”

The god in the form of that black cloak may personally make the selection, or even if not, the sun goddess has already set her sights on this position. The interest of other gods will also increase, so the chances of the prospective priests being chosen will also increase.

“…….”

Suddenly, Kang Seo-dam realized that the man in the black cloak was staring at him intently.

For a moment, I lost my mind.

“…….”

The moment he realized the situation he was in, Kang Seo-dam looked down without showing any sign of remorse.

'There is nothing more foolish than trying to face the gaze of God.'

Although it may have been out of consideration for other humans or for the sake of higher-quality play, the black cloak's status was so low that it almost felt like it was not divine. However, that did not change its distant essence.

God was God after all, and Kang Seo-dam was a priest who was particularly sensitive to the status and divinity of existence. If he were to come face to face with God’s gaze, he might lose consciousness.

“…….”

“…….”

The black cloak seemed to know that too, and looked away again.

‘… Are you being considerate?’

It was truly fortunate that God knew that humans were weak beings.

Most of the gods who enjoyed their games without knowing such things harmed humans without any malicious intent.

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam quietly sighed in relief and checked the time.

“…In one minute, the prospective priests will finish greeting their families and gather in front of me. I will guide them to the dormitory where they will learn the proper etiquette.”

Whether he was a god or not, Kang Seo-dam himself had to fulfill his responsibilities as a priest.

* * *

“I guess I should go now.”

Cha Ara nodded solemnly at Cha Sol's words.

“Yeah, if it’s hard, just run away.”

“You just don’t want to say anything proper?”

“Oh, why, he can also live like the village chief by farming.”

“But are you encouraging me to give up before I even start? Is there anything I can do to discourage a child?”

“Isn’t it better to do something you’re good at rather than hold on to something you’re not good at?”

“That's right.”

Cha Eun-hyuk also nodded.

“If you really don’t like it, you can just leave.”

“Yes, I will! But I will work hard because I will become a great priest and the head of the Cha family in the future!”

“It’s me.”

“I will be the pillar of this family!”

“The pillar is also me.”

“See you tomorrow!”

Chae Sol, who smiled brightly with a tea-like smile, turned her gaze to

the other guests.

“I'm going.”

“Oh, okay, I think Chaisol will do well, so don’t worry too much.”

"thank you!"

Chae Sol, who had been receiving praise and encouragement from the white-haired hunter, looked back at the black cloak with sparkling eyes.

"brother!"

“…….”

“I think I’ll do well?”

“I think so too.”

"lol."

Chaisol managed to extract encouragement from even Black Cloak.

“If I were chosen by the sun god, would I be able to smell like you?”

“Do I smell?”

“I’m not sure, but you smell like a sun-dried blanket.”

To describe it a little more, it felt like 'a blanket that smells like the sun that was just put in the closet.' When I smelled him, I felt like I was hiding in a dark cave made with blankets that had been hung out in the yard.

It was dark, warm, and comfortable.

“…….”

Chae Sol, who had been looking up at the black cloak for a long time, suddenly made a bold request.

“Please hug me just once!”

“Isol, please.”

This damned brave guy.

Although Cha Eun-hyeok was terrified by his younger brother's disastrous friendliness, Geo didn't really care.

“I can hug you if you want.”

"and!"

“Come here.”

Black Cloak opened his arms.

'awesome.'

Perhaps because the light was above, the inside of the cloak was filled with black shadows. Chae Sol walked quickly to the black cloak that was as dark as the night sky and as cozy as the inside of a closet, and hugged it tightly.

And surprisingly enough, his body temperature was cool. I thought it would be warm because it felt like a warm warmth, but it was unexpected.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve hugged a child as much as Chaisol.”

The soft voice falling from above sounded like a lullaby.

“That child was also small like student Chaisol.”

“I’m not small.”

“He’s smaller than me. Of course, Chae Sol will soon become a great adult.”

"lol…."

“May the sun shine on you.”

“…….”

Chaisol raised his head and looked at the face under the black cloth that only he could see.

Gentle eyes resembling the sea entered Chae Sol's field of vision.

"…and."

Those eyes,

It's very big.

It was cozy.

“…You’re really handsome, hyung!”

“I hear it often.”

“This is awesome.”

“Is that so?”

The face beneath the cloak, which no one could see, was smiling with a detailed light.

“Then I’ll see you tomorrow.”

"ah…."

Chaisol let out a regretful sigh.

It was sad to have to break up with him, but it was also sad to see his platinum blonde hair and blue eyes turn black, as if a light bulb had gone out.

That was really cool just now.

'Isn't this a color that suits Geo hyung much better?'

But Chaisol didn't push it any further.

“Then I’ll really go now!”

Already, other prospective priests had gathered in front of the real priest. The blond priest was checking the number of children gathered, their names, and their faces, and was saying something.

As I got closer, I could see what the blond priest was talking about.

“Mr. Chaisol?”

“Yes, it’s me.”

“Team Chaisol will be partners with the Galaxy Army in the future.”

"partner?"

“I will give you a detailed explanation once all the students have gathered, so please line up with Eunha-kun for now. The student with the blue hair over there is Eunha-kun I was talking about.”

"yes!"

Chaisol approached the child the priest had pointed out.

The friend the priest had named 'Eunha' had warm, turquoise-blue hair. As Chae Sol approached, the boy smiled with a soft and gentle smile.

“Are you Chaisol?”

“Yeah, you’re Eunha? We’re partners.”

“I think it’s because the rule is that there are two priests per group.”

“So you’re saying two people are a team?”

"that's right."

Eunha's pearly eyes widened. It was a benevolent smile that reminded her of priests.

“Perhaps your partner will change after the main ceremony, but it is said that the partner you meet at the initiation ceremony often stays with you until the end. We may continue to be partners… Please take good care of us.”

“That’s totally cool.”

“Is that so?”

Eunha let out a small smile as she said that, and Chaesol felt a sense of awkwardness at that smile.

'Hey, you look like Geo hyung.'

Chaisol instinctively felt the difference between 'Sergio' and 'Giovanni'.

It was noticed that the change in Geo's hair and eye color was not simply a matter of appearance, but a fundamental change in his personality and temperament.

And the smile of the galaxy was strangely similar to Giovanni's.

'Why?'

Of course, Chaisol didn't know that the blonde-haired, blue-eyed Geo's name was 'Giovanni', but at least he knew that it was quite similar to Eunha.

“You have a really cool smile!”

Chaisol simply concluded.

“The older brother I know smiles like you.”

“…You laugh like me?”

"huh!"

“I don’t think people like that are common.”

Eunha rolled her eyes and muttered.

“That’s amazing.”

"…huh…."

Chaisol felt something strange.

'You're smiling, but it feels like you're not smiling.'

Galaxy's smile was very similar to 'Giovanni's', but unlike Geo, who felt warmth without even looking at it, it was somehow cool. It was a temperature similar to a snake I had once touched or a rock on the riverbank.

Eunha, who didn't know what Chae Sol was thinking, asked with a faint smile.

“Is that the ‘Knowing Brother’ you mentioned?”

“Huh? Yeah.”

The galaxy was talking to Geo.

“It’s Geo hyung.”

“…….”

Eunha blinked silently and asked back.

“Geo?”

“My last name is Seo. Sergio.”

“Oh, okay.”

Eunha looked back at the black cloak whose face was completely invisible and opened her mouth.

“The atmosphere is unique.”

“Isn’t it? It’s so warm?”

“Are you the chosen one of the sun god? Or….”

“They said they were believers in the sun god.”

“Shindora.”

The galaxy muttered in a faint voice.

“It’s not at that level.”

"huh?"

“Because he seems like a very faithful person.”

“Isn’t it really warm?”

“That’s right.”

And it's so cold, like it's not even human.

Chae Sol, who heard that small muttering, opened her eyes wide, unable to understand Eunha's words, but Eunha did not talk about Geo anymore. He asked about her family.

“Then the black-haired people next to the black cloaks… are they your

family?”

“That’s right, it looks like me, right?”

“They look so much alike. I can tell at a glance that they’re family.”

Galaxy smiled faintly.

“I look a lot like my older sister.”

“Really? Then it would be really pretty.”

“She is as beautiful as a princess.”

“Huh? Uh… really?”

Do you usually call your older sister 'as beautiful as a princess'?

'He seems like a very educated person.'

Cha Sol, who had picked up on Cha Ara's way of speaking, concluded that Eunha was an 'educated person'. Somehow, the way she smiled and the tone of her speech seemed to be very soft, like Geo hyung.

That was so good.

“Let’s be friends!”

“…I wonder?”

“You can take it slow.”

Maybe this guy doesn't trust people well, so I should be considerate of him.

“I'll wait.”

Chaisol was a quick-witted child.

* * *

The Little Mermaid always wanted to know about humans.

What kind of life do they live on the water surface where sunlight ripples like a net?

Why do they, who cannot even breathe under water, throw themselves into the sea from time to time? Why do they get so upset?

What do they think, what do they eat, and how do they laugh, cry, and get angry?

The mermaid went up.

Keep going up.

I saw the prince.

“…….”

It's warm.

The warmth spreading over the water was a symbol of sunlight.

The platinum hair, which contained the net-like sunlight that looked up from the deep sea, flowed like waves, and it sparkled like silver on the surface of the water. The blue eyes, which contained warm light, felt warm despite being the color of the sea.

The mermaid princess who ruled the sea was curious about humans.

I was curious about the limits of humanity.

“…….”

Will the human who resembles that sunlight be warm even in the sea?

So hold hands and stay like that… .

“…….”

with a plop.

“…….”

In the sea.

"…ah…."

I think it was missing.

The pearl-filled eyes blinked dimly.

The blurry focus soon became clear, and her red lips drew a lazy curve. She had already woken up.

"this."

A beautiful princess wearing a large doctor's gown said.

“I had a good dream.”

Right, Giovanni?

The little mermaid princess laughed as she lay on the water.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (59)

Episode 59

“Were you a foreigner?”

"uh?"

Yoo Seong-un asked back at Geo's words.

“What does that mean?”

On the way back after finishing the first initiation ceremony and parting ways with the Cha family, Yoo Seong-woon tilted his head at Geo's unexpected muttering. He didn't understand exactly what Geo was asking.

“A foreigner.”

“The blond priest I saw at the initiation ceremony briefing earlier….”

“Oh, you said something.”

Geo was oddly old-fashioned. He had the old-fashioned common sense of a grandfather, but he seemed to worry that he might have been racist without realizing it.

He was polite and gentlemanly in everything he did. He really didn't worry about anything.

“That person must be Korean. You’re just confused because he looks a little different from traditional Koreans.”

“You’re Korean. You have blond hair and blue eyes, and your bone structure is a bit different from the Koreans I know, so I thought you were a foreigner from the West. Was that rude?”

“It’s a bit of an old mindset.”

“I will be careful.”

“I can’t help but not know since I’ve been locked in a frame all this time.”

Moreover, from the perspective of a being of origin, it would have been a bit difficult to distinguish between human nationalities. Just as it would be difficult for a person without specialized knowledge to distinguish between all the different types of ants.

'More than anything, the existence of the source has the side of believing in the rules of humans once they have figured them out…'

The existence of the source does not quite understand human exceptionalism.

There were some guys who couldn't understand why I didn't eat three meals a day, and there were guys who couldn't understand why I didn't have hair, which is supposed to be there.

'Isn't this what humans should be like?'

Rather, it could be said that Geo was great in distinguishing them to the extent of defining them as ‘foreigners of the West.’ In this case, it seems that his superficial knowledge was rather poisonous… .

“Of course, the traditional Korean appearance is generally black hair and black or brown eyes. The bone structure is also a bit different. However, these days, it’s a bit… difficult to distinguish nationality based on hair color or bone structure.”

In order to make the being of origin understand humans, it was good to tell them the flow that originated from its origin. Yoo Seong-un began to tell the old story again.

“You seem to know about the Great Disaster, but I think the Earth was turned upside down during the Great Disaster. It wasn’t my generation, so I don’t know exactly what it felt like, but it must have been much more chaotic than it is now. It must have been like an apocalypse.”

“…….”

“…Do you know what an apocalypse is…?”

“I know.”

“Oh, that’s great.”

I think it might have been one of the memories that the human personality called 'Sergio' knew.

“Anyway, back then, the concept of borders was vague. To be precise, it had become vague. People started to migrate here and there to escape the disasters in their own countries, and as a result, the entire Earth began to mix with various races like a giant salad bowl.”

Because of this, it has become rare to find someone who is considered an 'authentic Korean'.

“If you were to say pure-blooded Koreans, you would only find them in very rare places in Korea where there is very little interaction with other regions. Some old-fashioned elders are extremely reluctant to have their children’s blood mixed with that of a foreigner….”

“There are people like that everywhere.”

“There are always people who hate change. That’s why it’s hard to figure out someone’s nationality just by their appearance. But that

blond priest you mentioned, he's probably Korean, considering he's even hosting this kind of event."

"You don't entrust the event to a foreign priest?"

"No, rather… if he's hosting such a big event, he must have held a fairly high position in the Sun God Church in Seoul. Then he must be living in Korea, so wouldn't it be harder to think that he's a foreigner?"

"aha."

I understand.

'In effect, racial distinctions have now disappeared.'

No matter where your blood comes from, no matter what you look like, if you have Korean citizenship, you are Korean. That was true even before the Great Disaster, but the atmosphere then and now is a little different.

'It's as if citizenship is being treated as a light qualification, like a driver's license.'

Yoo Sung-woon said that since the priest commutes here, his race must be Korean. It doesn't matter where or who he was born, he is simply registered as Korean, so they judge him to be Korean.

"……."

A truly united Earth.

'… It seems good.'

This seemed somewhat desirable.

'It's a little unfamiliar, though.'

Geo was still unfamiliar with his hometown. He felt like he couldn't

even order food at a hamburger place anymore.

For Sergio, the living ancestor, this world was moving too fast.

“I don’t think there will be any problems like racial discrimination.”

“It’s a conflict that seems to come straight out of a textbook.”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“I said that, but I can’t say that there is no racism.”

“Didn’t you say there is no distinction of nationality?”

“No, that’s not the problem….”

He looked around, made sure no one was listening, and then continued.

“There is class discrimination.”

"ah."

“It may sound like an excuse… I don’t really have any particular thoughts, but it seems like citizens of the first or second rank are particularly arrogant. In particular, first rank hunters find it unpleasant to interact with citizens of the third rank or lower….”

“…….”

When I first heard about classifying citizens into classes, I felt ominous. Is the caste system really coming back?

“…Is that the difference between nobles and commoners?”

“Oh, is that easier to understand? I guess you could say it’s definitely a similar perspective.”

“I was surprised that the classification and handling were clearer than I

thought.”

“Well, anyway.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled faintly.

“So be careful not to judge people by their appearance, because people will say you’re a crazy old man. I understand what you’re going through, but other people might think it’s ridiculous discrimination.”

“Thank you for letting me know.”

“I wonder if there are any truly pure-blooded Koreans left in this day and age. Even I’m not a native….”

Although the feeling was subtle, Geo let it slide for now and asked something else he was curious about.

“Is it because of the mixing of races that hair and eye colors are different? Of course, I know that there is no case where a pure gene produces blue hair, but just in case….”

“Ah, in my case, it’s just the effect of awakening.”

When it comes to awakening, it seems to be something related to 'hunter'.

“Does it change color when you awaken?”

“Not all of them are like that, but if there is a particularly friendly attribute, the color will change accordingly. The blue hair you mentioned is not a color that can appear naturally, so it is probably due to the influence of awakening.”

"okay."

“Attributes aren’t something that the system clearly indicates, like ranks or jobs. Rather, they’re something you roughly define based on

your own abilities. By the way, the attribute I have is ‘Freezing.’”

Only then did I notice the white hair, as white as a meteor's snow, and the blue eyes, as cold as ice. It was a color similar to 'Giovanni's', but it was definitely a color that gave off a cold vibe, unlike his.

“I used to have brown hair and brown eyes, but after I woke up, I became like this.”

"…okay…."

I was wondering if dyeing your hair is trendy these days.

'Was I too prejudiced?'

To be honest, I didn't really care even though I saw portraits of people with ghosts and hair or eye colors that stood out. That's because Geo is an open-minded person who respects human diversity.

‘The world has turned upside down and fashion has become so complicated, but I thought there was nothing I couldn’t do with dyeing my hair…’

Or maybe he just thought it was a form of evolution and just passed it over without thinking. He was a really thoughtless person, even in his own opinion.

“I can change color too.”

“Huh? Suddenly? You were originally black. Wasn’t that your identity?”

“It’s interesting to think that color can be a person’s identity, but I’m not black. I just added it because Mr. Yoo Seong-un said that his color changed.”

“No… to begin with, your black color is a bit too… not native Korean… that…”

Isn't it too black?

'Just like the abyss or obsidian.'

It was difficult to say that Geo's color was a simple color. The black color, which seemed to symbolize death or silence, often made people's minds dizzy.

'Even now that I've lowered my status to the level of a human, I still feel a little uncomfortable making direct eye contact.'

Geo asked back, wondering why Yoo Seong-un was reacting so strangely.

“Isn’t it just plain black?”

“…If that’s what you thought, then fine.”

Yoo Seong-un returned to the topic from before.

“So, you change color too?”

“If I put in a little effort, I can change it. Can I still be considered a modern person?”

“What kind of 29-year-old guy is talking like an old man who can’t keep up with the times… No, is that it? Blonde hair and blue eyes?”

“You knew that.”

“You had that color change at Cheonggyecheon and when you rode the water taxi.”

“Unlike other people, I wonder if I have evolved into a chameleon.”

“Rather than that….”

I wonder if it wasn't a change in personality.

“…….”

“What were you trying to say?”

“…I just thought it was interesting.”

By this time, Yoo Seong-un had also gotten a feel for Geo.

'Geo… likely has numerous personalities.'

Centered around the personality named 'Portrait of Geo' by the source, various personalities spread out like branches on its side.

Normally, he acts as the personality called 'Geo', but when a certain situation arises, the corresponding personality seems to react.

'He's really a difficult guy to deal with. He was hastily sent out into society due to the greed of Guild Leader Nana... but if he develops a personality that's hostile to humans, it'll be quite difficult.'

Even if that were the case, Bisabul would preach a taste that was difficult to sympathize with, saying, "Dying while appreciating a work of art is part of art," but for ordinary people who were not like him or Yoo Seong-un, who had an irrational collecting habit, it would have been a disaster.

'I am aware of that too.'

Although his conscience has become more rounded after going through various things, there is still a minimum level of good. Yoo Seong-woon, who was thinking about how to deal with Geo for a moment, opened his mouth.

“By any chance, that is….”

"yes."

“…….”

Isn't this the story we should share here?

“Can you tell me about yourself? Not here, but when we get back to the hotel.”

“I think I’ve told you a lot about myself so far.”

“I want to know more about it. Go back to the hotel and ask, and if it doesn’t bother you, answer me. That’s my job as a curator.”

“I will do that.”

“Thank you so much.”

Geo suddenly brought up a random story, probably thinking that the topic would not come up again until they arrived at the hotel.

“I’m worried about the cat I left at home.”

“…Cat? Did you bring a cat into the house?”

“I met Anticat for the first time at the Jewel Vein this time.”

“…….”

“But it’ll be okay since the teddy bear is watching over me.”

“…I don’t know how to react since a while ago….”

Yoo Seong-un asked with a subtle expression.

“I guess you’re an anti-cat, but that’s okay because you’re you.”

“I don’t know what it means.”

“What do you mean the teddy bear is looking at the anti-cat?”

“A teddy bear is literally looking at Dana.”

“Did you make it?”

“The old man entered the doll that was abandoned in the sea.”

“Who is that old man? Why did he go inside a teddy bear of all things?”

“This is the sun god I serve.”

“…….”

After a brief silence, Yoo Seong-un decided not to ask any more questions.

“Oh, I see.”

It was already confusing enough.

* * *

Soft and blunt hands.

A doll with fur the same color as Giovanni's slowly stroked the back of the kitten that had curled up in its arms.

The body of the jewel cat spread out lazily, as if it were comfortable in her arms.

“…….”

The teddy bear was constantly stroking the little jewel filled with the spirit of the dead.

It patted, swept, and sometimes covered me with its warmth. Although it was now a sun with no divinity left and only a trace, it was still able to perform miracles that could warm this cold body.

We're just holding each other tightly.

“…….”

The teddy bear looked into the picture frame depicting the blue sea with a stuffed smile. It felt like it was depicting a single person, with a gentle vitality.

My child called this the 'breathing sea'.

“…….”

And this is obviously connected to the world of mermaids.

“…….”

Geo will meet a mermaid.

The teddy bear wished that Giovanni would hold the little mermaid again.

“…….”

For that, I would not even spare my divinity.

Even without anything that grandiose, this place was… bright and warm enough.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (60)

Episode 60

“I’ve been wondering about this for a long time.”

Yoo Seong-un asked after arriving at the hotel.

“Is your personality divided?”

“Are the personalities divided?”

“That’s, what should I say, something like multiple personalities.”

“…….”

Geo, who had been sitting on the bed and thinking for a moment, tilted his head.

“I don’t know.”

"…okay?"

“But I know that I change often.”

Geo pulled back the black hood that had been completely covering his face and took it off. This time, Honey, who had been hiding inside, fell onto the bed with a thud. Geo picked up Honey in his hands.

Soon after, Geo's 'color' changed.

“…….”

“…….”

Platinum blonde hair that's almost silver, and emerald eyes that resemble the sea of a famous resort.

"…uh…."

Even the previously gloomy and calm expression became lively.

It was a very gentle and mature expression. There was a sense of mature playfulness in the way he smiled brightly.

“…So, did your personality change?”

“I don’t think this is a change in personality.”

Geo's speech was still formal. But unlike his previous indifferent tone, which sounded like a machine spitting out input words, his voice now had a calm pitch.

“Because even now, I am ‘Geo.’”

Nevertheless, the words of the black cloak were true.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un asked.

“…How many ‘Geos’ like that are there?”

“As far as I know, there are three people.”

"I see."

He could be sure.

'There is a portrait of Geo in the center, and many personalities are gathered within it.'

I felt like I had to hear more about how that was possible.

“The current Geo… can I just call him Geo?”

“It doesn’t matter, it’s been called that before too.”

“If you’re saying ‘that’s what it was called’, does that mean it has a real name?”

“It’s not like it’s a pseudonym or a real name.”

Geo, who was dyed in a dull color, looked like a rather polite and noble nobleman, but his faint cheerfulness could be felt from his fleeting smile. It was a completely different impression from 'Sergio' who weighed more than a thousand pounds.

“At one time, I used to go by this name, ‘Giovanni.’”

I should say that he looked like a kind and gentle young man, healthy and energetic. Wherever he went, he seemed like he would be liked by the elders and make a lot of friends.

“People used to call me ‘Geo’ because it was just a nickname. So it’s not strange for Yoo Seong-woon to call me Geo.”

“…That’s a different person from ‘Sergio’, right?”

“They are very similar, yet completely different people. Now they are just one, but they used to be.”

"…okay…."

If so, the probability that a person named 'Sergio' actually existed on this Earth increases.

'I'll have to talk to the guild leader about this. He seems to be investigating something, so he might still have some information.'

Yoo Seong-un, who was chewing over the guild leader who was feeling gloomy in a strange place, soon came up with a guess.

'What if Geo's portrait is… repeating death and resurrection?'

The existence of dungeons and sources has already revealed that there are dimensions other than Earth in this world.

In that case, the 'Giovanni' in front of us now could have been a kind of 'Portrait of Gio' that was living in another dimension.

'... If that's true, then it also explains why the personality of the portrait is central. After finishing one life, he may return to the state of the portrait and slowly restore his previous personality... .'

Geo clearly said, 'As far as I know, there are three people.' This meant that there could be more personalities, and Geo himself knew that possibility.

If this Yoo Seong-un's own speculation is correct, then how long will the portrait's personality restoration continue? Will it ever end? What if a personality that harbors hostility toward humans is restored?

“…….”

No, it's still just a fantasy.

'... But I know that there is a central figure called Geo's portrait, and that there are numerous personalities named Geo around it. I have enough reason to prepare.'

Yoo Seong-un rolled his eyes.

'If this is a situation where the portrait is thought to be a kind of past life, then it also explains the mindset that allows him to define himself simply as Geo despite his numerous personalities.'

After organizing his thoughts briefly, Yoo Seong-un asked.

“…Then is there anything I should be careful about? Someone named Sergio might like sweet potatoes, but someone named Giovanni might not like them. If you could tell me something to keep in mind like that, I would appreciate it.”

“I don’t think there’s much to be careful about.”

“But, well, what is it? If we make some kind of rules, I can be more polite… Let’s make each other feel comfortable in advance.”

"hmm…."

Even with the change in personality, his temperament that was sensitive to manners and good and evil remained. Fortunately, Yoo Seong-woon’s words worked. The pale but gentle-looking young man answered after a moment of thought.

“It’s hard to leave a patient alone when I see them.”

"…oh?"

Come to think of it, I checked on Cha Eun-hyeok's condition, who was said to have been chewed out by Honey before.

“Did you say you were a doctor? No, a priest?”

“Both are correct. As a priest, I also worked as a doctor. I went further and built hospitals in rural villages and traveled around to treat people.”

“That’s great.”

“Actually, even if you ask me to tell you the rules right now, I can’t think of any.”

The young man continued speaking, smiling awkwardly.

“Is it to the extent that you wish that the sun god would not be insulted in front of me?”

“It’s rude to badmouth someone. I’ll be careful not to do that.”

“Thank you, and….”

"and?"

“…….”

Giovanni said, seeming to remember something.

“I might be a little sensitive about mermaids.”

"…mermaid?"

Come to think of it, even on Geo’s first tour, he had rarely brought up the topic of ‘mermaids.’ Yoo Seong-un asked based on his own reasonable reasoning.

“Did you live with a mermaid when you were Giovanni?”

“Yes, it was a world where two races, humans and mermaids, lived together.”

“In what sense are you sensitive?”

“In many ways….”

Geo shrugged.

“I was eaten to death by a mermaid.”

Just when I thought it was a topic that would definitely feel sensitive, Geo continued speaking in a still even voice.

“But that wasn’t because the child wanted it.”

“…….”

“At that time, humans and mermaids were in great conflict, and my

students and I were caught for the crime of forming a bond and received an absurd punishment.”

“…So that mermaid named Ai ate you?”

“You must have been hungry.”

He added with a composed laugh.

“I was already in a dying situation.”

“…I didn’t mean to hear about your death like this….”

“Was this a sudden story?”

“That’s a little bit.”

“I don’t remember very well either.”

As soon as he said that, the color faded away and Geo returned to black like a shadow. It was the person that Yoo Seong-un knew well, the 'Portrait of Geo' and 'Sergio'.

Geo continued speaking, his expression cold and sullen, without a trace of laughter.

“I’m still in the process of thinking about it.”

“So you gradually recall the memories of your personality over time like that?”

“I often get confused. Do I like the ocean or do I hate swimming? Those little details sometimes conflict with the ‘Geo’.”

“It sounds really painful, is that okay…?”

“It’s not as confusing a process as you might think.”

Geo's voice was heavy and calm.

“It’s more like recalling forgotten childhood memories.”

“If that’s the case, then that’s good.”

Suddenly, Yoo Seong-un thought he knew where the heavy silence he felt from Geo came from.

‘… This portrait is made up of so many deaths that I can’t even imagine.’

So it can't help but be so heavy and quiet.

Death is like that.

* * *

“…….”

Mind.

Rise above the water.

"…ah…."

The sun was visible.

“…….”

“Excuse me, are you okay?”

A young voice was heard.

“Can you take a breather?”

“…Cool, big.”

“Thank goodness you’re awake.”

“…….”

When I opened my eyes, I saw pure white pupils.

The mysteriously colored eyes that contain the color of pearls are something that only mermaids have.

"…mermaid?"

“Don’t worry, I don’t mean to hurt you.”

“Why am I here….”

Only then did I come to my senses.

"ah."

I went out to the sea, and was caught by a mermaid and dragged into the sea.

“Did you save me?”

“Oh, yes.”

The mermaid, who appeared to be male, spoke with an apology on her young face.

“I’m sorry, it was my sister who dragged you into the sea.”

“I’ve never heard of a mermaid eating a human… Wasn’t that a superstition?”

“The superstition is true. She didn’t take you away to eat you. However, my sister is very curious about humans, so I think she took you in to observe and analyze you in more detail.”

“Thank you for your kindness, I thought I was going to die, but I survived. Thank you for your kindness.”

The little mermaid seemed to think he would be angry, but she wasn't particularly angry. Not only did she not have any ill intentions toward the mermaid who had dragged her into the sea, but she also remembered that she was very young.

Even though humans and mermaids had a very bad relationship, he had no ill feelings toward mermaids. Especially since mermaids had different ways of thinking and emotional systems than humans, it wouldn't have been strange if they immediately dragged humans into the sea.

"hmm…."

Looking around, I realized it was the beach where I had first taken a walk.

“You brought me all the way here.”

“Since our older sister has caused trouble, it is only natural that we guarantee her a minimum level of safety.”

“I know I am very lucky to have met such a kind mermaid.”

I almost died.

“But there is a village around here. You seem to be a relatively young mermaid, so if you stay here too long, people might attack you.”

“Oh, there was a village here?”

“Yes, she is very upset because she recently lost three family members to mermaids. She would probably torment a young mermaid like you with that resentment… I appreciate your kindness, but I think it would be best for you to go back.”

“Thank you for providing me with the information I need to protect myself.”

The young mermaid seemed very happy, perhaps because it was her first time interacting with humans.

“I am glad that the first person I spoke to was such a kind person. Do you live in this town?”

“I was just looking around to see if I could settle down. I’m a priest who’s leaving the temple to open a hospital, but I guess mermaids don’t like the Sun’s followers very much, do they?”

“My sister and I don’t care about that kind of thing.”

Mermaids worshipped the god of the deep sea, and humans worshipped the god of the sun.

This kind of moderate conversation between humans and mermaids, who have different thoughts and eating habits and easily cause conflicts big and small, was like a miracle.

Perhaps the little mermaid didn't want to miss that little miracle.

“My name is Isser. Can I visit you often? If it’s okay, I’ll invite my older sister and make a formal apology.”

“Isser… It’s the language of the sea that refers to the Milky Way. What a good name.”

The weak had to be protected and treated with affection. Even if the target was not a human but a mermaid, the warmth of the sun could reach anywhere.

“My name is Giovanni.”

Giovanni developed a bond with these young mermaids.

It was a happy time.

* * *

“…….”

Lying on the hotel bed, Giovanni blinked.

"…ah…."

He was crying.

This too must be foolishness.

* * *

“…….”

“Kkuk.”

“…….”

“Kuruk.”

“…….”

“Kung kung kung….”

“Hot tea.”

It was only when he heard his son's disgruntled cries that Geo came to his senses.

“The assimilation rate has increased considerably.”

The last time I remembered it was around 31%, but in just one day it had increased to 59%. Geo, who had confirmed that Giovanni's assimilation rate had been inflated by almost half, finished assessing the situation.

“Is it because I was dreaming?”

No, rather than that.

“What I saw at the event back then….”

A child with blue hair.

“…….”

“Kururuk?”

“Dad, I’m not sleeping.”

“Kkuk.”

"okay."

It was a dream, so my memory is already hazy, but for some reason, the child I saw at the event and the child I saw in my dream looked quite similar.

Maybe it was because their hair colors were similar that it brought back memories of Giovanni.

'Could this be the child I saw in my dream?'

Geo, who thought so, soon shook his head.

“It’s a crowd.”

No matter how well you hit it, isn't it a story of a different dimension that you have to cross twenty-five alleys to meet? There was no way that the person who should be in Giovanni's dimension would be in Sergio's dimension.

“Even if it’s true, it’s a bit unconscionable to say that you know someone as Giovanni with a purity of 33.3%.”

I feel like I've become an evil boss who gives gift certificates in my salary.

“…….”

Well, anyway.

Geo just did it to himself.

“Lie down, honey.”

“Kkuk.”

“You’re hot.”

No matter what past or future came his way, Geo, with his thick nerves, didn't care.

I think it would be okay to pay a little attention to it though.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (61)

Episode 61

Long ago, there were two mermaids who called each other family.

The sister wanted to analyze human limitations, and the younger brother wanted to learn about human culture.

Among them, the younger brother, Isser, wished that one day there would be a world where humans and mermaids could live together. It was a truly vain wish in an era where the two races were full of fear and contempt for each other. The mermaids knew it too.

“It is a world where the sky and the sea come together, what a wonderful wish.”

The person who said that was the first human Isser had ever met.

Long blond hair that flowed like waves. Blue eyes full of wisdom. A man who always liked to wear white clothes. He said he was a priest and a doctor.

“It’s a story that makes me feel good just hearing it.”

“…….”

He was born with a color that any mermaid could not help but follow with their eyes.

The mermaid adored the white man.

“…Humans are lovely but fickle creatures. Is it difficult to wait for that day to come?

“I won’t say it will be easy. There are just so many differences between humans and mermaids.”

He gave practical advice.

“Even humans hate each other because they don’t understand each other. How much worse is the conflict between humans and mermaids?”

Then he added some affectionate words.

“But if there are more people who think like Mr. Isser, that day will come someday.”

“…….”

“Ultimately, it’s a matter of perception. I think that hatred is something that can be overcome if you understand the other person.”

“…It makes me very happy that you said that.”

It was a dreamlike story.

“I love the sun. I think it’s as wonderful as the humans who live their short lives, each with their own unique colors.”

“I know that mermaids serve the god of the sea. But Mr. Isser says that they love the sun.”

“Yes, of course I worship the god of the deep sea… but the sunlight is warm and gentle. It has a different majesty from the deep sea.”

“I know what you’re saying. Sometimes it feels really good to sleep in the sun.”

“It’s hard work at sea.”

Isser longed for the land.

“That’s why I want to capture human life with my own eyes even more.”

“As a son of the sun, I affirm your courage, Isser.”

“Thank you for not denying the children of the deep sea.”

The mermaid siblings pretend to be human with the help of a human named Giovanni, and the older sister dreams of becoming a doctor, while the younger brother dreams of becoming a priest.

“You serve the god of the deep sea, yet you still want to be a priest of the sun?”

“I am not an apostle of the deep sea, so I am not abandoning my duty. Above all, wouldn’t unity be faster if we serve both gods?”

“It’s a simple but good idea. May the sun see your heart, accept you as family, and grant you divine power.”

Giovanni was the only one who did not criticize Isser's vain dreams.

He was kind and affectionate, a bit mischievous and would often joke with Isser and his sister, and he was also capable as a priest and doctor, saving many people through the night.

Sometimes I say things that are nonsense, and sometimes I become shameless to the point of being ridiculous… .

“I want to be like Geo.”

“Then shouldn’t I study medicine hard as well?”

“That’s not what I meant. I don’t want to see blood.”

Giovanni was a respectable man.

Even in an age of conflict and criticism, he was always calm, cheerful, and gentle.

“There is blood that flows in peace and mercy, Isser.”

“…….”

In a time of upheaval, only Giovanni remained in his place.

“Teacher, will you stay here forever?”

“That can’t be.”

The only thing the siblings worried about was Giovanni's lifespan.

“I am human, so I will die sooner than you mermaids.”

“I already know that.”

“So I can’t tell you for sure that I’ll always be by your side.”

“…….”

“But I promise you that everything else will be the same. The conflicts and sufferings of the times will not change the people of this country.”

“…Teacher, you are a human, not a mermaid, so how can you do that?”

“I am sure that even when I die one day, when you think of me, I will always be the same.”

Parting with him would have been a very sad thing, but even this brief conversation was enough to comfort Isser.

“Can you promise me that even if your body returns to dust, you will

still be the same human being you are now?”

“Don’t worry, Isser. You are my special student, so how could I disappoint you?”

“Thank you for putting my stupid worries to rest. I guess my heart aches when I see people leaving and changing over and over again.”

“I understand your feelings. I, too, am a human being and feel bitter about the flow of the world.”

“I’m so glad it’s not just me. I’m not alone….”

He hoped that Giovanni would not be easily corrupted or broken like other humans.

But soon Isser regretted it.

“…….”

“Run away.”

Why did I make that promise?

Maybe things would have been better if he had made selfish choices like other humans.

“G, Giovanni….”

“Don’t ever come back here again, okay? This is neither home nor school anymore.”

“Geo, just a moment.”

“Don’t even think about saving me. You are young and have no reason to suffer with the flow of the times.”

"…teacher…."

“Promise me.”

Because you have become selfish.

“There’s a guy hiding a mermaid here! A traitor is here!!”

Because I couldn't overcome the fear of a future where pain and death were expected.

“Over here, set fire to this place! Burn it down with those horrible mermaids!!”

“Bring that traitor out right now!! Raising a mermaid is horrible…!”

“Why on earth did you hide the mermaids, you who have saved countless humans!”

So how much better would this wicked heart have felt if he had abandoned us, run away, or betrayed us?

“They have not committed any sins that deserve your wrath. They are only children.”

“He must be crazy, calling a monster like a mermaid a child. He is a traitor to humanity!!”

“If that will end the nightmare in this town, then so be it.”

“This hypocrite…! That guy pretends to do good deeds with a nice face, but behind the scenes, he’s raising a mermaid!!”

“I hope that someday this painful relationship will come to a peaceful end.”

Giovanni remained noble to the end.

“…….”

I am trapped in that narrow fishbowl created by human cruelty.

Unable to overcome the terrible hunger that was enough to melt my organs, I sunk my sharp fangs into that rotten and decayed flesh.

You were affectionate.

“…….”

Why is it so cold?

* * *

“…….”

"are you okay?"

A human child asked me.

Only when the young face came into view did the mermaid realize that she had woken up from a bad dream.

“Your expression was really bad.”

“…I think I had a nightmare.”

“Really? Should I tell the priest?”

“It’s not that big of a problem.”

He refused kindness with a smiling face.

'I don't want to seek human help right after having a dream like this.'

Why did I suddenly dream of Giovanni?

'Because I'm in the arms of the sun god...? Or is it because of that Sergio I saw yesterday?'

The mermaid rolled her pearl-colored eyes and thought of the man she had seen at the event. The man, who was covered entirely in a black

cloak, certainly had a striking aura.

The man's surroundings were as quiet as if all life had died. Mana shrank as if she was examining the emperor's mood, and the air flowed in a somewhat timid and muffled manner.

Perhaps the man is a hunter so strong that he can no longer be called human.

‘Why does the name have to be Geo…?’

No, actually, it might not be a problem with names or anything like that.

“…….”

It was unpleasant.

In such a capricious and selfish human being, I was reminded of the image of a noble teacher.

Now, I am even more disgusted with myself for pretending to be human and participating in my sister's massacre… .

“…….”

“Galaxy, does your head hurt?”

"…little."

Don't be so kind.

“But it’ll be okay now.”

Please, don't be so horrible.

'There is no reason now to show mercy to humans.'

No matter what he did, Isser hated humans.

I hated selfish people because they reminded me of the horrible nightmare I had that day, and I hated selfless people because they seemed to be imitating my teacher and saying that what was mine was nothing.

The mermaid's anger was not something that could be erased even after a lifetime.

'In the end, a mere creature that will writhe like a bug in the face of pain and death.'

The mere fact that a mermaid was talking to me was disgusting enough.

"……."

Still, he smiled.

That was the greatest good deed this wicked mermaid could do.

"I'm sorry, did you wake up because of me?"

"No? That's not it, I'm just not used to sleeping there…."

"Then we can sleep together now."

"Yeah, thanks."

"There's nothing to be thankful for."

Even though I was sick of myself for blindly hating a race and participating in the slaughter of my sister, I couldn't stop.

Isser twisted his lips as he looked at the human child lying comfortably next to him.

"……."

As much as my grace.

'Just that much.'

I hope they all die a horrible death.

Me too, you too.

* * *

The main meal day.

"uh?"

The procession of priests began.

“Is that it?”

“That’s it, the procession of priests.”

“Looking at how young everyone is, I guess it’s an initiation ceremony….”

“It’s almost time to have an initiation ceremony in the Sun God Church.”

“Wow, look how cute the kids are.”

8 p.m. The event was held around the time when most office workers were leaving work, so there were a lot of onlookers. In order to get the attention of the gods, initiation ceremonies are usually held in the late afternoon.

“Even though they are young, they are all priests, so they have a different kind of sacredness.”

“Just looking at it makes me feel purified. Is it because it’s a solar temple? It’s also warm.”

“Should I call some others too? You never know who will be chosen today.”

Although the existence of God had become more familiar than before the Great Calamity, the divine majesty remained. People were excited to see if one of these young priests would be embraced by God through a miracle.

In fact, even without such calculated intentions, the procession of priests was enough to attract people's attention. The incense burners swayed like bells and the symbols of the sun held in the hands of the priests of the sun cult.

“Ah, it’s warm….”

“As expected from the Sun God Church.”

On such a cold winter day, the gentle and majestic procession of the sun evoked a special feeling.

“…Hey….”

“…….”

It was the same for Yoo Seong-un and Geo and their friends.

“I haven’t seen the initiation ceremony often so I didn’t get a feel for it, but this is what it feels like.”

“Haven’t you seen it often?”

“There isn’t always an initiation ceremony… I have to consider the date and all.”

Among the weaker churches, there were some that held the event only once every ten years.

“Especially, it takes a lot of capital to prepare a splendid initiation

ceremony like the one you see now. Initiation ceremonies for religions without money or influence aren't as grand as this. It's more like praying at a temple or something."

So, this kind of event was a pretty good spectacle. It was also a very special event for the citizens living in the city.

"We're slowly entering the temple. We've already reserved our seats, so let's go in first."

Yoo Seong-un looked back at Geo.

"As time goes by, there will be so many onlookers that it will be difficult to find a seat."

"All right."

"Aren't you tired of all the people? I don't think you enjoyed the noise the last time you came out."

Even though the last tour had ended safely, Yoo Seong-un still didn't know much about 'Portrait of Geo'.

I had no idea that some random part would trigger an aggressive reaction.

'The guild leader may not care much about the casualties, but he may be happy that he has something to watch… but the country needs to be careful.'

Bisabul was not only kind to my collection, but he was also not a good person objectively. Even Yoo Seong-woon himself thought so, but he was bitter about people dying.

The work said at that time.

"I'm a little tired, but not enough to worry about."

“…Okay, then that’s good.”

As expected, it was a work that required great patience.

'But you still have to be careful.'

As the procession gradually entered the temple and the people began to settle down, the priest standing at the very front placed the incense he was holding on the altar and stopped the steps of the prospective priests.

He gestured to the young priests and organized them as if he were the conductor of a choir.

“…Goddess who illuminates the heavens and the earth with gentle light, please send down fire here today where your servants have gathered. These young priests are like sprouts that have grown following your light….”

The priest, Kang Seo-dam, who recited the prayer announcing the initiation ceremony, soon concluded.

“Receive a little light.”

“Receive a little light.”

After reciting the last prayer of the Solar Church, Kang Seo-dam bowed his head to the altar, then turned around and bowed his head once again to the prospective priests who were each standing in their respective seats and holding the symbol of the sun.

Kang Seo-dam opened his mouth after seeing the prospective priests bowing their heads.

“This is the temple of the sun, but the sun is not forced upon the novice priests. You will learn how to treat the gods and become their servants with the help of the sun goddess. I hope that today’s initiation

ceremony will be an opportunity for you to gain another parent.”

Daughter—.

Kang Seo-dam continued speaking, ringing the silver bell.

“Before preparing the mind and body to welcome new parents, the catechumens will take the time to express their gratitude for their earthly connection. Before the closing ceremony begins, the catechumens will exchange greetings.”

The initiation ceremony is divided into two parts, with a break in between to allow time for family. Not all religions are like this, but the initiation ceremony of the Sun Church was like this.

Thanks to the prior training, all the prospective priests moved to their respective positions.

“Mom, Mom…!!”

“Brother, I am a priest now!”

“These clothes are cool!”

Some people disappeared into the distance to spend time with their families, while others moved to the waiting room to rest.

“…….”

He too was about to move to take a break.

“……?”

In Kang Seo-dam's eyes, a prospective priest appeared, wandering around without being able to go anywhere for some reason.

‘… It was definitely a child named Eunha.’

For some reason, he was an impressive child with blue hair that

reminded one of the sea. In reality, he had a strong, cool aura, perhaps because he wanted to be in that lineage.

'I know you don't have any family to talk to since you're from Carnation Eye, so why are you just sitting there?'

I couldn't let even one of the priests under my jurisdiction be careless. Kang Seodam looked around.

'Who are you looking at now?'

Following the child's gaze, I saw a black-haired prospective priest being embraced by his family.

‘That kid….’

I think the name was probably Chaisol.

"…ah."

Black Cloak was also among them.

'You're the person I saw last time.'

Kang Seo-dam remembered that he had been unfaithful and had only observed the event and left cleanly.

'The initiation ceremony itself was quite long, so if they showed up today, is it to accept new believers?'

As I looked around with questioning eyes, I could see that the gaze of the galaxy was on the black cloak.

“…….”

Maybe you want to fit in with those guys.

'Well, they're particularly crowded over there, so if you're a carnation kid, you might be jealous.'

Fortunately, it wasn't long before Chae Sol dragged Eunha away. She was quick-witted, so she naturally introduced my partner to her family.

I watched carefully to see if that consideration might have hurt her pride, but Eunha's mood of being dragged along like that didn't seem too bad.

“…It’ll be okay now.”

Since the black cloak also seemed like a god with a high level of understanding of humans, there shouldn't be a big problem.

Only then did Kang Seo-dam take a step to rest.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (62)

Episode 62

This situation was unexpected.

“This is Galaxy! My partner.”

“They say that priests are basically pairs, but now I have a partner.”

“Now, Eunha and I are on the same team!”

Geo blinked his hooded eyes as he watched Chae Sol brag about his partner to his family.

'Looking at it this way, they definitely look alike.'

The way she smiled skillfully despite being flustered because Chae Sol had suddenly brought her here. There was definitely a difference in that level of sophistication, but the strangely bluish-green hair triggered Giovanni's memories.

'I think Isser's name also meant Milky Way.'

Since dreams are dreams, I don't remember much after waking up, but the long blue hair reminded me of the mermaid Isser in my dream.

“…….”

“Hey, these guys….”

Perhaps because of Geo's gaze, Eunha opened her mouth as if she

wanted to introduce herself to Chae Sol.

Chaisol made an “Oh no” expression, then smiled brightly and explained.

“You can tell just by looking at my brother and sister, right? And although we’re not family, this is the Geo hyung I told you about last time!”

Chaisol urged him to answer.

“He’s so handsome!”

“Huh? Oh, okay….”

Geo was also embarrassed by that bold appearance. How could he know if he was handsome with the hood covering his face?

'I don't think that guy has any clairvoyance skills.'

Geo, who was embarrassed to be openly complimented on his appearance by a child, couldn't stand the awkwardness and greeted him.

“Nice to meet you, my name is Sergio.”

“…My name is Eunha.”

With a mature smile that felt strangely unfamiliar, Eunha added shortly.

“Yes, nice to meet you.”

hmm.

Geo thought absentmindedly.

'It was my mistake after all.'

It may be a hasty judgment, but the Isser that Giovanni remembers

was a student who tried to be polite and courteous, but was also somewhat blind and had a teasing quality.

'I guess it's because there were so many awkward points, but my speech was much more stiff.'

First of all, I should say that he is a friend who is quite distant from the words 'mature' or 'experienced'. Compared to that young student who was like a fresh ray of sunshine, the child in front of me had a somewhat cold air about him.

'It must be a great coincidence that I met a child who looked so much like Isser so soon after I began to assimilate as Giovanni.'

Moreover, the last image he recalled of Isser was of her in her late teens or early twenties, making it feel even more unlikely that she was the same person.

“It’s fate that we’ve come together like this, so how about having a meal together?”

Yoo Seong-un nodded at Geo's suggestion.

“Oh, that’s good. Even if it’s the Milky Way Army, the Cha family won’t be shying away from us now, right?”

“Ha, but then I think it would be too much of a bother….”

“Anyway, Chae Sol-kun won’t be able to go outside for a while once he enters the dorm. Rather than two dark guys like Geo and I eating together, wouldn’t it be better if we could have a more crowded atmosphere?”

As expected, you are my older brother.

'I should emulate that expertise.'

I really admire his ability to naturally draw others in the way he wants,

like flowing water, while not being rude. Isn't he the epitome of an adult who is good at socializing?

Of course, if Yoo Seong-un had known Geo's thoughts, he would have been so scared that he wanted to die.

“Is there anything that the Milky Way can’t eat?”

“I don’t really eat meat.”

“Oh, a vegetarian? Well, if you look around, there are a lot of vegans among the priests.”

“I don’t care as long as it’s not meat.”

“Then you’re not the type to be very picky? Then I think it would be better to go with seafood.”

Even as he said that, Yoo Seong-un looked at the child named ‘Eun-ha’ without letting on.

‘… I feel a little uneasy for some reason.’

Behind his indifferent expression, Yoo Seong-un hid a faint suspicion.

Yoo Seong-un, who often comes into contact with the children of the origin, was particularly sensitive to the energies of non-humans. If he felt that strange feeling now, he could definitely determine that it was a problem.

'It doesn't seem like he's the son of the original, so he's probably closer to a monster. He must be a dangerous guy.'

However, as a prospective priest, it is possible that Yoo Seong-un mistook the strangeness of the god.

'... There are cases like that. Especially if it's someone who receives a

lot of love or attention from God, they can easily feel uncomfortable even though it's not their problem.'

There was something about the other person's young appearance that made him particularly cautious, so Yoo Seong-un decided to swallow his guard as it was. He might be suspicious of the poor child.

'If it comes down to it, it would be nice if I could at least take Geo with me. Since this is a work whose behavior patterns and rules haven't been figured out yet... I don't want to give it too much stimulation if possible.'

As long as it wasn't detrimental to the work I was in charge of, I couldn't care less whether the child in front of me was a monster or not. In this world, it's not uncommon for monsters to kill humans, and for humans to kill humans.

Here, humans were just props. The fact that only about 30 people died was not even reported on the news.

'I hope nothing happens though. If things get noisy, it'll just increase my overtime work.'

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking nonchalantly, as if he had not even thought about anything else for a moment.

"Is there anyone here who doesn't like seafood?"

"…I don't know because I haven't tried it…."

"Then you can try it this time."

Although Cha Ara showed a trembling reaction, Yoo Sung-woon, who had already expected it, simply brushed it off. It was not a comment made out of inferiority complex or jealousy, but rather a response that said, "I don't know what to do, so why are you asking that?"

“I know a good mackerel restaurant.”

“Huh? Is this the galchi restaurant?”

“Even if there are a lot of people, the room itself is large enough to accommodate them, so how about going there? I guarantee the taste.”

“That’s not the problem, but, uh, if it’s a galchi restaurant, isn’t it incredibly expensive….”

When Cha Ara became strangely anxious, her older brother Cha Eun-hyuk showed a similar reaction.

“Is it okay for us, third-class citizens, to go to a restaurant like that?”

“……?”

Geo, who had been listening to the story without thinking, was quietly embarrassed.

‘…What did I just hear?’

A third-class citizen can't eat croaker?

'Even though the caste system has been revived, how can it be this scary to discriminate so viciously based on what people eat?'

Geo, who was serious about eating, became very sad. He was very bitter about the change in his hometown.

'If something as big as a disaster had happened, I would have fled to Gangwon-do, so I would have been a third-class citizen. If I had lived on Earth paying rent, I wouldn't have been able to eat even a single piece of hairtail.'

Geo, accustomed to a democratic society, was inwardly appalled, but in this day and age, a galchi restaurant in the city was a very high-class restaurant. It was the perfect place for third-class citizens who

were secretly discriminated against in the city to get glares from.

“I understand what you’re worried about….”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders, noticing her feelings.

“It’s all rooms anyway, and there won’t be many people around at this time. If you guys are worried, you can look for somewhere else, but since we’re spending money, let’s all eat something delicious.”

The meteor looked back at the galaxy.

“Galaxy, are you okay with the galchi?”

“I would appreciate it if you could buy me anything.”

“Thank you for saying so.”

Even Eunha, who is presumed to be the Carnation Eye, agreed, so Cha Ara and Cha Eunhyuk also agreed without realizing it.

“Is this okay…?”

“A galchi restaurant?”

The Cha family followed Yoo Seong-un with faces that looked as if they had been deceived for some reason.

Geo, who was trying to move with such friendly siblings, discovered a galaxy that seemed strangely distant.

“…….”

“…….”

It bothers me when you act like that.

“Galaxy Student.”

Aside from the fact that the child resembled his former disciple Isser, as a teacher himself, Geo did not like the way the child kept his distance as if it did not belong to him.

Isser, who had a dry face, fortunately came to life and answered Geo's call. He seemed a little flustered.

“Oh, yes.”

“Shall we go together?”

When Giovanni held out his hand, Eunha hesitated for a moment and then took his hand.

‘…It’s colder than I thought.’

Those little hands were quite cool for a child whose body would boil with heat just by breathing.

“Your temperature is low.”

“I think it’s because I have severe anemia.”

The child smiled skillfully. It was a gentle and loving smile, the kind that naturally comes to mind when you think of the word priest.

It might be a bit odd to use the word 'compassion' when referring to a child like this, but for some reason Geo found that smile familiar.

'I don't hang out with this student.'

Where have I seen this smile?

While Geo was quietly recalling his memories, the child pretended to be calm and spoke, perhaps anxious that there was no answer.

“Are you uncomfortable with cold hands?”

If it sounded like a question expecting something, would that be

strange? Geo answered without thinking.

“It’s nice and cool.”

“It’s winter and you’re saying that.”

“Because I am a very passionate person.”

“…….”

Galaxy, who had been silent for a while for some reason, spoke.

“Mr. Geo’s hands are cold too?”

“Oh, right.”

"why…."

“I forgot about it for a moment.”

“What did you forget?”

“I forgot that I was cold.”

I've been having this dream called 'Giovanni's Theater of Life' over and over again lately, so to be honest I completely forgot about it.

Even my body temperature.

'When I was Giovanni, I was a priest of the sun, so I had a lot of heat in my body.'

Sergio and the portrait were not particularly high in body temperature.

'I guess that sounded strange.'

These days, the fairy tale rate has risen so rapidly that the words have become nonsense.

I looked back at the child, wondering what to say next… .

“…….”

“……?”

His small face looked stiff.

“Galaxy student?”

“I felt a little cold… so I thought about something else.”

“Then would you like to let go of my hand?”

"no."

The galaxy muttered.

“…If you keep holding it, it might get warmer.”

“That’s true too.”

“…….”

“I’m glad you don’t hate it.”

Although the atmosphere was cold for some reason, Geo felt that he was a kind and affectionate child by nature.

'These children need to be fed well and made fat.'

Sergio, who had inherited the strong beliefs of his grandmother, who was the village's leading figure, thought.

'Become a pig, yap… .'

Sergio was the type of person who felt more satisfied with life only when he fattened up skinny men, women, and children.

* * *

We had that conversation.

“Isser’s hands are cold.”

“Maybe… it’s because I’m a mermaid.”

“It would be natural for body temperatures to differ between different races.”

“Are cold hands uncomfortable?”

Humans despised the cold hands of mermaids, believing them to belong to underwater monsters.

Giovanni was also human, and Isser was a mermaid. Above all, Giovanni, who was always warm under the protection of the sun, might have felt repulsion towards Isser's cold, damp hands.

But Giovanni laughed as if it was nonsense. He dismissed Isser's worries as if nothing had happened.

“Rather, it’s nice because it’s cool.”

“…It’s winter now.”

“I’m a very hot-tempered person, so it doesn’t matter to me.”

“…….”

“Yes, that’s good.”

Even if you have a high fever, who likes to be cold in the winter?

No matter how much I think about it, it was a lie to be considerate of the young mermaid, but still… .

“…Teacher, your hands are warm.”

I tried to hold that hand filled with warmth for no reason.

“Is this high body temperature also due to the protection of the sun god?”

“That may be so. I was born on a summer day, when the sun was at its most blessed.”

“I don’t want your hands to get cold because of me.”

I held on to it greedily, but I always felt sorry because I felt like I was taking away its warmth.

"…I am…."

Sometimes Isser felt as if he was taking something that belonged to Giovanni.

If I, a mermaid, hadn't insisted on fate, Giovanni wouldn't have had to treat people so anxiously, and his great skills wouldn't have been confined to this small town.

“…….”

So, whenever I feel sorry for taking away even this little bit of warmth, Geo said.

“I will always have enough warmth to give to you, Isser.”

“…Isn’t that too harsh a thing to say to you, a creature of the sun?”

“I meant that you don’t have to feel sorry for just holding hands. Isser, you are often too timid. You should be more confident.”

“But I am a mermaid, sir. The more I learn, the more I doubt whether humans and mermaids can ever become one.”

“And yet, aren’t we still having a conversation in the same place as we are now?”

He was always warm.

“You can always hold my hand as long as I don’t become a corpse.”

“…Is it not allowed to hold the corpse’s hand?”

“The dead must be sent away, so that I too may go to the sun.”

“…….”

“That is nature and the order of things.”

The foolish mermaid didn't know it, but your warm words were actually wrong.

Even your hands, which were once filled with warmth, became so cold after being suffocated by the seawater. You probably couldn't return to the sun even after you died.

Otherwise it wouldn't have been that cold. Your corpse wouldn't have been that cold.

“…I feel sad already….”

Still.

That's what happened in the end.

* * *

‘…Why does this make me think of that person so much?’

Isser thought as he looked at the black cloak sitting next to him.

'On that subject, why is the sun's energy so strong?'

It became more certain when I looked closely.

This man was not simply a strong human being, but he possessed the

divinity of the sun, a great quality that only a god could possess.

'You seem to have a high level of understanding of humans, so perhaps you inherited divinity while still human.'

If so, Isser will hate this black cloak.

“…….”

“No appetite?”

With that endearing name, Geo, and with the same warmth as my teacher… why the god of the sun?

'Is this the work of the sun god?'

During those long, miserable days, Isser learned a lot about humans, gods, and the world.

'Perhaps this was done by the sun god of Earth, who was wary of mermaids and the deep sea.'

He committed the atrocity of passing on the sun's energy to a human who looked exactly like that person.

‘… It’s still terrible.’

Gods and men, the creators of the sun have always made me feel sick.

“…It’s just, it’s my first time at a restaurant like this….”

"okay."

“…….”

“You can eat it slowly.”

The voice of the black cloak was calm and affectionate.

'It's really strange.'

At times, it seems as quiet as a still corpse, but when it looks back at me, it bestows its kindness with a soft rhythm.

'I wonder what your exact identity is.'

Even if they were gods or humans, their behavior was not befitting of that cruel race.

"…thank you."

Even as he greeted her, Isser felt a hypocritical anxiety. It was a tiny anxiety that faintly tickled the tips of his toes.

'Sister will soon call the sea.'

Even the hot sun loses its vitality when it sinks into the sea. Isser has already confirmed this several times, so this one will probably be no exception.

Could this hand ever get colder than it is now?

"……."

That seemed a bit sad.

It was a feeling I hadn't felt in a long time.

* * *

Upon returning to the temple, a blue-haired galaxy grabbed Geo.

"Mr. Geo."

"Yes, what's going on?"

"……."

The hesitant child asked.

“…Do you like the sea?”

“I like water.”

“Are you good at swimming?”

“Actually, I’m not very good at it.”

“…….”

The child, who had been silent as if recalling something or lost in thought, soon opened his mouth.

“I hope it isn’t too cold.”

“I’ve heard that this winter has been particularly cold.”

“…….”

“Thank you for your concern.”

Geo realized that the child was not worried about himself, but about himself. He seemed more worried that something he didn't like would happen than about the person himself.

He was a child who thought too deeply and thus had a twisted side.

'It's such a shame that life will become so tiring. Just because you're mature doesn't mean it's a good thing.'

For Geo, who could completely forget a month's worth of worries with just one sweet potato, this was an unimaginable ordeal.

“It looks like the main event will begin soon.”

“…Okay, I’ll be going now.”

The child added as if saying goodbye.

“It was fun.”

“If that’s the case, then that’s good.”

Geo realized that it was a lie.

‘… Indeed, Hell Republic of Korea… .’

The children were no pushovers either.

'It's a tough world for a sloppy guy like me who knows how to eat well to survive.'

Today too, it was a haunted portrait that made me nervous.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (63)

Episode 63

I tried hard.

Isser was strong-willed and selfless, and he hated the existence of humans overnight. He tried to approach humans on several occasions.

I wasn't trying to make excuses by saying I did enough. Yeah, I don't want to be complacent about that, but...

“…….”

It was really okay.

“Are you hurt anywhere?”

“Huh, huh…! It’s a mermaid…!!”

It was sad to be treated with contempt and disgust even after saving someone's life, but I could bear it.

“I can cure you.”

“Don’t lie, how can I believe what a mermaid says?”

"but…."

“If you touch me, I will kill you.”

“…….”

It was okay for my best efforts to be taken care of to be trampled upon so easily.

“Mermaid? Isn’t that a monster?”

“…….”

“They say it eats people. Wow, that’s horrible.”

It was bearable to be criticized for not the sins I committed, but for my very existence.

“…….”

“…….”

“Isser.”

My sister called me.

“Giovanni has been brought to trial.”

“…He is a renowned priest of the sun, so it shouldn’t be any problem. We are allies.”

“You will be severely punished for being a traitor. You heard that, a traitor to humanity.”

“But, teacher… you have saved many people’s lives during that time.”

“What a forced move. When did a human ever care about such things?”

“I don’t understand. Didn’t anyone stand up for him?”

“I’m being criticized for hiding the mermaid. It’s no different from what we saw that day.”

“Why is no one….”

“Humans are such interesting creatures. You never know how fickle they can be.”

"…why…."

“When they praised Geo’s character and abilities and called him the Son of God, now that his light has been divided into the sea, they are making a fuss and calling him a disgrace to mankind.”

He was the only person who affirmed the sea. He was a noble being who waited with me for the day when the sky and the sea would become one, saying that mermaids and humans are no different.

I know how much mercy my mentor showed, how much love and affection he poured out there. He was a person who truly cared for his patients and respected his friends.

“…That’s ridiculous….”

That all was denied.

'That too to the same humans.'

It was too much even for a patient mermaid. She couldn't stand it, she wasn't okay, she couldn't bear it.

We mourned and dealt with his natural death for years, so why did you kill him yourself? How could you act so horribly?

“…….”

Isn't that person's suffering sad?

“I’m going to try an experiment.”

“…….”

“Do you still like humans? Do you think they are capricious but lovable

creatures?”

"…no…."

“So do you trust them? Do you trust them to return the favor, to have your back?”

“…I don’t think so.”

“If everything is settled, come back to the sea with me.”

My sister whispered sweetly.

“You know, we can’t influence people with just a look or a touch like Giovanni. The cold touch of a mermaid would only give a creepy feeling to a creature of the sun.”

That was right.

“And that is why suffering can be soothing.”

"pain…."

That was also true.

“My brother, Isser.”

“…Yes, Sister.”

“Would you like to go together?”

So Isser decided to try to endure it just one more time.

"no."

It wasn't for humans.

“Let’s find another way.”

It was for Giovanni, who loved everything in the world until the end.

“The war between humans and mermaids has already begun, so it’s too late to take the easy way out. It’s going to be a much more vulgar and cruel war than you can imagine.”

“I know.”

“If that’s your choice, then I must respect it. Do your best until you have no regrets, Isser.”

"…thank you."

It's a very sad truth, but Giovanni was not a man with a nature to dream of revenge for being betrayed by humans.

'So, tormenting humans and gaining notoriety for my benefactor would be a double betrayal.'

I didn't want to use that noble person as an excuse to vent my anger in a shallow way like other humans.

“…….”

Isser endured dozens and hundreds of times after that.

He saved an innocent child during the war. The mermaids did not understand their eccentric compatriots and simply ignored them, while the humans instead attacked Isser with ridiculous accusations.

"one."

A pregnant woman who fell into the sea was pulled to land. However, the pregnant woman struggled to avoid the mermaid's cold hands and drowned. Seeing this, the humans screamed that mermaids were now even eating pregnant women.

"two."

I pretended not to see the soldier who was squirming without any

reason to attack him. I didn't want to see blood, but the soldier came to me a month later and attacked me and swore at me. In the end, Isser had to see blood.

"three…."

The humans he had barely become close to were either dying or considering betrayal, and whatever Isser did was considered unclean, and his notoriety grew. The humans poisoned the sea. A child died. He treated a wound. He was stabbed in the side… .

"……."

And then one day I counted.

"…one thousand six hundred and forty-three."

It's already been over a thousand.

"…Ah, uh…."

On the last day of counting numbers, Isser ate my teacher.

"…Heh, heh heh heh…."

My whole body was aching.

"Haha, aaaah…! Aak…!!"

I was hungry.

I was so hungry.

"AAAAHH ...

* * *

"……."

Even though it was evening, it was as bright as day.

'It's just like the white night.'

This is a phenomenon that is often seen in polar regions, where the sun does not set even at night.

'This is Seoul, the city of romance. Dopamine is overflowing...'

Geo watched the procession of priests at the temple, enjoying the pounding of his heart.

The second part of the event was much more extravagant than the first. While the first part emphasized the solemnity typical of religious people, the second part of the event really felt like an 'event'.

Lights twinkled here and there, and the priests' white robes fluttered. There was so much to see that it was dizzying.

“How is it, is it worth seeing?”

“I really like it.”

"thank god."

Yoo Seong-un smiled his characteristically light smile.

“I was wondering if you were okay since the event was so long.”

“I’m definitely a little tired, but….”

Now that I was back at the cabin, I was going to be stuck at home for a week.

Geo's stamina had been running low for a long time, as he had started to feel a little tired from the moment he left the house.

“Still, it’s an event worth seeing.”

“Is it perhaps the influence of the god you are supporting?”

The question was whether I liked the ceremonies of the Solar Church, which worships the sun god.

“That could be the case.”

It wasn't as comfortable as my own house, but it was comfortable at my friend's house.

“…….”

“Geo?”

“…I thought about my old friends for a moment.”

These guys, it's been 31 years, are they still alive?

'I wonder how the kids are doing.'

It was something I thought about occasionally, but being out for so long made me think of people I knew from 31 years ago.

'The elders in the mountain villages of Gangwon Province are already old, so they don't have any expectations.'

Still, I might have been able to get a general idea of what the students I was teaching were up to.

“…….”

But what if I get caught and taken to the lab…?

'Usually in movies, a moment of carelessness due to memories sends a person's life off a cliff. Is there any guarantee that I won't end up like that?'

The evolution from a human to a possessed portrait was clearly a great feat, even in this hellish Republic of Korea, judging by the

occasional reactions of the meteor clouds.

Geo decided again to just shut up and get himself into a coma.

'If it's meant to be, we'll meet even if it's not our intention.'

With thoughts full of such dreams and hopes.

“Ah… I guess it’s almost finished.”

“It was quite long.”

“This kind of initiation ceremony is also an event that shows the power of the religious order.”

Especially, if it was the Taeyang Church, which boasts a fairly large religious presence in Seoul, it would have had to display this level of extravagance.

'There was also an unpleasant missing person case recently.'

Thinking so, Yoo Seong-un glanced back at Geo.

‘… No matter how much I think about it, it seems like this incident is related to this guy… .’

Geo really seemed uninspired.

'Geo really doesn't know anything, or he knows but doesn't feel much emotion. Either way, it's more confusing because Geo has a unique personality.'

It was while I was watching the event coming to an end.

“…….”

A momentary intuition.

'…what?'

It's cool.

'It's not a glacier.'

As a gardener, I know the essence of energy.

I smelled the pressure of nature that was crushing the human body, and the pungent scent of blood that came out of it.

'Then this is….'

A cold, damp, dark, oppressive feeling.

'ocean?'

Yoo Seong-un soon realized that it was the energy of the sea.

Isn't this a feeling that can never be felt naturally? Yoo Seong-un instinctively looked for the culprit.

"ah…."

When his eyes met with the blue-haired 'Eunha', Yoo Seong-un felt a sense of defeat.

"this."

Gulp—…!!!

“Did I let my guard down too much?”

A fresh, cool breeze came rushing in.

The aura was not like a billowing fog. It had a ferocity that seemed to want to take life, and a ferocity that aroused fear in humans with its sharp claws.

He grasped the situation straight away.

“It’s a virtual dungeon.”

After Yoo Seong-un's quick judgment, the entire temple was dyed blue.

“■■■■■—…!!!!!”

There was a loud noise, as if the marble pillars were being scraped by giant fingernails, so loud it hurt my ears.

The whole world was thrown into chaos as if glass shards were exploding, scratching at eardrums, and waves covered in pure white foam greedily devouring people.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un, who always had an indifferent expression, distorted his face.

‘… I can’t predict the damage, but at least one thing is certain.’

I'm working overtime again today.

“Phew….”

Crunch-!!

“I’m already tired.”

The meteor cloud that created the ice spear embedded it in the ground.

'You must not be pushed too far.'

As an experienced hunter, Yoo Seong-un made his decision and supported his body with the spear he had planted on the ground.

The strong cold and waves made Yoo Seong-un look back at the

portrait.

“Geo, be careful…!”

And there it is.

“…….”

“…….”

There was a huge 'eye'.

Yoo Seong-un felt a terrible silence, as if time had stopped.

What is that?

Is it snow?

“…….”

It resembled nature, but it was impossible to tell whether it was the sun or the sea.

I saw a vision of fragments of light, scattered and sparkling, glittering chaotically as if they were being born, illuminating deep waves of unknown depth. Yoo Seong-un couldn't take his eyes off the portrait swept away by the waves for even a moment.

There, in it, was a sea. It was a pure white sea distorted by light. The sea spoke.

『Where the sun doesn't reach…』

The voice was natural.

"I've come to the deep sea."

Why did it sound like God's judgment?

I didn't realize it even though I was looking at it. I thought I heard the sound of sunlight shining down. I heard the sound of warmth. The waves mixed with it and soon hid their teeth and shrank.

It was only after this that Yoo Seong-un came to his senses enough to notice anything.

“…….”

The sound was heard again, and time passed, breaking the silence.

The loud noise that had been hurting my ears and the tinnitus that was like the stubbornness of the dead disappeared, and the waves that had been as ferocious as monsters in the abyss died and became calm again… .

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

The landscape of the world has changed.

"ah…."

A bloody, eerie chill. Yoo Seong-un looked around.

People are visible.

“…Hey, where is this…?”

“Dungeon? What the hell, is this a dungeon?”

“Hey, is there a hunter?!”

This place, where people who had just come to their senses were making a lot of noise, was clearly a dungeon.

“…….”

The meteor cloud captured the dark blue space like a shadow in my eyes.

The pupil was so wide that the ceiling was not visible, and water scales of unknown origin were eerily reflected in it. Yoo Seong-un's gaze soon landed on the blue water pillars erected here and there in the pupil.

A sigh came out on its own.

“…Oh my….”

There were a bunch of chimeras that looked like underwater creatures.

“This is a problem.”

It felt ominous from the moment I entered, and the dungeon seemed to be quite difficult.

'There are an unusually large number of people dragged in for a typical virtual dungeon.'

Yoo Seong-un barely managed to keep his wits about him as he returned home and calmly assessed his situation.

The so-called 'virtual dungeon' forcibly drags people who meet certain conditions to another dimension to play a game. The number of participants and the bizarre nature of the game can be used to gauge the dungeon owner's capabilities.

'And if you just count the number of ordinary people gathered in this dungeon, it's close to 20 people... There may be people who were dragged in from other places as well, so it's excessive in many ways. You can see how much the owner of this dungeon has been gritting his teeth in preparation.'

And Yoo Seong-un, as an A-class hunter belonging to one of the top

three guilds in South Korea, Collectors, was responsible for protecting these people and completing the strategy.

“…….”

With this ragtag bunch of citizens.

* * *

'Is he really a class A hunter?'

Eunha and Isser were secretly impressed by Yoo Seong-un's cool-headed attitude as he tried to grasp and organize the situation in an instant.

According to Earth's standards, it is said that hunters of class B and above gradually begin to deviate from the standards of ordinary humans in their way of thinking. It goes without saying that this goes even further for class A, which is a higher rank.

'I heard he's not a very famous public figure.'

It was indeed something that could not be ignored.

'but….'

What can a single hunter do in this situation?

'With all this luggage, at best I'll choose to die with the citizens or run away to save my life. Such foolish beings are humans.'

In the shadows of the pupils, far from the commotion, Isser watched the humans running wild in fear.

“S-save me! I don’t want to die here…!!”

“Where is this place? Where is this place? Over there, this is where….”

“Gyaaaah…!! There’s, there’s a monster! There’s a monster!!”

My ears are tired.

‘… You don’t know how to do anything but scream? You’re truly an idiot.’

The gurgling noise brought back a familiar unpleasantness that I felt dozens of times a day. It was a faded hatred toward humans.

“…….”

In this situation, Isser's role was only to open the door.

‘… Even if my predecessor hadn’t suddenly disappeared, I wouldn’t have had to step forward.’

Opening the deep sea gate in the Temple of the Sun, of all places, required quite a bit of skill.

'Because of that, we were already in a situation where we had recruited and trained one of the humans.'

Things got complicated when he was killed by a mysterious strong man.

The execution date was just around the corner. At that moment, the only person who could open the door was Isser… .

'There's nothing I like.'

Even though I mingled with humans for a short while, neither my body nor my mind were in good shape.

'This is a race that I shouldn't interact with for long. I feel like their incompetence is being passed on to me.'

I wanted to finish this work as soon as possible and then fall into the

still sea.

“Hunter, you’re a hunter! How are you going to take responsibility for this!!”

“What… what does this have to do with me, stop talking nonsense like responsibility!!”

“The priests? What the hell, where the hell are all the priests!!”

“Yes, the prospective priests too… They’re priests, right? Right? Priests?”

“Someone help me, what the hell is going on!!”

How could I set my mind on something so frivolously raving?

“…….”

This place was located in the latter half of the path that the humans of Earth call 'the dungeon'.

‘… It’s too far to go back to the entrance, and the situation is not good for finding the exit, so everyone will probably die here. It will happen even if I don’t do anything about it.’

As I was thinking about finishing up the work like that, a man wearing a black cloak suddenly came to mind.

There was a sun god named Geo.

“…Phew….”

In a situation where all the humans were scattered to random locations, I felt stupid for unconsciously chasing the man's location.

Why would you do something so stupid if you're just going to kill them all anyway?

'Okay, let's get this over with quickly.'

If any individual remains intact, it will be given the honor of being used as my older sister's test subject.

Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea to ask for ownership of one of them.

"…then."

I took a step forward from the shadows.

It was when I was holding the staff in my hand and trying to do my job as a 'monster'.

“…….”

ah.

‘… Any sign?’

Isser looked back.

“…….”

Before I knew it, the black cloak was standing right behind me.

“……!”

That's ridiculous.

'I checked and there's no such thing here?'

Even if the opponent was something divine, this situation was unexpected for a mermaid who could even kill a god.

'Was I too careless?'

Isser stepped back. Perhaps because he was in the body of a child, he felt a strange sense of intimidation from the black cloak.

This large body moved, so it was right for someone among the humans to react, but no one turned their gaze towards Blackcloak and Isser.

'Why?'

Isser bared his sharp teeth at the indescribable discomfort. They were the fangs that had also eaten away at his mentor's body.

“What the heck are you…!”

“Isser.”

“…….”

…what?

“…….”

“Ah, Isser….”

My name was called.

“…….”

It was a call as soft as a corpse.

Isser stopped.

‘…called my name.’

He froze like a fish in icy water and couldn't move.

As a man as tall as a thick wall bent down and stroked the child's cheek, it was as if the small body was swallowed up by a shadow in an instant.

A pitch-black cloak descended like a curtain, completely enveloping Isser like a waterfall.

'how….'

That's why the young mermaid could see the face of the one looking down at her.

“Wasn’t it cold?”

“…….”

“Were you in a lot of pain?”

“…….”

“You must have been lonely and scared….”

A person like sunlight shining across the sea.

“…….”

That warm platinum hair and eyes like brilliant waves.

Those distant blue eyes.

"Sorry."

“…….”

"I'm sorry."

I'm crying.

"…ah…."

Giovanni.

My benefactor, who had suffered the most miserable death in the world, was now a corpse, crying in front of me.

* * *

Geo lost consciousness.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (64)

Episode 64

“Sister.”

“Yes, my foolish brother.”

“Yes, my foolish brother is here. How is your research going?”

“Not bad.”

My sister raised her head as she wrote something gracefully with a quill made of carved emerald, then put it down.

Her dark, wavy hair, like the deep sea, flowed like waves. She smiled like the ferocious deep sea.

“Of all the dimensions I know, the human race is the most diverse. The technology that utilizes the brain varies greatly from individual to individual, and the range is wide, from appearance to emotions.”

“You really like humans, Sister.”

“What are the limits of humanity? I thought this was the end, but then a crazy entity emerged from another dimension that surpassed those limits… I can’t stop researching.”

“Then, in the end, isn’t there no limit to the human race?”

“There are humans who have become gods in some dimension. However, we cannot say for sure that gods are the final destination for

humans. So, isn’t it important to collect samples in one way or another?”

“That would certainly be the case.”

Isser's sister wanted to know everything about humanity. She even created the creatures of the sun herself with her cold mermaid hands.

Of course, it was more often than not that she would take on a human form. It was also because she hated humans that she was unable to form a complete form.

“But isn’t it really strange?”

“…….”

“There is one person who cannot be recreated….”

Isser knew.

His sister was a genius who could make the impossible possible, but there was only one person, Giovanni, whom she could neither revive nor clone.

In Isser's opinion, it seemed that she herself was rejecting it.

“…….”

The created Giovanni could no longer be called their benefactor.

“…The name of this dimension seems to be Earth. To be exact, it seems to be the name of a planet.”

Isser smiled calmly as always.

It was a loving smile, very much like the human named Giovanni, that sometimes caused both the siblings to feel both longing and discomfort.

“Is there a role for me this time?”

“If things go well, there probably won’t be any. The role of opening the door will be reserved for Earth’s seed, so you don’t have to worry too much.”

“I wasn’t worried.”

He smiled faintly.

“If I did, I would have worried about my sister.”

“Me too.”

Over the dark blue dress, my sister, wearing a strange doctor's gown, glared.

“Where do you think humanity ends?”

“How could I know something that even you don’t know?”

“Sometimes I get out of breath. It’s because I’ve been running too much.”

“Even if you say that, you will never rest, right?”

“I can’t help but be curious, but still….”

Her red lips were swollen.

“Someday I will be able to stop.”

From a very young age, she wanted to see the limits of humanity.

Now it seemed like there was a purpose to it.

“…….”

“Isn’t that so?”

If you know the limits of humanity.

Within it, there will definitely be Giovanni, who was a more noble person than anyone else… .

"…yes."

We were missing him in silence.

“I think so too.”

I prayed to the world to see my deceased mentor, but when I finally saw him again, it would not be as if he were Giovanni.

That's why the siblings never brought up his name, because they knew that targeting him would be a terrible contradiction.

“…….”

“…….”

Still, I was greedy.

“…….”

“Good morning.”

Like when the sun was trapped in the deep sea.

* * *

“…….”

“Hey, wait a minute….”

“Don't come any closer.”

“I’m sorry, but Geo is part of my party.”

“I told you not to come.”

“We can’t communicate.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly. He didn't know how to react to this difficult situation.

'She's not like a mother bird protecting her young.'

Even though their sizes may seem completely different, Eunha, who has the body of an elementary school student, was somehow hugging the fallen Geo tightly.

'No matter how hard you try with that small body, there's no way it'll all be covered.'

It was a truly desperate sight.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un also quickly finished assessing the situation.

'… Judging by that guy's overreaction, it might be related to one of Geo's personalities.'

It was already expected that his personality would exist in numerous dimensions as a side story to the central one called 'Portrait of Geo'.

Considering that, this guy who was showing his teeth while wrapping Geo in such a ridiculous way also seemed to be a humanoid monster from another dimension.

'Judging by the shape of the teeth, it is definitely not human. If that is the case, then it means that Geo's personality and this monster in front of me are acquainted... .'

I don't know whether to call this luck or misfortune.

'It's lucky that he doesn't attack at all even though he looks like the master of this dungeon.'

Yoo Seong-un looked at Eun-ha, who was hugging the fallen Geo with a trembling gaze.

“I don’t think you have any intention of explaining the situation. What’s your name?”

“I’m sorry, but I find this unpleasant. Please stop talking to such insignificant people.”

“Yes, this is the correct reaction for a monster. Thanks to this, I feel like I’m coming back to reality.”

Monsters are basically monsters that hate humans, so Geo, who always treated humans in a gentlemanly manner, was rather strange.

'Just looking at the way Eunha is responding to my words, it seems like she's very moderate.'

In this bewildering situation where you've been suddenly caught in a virtual dungeon, isn't there a way out?

Yoo Seong-un had hope.

“Anyway, the name Eunha is probably a pseudonym. What should I call you?”

“It’s not a pseudonym.”

“Then that’s your real name?”

“I created it by borrowing the form of the Earth and taking the meaning of my name….”

“That’s a pseudonym.”

The contradictory response of consistently giving sincere answers despite revealing this was very interesting.

'It doesn't seem like he's particularly bad at hating humans. If that's the case, then maybe he's answering because of Geo.'

Yoo Seong-un, who was once the research team leader of the association, looked at the other person without making him uncomfortable. Feeling this kind of interest in a situation where the lives of others, including his own, were at risk was a chronic habit of Yoo Seong-un, a gardener.

‘I don’t know what kind of relationship Geo and this monster had…’

This guy also had eyes, so he would know that Yoo Seong-un and Geo were acting together on Earth.

'They looked friendly enough that even a passerby who didn't know anything wouldn't find it strange.'

I think you have to be patient with that in mind.

'In that case, it means that this monster is looking into Geo's feelings.'

In short, it meant that Geo was of a higher rank than this monster.

“…Ah, I’m tired.”

I desperately wanted to leave work.

'As time passes, people are gradually calming down, but the atmosphere is still uneasy as if they know they have been dragged into the dungeon. Many of the people I saw at the event are nowhere to be seen… .'

Yoo Seong-un looked around and asked.

“Did you bring everyone who was at the event?”

There's no way I can pretend not to know now.

'On the subject of humans, he also said some pretty monster-like things.'

As if he was planning to reveal his identity right after the incident, Eunha was openly showing off that he was the owner of this place.

'It seems like other people are so confused by being suddenly dragged in that they don't even think about checking this side.'

At least, it was impossible to fool the eyes of Yoo Seong-un, a Class A Hunter.

The owner of this virtual dungeon and the main culprit who brought the people at the event here was the blue-haired kid in front of me.

“The condition was everyone within the Temple of the Sun?”

“…….”

“…Ugh….”

Are monsters really monsters?

'Life is so hard.'

It was such a murderous intent that I wondered how he could have acted like such a sweet kid on Earth.

Her eyes, as white as pearls, were bloodshot to the point of appearing red, and just meeting her gaze was enough to tire Yoo Seong-un mentally.

He felt awkward.

‘I don’t want to provoke the temper of a man who is the master of such a terrifying dungeon…’

Unfortunately, the only hunters in this group were Yoo Seong-un, who was an A-class, a man, who was a C-class, and a woman who was just below C-class. If Yoo Seong-un, who was an all-rounder, were to somehow cover for it, there was nothing he couldn't do... .

'No, I can't.'

This is all going to end in death.

'It might be possible to run away alone, but I can't do that leaving Geo behind.'

It was not natural to worry about Geo's safety. Yoo Seong-un was not the subject of concern for the safety of this unconscious portrait.

He just didn't want to see the cries of the Bisabul who lost one of his works, he didn't want to lose Geo, the special material related to the source, and lastly, he was worried that 'Geo's Portrait' might cause some ridiculous disaster while it was left unattended by Yoo Seong-un.

'I can't just leave the existence of an unfathomable, bizarre source in this crazy dungeon and run away. It's like planting a bomb.'

If there was one thing that was fortunate, it was that the monster's murderous intent was noticeably weakened after seeing Geo's face.

‘It seems like the pressure unique to dungeons has eased a little…’

I had to find a way out of this dungeon, but I couldn't upset the master who had finally found peace.

“…….”

Since it was difficult to expect cooperation from the monster, Yoo Seong-un spoke more indirectly, using Geo as a weapon.

“…I think you know Geo. Did you know that Geo hates evil and rude people?”

“…….”

“I don’t know how you and Geo know each other, but that’s how Geo is now. If Geo had that kind of personality in the past, then maybe you weren’t that evil or rude back then.”

“But now he is evil and rude.”

The monster continued speaking with an expressionless face that gave everyone who saw it the creeps.

“I don’t think he would approve of me as I am now. I’m not arrogant like you guys.”

“Oh, right. Geo was like that back then too, but now that it’s come to this, don’t you think you should try being a little kinder to humans?”

“…….”

The monster answered silently, then raised its head and faced the meteor cloud.

He saw somewhere the monster's eyes, like pearls. The eyes had vertically slit pupils, as if they were predators, and they were also jagged like diamonds struck by sunlight.

'Oh, no.'

Should I call it a hunter's intuition?

Yoo Seong-un instinctively knew what that meant.

'I'm thinking about whether to kill him.'

It was clear that he was thinking of killing everyone before Geo woke up, and then dealing with the situation after the accident happened.

'That's strange.'

It was like that just a moment ago, but now those pearl-colored eyes were sparkling even more clearly. They resembled the eyes of a beast that gleamed in the evening.

Perhaps the monster had a habit of having its eyes glow like water scales when it was angry or had murderous intentions.

‘… Then this side too.’

I can't just sit there and die.

'No matter how many times I die, I'm only here to collect Geo.'

It was when Yoo Seong-un gathered cold air in his hands, foreseeing how many people would die here in the future.

“…Ugh….”

“! Geo.”

"! teacher!"

teacher?

“Ah, that….”

Eunha looked flustered even after I brought it up. Her expression was like she realized belatedly that she was not in a position to call Geo ‘teacher’ in any way.

'What on earth is this sloppiness?'

Yoo Seong-un felt like his trust, which had never been there before, was hit rock bottom as he saw a face that looked completely different from the one just before, which had been so venomous but now looked sincere.

“G, Geo-ssi.”

“…….”

“Are you okay? You just lost consciousness….”

Is this monster acting coy?

'… Humanoid monsters are inherently coy towards humans, but that is part of a strategy to catch and kill their prey by making them let their guard down… .'

As he looked at the face of the child who seemed like a devout priest, Yoo Seong-un felt his already absent energy drain away. Suddenly, the murderous intent that had been softening was suddenly relieved.

Geo, who seemed to have a headache, sat up and looked around.

“…….”

“…….”

“……?”

Although it was hard to see because of the hood, the current Geo was definitely 'Sergio' judging by the black hair that was peeking out. He seemed to be wondering where he was and why he had fallen.

Galaxy must have noticed that too, because he asked Geo with a childish face.

“Mr. Geo, this is a dungeon. Do you remember what happened before you collapsed?”

“…before I fall….”

Surprisingly, Geo nodded.

“I spoke to the student, Galaxy.”

"ah…."

Eunha seemed a little disappointed, but also a little relieved.

Yoo Seong-un also roughly understood the situation.

‘… I think your personality is in disarray.’

Geo remembered the fact that he had spoken to Eunha, but he called her 'student'.

This was Sergio's way, so it seemed to mean that he had memories, but his personality was not that of the 'Geo' that the galaxy knew.

“…….”

Geo sat there for a long time with his head held high. Yoo Seong-un asked with concern, as it was an extremely exceptional situation for a portrait to show the essence of the being.

“…Do you have a headache?”

"…yes."

Geo answered in a rare, cloudy tone.

“I feel dizzy both physically and mentally.”

At those words, Yoo Seong-un recalled the situation when he had just been led to the dungeon.

‘… At that moment, Geo had the high status seen in the portrait.’

Could it be that the restrictions that had been in place during the process of moving from dimension to dimension were released?

'Is that restricted again now?'

It was difficult to accurately interpret Geo's condition since they still had not yet figured out his true identity, but there was one thing that

was clear to Yoo Seong-un.

“…….”

“…….”

The gazes of the meteor and the galaxy crossed.

‘… This brat, it seems like the dungeon’s environment is affecting Geo’s personality… .’

To be honest, it wasn't a very pleasant story for Yoo Seong-un.

'I don't know what kind of relationship Geo and Galaxy had in the past.'

With such a vicious dungeon full of humanoid monsters, how could one welcome a change in Geo's personality, who was already a disaster in itself?

'If you're not careful, people might break Geo's rules that have become sensitive and get attacked, or Geo, who favors his old connections, might side with the monsters in the galaxy. Either way, it'll be a very disadvantageous situation for humans.'

It was clear that the galaxy had similar thoughts.

“…….”

“What the heck?”

Eunha used her small body to burrow into Geo's arms. It was clear that she knew Geo was weak to young creatures and wanted to take advantage of that.

“Galaxy, aren’t you falling? I didn’t look at you like that because I thought you were a polite guy, but this is really no joke.”

“I don’t really understand what you are saying.”

“I’ve never been this annoyed when I fought guys like you.”

“How immature of you.”

“I’m going crazy.”

Anyway, one thing was certain.

'The longer he stays here, the closer he keeps this brat around... Geo's personality changes.'

I have a goal.

I had to escape quickly with the time bomb called Geo.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (65)

Episode 65

Isser prided himself on not being stupid.

'… Of course, compared to you, I am nothing more than a tiny microorganism, but I can't be stupid, having learned so much from such great geniuses. My reasoning is strong enough, and that is something to be proud of.'

Especially since he spent a long time crossing dimensions with his cold-blooded sister, her coolness and dryness were transferred to Isser as well. It means that he has become a person who can prioritize reason over emotion.

So this situation has been going on for a very long time.

“…I’m sorry, I was out of my mind for a moment.”

“No, I think Mr. Geo was also flustered by the sudden situation.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

"you're welcome."

Inside Isser, reason and emotion were fighting fiercely.

Even in this brief moment of answering, he repeated similar concerns dozens of times.

'... I feel the energy of the sun god very strongly from this man. If so,

then isn't it the sun god who knows about Nana and her sister's existence, who created our only weakness in human form and passed on the sun's divinity? It's ridiculous to meet my dead mentor so suddenly. It's too coincidental.'

but,

'This face, this gesture, this mannerism, this voice, and all the senses that are felt point to the dead teacher. And how did the sun god achieve the resurrection of the teacher that even the older sister who locked the sun god in the sea could not do? This person before my eyes is the teacher who was reincarnated through a natural process.'

Both of them sounded plausible, which made it even more confusing.

'If there's one thing that's certain, it's that no one is closer to Giovanni than this man.'

Even if the being before my eyes is an incarnation of the sun god who imitates my benefactor, or even if it is a reincarnation of my benefactor who has not yet established his own personality.

It was clear that this was something Isser could not afford to miss.

“I was momentarily dazed when the waves came crashing in. I apologize for showing you an ugly appearance due to the confusion.”

“…….”

“My head still hurts, but can you tell me exactly where this place is?”

"that…."

He seemed to know that this was a dungeon, but he didn't seem to know what exactly it represented.

'Should I say that it's fortunate?'

Even though he felt once again that his gift was not perfect, Isser was finally relieved.

“…….”

It was fortunate for both Isser and Giovanni that he had no recollection of the horrors he had endured here.

‘… The teacher’s personality is definitely not perfect.’

But the longer he stayed here, the more certain Geo's memories might become.

When I think about the reaction I saw as soon as I arrived at the Deep Sea Research Institute, there was no reaction at the Temple of the Sun… .

“As Galaxy-kun said earlier, this is a virtual dungeon, Geo.”

“…….”

“…I don’t know for sure since it hasn’t been that long since I figured out the situation, but I think it’s a dungeon related to the sea.”

Yoo Seong-un glanced at Isser and continued speaking.

“I don’t know how many people from the Temple of the Sun were dragged in, but the number of people that can be confirmed right now is quite large, and they are scattered all over the place, making it difficult to grasp the exact situation.”

“Where are the prospective priests?”

“First of all, it’s not visible in this pupil. Since it exploded during the final event of the initiation ceremony, it seems like it was a virtual dungeon with a high degree of intentionality, so there’s no way the prospective priests weren’t dragged here.”

“Then we need to gather people first. Don’t we?”

“It’s easier said than done….”

I don't know how it would look to Geo, but it wasn't easy to unite people who were so scared and scattered as they were now.

The only silver lining is that the dungeon owner's temper has softened, so the threat has diminished somewhat.

'The chimeras that looked like they would jump out and attack people at any moment are now lying down quietly, and if we do it well, we should be able to get out of the dungeon with minimal casualties... but is that possible?'

That was when.

"-honey."

“Huh?”

Something small and yellow popped out from Geo's hood.

“Gurrrr!”

Honey, a young bird from the new country who goes to bed early and wakes up early.

Honey flew into the middle of the shadow that had a cold light and soon began to shine brightly.

"…oh."

Almost… small, like the sun.

“Are you going crazy??”

Yoo Seong-un was dumbfounded.

'You were with Honey again this time? Why do I feel the energy of the sun god from a monster as small as Honey? Why? Is this right?'

Whether he was bewildered or not, the people who had been wandering around in fear began to calm down one by one in the warm light.

At least the lights came on in the dark and eerie lab.

“Wait a minute, what is this light…?”

“Is that a bird?”

“Hey, let’s all gather over there for now.”

People who were scattered in the vast pupils that could be described as vast instinctively gathered under Honey, following the comforting light. Some were already sobbing with relieved faces.

Seeing that sight, Geo looked back at Yoo Seong-un.

“Okay.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un seemed to hear a voice saying, 'How is it? It's easy, right?'

“…Well done….”

“Yes, I did well.”

“Wow, you’re talented.”

And then, just make sure you don't get caught for being a portrait.

'If your identity is revealed in this already chaotic situation, I don't think I'll be able to handle it.'

It was the 'Portrait of Geo' whose identity could not be completely figured out even by Bisabal, who had become an S-class with just one emotion skill. He could have been a human, a monster, a child of the Origin, or even a god.

'If that liquidity is discovered by the people of today, hostility may suddenly gather here.'

There were people who were excitedly shouting that even a C-class hunter with no special powers should take responsibility for this situation. If they saw something inhuman, or even something divine, there was no way to know how much chaos they would cause.

"……."

Yoo Seong-un, who was carefully looking at the unexpectedly gentle light, soon called out to Geo.

"Geo."

"Yes, I am listening."

"I didn't tell you in advance, but you were supposed to receive an A-class hunter license soon."

"Am I a hunter?"

"Isn't that place better for activities on Earth? I think the guild leader wanted to provide convenience."

therefore.

"Since you were going to receive a Hunter's ID anyway, when introducing yourself to people, explain that you are 'Sergio', an unofficial A-rank Hunter affiliated with the Collectors' Guild."

"okay."

“Your job is a trainer. You also take Honey with you, so it’ll be easier for you to get along with other people.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

“With something like this.”

So, I had a small wish that you would please behave like a human being.

'I am aware that my expectations are excessive.'

The existence of the source changes in its danger level depending on the size of the 'story', so Yoo Seong-un wanted to squeeze Geo into the category of humans if possible. He himself is imitating humans.

But recently, Yoo Seong-un felt that Geo had no intention of imitating a human. Regardless of his true feelings, Geo could never act like a complete human.

'So I was thinking of separating Geo as a human and Geo as a mystery.'

This was part of that work.

'… Geo's characteristic heavy atmosphere is still there, but he has been lowered to the level of an A-class hunter, so unless you are quite sensitive, you won't be able to confirm Geo's sense of discomfort.'

Of course, it's just a level of not being sure, but anyone can feel a strange sense of unease, but that 'not being sure' part is important. Because at that level, you can say that it's part of your power or skill.

“…….”

“…….”

The gazes of the meteor and the galaxy met.

“…Anyway, now that it’s come to this, are you going to keep acting coy?”

“I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Things are turning out pretty funny. It’s completely different from what I thought….”

As he watched Geo approaching the crowd of people who were gathered together in a noisy manner, Yoo Seong-un asked in a voice that the crowd couldn't hear.

“I don’t think you have any intention of going out and killing people, is that right?”

“I just didn’t want to get blood on my hands. That’s all.”

“That’s really appreciated. I know what you’re talking about.”

“…….”

“You don’t want to look like a bad kid to Geo, right?”

Yoo Seong-un whistled.

“That’s quite enough.”

The monsters' behavior changed depending on the emotional state of the galaxy, and the atmosphere inside the dungeon was controlled. This was an integrated dungeon that came to life according to the owner's state of mind.

It was obvious that the difficulty of this dungeon would be lowered to match Galaxy's psychology of not wanting to be a 'bad kid' to Geo.

“Don’t worry, I will keep your identity a secret as long as you

cooperate.”

“Humans have a terrible habit of rushing orders. You’d better not act so cocky, Meteor Hunter.”

“Be scared.”

Honestly, I was really scared.

“Wouldn’t it be nice if we could live easily?”

I didn't want to die in a place like this.

'If I die, there will be problems with maintaining the garden.'

Among the 'gardens' that could be called the bloodline of the origin, it was a meteor cloud that was roughly in charge of the position of the aorta. Even if they found a successor, they would be busy training him for a while, so they did not have the luxury of dying right away.

“…….”

Isser glanced at the meteor cloud and turned his stagnant pearl-colored gaze to the man in the black cloak.

Soon, a dream appeared in those eyes.

'…really….'

It's the same.

'There's no difference.'

Although the color may be different, the warm and loving appearance of comforting and soothing the sun's creatures was clearly Giovanni's.

No matter how suspicious it was, it couldn't be denied.

“It’s such a sacred sight that I feel sorry to see it for free. Doesn’t he

look like a saint?”

“…I have no response to your worthless words, but I was actually called a saint.”

And yet, he had to die so cruelly. In a cold tank, his windpipe was torn off by the teeth of his student.

‘… Humans are truly disgusting beings.’

At the sight of Geo holding the lowly monkeys and showing mercy, Isser felt the smile that was always on his lips faintly distort.

It is still unknown whether the author is truly his benefactor, but the sight of such a being showing mercy to humans made Isser feel uneasy.

'Why am I seeing this?'

Suspicion of sudden good fortune. Longing and pain for recurring memories and nightmares. Anxiety to separate the black cloak from those filthy, verminous beings. Desperation.

The mermaid muttered to herself as she searched for a way to define this feeling.

'I wish they were all dead.'

It was at that moment that I thought that.

“…….”

“Galaxy Student.”

"…yes."

“Don’t be alone. Come here.”

The large hand, now cold, reached out towards Isser.

“You look lonely.”

“…….”

I couldn't bring myself to answer when he said that I seemed lonely.

The hand that Geo held silently was, as expected, cold. Compared to the warm hand of the teacher in those long-faded memories, it was no different from a corpse in temperature.

But they were still affectionate.

“…It’s cold and dark, and scary. This place is very barren.”

“Student Eunha, you are honest. Then I will stay with you.”

“Would you please do that?”

That's a lie.

“It gives me peace of mind.”

Even if you are children of the deep, I will be by your side. You told me that before.

‘… Saying something like that now only makes me feel sick. Now that everything has become cold… .’

Nothing can be undone.

I wanted to complain without knowing it, but the strong grip of the large hand that grabbed my hand gradually calmed my turbulent feelings.

As if it were a forgotten habit, I waited, and soon a voice came, calm and warm like the spring breeze on a quiet evening.

“Are you okay?”

“…….”

Giovanni was not the right person to be the recipient of the resentment of someone as cold as me.

“…I don’t think it’s okay.”

“…Where does it hurt?”

“I do that because I’m scared.”

I wanted to kill all the insect-like humans here. I still do. But I couldn't seem to reveal my feelings.

Because, whether this person who held my hand was a copy of my mentor or his reincarnation, it was clear that I had to hold on to him in the end.

‘… What should I do?’

A deep sense of murder and anxiety came to me at the same time.

'This person at least must be saved.'

So I have to have it… .

* * *

Meanwhile, Geo.

'The world has really advanced a lot.'

I had no thoughts.

“This is my first time experiencing a virtual dungeon, and it’s really exciting.”

“Haha, Mr. Geo, you’re really bold in this situation.”

“Isn’t it amazing?”

“Usually I’m more scared than curious.”

“I see. I understand.”

Geo was very interested because he opened and closed his eyes and felt like he had flown into a haunted house.

'Can something like this also be considered part of an adventure?'

It was a very welcome situation for Geo, who had been alone a lot recently, to be able to enjoy an adventure in a cozy atmosphere among people bustling about.

‘Even though I’m a little tired… .’

As soon as the huge program called the Solar Church initiation ceremony ended, a new content called the virtual dungeon walked into Geo's arms on its own two feet.

'Good.'

No matter how much I thought about it, the current situation was really far from a 'cozy adventure' or 'new content', but Geo's ultimate positive mind did not waver in the face of a mere threat to his life.

'Honestly, I feel like I'm on a well-made movie set, because I'm not in a situation where I'm on the verge of death. I guess I'm not very nervous, but I know how to be nervous.'

They say there is a way to escape, but isn't this just another well-conceived escape room concept?

'Taran.'

Geo, who came to a clear conclusion on his own without anyone's

consent, felt a little excited by the commotion among people that he hadn't felt in a long time.

He responded positively to people who asked him questions or struck up a conversation to show their friendliness.

“So, Sergio, are you a hunter from the Collectors’ Guild?”

“That’s what happened.”

“Wow, I didn’t know there was such a tall hunter in the collection….”

Yoo Seong-un intervened in this.

“There are many hunters like me who don’t show their faces in the media. Since the collectors are a guild whose main job is to collect and manage the guild master’s collections rather than clear dungeons, there are many hunters like Geo who don’t show their faces.”

“No, you’re so handsome, why…? If you showed your face on TV just once, wouldn’t you have a fan club? It’s a sin, a sin, not to show your face to the world while working as a hunter.”

"haha…."

Yoo Seong-un forced a smile.

“…Because Geo is shy.”

Geo felt very wronged by those words, but Yoo Seong-woon thought that he had not said anything wrong. It was a natural judgment, considering the ‘Portrait of Geo’ where he showed an aversion to meeting people.

While worrying that Geo might make a mistake by showing that he wasn't human, Yoo Seong-un closely observed the reactions of the people whispering in the distance.

“As expected, the hunters of the three major guilds are different. This is my first time seeing a trainer….”

“But isn’t it a little scary? If I say something wrong, I feel like they’ll look at me with contempt.”

“Your actions and steps are noble. Are you perhaps of royal blood? Then there must be a reason you hide it even with that face.”

“Judging by his power, he seems to be a believer of the sun god…. He’s a trainer, so he probably isn’t a priest.”

“He’s kind, but for some reason it’s hard to talk to him. Is it because he’s so handsome?”

These were roughly the reactions I expected.

'... I was worried about how Geo would be perceived by the civilians, but the reactions were more friendly and favorable than I expected. I think I can cover it without any problems even if I go out like this.'

In that case, it would be necessary to officially acknowledge the existence of the hunter Geo, but both Yoo Seong-un and Bisabal had already expected it to some extent.

'That kind of value can't be hidden by locking it up in a gallery, and even if it could be hidden somehow... that's different from the collector's motto.'

Moreover, the conclusion was that it would be impossible to confine the ‘story’ of this portrait to the category of humans.

Since he couldn't hide it, whether Geo wanted it or not, people were eventually going to feel the distant feeling of 'Geo's Portrait'.

In that case, it would have been better to distinguish between Geo as a human and Geo as a monster.

'Geo, who treats himself like a human, will somehow try to get along with other people. If you have to keep Geo as a human anyway, you should separate out the more dangerous stories in advance.'

That was the purpose of his unofficial status as a hunter for the collector called 'Sergio'.

'With this identity, the part of Geo that imitates humans… could significantly reduce the risk of that story. It would be a much safer option than revealing Geo's entire portrait to the world.'

This sudden dungeon exploration only brought Geo's social life forward a little. It was just a matter of timing, so there was no need to panic.

Yoo Seong-un thought to himself as he organized it like that.

"……."

Everyone seems to be genuine.

'I don't think this is an absolutely normal situation, but should I consider this to be Geo's power?'

Just like in the case of the old Chaara Hunter, Geo had a strange ability to trick people. He couldn't even hide his eerie aura.

I don't know if it's the result of the situation or the individual's ability….

"Geo, I think it's time to move and check if there are any Cha family members or other survivors."

At Yoo Seong-un's words, people became anxious again and started murmuring.

"Sir, Sergio Hunter shouldn't be here?"

"There are already three other hunters, including Yoo Seong-un."

“While we’re here… you guys are going to go raid the dungeons and stuff….”

“Do we really have to move too?”

“What if they all die? Who will be left with the rest?”

Although these were expected reactions, the fact that the smile on Eunha's face, which seemed to hate humans, was gradually deepening was a danger sign no matter how you looked at it.

'If we keep going like this, we'll all die.'

As Yoo Seong-un sighed and tried to console the people, Geo stepped forward.

“Then I will leave Honey here.”

“Yes? But, Sergio Hunter’s summons are too small….”

“Honey is stronger than me.”

“No, don’t joke.”

“It’s true.”

Geo waved his hands as if he were innocent.

“Don’t worry too much, I’ll be back soon. I’ll help you.”

“…….”

“With such strong will, you will all be able to return safely.”

Although it was actually nothing special, people started to sniffle again. It seemed like Geo's words had comforted and reassured them, but Yoo Seong-un was a little taken aback.

'If I told you, you wouldn't have listened. Why aren't there people

grumbling and saying that it's just empty words?'

In the meantime, Geo came and said.

“Let’s move now.”

“…….”

The nuance of the message was to run away before he could be caught any further, and Yoo Seong-un felt strange.

I don't know if what he said just now was just candy-coated words or sincere consolation, but the sight of Geo clearly distinguishing between public and private matters gave me a strange impression.

'It's so easy to sway people's hearts with just a few words.'

This is really a talent.

“You… would be good at something like being an idol. Like an actor, or something like a celebrity.”

“I know that’s too much to ask, but I think you have the right qualities.”

“It looks the same to me.”

“Thank you for taking my joke. How could someone as timid as me become a celebrity?”

“…….”

If you can control and sway a crowd with your words and face, shouldn't you really become a celebrity or start a cult?

‘… I also need to come to my senses.’

Yoo Seong-woon felt even more responsible for the dizzying talent displayed by Geo's new personality.

* * *

“…….”

“…Who, sis….”

"fizzle."

Cha Ara covered Chae Sol's mouth and warned her, and Cha Eun Hyuk nodded in agreement.

“Be quiet.”

Now was the time when I had to hold my breath.

Cha Eun-hyeok glanced at his two younger siblings hiding behind him, then turned his head forward to look around. He broke out in a cold sweat in the bloody atmosphere.

“Stomach, stomach, I’m hungry… I’m hungry… Stomach, stomach….”

“Kuaaaah…!! Aah, ahhhh!! Sa, save me…!!”

“Stomach, stomach, stomach….”

The sight of people eating each other's flesh. It was clear that there were infected monsters here.

Fortunately, Cha Eun-hyeok and his siblings were able to hide under the desk safely before the situation worsened.

Even though they were trapped and unable to escape, Eunhyuk Cha pushed his younger siblings, who were frozen in fear, even further into the corner.

“…….”

Here and there, prospective priests were seen hiding and exchanging

glances.

“…Phew….”

Perhaps because of their small size, the only ones who survived in this cave were young priests.

The only adults that exist are Cha Eun-hyuk and Cha A-ra.

'It's like a dog.'

I don't know if I can survive.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (66)

Episode 66

It was perhaps natural that the Cha family's situation had become like this.

'Why is it a virtual dungeon where I have no choice in participating?'

Eunhyuk Cha, who was hiding under the desk while guarding his two younger brothers, had a distorted expression on his face, filled with disillusionment with the world.

'I'm one of the few adults left, and I'm not a hunter. And it's obvious that this piglet, Chaara, won't be of much help. But I can't ask the remaining reserve priests to spare my life...'

I don't know what the conditions were, but the virtual dungeon forcibly drags everyone who meets the conditions into it.

In situations like now where there are no proper hunters, it was common for all participants to be wiped out.

"……."

"……."

Eunhyuk Cha and Ara Cha, who were sweating profusely, exchanged glances without saying a word. Eunhyuk Cha nodded.

'You are the only hunter here.'

'Ah, okay.'

'That's what happened.'

But there was nothing he could do. They called them 'reserve' priests for nothing. The young priests here were no different from civilians, not hunters. The only hunter in this pupil was Chaara.

Eunhyuk Cha, who confirmed that there were no monsters nearby, whispered in a faint voice that could not be heard from far away.

“Hey, F-class porter.”

“Please, tell me.”

“Isn’t there a way to deal with this situation? Something that hunters learn….”

“I think now is the best time.”

The center recommends that if the situation is very bad, you do not stay in one place. That way, if something happens, you will not be easily wiped out, and if you spread out here and there, your survival rate will increase.

“…That’s not just a bait tactic….”

“Anyway, objectively speaking, it’s the method with the highest survival rate.”

“That’s true, but.”

I felt as uncomfortable as a dog.

'You're telling me to scatter and pray that other people besides me get caught.'

It was a coping method that the Cha family, who had a strong bloodline

of Hogu, did not like, but they did not act rashly. They had no ability, and the only way to save people was to become bait themselves.

“…….”

Cha Ara, who realized once again how wonderful the situation was, hid the youngest child behind her even further inside.

“Hey, Chaisol. Come in further. Further.”

“There is no more room to go….”

“How can you be so small? Get better quickly.”

“Ugh….”

“Don’t make any noise.”

The place where they hid was under the stainless steel desks installed regularly throughout the pupil. Perhaps because there were quite a few of them installed, it seemed that the novice priests who were still alive were also hiding under the desks like them.

Even if you hide like that, I don’t know how long you’ll be able to avoid being caught by monsters roaming freely everywhere… .

'At least Chaisol will be safe while Nana Oppa is causing trouble.'

The youngest, who was so skinny that he had nothing to eat, would have died instantly if he had been bitten once.

It may be selfish, but I couldn't help wishing that my younger brother would live longer than the other children.

“Sister….”

“Hey, stop being cute and be serious.”

“Wow, no, that’s not cute. I feel wronged.”

“Use it.”

Cha Eun-hyeok, who was sitting at the outermost part of the desk, looked at his younger siblings’ grumbling as if it was absurd.

'Have you ever seen anything so tensionless?'

In fact, he already knew that it wasn't that he wasn't nervous, but that he was so nervous that he was pretending to be okay. Cha Eun-hyeok looked around with a stiff face and a cold sweat dripping down his face.

A monster was approaching with a sloshing sound.

“…….”

“Stomach, stomach, stomach, stomach, stomach… I’m hungry… stomach….”

“…….”

Did you get possessed by a ghost because you didn't eat?

'So that's why we have to set up a table for ancestral rites. If we die here, it will be because the world has become so cruel that it won't even set up a table for ancestral rites…'

It was nonsense, but Cha Eun-hyeok pressed his younger siblings back, taking the wisdom of his ancestors to heart.

The youngest, who was already curled up at the end, had nowhere else to go, so a rustling sound could be heard as he was being suppressed. It was surprising that he barely made a sound, as if he heard the monster approaching.

“Are you hungry? I’m hungry. I’m hungry. I’m hungry, I’m hungry, I’m hungry….”

“…….”

The monster, whose form he had not yet seen properly, was approaching him. Thanks to this, Eunhyuk Cha was able to see the wet legs of the monster without any desire to see them.

'Is it time for me to turn back?'

At least let's save our piglet and the youngest. Please remember me as the one who baked the cheapest and most delicious bungeoppang in Korea.

It was when I made up my mind like that.

“—You bastards!!!”

Hwaaaah!!!

The monsters were burned and turned to ash one by one.

“Uh, uh…?”

It happened so quickly that it almost felt unrealistic.

Instead of the sloshing sound, a soft, falling ash sound was heard, and the eerieness of my pupils was forcibly consumed by the heat of the fire.

“…….”

“…….”

The Cha family was embarrassed and looked back at the entrance to the pupil that they had not even noticed.

“What the…??”

“Burr….”

“Oh, wait a minute.”

Cha Eun-hyeok realized belatedly who the owner of the 'You bastards' who had been loudly ringing his bell was.

“…Father Kang Seo-dam?”

Kang Seo-dam, a priest with long, wavy blond hair and pale green eyes, was standing out with a disheveled appearance and grumbling.

The eyes of Kang Seo-dam, whose face was bulging with veins as if she was so angry, and Cha Eun-hyeok, who was quietly sweating, met. It was like they had come across something taboo that should not be seen.

“…….”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam, who had returned from the face of an evil spirit to that of a priest, asked in a clean tone.

“Are you okay?”

“No, I just told you to throw it away….”

“If you don’t call a burr a burr, what else can you call it?”

"and."

“I apologize for suddenly hearing you swear at me when you must have been scared.”

If I hadn't heard that distinctly accented 'you bastards', I would have been purely moved by the kind response from Father Kang Seo-dam, who calmly continued to speak.

“I too was dragged into a virtual dungeon out of nowhere and was a bit

out of my mind, but I feel good because it seems like there are still a lot of survivors.”

Kang Seo-dam, whose once clean priestly robes were now tattered, looked around as if he had been through a lot.

Cha Eun-hyeok also looked around the pupils only then, but there was not a single monster left, no matter what Kang Seo-dam had done just now.

"hmm."

Kang Seo-dam quietly drew the sign with his characteristically cold, expressionless face.

“The goddess took care of it.”

“…….”

I bet you took care of it.

'Is it true that among the hunters, except for our pig, there is no one in their right mind?'

A priest who could officiate an initiation ceremony had to be at least a B-class hunter. Judging by his skill in burning and killing all the monsters in the pupil in an instant, he was probably an A-class or near-S-class, which made Cha Eun-hyeok feel a little relieved.

I have no other merits besides being physically strong, so I was relieved to have found a strong person whom I could entrust my younger siblings with even if I died.

'…thank god.'

Cha Eun-hyeok exhaled deeply and wiped his face. He could breathe a little easier now.

“Oh, my lord….”

“Hhhhh….”

“Father Kang Seo-dam…!”

Only then did the prospective priests who had been hiding here and there crawl out.

“Yes, Father Kang Seodam is here. If there are any surviving brothers, please gather around me.”

Familiar with the tearful clinging of such survivors, Father Kang Seo-dam skillfully sorted out the situation.

He looked back at Cha Eun-hyeok and Cha A-ra and added his words.

“The same goes for the guardians of Father Chaisol who are there.”

“Oh, yes….”

All the survivors of the dungeon gathered in front of Priest Kang Seodam, drawn by the steady voice that was hard to find in the dungeon, but the number was not that large.

Most of them died from being bitten by monsters, or they ate each other afterwards.

“…….”

Priest Kang Seo-dam opened his mouth, frowning as if holding back a heavy sigh.

“I would like to apologize for any inconvenience this may have caused at an event I hosted.”

“Oh, no. It was an accident….”

“It is also my role to prevent accidents in advance. I will arrange formal

compensation as soon as the situation is resolved.”

The priest bowed his head in apology and continued speaking.

“I will set up a protective shield, so the survivors can go inside and rest. I will collect the remains of the others.”

“…I will help you too.”

Cha Ara raised her hand at Cha Eunhyuk's words.

“Oh, then me too….”

“If that’s true, then I will only accept Hunter Chaara’s help.”

Priest Kang Seo-dam looked back at Cha Eun-hyeok. After thinking for a moment, he opened his mouth.

“I appreciate the kindness of Eunhyuk Cha’s guardian, but this is not something that should be left to civilians, and more than anything, Eunhyuk Cha is the only adult left.”

"ah…."

“I ask you to encourage the younger brothers so that they will not be afraid any more. I will repay you for extending a helping hand even in difficult situations in the name of the sun.”

Chaara asked as she approached the corpse that had been transformed into a monster and turned to ash by the sunlight.

“By the way, you know all our names…? Is that how it is?”

“It’s an event I’m hosting, so I can’t neglect that responsibility. I remember the names of all the people who officially participated after I put their names on the list.”

“Wow….”

After meeting only shitty hunters for a while, I couldn't help but feel unfamiliar with such a responsible person.

'If only I had met hunters like these, I wouldn't have been abandoned in that damn cave, damn it.'

Cha Ara continued to talk to the light body that looked like it had been taken to a crematorium, feeling relieved for no reason.

“It’s been quite a while since I’ve seen you since you were dragged into the dungeon. Where have you been until now?”

"sorry."

“Oh, no, I’m not saying anything about not coming sooner….”

Shit, talk to me.

'Let's think about what we say.'

Cha Ara, who had been cursing her own intelligence, continued speaking, though she was stuttering.

“This pupil itself was quite large, and many people were dragged in, so we thought this was all the people who were dragged in.”

“…I fell alone into a different space from here.”

Father Kang Seo-dam answered while making the sign of the cross over the ashes of the body and blessing them with peace.

“It took a long time because there were so many monsters, their skills were considerable, and the escape gimmick was complicated.”

“Alone in a place like that…?”

“If you think about it that way, it seems like the people who gathered for the initiation ceremony were scattered randomly.”

“…Huh? Oh, then….”

“It didn’t seem like there were no standards at all.”

After fighting numerous monsters, Priest Kang Seo-dam continued speaking while wiping the blood flowing from his forehead.

“In my case, the most threatening force in the dungeon, I was dropped alone in a place where monsters were swarming. On the other hand, all the reserve priests were gathered in this cave.”

“All? Have you already checked that in the meantime?”

“I remembered their faces because they were my brothers.”

“…Huh? No, but if I remember correctly….”

“Yes, I understand what you are wondering about.”

Kang Seodam swung his wand as long as he was tall and blessed the entire pupil. The corpse that had been in the form of ashes soon transformed into a complete human being.

“…….”

Priest Kang Seo-dam, who had performed a small miracle with the power of the sun, soon opened his mouth.

“…I can’t see the Milky Way brothers.”

In this place where all the catechumens were gathered, only that one boy could not be found.

“I didn’t find the body of the prospective priest here, so I think it must be somewhere else.”

“…….”

“You’ll find out why he fell alone later. Hunter Chaara, do you still have

some stamina left? You don’t seem to be injured by sight, but is there something wrong?”

“Oh, no, there isn’t.”

“Then let’s move. I came here because this was the closest crater to where I fell, but there are probably survivors elsewhere. There aren’t many hunters attending this event, so if we don’t respond in time, it could be dangerous.”

“My brother and the other kids….”

Kang Seo-dam nodded after checking the survivors on the shield side at Cha Ara's words.

“I can’t leave it here, so I think we should go together. It’s hard to maintain it if the distance is too far, and there’s also a time limit. It would be nice if there was a priest who was a little more skilled, but I’m not an expert in barriers.”

“You definitely don’t seem like a protection expert….”

The expression on the face of the priest Kang Seo-dam, who turned all the monsters into ashes with a single swing of his wand, was that of a demon crawling out of hell. If he had specialized in protection or healing, it would have sounded strange.

Kang Seo-dam nodded without saying anything else.

“As for the body, it has been collected and a blessing has been given, so there is no need for it to be torn apart or rotten any further.”

“So now what….”

“Fortunately, I have subspace skills. I’ll put them here, so I think there won’t be any major problems with the recovery process.”

"yes yes."

“If we delay any longer, something may happen, so please, Hunter Chaara, help the reserve priests move.”

“Oh, I understand.”

“Phew….”

Kang Seo-dam wiped his blood-stained face and looked around.

‘… Could this be the black god’s temper that I saw at the initiation ceremony?’

The man wearing a black cloak pulled down low. He clearly had a divine quality to him. Even if he wasn't a monster in the dungeon, he could open dungeons at will if he was of a god level.

If that's the case, then it means that even for an evil spirit, his authority is quite strong, but the aura I felt was close to death, so I had doubts for a moment.

'... No, but the goddess looked upon them with such favor. A god who seemed to have a high level of understanding of humans and was gentle in building relationships would never commit such a massacre out of nowhere.'

Rather, it was the Milky Way, the blue-haired acolyte, who was suspicious.

“…….”

Even though I felt a cold aura, I just thought, 'Is this a child who wants to serve a god who embraces coldness?' But given the situation, I couldn't help but be suspicious.

'The coldness I felt from the Milky Way Army is quite similar to the coldness filled with the energy of this deep sea. If I can tell at a glance, then the Milky Way Army also had no intention of hiding its identity

until after the incident.'

Either they were all planning to die here anyway, or they were only planning to stop by Earth once and leave.

'In this case, it seems to be both. It's a very dangerous dungeon...'

It was when I looked around, worried about what would happen next.

"……?"

The air has changed.

'… is on the positive side.'

Unlike the previous atmosphere that seemed eager to kill anyone, a strangely warm atmosphere subtly permeated the entire dungeon.

"for a moment."

Kang Seo-dam left the survivors with Cha A-ra and came out into the hallway.

Not long after I started looking around, I saw something beyond the corridor that looked like a temple submerged in the deep sea.

"……."

"……."

A man wearing a pitch-black cloak took off his hood.

'…ah.'

In the deep shadows where it felt like there was nothing, platinum blonde hair resembling sunlight was revealed.

"……."

“Brother Kang Seo-dam.”

It was Sergio, a god who was believed to be friendly to humans.

“I was wandering around the temple, which was much larger than I had imagined, and I am glad to have met the Son of the Sun.”

“…….”

“Do you know where the other survivors are? They seem injured. I can help you.”

“…….”

“Brother Kang Seo-dam?”

“Excuse me.”

I was curious about what kind of god it was, and now I know.

‘There was a reason why the goddess looked down on me. Were we of the same lineage…?’

Looking at the strangely calm atmosphere, Kang Seo-dam thought that although it didn't seem to be of the same type, he was relieved by the familiar sunlight.

'It was an ambiguous situation where I needed help, but it seems like you performed a miracle even before I could ask for help.'

Sergio must have played a big role in making the dungeon milder.

Actually, it's a bit of a stretch to call it a miracle, but it wasn't a wrong guess.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (67)

Episode 67

It is not easy to change the air in an entire dungeon.

'That would only be possible if there was a change in the dungeon owner's status, and most owners who could assimilate a dungeon as if it were a part of themselves would be monsters that were stronger than average… .'

Thinking like that, Kang Seo-dam looked at Sergio in front of him.

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Yes, that’s fine. What are you curious about?”

“…Are you a hunter right now?”

The question was whether you could cooperate since you were now imitating a human.

‘…I hope that doesn’t sound too presumptuous.’

Kang Seodam still couldn't meet Geo's eyes, and was only looking at his lips. The lips, which drew a perfectly gentle curve, opened calmly, containing an affection that was almost foreign.

“By the way, I’m sorry for the late introduction. My name is Sergio, a hunter from the Collectors’ Guild.”

“…Is that so?”

Thinking back, I remember that the white-haired hunter who was by his side throughout the initiation ceremony was definitely a collector. He was a rare hunter who was not a public figure but an underground one, so he left a deep impression.

'So, is this person currently receiving help from the Collectors' Guild? It's rare for a god to put in this much effort to infiltrate humans.'

Even if a being becomes a god from a human, gaining divinity means giving up humanity. In many ways, in order to adapt to humans and society, receiving help from a capable group like now was also a kind of god's play.

'First of all, if it's a collector... is it a guild with a gallery of collectors? Since it's a group that pours out affection rather than control toward mysteries and strangeness, it's the perfect fit to help the gods play.'

I felt secretly relieved.

'Then the story becomes easier. If he has established his identity with the help of a group of humans, he won't easily cast them out. That must mean he has an open mind towards humans… .'

Kang Seodam asked without meeting eye contact.

“Are you a priest?”

“Yes, I… um.”

The black cloak, who seemed to be about to give an affirmative answer, paused for a moment. Then he smiled brightly and continued speaking.

“If you ask about my occupation as a hunter, it’s not a priest, but a trainer.”

“How can I know about your sexual power?”

“It’s just a power I’m grateful for as a child of the sun, it’s nothing grand.”

“You are a believer, not a priest. Thank you for helping me understand.”

Sergio, a hunter from the Collectors' Guild. He has platinum blonde hair and blue eyes. His occupation is a trainer.

The level would have been adjusted between A and B, as the pressure felt doesn’t seem that different, and the reason he can control the power of the Holy Spirit is because he is a devout follower of the Sun… .

“…….”

I remembered.

‘… Judging from the way it feels, it seems closer to something that was cut off rather than hidden. Your way of enjoying play is very extreme. It’s possible that you are under a curse.’

Of course, there was no need for Kang Seo-dam, a mere human, to analyze and ponder the story of God. He simply asked carefully to do his job.

“Can you help us find other survivors?”

“That’s exactly what I came here for.”

“Ah… thank you.”

Isn't he really a god who is kind to humans? He has a sense of a near-death aura, so it's possible that he's an evil god, but I couldn't help but ask for help from a god who comes to me so politely.

'I don't know exactly what kind of god you are, but you seem to care a lot for humans. Since you use a Korean name, Sergio is probably not

your real name... I guess I'll have to offer a prayer to your statue later.'

For now, I'll ask about that later. From God's perspective, it might just be interesting, but the human situation is very urgent.

“Did you see any other survivors on your way here?”

“There were quite a few people where I was. The contracted man, whom I regard as my son, is guarding the place, so you don’t have to worry about him. I was trying to check if there were any survivors in other places besides the cave where I was.”

“I happen to be in a similar situation. I was dropped into a cave full of monsters, and there were no other survivors. The cave I just came out of had more people in it….”

“Is there any damage?”

“…….”

"okay."

It was a surprisingly sad tone. Kang Seodam quietly hid his agitation.

'Is there a god who mourns the death of a mere human? That is a very rare case.'

From the beginning, those so-called gods were such beings. Those who became part of nature and destiny. Even if such gods felt emotions about human death, they would only feel the level of interest that a toy had broken.

But the 'Sergio' in front of me really seemed to be mourning the death of a person. On an equal footing, as if he were mourning the death of a friend.

“…….”

“Did you give me your blessing?”

“…I tried to fix it, even if it was insufficient.”

“Would it be rude if I looked at it one more time?”

“Then the dead souls will be able to return to the sun with a lighter heart.”

God himself blesses death. It may sound a bit strange to deal with those who died to monsters, but it was truly a miraculous stroke of luck.

“Please give me some guidance.”

“Then this way….”

Leading 'Sergio', Kang Seo-dam felt a little relieved. Not all gods can be trusted, but if a god is putting in enough effort to imitate mourning, then he is trustworthy.

'Since the Goddess has also looked upon me with favor, I, the servant, have no reason to doubt. Let us empty our minds and follow the will of the God. That is what a priest should be like.'

Kang Seo-dam decided to give a rhythm to the name 'Sergio'.

It was a historic moment in which the secret human identity of the ghost story 'Black Cloak', 'Sergio', was created.

* * *

“I am.”

Yoo Seong-un stared blankly at the campfire.

“…….”

“I thought I would be dragged into a virtual dungeon while I was at the

Temple of the Sun, and that I would end up in a gruesome survival game with blood splattering and tears flowing.”

Kang Seo-dam nodded in agreement as he heard those words.

“I had similar thoughts when I first fell into the pit of my stomach.”

“Is that so?”

“It seemed like a cold dungeon where sunlight could not reach, so I prepared myself to take responsibility for this situation, even readying myself to die.”

“Wow, that’s cool. Not all priests who awaken as priests will be as cool as Priest Kang Seo Dam.”

“I just do my best at what I have to do.”

“I’ll do my best, La….”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“So you’re cleaning the fish now?”

“…….”

Yes, Kang Seo-dam was cleaning the fish right now.

“…Can’t we just let him handle it himself?”

“Geo likes that kind of thing.”

“It is disrespectful.”

“No, really….”

A campsite had been set up here out of nowhere. With makeshift tents, a campfire, and even prepared fish, the atmosphere of the people gathered in a peaceful manner was truly peaceful.

'Geo, please.'

I had hoped that Geo, who was quite gentlemanly towards humans, would help me in this virtual dungeon as well. However, I did not expect this much comfort.

'It might feel like a fun picnic or game to you, but it's not like that to most people... What if you start enjoying it like this?'

The only fortunate thing was that few people found this situation strange, as they were swept up in the peaceful and warm atmosphere that Geo created.

Only Yoo Seong-un was nervous that Geo would be found out to be not human.

'The fact that most of them are civilians with little experience with dungeons or monsters may have also played a part in this situation.'

Yoo Seong-un muttered.

“It’s called a dungeon, but is this really allowed?”

“If you don’t like it, why don’t you just go out and hunt monsters?”

“The galaxy is quite dense.”

You were the owner of this dungeon in the first place.

“Are you okay?”

“…….”

“…I honestly think things are going a bit strangely.”

Even though he was smiling as if he was green, he was strangely avoiding eye contact, which seemed to be a bit stinging. Well, from the monster's perspective, how absurd this must be.

'It seems like he's struggling like that because he doesn't want to be labeled a bad kid by Geo, but thinking about it again, it's still an absurd situation. Is it okay for things to become peaceful like this?'

Fortunately for him, the only ones who knew Eunha's true identity were Yoo Seong-un and Kang Seo-dam, who was probably a high-ranking priest. The other survivors treated Eunha as just another prospective priest.

Geo came closer.

“Is the fish ready?”

“It’s almost over.”

“If you’re having a hard time, I’d rather be with you….”

“Don’t worry, I can handle fish quite well.”

“That’s not what I meant, but I understand.”

He spoke refreshingly with the face of 'Giovanni'.

“If they offer to help, there’s no reason to turn down free manpower!”

“…….”

How dare you say such worldly things as 'free manpower' with that noble face that just looks purifying.

'For some reason, the Milky Way army is looking at me with a longing expression.'

Was Giovanni originally like that?

'Even if you say it like that, he still seems like a faithful and noble priest, but somehow, somewhere, he seems a bit… shameless, maybe… mysteriously reckless… .'

But it was really amazing how that unique elegance never disappeared.

“Geo.”

“Yes, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“Why am I just going to stay still like this?”

“I think it’s also essential to check if a monster is approaching.”

“That’s true, but….”

Again, this place was a campsite. The dungeon owner himself kept his mouth shut, saying he didn't want to be a bad kid, so what kind of big monster would come looking for him?

“Isn’t it true that we don’t need to check if there are any other survivors?”

“We all looked for it together, but we couldn’t find it.”

Galaxy naturally answered Yoo Seong-un's question. I could hear the voice saying, 'There are no other survivors besides the people gathered here, so just dig around a little.' It was chilling.

'Seeing him making such sly threats, I think he's worried that his story will be revealed. Dungeons are usually designed to fit the owner's past and image... I wonder if he's worried that I'll find out about him and Giovanni while I'm investigating the dungeon.'

On that topic, it seems like Geo is 120% enjoying the situation where he is acting like 'Giovanni'.

'As expected of a humanoid monster, it has rich emotions. It has many thoughts.'

Geo patted Eunha's head.

“Student Eunha is really confident.”

“Ah, that….”

“I was worried, but I’m glad you seem okay.”

“…….”

Looking at that sight, Yoo Seong-un thought to himself.

'It's a landmine.'

I don't know the exact circumstances, but the reaction was clear. Geo was tap dancing on top of the galactic mines as if nothing happened, but Geo himself seemed oblivious to what he was doing.

‘Well… If we think about the safety of the humans, it would be better to distract them in this way.’

Yoo Seong-un looked around.

“…….”

People were pretty stable.

'I wouldn't say there were a few deaths due to the dungeon opening, but the fact that so many people survived the dungeon that was deliberately opened in the temple is close to a miracle. And the expressions of the survivors don't look that bad.'

Of course, there are still people who are anxious, but they quickly calm down after Geo approaches them and says a few words. In such a cold dungeon, the mere sight of Geo will be a great comfort.

“No matter what, you know….”

Yoo Seong-un spoke to Geo, who was wandering around without any rest.

“Aren’t you working too hard? Aren’t you getting tired?”

“Thank you for your concern.”

“Is it okay now that you said your head hurt earlier?”

I know he's not a pushover who's just busy getting chewed out, but no matter how tough he may seem, I feel uneasy if he acts too nice.

If we continue like this, we will grow tired of ourselves and become disappointed in humans, what will happen?

Fortunately, Geo's expression wasn't too bad. Giovanni answered with a gentle smile like a painting.

“It feels like things are getting sorted out little by little, so it’s okay.”

“Oh… Sort it out….”

Then that won't work.

'... If Giovanni's personality is really established here, won't it be a bit difficult? I don't know exactly how close the relationship between Eunha and Giovanni was, but it doesn't seem like it was an ordinary relationship. If he regains all his memories, he might end up on Eunha's side... .'

For now, it was a situation where we had no choice but to rely on Geo's kindness.

“Still, take it easy. I understand that you want to be nice to people, but sometimes there are people who think that kindness is a right. No, not just sometimes, but often.”

To his surprise, Geo nodded calmly.

“I know, too.”

“Oh, really?”

“But doesn’t the sun shine on everything?”

“Uh uh….”

“If the sun does so, so should I.”

“…….”

If you just listen to him, he seems like a really faithful priest.

‘… If I hear people say, ‘I’m just doing it because it’s my job,’ am I mistaken?’

Yoo Seong-un was worried that Geo would trust humans too much or show too much affection to them, and then commit a major accident after being betrayed.

But from the way you were talking now, it seemed like there was no need to worry about that.

'What should I say to this?'

ah.

'You look like a service worker.'

It was a model of a capitalist smile.

'In this situation, it's not like Geo can gain any capital gains, but for some reason, it feels like seeing an employee who is skilled at responding like a civil servant at the center... .'

I got the general feeling.

'Giovanni wasn't just a good priest.'

I felt strangely reassured by the fact that his expectations of humans

seemed quite low. If he was showing such kindness despite not trusting humans that much, he wouldn't get angry right away even if some tactless idiots were to mess with him.

But before that happens, Yoo Seong-un will have to block it first.

“But how did you manage to catch a fish? I don’t know since it happened while I was away, but where on earth did you catch the fish? Was there a pond in this desolate place?”

“There was a deep pool of water near the edge of the third hole I found. The water quality was actually better than on Earth, and the fish living there didn’t seem to be particularly poisonous….”

“Did you ever think about eating it?”

“Aren’t you all hungry?”

“Aside from being hungry, I don’t usually think of calmly grilling and eating fish in a dungeon like this.”

“I think it’s because I’m not very hungry.”

“That’s really firm. It’s not wrong, though.”

I was a little worried, but Giovanni seemed like a pretty nice guy.

'As Geo said, it's not the personality that changes, but the character.'

It's just so peaceful it's ridiculous.

If a meteor shower is like this, how much more absurd must the dungeon owner be… .

* * *

“…….”

In the depths of the sea, bright red lips drew a vain smile.

"…under."

There are people who don't change even after they die and come back to life.

That's you, Giovanni.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (68)

Episode 68

He was recognized by the sea as soon as he was born.

Aria, a mermaid who had been a descendant of the deep sea since birth, was always curious about the place beneath the sun where she had neither the duty nor the authority to rule. And there, she met a human.

“Now, Aria. Look at this cross-section. Human skin has layers.”

“Is it different from a mermaid’s skin?”

“It’s a little different, a mermaid’s skin can withstand the deep sea….”

He was a teacher.

“What are you drawing now?”

“Aria, I was drawing you.”

“This is a picture of the sea.”

“The sea is a mermaid.”

We were friends.

“It’s good to understand people, but it’s not bad to empathize with them either.”

“I don’t think there will be any difference.”

“You can accomplish more by simply empathizing than by understanding.”

“…….”

It was a family.

Giovanni was the only one who was equal to Aria, or even higher in status. He was also different from his younger brother Isser, who had to be protected and looked after.

Aria could have interesting conversations with Giovanni. No matter what Aria did, Giovanni could handle her.

The existence of gears that mesh perfectly.

"aria."

"okay."

“Please do not harm humans.”

She thought so.

“Why does it have to be like that?”

“Because I don’t want it.”

“That’s selfish.”

“Aria, that ugly priest always said.”

“A relationship is about being considerate and adapting.”

“I’m glad you remembered.”

Aria thought of herself and Giovanni as cogs that would never break,

but Giovanni didn't think so. He always talked about hatred.

“I am human, and Aria is a mermaid. We have different ways of thinking and expressing ourselves, but we have been able to become so close. Up until now, Aria has given me a lot of things and received a corresponding price in return.”

“So, do it like that this time too?”

“If you really don’t like it, fighting me and winning is also an option. I prefer to resolve differences of opinion through conversation rather than fighting, but Aria may like a more direct approach.”

“Geo, I don’t want to fight with you. So I’ll give in.”

“It’s really nice that we can still not hate each other despite our different opinions. Then, let’s try putting on Aria’s favorite clams for dinner tonight.”

It was fun.

“Is this the human way? It’s quite troublesome.”

“Not all humans are like this. I always say that humans are much more colorful and capricious than mermaids. If you want to interact with other humans later on….”

“I don’t want to associate with such shallow people.”

"okay."

It was fun being with him.

It was something rare that could not be found even among the same race.

“I wish you were a mermaid.”

“Unfortunately, when I die, I will return to the sun. That’s what I want.”

“Well, humans do feel the cold a lot. It would be warmer near the sun than in the deep sea. I admit it.”

“Thank you for your understanding.”

Well then, Geo.

“…….”

“…….”

When I finally let you go after showing my kindness, you should have returned to the sun.

“…Who, sis….”

“What happened to Giovanni?”

I barely managed to save my brother who was dragged into the temple while helping humans, and I destroyed all the temples on Earth, but for some reason I couldn't find even a single piece of Giovanni's bones.

After almost a year, my younger brother came to his senses and answered without even crying.

“I ate it.”

My brother was laughing.

“I ate because I was hungry. The humans put some kind of drug into that small tank….”

“…….”

“…The rest of that man’s body probably rotted and dissolved in the water. I ate most of it, though.”

"aha."

Perhaps because I had been expecting the worst, I wasn't that surprised.

'Geo always worried that I would be hurt after he died, but it wasn't as disturbing as I thought.'

It was pretty dull.

“I see.”

But he couldn't stop himself from searching for the last trace of Geo, even if it was just the water he had rotted. He continued to search for Geo's body, killing every human he saw.

And we could find Geo in the Pope's residence, the one most beloved of the Sun.

“…….”

He became water.

“…It smells really bad.”

It was like looking at sea water.

“Shall I clean it up, Princess?”

“Okay, leave it like this.”

"but…."

“If we just leave it alone, it will flow into the sea.”

How long had they kept the body there, and with what? When they opened the large coffin used as a torture device, his corpse, thick and melted like seaweed, flowed out.

There was no trace of human form whatsoever.

“…….”

No, it wasn't even a living thing.

“But it’s a long way from here to the sea.”

"doesn't care."

All that was needed was to bring the sea up to land.

"therefore…."

So deep that the sun is almost submerged.

“…….”

Just looking at the corpse that had become water.

“…….”

Left alone, Aria whispered.

“…I thought that when you died, it would be a natural death due to the limitations of the species.”

“…….”

“Humans have shorter life spans than mermaids. They age quickly and change easily. So if we were to eventually part ways… I thought it would be because your value had faded.”

“…….”

“Whether that noble character is clouded by greed, or that a weak body withers away with illness, or that he overcomes all the trials and dies completely and returns to the sun. That was the kind of separation

I had imagined. I understood and accepted that part properly.”

“…….”

“Why did you have to die like this? It was not because your own value was blurred, but because you were beaten by the hands of demons who could not see even though they had eyes… You were not even in the sun, but spread out in the deep sea.”

“…….”

“Humans are truly worthy of study, to be able to hate someone so casually.”

I couldn't help but ask.

“Don’t you hate humans?”

The mermaid hated humans.

My hesitation in dealing with our separation came from your mortality, so I had no idea that the ending of this story would be so funny and miserable.

“Isn’t it cold there?”

You should have gone to the sun, you idiot.

“Nobody won.”

Even though he died trying to protect the mermaid, he ended up shivering from the cold.

Your values weren't meant to be destroyed because of such a stupid racial conflict.

It was not right for us to be unable to go to the sun and only be a part of the sea.

“…….”

The only mermaid who defended humans, my sister, kept her mouth shut.

"ah…."

Giovanni, the only human who could hold the mermaid, lost his mouth.

"…yes."

“…….”

“There’s no one who can stop me now.”

It was such a shame.

“…….”

“…….”

"hey."

Can't you feel my sincerity?

* * *

“…Mr. Geo, you’re good at cooking too.”

Sergio smiled at the words that Isser had difficulty speaking.

“I’m glad you said that.”

“Are you particularly good at cooking seafood?”

“Overall, everything is good.”

“Where did you learn this recipe?”

“Well, just….”

Her platinum-blond hair, almost silver, catches the eye.

“I wanted to try eating it like this.”

"okay."

A blue-green sea appears, resembling a surface of water where sunlight scatters.

“It was just something I cooked over a campfire, but it was so delicious that I had to ask about it.”

“If it’s something like that, feel free to ask me anytime.”

“Isn’t it a pleasure to share what you know?”

“…Is mind reading a skill among the students of Galaxy?”

“I had a feeling you would say something like that.”

Giovanni always had those words on his lips.

'As expected, a little bit… .'

No, not a lot.

'They look too similar.'

This is why even my own suspicions about 'someone else who looks quite similar' don't work.

'I can't keep acting like this.'

I was fully aware that I was doing something stupid. When a human named Yoo Seong-un looked at me like, “Are you sure you’re okay like this?”, I felt so pathetic that I couldn’t even bring myself to call him arrogant.

“Mr. Geo, where is your hometown?”

“I don’t know if you know, but it was a really rural area.”

“Because it’s the countryside….”

“Sometimes I farmed and stuff.”

"okay."

For a priest of noble birth, he was also strangely easygoing.

‘Ah, that won’t work… .’

I don't have the energy to talk anymore.

'… Judging by the fact that the atmosphere in the entire dungeon has become lighter, I can tell that my older sister is flustered as well. If even my older sister is flustered, I can't be okay either. This wasn't supposed to drag on like this… It's better to leave Earth quickly… .'

It would be a way to regain the calm reason of the past.

“…….”

but.

Is that okay?

‘… Is it really right for us to leave Geo alone in this dimension?’

Although I've traveled through countless dimensions, there was no one I could tell for sure was Giovanni just by looking at them. However, no matter how much I thought about it, this person seemed to be Giovanni's reincarnation.

'But why is there divinity? It must be some kind of sun god from some dimension doing something. No, but… a being as great as the sun god wouldn't necessarily care what happens to humans.'

It was a confusing situation, but one thing was certain.

“…What do you plan to do next?”

These people had to be sent out quickly.

'Looking at the situation, it's hard to keep Geo alone. I'll just send everyone away, and it won't be too late to discuss it with my older sister, gather my thoughts, and come up with a new plan.'

It was Yoo Seong-un who answered that question.

“First, we need to find a way out.”

“There’s a way out….”

“Usually, in cases like this, there are three methods.”

Yoo Seong-un, whose stomach had been roughly filled with fish, continued speaking.

“The most orthodox method is to succeed in the conquest. However, we do not have many hunters, and above all, there are many civilians who will die if we take our eyes off them for even a moment. There is no way we can solve the difficult conquest with this number of people without anyone to guard them.”

“Then what other way?”

“It would be nice to have an item that would allow you to exit the dungeon, like a return stone, but this isn’t exactly a wise choice. After looking around, it seems like this isn’t a dungeon where low-grade items would work… and even if they did, how many items would there be? Only a few of us would be able to barely escape.”

“That’s true.”

“The last method is, of course….”

Yoo Seong-un's gaze fell on Eun-ha and Isser, who were still smiling colorlessly.

“…….”

“…….”

The momentary gaze dispersed, and Yoo Seong-un continued speaking.

“The dungeon owner himself opens the door.”

Isser clicked his tongue inwardly.

'Have you read my mind?'

No, it might have been too obvious an ending even before the thought was read.

To both the mermaids and the humans, Giovanni's presence was extremely unexpected. It seemed to mean that both sides were confused, so they should regroup and fight again.

The C-class hunter, who had been quietly listening to Yoo Seong-un's words, asked with an anxious look.

“Is that so? If something happened at the Temple of the Sun, then it seems like the dungeon owner did something intentional as well… And the number of people captured is quite a lot. He must be a strong owner.”

“It’s not completely impossible.”

Kang Seo-dam responded in the gentle tone characteristic of a priest.

“There is a saying that dungeons are like theater stages. The higher the dungeon level, the more closely it is connected to its owner, and

the more players can look into the dungeon owner's story."

"Uh… why is that…?"

"In short, if you just follow the story, there are times when the door will open with luck. The stories of civilians who escaped the dungeon because they were moved by the dedication of the raider who learned the story of the dungeon are not just empty boasts."

"Oh my, I thought that was a flyer…."

"It actually happens quite often. Especially when the owner is intelligent enough to be close to a humanoid monster, the possibility of such an escape increases. In a dungeon of this scale, the owner is definitely close to a humanoid."

At that point, Yoo Seong-un intervened.

"We've already seen similar phenomena. There were quite a few casualties right after we were dragged into the dungeon, but look at it now. We're having a meal by a campfire, and no monsters are attacking us."

"It's strangely stable considering that so many raiders have entered this dungeon. Perhaps it means that the owner who caused this incident has changed his mind. I get the feeling that he's being very lenient."

"Considering that, the third option would be the one with the highest probability of success in our situation. If we just rub it well, the door might open."

"I have similar expectations."

Oh, yeah.

"……."

Isser decided to just keep his mouth shut.

'What bad luck.'

The conversation skills of pretending not to know my identity were very high-level.

'Even though Yoo Seong-un has already spoken directly with me, I don't think that Priest Kang Seo-dam doesn't know my identity. I have previously revealed my deep-sea energy openly without any intention of hiding it... I can't come here and pretend to be an ordinary young human.'

Isser looked back at Geo.

“I hope it goes well either way. The fish here is delicious, though….”

“…….”

“I really want to go home.”

Isser asked him.

“What kind of place is Mr. Geo’s house?”

“Oh, it’s just an ordinary cabin.”

“It’s a hut.”

“It’s a cabin in the forest where there are few people.”

“…….”

Doesn't this house suit you so well?

‘… Hearing something like this… .’

I can't just keep holding on to it.

Isser decided to release the humans caught in the net.

“…….”

Anyway, I'll just catch him again.

Isser knew of human greed for mermaids.

* * *

People who were dragged into a virtual dungeon of unspecified rank have returned alive.

The number of survivors reached 80% of the total, and everyone unanimously praised it as a miracle.

“If this is a miracle, then it is a miracle.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Geo, you stay the same.”

“I don’t know what you are talking about.”

“Yeah… That’s what I’m saying now.”

Yoo Seong-un was thrilled by the effectiveness of ‘Portrait of Geo’.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (69)

Episode 69

“Isn’t that a miracle?”

Visabal smiled brightly and greeted Yoo Seong-un.

“…….”

“Hey, hey, don’t go out again. Just come back in. You shouldn’t do that in front of people.”

“Oh, I really don’t want to go in….”

“I’m sure you know I’m the one paying your salary, don’t you?”

“You know, but you still made it to the door, right?”

“If you know, why don’t you come in right away, Curator Yoo Seong-un? The guild leader is waiting.”

Finally, Yoo Seong-un came into the office and muttered while sitting on the staff sofa.

“I have to save up money and quit my job.”

“Did you really think that would be possible?”

“If there is a justifiable reason, shouldn’t the resignation be accepted?”

“Remember, I may accidentally forget to accept your resignation

letter.”

“It’s a deep-rooted evil….”

“How can you make such a naive statement, saying that there has never been a time when there was no corruption in the Republic of Korea?”

“Oh, I really hate it.”

Yoo Seong-un roughly wiped his tired face with both hands, let out a deep sigh that seemed to pour out his soul, and then slowly raised his head. His eyes were as sunken as a panda’s.

“So what are you curious about? I gave you a full report in writing just yesterday. What are you curious about that made you call this poor employee?”

Visabal said in a concise manner.

“Looking at the report, it seems unfortunate that Geo did not cause any casualties.”

“Unfortunately?”

“I accidentally got the truth out of it. I was wondering how the portrait worked.”

“How do you want me to react? Should I just clap my hands?”

“So let’s skip that part for a moment, I have a question about Geo’s portrait.”

“I knew it, go ahead.”

“I found the part about it being mutated in response to dungeons and monsters really interesting, but who exactly is Giovanni?”

"that…."

Certainly this part was not reported in writing.

“As you know, the part about ‘Geo’s Portrait’ is confidential even within our guild, so I didn’t include it in the report to prevent any possible leaks. I wonder if it would have seemed rude.”

“Who are you, Giovanni, who are you, rude and shameless?”

“Yeah, that’s the kind of person you were.”

“Giovanni….”

“Please wait a moment so I can speak. I also need to gather my thoughts.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was scratching the back of his neck, continued speaking.

“…I believe it is one of the ‘Geos’ from another dimension. I was dragged into the virtual dungeon this time, that is… I got some information while wandering around the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’ and became certain of it.”

When he went to check if there were any survivors who had fallen elsewhere, Yoo Seong-un wasn't just looking for people. If he had found a new dungeon, basic investigation was a natural duty for a hunter.

“As a result, I was able to find traces of a person called ‘Giovanni’. He was probably in his early 30s, a priest and doctor serving the sun god, with blond hair and blue eyes… He matched one of the appearances of Gio that I reported to you before.”

“Then Geo must have a big connection with the source. It must be qualitatively different from the existence of general sources or

monsters.”

“I think so. After being reincarnated into another ‘Geo’ in another dimension, and ending his life as a human, he will return to the portrait and take some time to reorganize… I think he will repeat the reincarnation process once he is done with all the maintenance, for now.”

It could be something that happens simultaneously, without being bound by that kind of temporal order. It could be a process that happens between dimensions.

That is why 'Geo's Portrait' was neither a human, a monster, an item, nor even a child of the most veiled of beings, the Origin.

However, that doesn't mean we can simply express it as God.

“A ‘Portrait of Geo’ could be anything.”

Like a painter who can express everything with paint and sculpture.

“And that kind of thing, well… how should I put it….”

“I think it’s a hasty judgment, but wouldn’t the word ‘origin’ be the most appropriate?”

“…That could be the case.”

If it weren't for the close connection to the 'Source', which is said to be the world's greatest secret, Geo would not have been able to maintain its current vast status.

“But I guess it’s fortunate that he didn’t give up on his humanity, even though it was a little bit left. I don’t know if I should say that he had great willpower, or if I should see this as one of the systems of the origin….”

Yoo Seong-un asked, rubbing his chin.

“Do you have any further questions?”

“Oh, it’s over already?”

“I’m not a parent who tells you fairy tales. If you’re bored, find someone else to talk to. Even though it looks like this, I’m busy dealing with the aftermath of this virtual dungeon.”

“I'm sorry.”

Visabal let out his characteristic thin laugh.

“Aren’t you busy creating Geo’s identity? You’re creating an A-class hunter out of thin air, which is nothing more than that.”

“Even if you belong to a guild of collectors with a lot of unofficial hunters, there are still a lot of things you need to explain. You’ll have to convince the association somehow.”

“I will take care of persuading the association, so you just need to focus on the basics. I am sure they know about ‘Portrait of Geo’.”

“Thank you for taking the pressure off me. Thanks to you, I can finally sleep in my own bed tonight for the first time in a while.”

At the center of this incident, in the dungeon named 'Temple of the Deep Sea', Geo was openly active. The only person who recognized his divinity was the priest Kang Seodam, but it was not like he could hide his divine power.

“At that point, I can’t say that he’s not a person….”

“What can we do with so many witnesses? If we had just killed them all from the beginning, things would have been much easier.”

“Are you telling me to become a Red Hunter? To be demoted to a 5th-

grade citizen? So suddenly?”

“No, I was thinking of Geo when I said that. Then wouldn’t I have been able to appreciate Geo’s attack style?”

“For now, I’ll pretend I didn’t hear that. For some reason, Geo seems to think of the guild leader as a relatively good person. Please take care of his image.”

“That’s what I do best. It’s one of the weapons that helped me establish the three major guilds with this weak body.”

“But there are certainly many witnesses. Because the atmosphere was so harmonious, survivors’ eyewitness accounts are spreading much more actively….”

The survivors continued to send messages of thanks to the Collectors' Guild regarding 'Sergio Hunter', saying that they had received great comfort from the dungeon.

In this situation, it was impossible to say that there was no such person as 'Sergio'.

“Because of that, the staff members are a little unsettled. The official document that the guild leader sent clearly had an employee named ‘Geo’ written on it, so I wonder if it’s the same person….”

“Of course it’s the same person. I don’t remember bringing in such inconsiderate employees.”

“Everyone has guessed. No one wants to pretend to know because it seems like things will get complicated, but at least the ‘Geo’ in the official document and the ‘Sergio’ of this uproar are the same person.”

“You’re saying that even though you know everything, no one talks to me?”

“I don’t want to take on extra work.”

Yoo Seong-un let out a long sigh.

“Like me.”

“I’m giving you money.”

“Fucking capitalist society.”

In a world where you can buy a full lifespan if you pay money, there is no such thing as labor rights. Yoo Seong-woon rubbed the back of his neck, which was stiff from fatigue.

“However, since the official document already said that he was an employee, some people thought, ‘Then he must really be an employee,’ and let it slide. Most people wondered if the guild leader was trying to hire a monster, not a human….”

“While we’re on the subject, should we try it next time?”

“Isn’t this how you act, deepening the distrust among the employees? It’s not for nothing that you’re called a ‘crazy guy who only looks at works’. Please take care of your reputation as the guild leader.”

“I’m very sorry to say this, but there’s no such thing. You’re a really funny person, aren’t you?”

“It would be expected for someone of that age, but why isn’t it there? Seriously, why isn’t it there?”

Yoo Seong-un wiped his face again and continued speaking.

“Anyway, Geo will be officially uploaded to the collector’s homepage soon. Since he is already known to be blond and blue-eyed, if Geo wants to move around without wearing a cape, he will have to move as ‘Giovanni’, but I think Geo will understand that much.”

Geo didn't seem to have any particular aversion to his personality changing. He nodded his head in agreement with that fact, as it was something that was typical of the original being, but he was willing to accept it since it wasn't a big burden to him.

“In short, Geo is now able to actively participate in human society.”

“Can we go to the amusement park together?”

“…'Portrait of Geo' dislikes noise and commotion, so I would appreciate it if you would refrain from doing so. He is still incredibly gentlemanly towards humans, but that doesn't mean he doesn't hate rude and mean people.”

“Of course I know. That’s why I was thinking of renting it out.”

“Please do that to your lover….”

“A lover? Who would go to an amusement park with an old person like me?”

“Then why did you think Geo would go? It doesn’t make sense now.”

I know it's just nonsense just to see the reaction of my collection of meteors, but it was hard to just sit there and listen to those comments. I was already tired, and my energy was completely drained.

“Anyway, if you don’t have any more questions, I’ll be leaving now. I still need to give Geo the Hunter ID I made this time, and I also have a lot of things to teach him, like textbooks and such….”

“Oh, just a moment.”

“What is it?”

“There is something strange in the sea.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un touched his forehead.

“When you say the sea, are you talking about a topic related to that strange phenomenon I went to investigate before? Right now? Right now, after you’ve spouted off a bunch of nonsense and are about to get up?”

Visabal nodded coolly.

“I forgot for a moment.”

“Don’t lie, it makes me sick.”

However, Bisabal would not stop this kind of prank, even if it was just to enjoy and observe Yoo Seong-un's own reactions. It was an eternal truth, but it was still easier to give up.

Yoo Seong-un wisely gave up and sat down on the sofa again.

“So what’s going on?”

“There may not be an official announcement yet, but if there’s one thing that’s the best among the three major guilds in South Korea, it’s their ability to quickly gather information.”

“Oh, yes.”

“I have just asked for some hot information that the association has just confirmed.”

“So what is it?”

“I observed a new dungeon appearing in the sea.”

“…in the sea, a new dungeon….”

Yoo Seong-un turned pale.

“…At this time?”

“At this time.”

The visa holder smiled broadly.

“Does something come to mind?”

“Could it be… that this place is related to the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’?”

“It seems like it’s the same dungeon.”

The visa was approved.

“A few brave hunters from the Association have come to check the interior, and they say that the deeper you go, the more the environment resembles a temple.”

“It’s just like what I saw at the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’. Was there another dungeon connected to it?”

A sigh escaped me.

“If there’s even a strange phenomenon in the sea, then is it really a villa dungeon? A… temple was built?”

“No, it’s just a normal entry dungeon.”

“It must be so dirty and wide.”

One of the characteristics of the entry dungeon is that there is no limit to its scope. Among the entry dungeons confirmed so far, the largest one is as large as a country. And it is as large as Russia.

Because of this, the entry dungeon is the most stable, but it is also known as a dungeon that is more cumbersome and troublesome to conquer. This is especially true when it is expected to be very large,

like this one.

“The ‘deep-sea temple’ that I confirmed seemed to be a mixture of a temple and a research lab. The hunters’ reports you mentioned stopped at the temple shape, so the place we saw was probably much further inside… deep underground.”

If that's true, then this guy, Eunha, didn't he just throw people there to die?

'It's common sense that the deeper you go into a dungeon, the lower the survival rate becomes.'

Anyway, no matter how much I accepted the monster's hatred and malice, I could never get used to it.

“Ah, the child I reported to you about, Eunha….”

“We couldn’t find it after your return. It was probably left in the dungeon or changed its form. It is highly likely that it changed its form to resemble a human child in order to take on the appearance of a prospective priest during the initiation ceremony.”

“I see.”

Perhaps because she had decided that it would be difficult to pretend to be human now, 'Galaxy' disappeared.

The scribe asked him.

“Didn’t Geo show any other confusion about that part? It seemed like he was trying to save it.”

“…….”

“It wouldn’t be a shock if the cause of this situation was actually a child named Eunha.”

“That part… looked okay.”

“Hmm.”

Visabal tilted his head and expressed interest.

“You knew that, didn’t you?”

“…We don’t know how far you’ve sorted out your personality, so we can’t say anything, but it looks like you didn’t show any particular shock or surprise after that….”

“Did Geo know from the beginning what kind of existence the galaxy was?”

“Isn’t it inevitable to interpret it that way?”

No, I didn't know.

Geo in the dungeon was just absent-minded, and when he came out and learned the identity of the galaxy, he didn't show any confusion because of his stiff facial muscles.

The certainty that Isser and Eunha in Giovanni's memories were the same person was also gained after escaping the dungeon.

“I would like to know a little more about ‘Giovanni’, who could be said to be the key to peace in a dungeon ruled by humanoid monsters. Is that possible?”

“I’ll give it a try.”

“Oh, and….”

“What now?”

“…….”

Visabal looked at the meteor cloud as if he felt sorry.

“According to a hunter belonging to the association, he witnessed the ‘Portrait of Geo’ in the sea dungeon I just mentioned.”

"…yes?"

“To be exact, it wasn’t ‘Sergio’, but the figure of ‘Black Cloak’. The hunters belonging to the association were able to escape with the help of a tall man wearing a black cloak….”

“Oh please….”

Yoo Seong-un grabbed my head.

“Please, just say something as shocking as I can….”

“Oh, how pitiful.”

“Euuuu….”

I could clearly see myself working overtime in the future.

* * *

Of course, Geo didn't do this just to have fun.

“I didn’t know there would be other people in the dungeon I went to see the faces of my mermaid students.”

“Kurururuk.”

“Even if my dad is so talented that he can even bake sweet potatoes with watercolors, he can’t predict every future.”

Geo thought about the sturdy hunters he had encountered in the places he had visited, thinking, 'Of course there would be no one in that dungeon by now.'

They looked quite scared.

“Just like when the Collectors Guild staff encountered me at dawn.”

“Kung.”

“Even though they seem like very smart elites, those healthy employees are scared….”

“Kung-kung.”

“…I’m scared….”

“Kung, kung, kung.”

“…….”

Let me say this in advance, I thought Geo was capable of grasping reality.

And I also found out that there was a ghost story called 'Black Cloak' in the Collector's Guild. It was partly due to the prank of the guild leader, Bisabal, but it was mostly due to the fact that the employees who believed it seriously were terrified.

"…ah."

A black cloak standing alone in the hallway of a company after everyone has left work, and a black cloak suddenly appearing in a dungeon where there should be no one and showing them a way to survive.

Geo felt a sense of deja vu at the incredible synchronization. Only then did Geo regain his sense of reality and exclaim, “Oh no.”

“…Did I have an accident?”

“Cur.”

“Oh, God of Heaven and Earth.”

That's what happened.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (70)

Episode 70

“…….”

"so…."

Yoo Seong-un asked Priest Kang Seo-dam, who was sitting in the chair across from him.

“If possible, I would like you to treat ‘Black Cloak’ and ‘Sergio’ as separate characters.”

“Are they separate people?”

“If we separate the ‘stories’ like that, there will be fewer problems in coexisting.”

“I understand what you mean.”

Kang Seo-dam nodded.

“The hunter I saw in the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’ was none other than that ‘Sergio’.”

“That’s right, and the man in the black cloak that the Association’s hunters witnessed this time is someone they don’t know at all. You probably know that it’s the same person, but….”

“If that is God’s will, I will accept it. The Goddess has also expressed her desire for fellowship with him, so it will not be difficult if you just

keep your mouth shut.”

He readily accepted Yoo Seong-un's request. It was not simply because it was the will of the goddess he served.

“I didn’t intend to say that I saw a god in the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’ either. I don’t think he wanted to reveal his identity, and if I said that a god appeared at the initiation ceremony I hosted, I would be in trouble for a while. For my own sake, I will not reveal it.”

Although quite some time had passed since he had escaped from the 'Temple of the Deep Sea', Kang Seodam had not properly reported to the religious order about 'Sergio'.

As a priest of the sect, this was an independent action that he would not have taken without the will of the goddess, but it was a decision that would not have been possible if the priest himself had not been flexible. Yoo Seong-un also recognized this and attempted this kind of contact.

Yoo Seong-un let out a sigh of relief.

“Thank you for saying that. I know that the staff within the same guild are the ones who are in charge of the guild leader, but I was worried about how to keep Priest Kang Seodam’s mouth shut since he is a member of the religious order.”

“It’s a bit harsh to say that you’re keeping your mouth shut. However, I also agree that we need to be careful about the ‘Black Cloak’ case. The person I met back then didn’t seem like a normal god.”

Not all gods could enjoy playing around with human impersonations.

“Could it be that he was some kind of demon? I know that there are quite a few demons among beings who can adjust themselves to human standards enough to enjoy play. If so, then this separation

measure is also a huge gamble.

“We’re looking into it too.”

“This time again, the collector has responded haphazardly, saying, ‘It’s a beloved piece.’ I still can’t understand the attitude of the guild members who feel safe and secure just because the guild leader thinks it’s cute and safe.”

“But we can’t send Geo to the lab, right?”

“It is true that unethical behaviors are rampant in the Association’s research lab, but if we think about the safety of humanity, it is better. Of course, this is in the case of an evil spirit. Since it is unlikely that someone like him who values peace and mercy would do so, I swear to the sun once again that I will keep this matter quiet.”

However, the fact that the existence of 'Sergio' is never safe for humans has not changed. The mysteries of such great magnitude have destroyed entire dimensions of humanity without any malicious intent, and have also created countless living hells.

“And what’s more, I can go into a dungeon that is inhabited by humanoid monsters as if it were my home and save people….”

To that extent, it far exceeds the authority of a normal god. Even if he is a god, he cannot be omnipotent in all aspects.

Basically, the existence of a god is close to an intangible fate or nature with a will, so not only can it not enjoy the pleasures of a human form, but it can also not enter a dungeon without a problem.

This can be said to be a task that requires strong will, deep experience, and great ability.

“It is an extremely ungrateful story from the perspective of someone who has received so much mercy, but it doesn’t change the fact that

‘Mr. Sergio’ is a dangerous being.”

Kang Seo-dam saw a meteor shower.

“Isn’t it the case that even the collector with the best eyes in the world cannot perceive it?”

“It may seem like a very frustrating situation for the religious order or association, but we are also trying our best to understand it.”

“Isn’t it possible that he is hostile to humanity? I remember the aura he felt was quite close to death.”

“Well, if you get angry, it will be a disaster. You might unconsciously harm humanity. Couldn’t the Earth be destroyed?”

“That’s difficult.”

The Earth is barely hanging on by the mercy of a few strong people.

“…I’ll say it again, I have no intention of interfering with Mr. Sergio’s play. That’s why I didn’t report it to the church, so you know that, Hunter Yoo Seong-un.”

“I know, that’s why I came here. I know that Father Kang Seo-dam has no intention of revealing that guy’s identity, but… I still wanted to hear a proper confirmation because of the situation.”

In order to create a world where one can coexist with this terrifying portrait, and so that the day will come when more of its appearances can be appreciated, Bisabal hoped that 'Sergio' and 'Black Cloak' would be successfully separated. The same was true for Yoo Seong-un.

“The appearance of the blond, blue-eyed Geo has already been revealed in the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’, so we cannot deny its existence, but this time, the only one the Association has officially

identified is the ‘Black Cloak’.”

“I understand what made you make that decision. A mere human being cannot stop the play of such a powerful god. It is clear that the future will only result in innocent victims.”

“We came to a similar conclusion. We think it is quite irresponsible neglect, but the collector wants coexistence rather than control. It is our guild’s long-standing motto.”

In any case, the accidents caused by 'Portrait of Geo' cannot be prevented by humans. In that case, let's officially manage the collection of 'Giovanni', which has already been revealed, while quietly trying to persuade Geo behind the scenes to reduce the conflict between humans and him.

“I’m not saying that you should just sit back and do nothing because you’re a collector. I think that if you pay attention, you can reduce the level of agitation among people.”

“How do you plan to reduce the noise?”

“They’re turning ‘Black Cloak’ into an urban legend. They’re making it into a normal story that people can enjoy and have fun with.”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam's expression distorted subtly. It seemed like an expression that tried to politely suppress irritation, discomfort, and absurdity.

“…I don’t think that will work. If things go wrong, the name ‘Black Cloak’ will become an object of fear, and he may become an even stronger disaster.”

“For now, that’s fine with the collectors. Right now, our staff treats

‘Black Cloak’ like a ghost story, and has found a balance that fits their rules.”

“I think that’s because of the nature of the Collector’s Guild. I’m sure it wouldn’t be easy to take into account everyone in the city, in Korea, and even in the world at large.”

“But isn’t it better than doing nothing?”

“…Phew….”

Kang Seo-dam, who had been furrowing his brows with a tired expression, either because he thought it was not a topic he should be arguing about, or because he found it difficult to continue talking about the same topic, immediately asked another question.

“…But, is it okay to call God so friendly? Like that guy, or Geo….”

Kang Seo-dam's reaction was a bit tired.

“How dare you treat that giant being imitating human skin like that.”

“Geo wants that.”

“…….”

“I guess it must feel awkward from the priest’s perspective.”

“…It can’t be helped.”

Regardless of religion, there were three rules required of priests who served God.

“First, do not look into the eyes of God. Second, do not call the name of God. Third, do not test God… I think even the Meteor Cloud Hunter knows this well.”

“It’s a famous rule.”

“It’s not that we should try to know the nature of God. Priests basically try to keep a certain distance when dealing with God. Treating God too friendly can also be an infringement on His nature, so we try to prevent that in advance.”

“…….”

“In this day and age, faith is certainly being used as a means. Because of this, the human attitude toward God has become more intimate than before the great disaster, and their image has become much more worldly… but even so, the fact that those who possess divinity are an intangible disaster remains unchanged.”

Although they are traditionally categorized as gods and evil gods, in reality, if we look at the absolute standard, it is quite ambiguous. In other words, a divinity that is clearly harmful to humanity is evaluated as an evil god.

But how can nature and destiny be divided into good and evil? No matter how much a mere being like humans tries to measure and classify them, it will only result in troublesome problems.

“Willful or not, God can be a disaster to humanity at any time.”

The priests should have known this better than any human being.

“If you forget that, it is as if you are not qualified to be a priest.”

“It’s quite profound.”

“It meant that Mr. Yoo Seong-un should also be careful. I have seen countless people who called out the true name of God and burst under the weight of fate. That is what it means to receive the gaze of God.”

“I know that too.”

Rather, Yoo Seong-un may have known better.

“This side is also somewhat of an expert.”

From the perspective of a gardener, the gods of the present generation are classified as a kind of 'children of the origin'.

An intangible, silent disaster that is closely connected to the source and can exist in any dimension. A destiny with a will and a living story. All of these conditions fit the description of the 'Child of the Source'.

'But I can't tell that part to the priest.'

I would be happy if I only heard that it was blasphemous.

In the first place, the existence of the gardener and the knowledge related to it were dangerous information that only a few people could know and handle, so I couldn't bring up Geo's story to save face.

“Anyway, don’t be too surprised if you see Geo active in society soon. I think Geo will be quite flexible and have a good personality at that time, so he won’t cause any trouble. His status will also be secure.”

“…….”

“I meant that I would be introduced as a trainer who is a devout believer who can handle the power of the Holy Spirit, so please adjust your rhythm. The essential energy may be different, but Geo is primarily closer to the sun god lineage.”

“That’s why I’m telling you not to talk like that. It’s embarrassing to hear.”

“How can I do this when it’s my way?”

"ha…."

“Oh, by the way.”

Yoo Seong-un asked, blinking.

“Has the Association formalized the information about the ‘Black Cloak’?”

One of the things the association does is to establish rules for hunters regarding the existences they should be aware of. Yoo Seong-un thinks that the 'black cloak' that was seen this time was enough to make it official.

“If you open the floodgates first, it will be easier for us to make it look like a ghost story.”

“Now that the newly discovered entrance dungeon has been named, we’ll probably get a summary of the ‘Black Cloak’ soon.”

“As expected from a priest of the Sun Church, you’re quick with information. What’s the name of that dungeon?”

“It’s not much different from the places we’ve visited.”

Kang Seo-dam continued speaking.

“They called it the ‘Land of the Deep Sea.’”

“What….”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“It’s intuitive and good.”

It was a name that suited him well.

* * *

“A true hunter.”

“…….”

“Are you ready, Jeongdaun Hunter?”

“…….”

The woman with flowing brown hair nodded.

“…Yes, I’m ready.”

“We will now have a Q&A session about what happened in the ‘Deep Sea Country’.”

"yes."

“Jung Da-woon, who was the team leader, will take questions on behalf of the hunter, but if he lacks information, he will also receive help from Jung Da-woon’s colleagues.”

"yes."

“For now….”

The man in the doctor's gown sitting across from Hunter continued speaking.

“Let’s start with a light story.”

“…….”

“You seem very nervous. It’s been about three days since you finished your exploration of the ‘Deep Sea Kingdom’. Perhaps you haven’t had enough rest?”

“…….”

“I’m not asking you why you haven’t recovered yet, so please feel free to talk. Only when the mind and body of the Jeongdaun Hunter are stabilized can we answer your questions.”

"…yes."

The hesitant hunter spoke with a hollow laugh. His voice was recorded on the recorder.

“I’m sorry, I’ve fully recovered.”

“I repeat, there is nothing to be sorry about.”

“It’s just… I can’t get it out of my head….”

“If that’s the case, are you referring to the ‘black cloak’ that was witnessed this time?”

“Yes, that’s right. It’s a black cloak.”

The woman raised her head.

“Oh, so the name was decided to be ‘Black Cloak’?”

“It was temporarily named that way, but we don’t know how the name will change in the future. The Association has absolutely no information about the Black Cloak.”

“I am the first discoverer…?”

“We asked the Hunter Associations of each country for cooperation, but we have not received any information regarding the being you witnessed. We will have to check it out a bit more, but I believe that it is highly likely that this is the first sighting by a Jeongdawoon Hunter.”

"…okay."

In fact, the first discoverer was Bisabal, who had already discovered his true identity, and even if it was witnessed by ordinary people other than those involved, Cha Ara was there, but because it was so peaceful, information about him was not relayed to the association.

“Then my answer will become very important.”

“Yes. I don’t want to burden you, but since you are known to be a very high-ranking being, the response method the Association has come up with will vary depending on how accurate the information you, Jeongdaun Hunter, provide.”

“…….”

The hunter nodded.

“I am ready.”

“Then, let’s begin the questioning.”

The man, a researcher at the association, began to ask serious questions.

“Where was the first place you saw the ‘Black Cloak’?”

“…It was a temple in the ‘Deep Sea Country’.”

“Let’s continue from there. The ‘Deep Sea Kingdom’ is said to have the structure of a 1st stage, above the sea. 2nd stage, a submerged city under the water. 3rd stage, a gigantic temple. Is that correct?”

“Yes, that’s right. When you first enter, the hunters will be standing on the sea. If you don’t intentionally try to enter, you won’t fall in. If you move a little too aggressively, you’ll fall in… but you can also come back up.”

“Then, the ‘Deep Sea Country’ is structured so that the risk increases the further down you go.”

“Yes, there were no monsters to speak of on the sea. I confirmed that it was possible to breathe even when going under the water surface. However, the tension of the water did limit their movements.”

“They say monsters have been sighted since stage 2.”

“It felt like a zombie living in the water…? There were also strange slimes that looked like chunks of flesh. There were other things as well… But I think my team members reported on this.”

“Yes, I checked it again.”

The researcher nodded.

“Now let’s move on to the temple. Is there a big difference between the monsters in the second stage, ‘The Submerged City’, and the monsters in the third stage, ‘The Temple of the Deep Sea’?”

“The fact that they looked more vicious? The species itself looked similar. However, the monsters found on the temple side were much more vicious and vicious. Naturally, they were also more dangerous.”

“Then, this is where the main topic starts.”

The researcher took out a photo from between the files and showed it to Hunter.

“This photo was taken by Hunter Kim Yi-yeon, one of our team members.”

“…….”

The person in the photo was a man wrapped entirely in a black cloak.

“You described this being as male, but in fact it may not have a gender at all. It is wearing a cloak all over its body, so there is no guarantee that it has a human form.”

“…That’s right.”

“Is there a reason you described him as ‘a man in a black cloak’?”

“Because that’s how it felt.”

Even as a skilled hunter, she knows well about the ambiguity of monsters. Just because someone has a deep voice or is tall doesn't mean they're male. She's never seen the entity inside the cloak, so she doesn't know if it's human form.

Even the 'Black Cloak' didn't make a sound when it walked. All you could hear was the sound of very light grass rustling, but it was strange that I was certain that inside it was a heavy human body.

“…….”

Yeah, that's weird.

“…But still, it felt like a ‘human’.”

We know that they are not human, but we still say that they are 'human'.

“As if it were such an obvious fact….”

If Geo had heard this, he would have felt a little wronged, thinking, "I'm human after all."

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (71)

Episode 71

Going back in time a bit, after Geo returned to the cabin after leaving the 'Temple of the Deep Sea'.

“I knew that the Earth today was a much more dangerous place than I remembered 30 years ago….”

“Gurrrr….”

“I never thought that a terrorist attack, not a terrorist attack, would happen at such a large religious event. It was the first terrorist incident I’ve ever experienced in my life.”

Geo was calming down.

“What a scary world. At the tender age of 29, I almost lost my family.”

It wouldn't be easy for him to die, having enjoyed a miracle greater than the miracle of becoming one with the Source in a mere human body, but since he himself really doesn't know anything about it, he'll just ignore it.

It was surprising that the student Eunha met at the initiation ceremony and the Isser in Giovanni's memories were the same person, but it was even said that he was the one who led this terrorist incident.

“…….”

Giovanni became very upset.

“He wasn’t like that originally, so why did he become like that?”

“…….”

“…If I had to find a reason, it would probably be my fault, right?”

“Kuru.”

“Oh, sun.”

Yeah, honestly, it was a bit too much to die like that. Giovanni also knew his guilt.

“Isser especially thought of me as a father figure. He was such a kind and honest friend, so the incident at that time must have been even more shocking. It’s scary when good kids decide to go astray….”

He groaned.

“I should at least pack some food for you.”

And these Geos were not the type to think deeply. They were a combination of two guys whose basic creed was 'What should I do?'

He was a good man, if anything, but he knew how to make objective judgments that were even colder than that. He didn't blame himself or regret things that weren't his responsibility. This terrorist incident was no different.

It seemed like it was an incident that happened because the disciple was shocked by his master's death and went astray, but that doesn't mean it was the fault of the dead master, Giovanni. There was no reason to be scared when there was someone else who caused the accident.

“This teacher knows everything. He’s just sensitive because he’s

hungry.”

“Ugh…?”

“People need to be well-fed themselves to be able to care for others.”

Geo sorted out the state of his disciple, the mermaid Isser, with a considerable degree of guilt.

“Most incidents and accidents that are committed as crimes committed by humans are said to be caused by the mental health of the people who commit the crimes. Most people who are living a stable life do not commit such acts.”

Would this have happened if Isser, who originally couldn't even handle fish, let alone people, had remained happy and mentally healthy?

Geo, who returned with black hair, asked.

“Honey, you should remember this too. There are few people who are irritable when their bodies are healthy and their stomachs are full. If you just fill their stomachs, people tend to become gentle.”

“Kkukkung?”

“People who still get upset are really weird, so just ignore them. If you give them food and they repay the favor with enmity, then either the person who gave them the food killed their parents, or the person who ate the food is weird.”

“Kkuk.”

“Then, now is the most important time for me to deal with it. How should this incompetent master react to the disciple who devoured him? It’s really a headache to know that he grew up to be a terrorist, so I could just live the rest of my life without seeing him….”

Of course, Geo couldn't do that.

“I’ve fed those kids so much, you can’t just look at them once and say you don’t know me.”

He doesn't care if it's not something he's responsible for. The recent Solar Cult initiation ceremony terrorist incident was definitely not his fault, but Giovanni was definitely responsible for his former disciple Isser growing up like that.

“It may have been the best it could have been at the time, but if he hadn’t been eaten alive, Isser wouldn’t have become so twisted.”

“Kururuk.”

Honey nodded. Her face said, 'I guess you're right,' so Geo had nothing more to say.

“…Anyway, so….”

In an effort to deal with the aftermath of his actions as a human, an adult, and a teacher, he devised a way to meet the mermaid siblings again.

“I remember that ‘The Breathing Sea’ and Isser’s Dungeon had a similar atmosphere.”

But even so, it seemed difficult to find the 'deep-sea temple' through the 'breathing sea'. Who would do something so reckless knowing where and what could be in that vast world? The two might actually be connected.

Geo nodded.

“Fortunately, I have the ability to visit other people’s dungeons at will.”

“Kururuk?”

“Okay, let’s try drawing a picture.”

Didn't you already experience it once with 'The Vein of Jewels'? At that time, you failed to achieve your goal of a desirable social life, but thanks to that, you were able to save a young student named Cha Ara.

“This is a pretty useful ability.”

If Yoo Seong-un had heard of it, he would have made a petty comment, saying, "It's probably not that useful," but Geo was a reclusive loner.

“You can also eat sweet potatoes…. If you put a little butter and salt on top of the sweet potatoes and drizzle honey on them, they’re really delicious.”

“Gurrrr!!”

“It’s similar to honey-sweet potato stir-fry, but a little more moist and soft. Oh, and if you add a little whipped cream on top, it’s really fantastic….”

A lonely young man stuck in a shack with no internet access could not possibly know such common sense. To him, his drawing ability was no different from the food truck that filled his stomach.

Geo went to see his father.

"father."

“Kyuu.”

At some point, a teddy bear version of the sun god began to live in the cabin.

“You were playing with Danawa.”

“Kukuku….”

“I’m glad it looks good.”

Last time, the jewel cat, Anticat Dana, who I brought from the 'Jewel Vein', was cold. So I wondered if she would get along well with the teddy bear that was warm from the sun, but it seemed like a perfect match.

“It’s just that I wanted to meet Isser again.”

“Kyuuu.”

“Thank you for your support. I’m thinking about drawing a picture to make a passage, but I think it’ll take a lot of time….”

“Kukuku.”

“Thank you for your consideration. I’ve put the snacks in the storage room, so please eat them at your convenience.”

Even during my recent trip to Seoul, I thought, 'Hehe, I'll just see the event and come back home right away,' but I ended up spending a lot of time at the shrine.

In case something similar happens again, Geo has made all the necessary preparations to ensure that the cabin can remain peaceful even without him.

“…….”

Geo, who was sitting in the studio, blinked his eyes twice. He muttered.

“…Come to think of it, that temple, maybe….”

The 'Temple of the Deep Sea' that Geo had seen seemed familiar for some reason.

“Is this where I died?”

“Kuruk.”

“I don’t remember that part in detail.”

Fairness rate 94.5%

“…….”

Still, I remembered exactly what the dungeon looked like.

“Let’s draw.”

Geo started drawing 'The Temple of the Deep Sea'.

A laboratory with pure white pillars and high ceilings that hold a sense of sacredness, and yet not incongruous.

The air is filled with rippling water scales and countless monsters roaming the streets… .

“…….”

Geo is absorbed in the painting.

* * *

A warehouse where finished works are covered with black cloth.

“…….”

The sun god, who was sitting in the middle of the warehouse holding the anti-cat Dana in his arms, raised his head and looked to one side that was emitting a cold light.

“…Kkuu.”

“?”

“Kukuku….”

The 'Breathing Sea', which could be called the home of the sun god,

was resonating.

"dream."

May that story come to an end.

The sun immersed in the sea prayed earnestly.

* * *

“…….”

Geo, wearing a black cloak pulled down low, was in the 'Temple of the Deep Sea'.

"oh."

This works.

“I felt this way when I went to the ‘Jewel Vein,’ but it’s a really convenient means of transportation.”

“Kururuk.”

“Let’s take a look around.”

Perhaps because the place itself was so large, he didn't think about going straight to Isser. Strictly speaking, it was trespassing, so Geo decided to look around a little more cautiously.

I had just come back from painting in my studio, so my feet were still bare, but they weren't that cold. The shallow seawater on the floor made a pleasant splashing sound.

“…….”

Giovanni felt a brief sense of guilt as he entered the house of his well-dressed disciple without permission.

“Should I buy another cell phone?”

“Kung….”

“Yeah, the signal won’t go through.”

It was inevitable due to the nature of portraits, but it was also the case in the gallery of the Collector's Guild, and Geo was destined to have no choice but to adapt to unauthorized intrusion.

'No one would expect a living person to jump out of a portrait and bring it into their home.'

Geo humbly accepted his fate of continuing to surprise countless people. It was a bit funny, so it was okay.

“It doesn’t look much different from the last time I saw it.”

“Kururuk.”

Fortunately or unfortunately, finding the way wasn't that difficult.

“Something… familiar.”

It was all thanks to Giovanni's memory.

“Because that’s where I worked.”

“Huh?”

“Oh, I see. That’s where I worked. I remember.”

Giovanni nodded.

“I wasn’t originally stationed here, but I did receive training here. Only after I was properly recognized as a priest would I be allowed to go to other regions and conduct my own activities. Until then, I had to receive training at a temple like this.”

“Kuru.”

“Don’t worry, my memory isn’t perfect, but I haven’t forgotten the path itself. I’ve spent time here with other people before, and things have come to mind….”

Geo, who was walking down the street, looked around.

“But it still feels unfamiliar.”

The temple he remembered had no such research facility.

“…….”

After feeling the difference in time, Giovanni's temper softened.

“Let’s go to the exit.”

“Kururuk.”

Geo found the stairs to the temple and climbed them.

Then, I met someone.

“…….”

“…….”

“……?”

Why are you coming out of there?

* * *

“…….”

Back again, Hunter Jung Da-woon of the Association continued speaking.

“…Does that still sound a little strange?”

“To be honest, yes, I don’t quite understand.”

The researcher nodded.

“But I understand what the gentleman hunter is trying to say. You are saying that even though you clearly know with your mind that the other person is not human, you instinctively feel that the other person is human, right?”

"yes that's right."

“Then there’s no chance that it’s that kind of brainwashing?”

Among monsters, especially humanoid ones, there were many with mental skills.

“There are many monsters that try to disguise themselves as humans, even if they are not humanoid monsters. It would make more sense if they covered themselves with a cloak to keep their true identity from being revealed, and used mental skills to make themselves appear human.”

“…I don’t think that would have been the case.”

The hunter shook his head as he recalled the memory.

“It was a dungeon that was created in the sea right after the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’, which was judged to be a dungeon with a high level of danger. At the time, I didn’t know that the two dungeons were connected, but I tried to enter it, assuming that there would be at least some connection.”

“I guess that means you prepared thoroughly before entering.”

“Yes, among the things we prepared, there was an item for brainwashing. As you’ve already heard, this item is an A-class item

that can nullify the mental skills of up to 10 people. Of course, you could say that the ‘Black Cloak’ used a skill higher than A-class….”

The hunter hesitated for a moment and then continued.

“I’m sure, the item didn’t react to ‘Black Cloak’ in the first place.”

“Not even a little bit?”

“It’s not just that we didn’t defend ourselves, it’s that there was no such thing. ‘Black Cloak’ never used any mental skills against us even once.”

“And yet, you’re saying that the Jeongdaun Hunter felt the other person as a human being? And that was with someone so alienated from him that he felt a sense of alienation.”

“It was a feeling that was almost certain. I thought it was impossible for me to deny it.”

That was absolutely ridiculous.

“For some reason, I felt reassured, as if I were lying in a cozy bed, but at the same time, I was surprised and got goosebumps at the sight of myself. I felt a little more reassured… I’m sorry, I can’t describe it in detail.”

“I understand.”

The researcher, who had offered some simple consolation, continued asking questions.

“Then let’s go back to the topic we had earlier. Instead of focusing on the identity of the ‘Black Cloak’, describe its behavior. How did you first encounter it?”

“…It was after I entered the third stage, the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’. Since it was a place where people were once eaten in the form of a

virtual dungeon, I could definitely see traces of other people. Of course, in the end, there was no one who could be called human….”

The hunter said, still feeling dizzy.

“While wandering around the temple, I came across a humanoid monster.”

“The report says ‘Mermaid Isser’. Do you think it is the same being as ‘Galaxy’ that Priest Kang Seodam of the Solar Cult reported?”

“I guess that’s inevitable, right? Oh, of course, the being we encountered wasn’t a child, but an adult. It was our first time encountering a humanoid monster, so we were all nervous.”

“Well, it’s been a really long time since a humanoid monster has been officially sighted.”

The hunter nodded as if to express his gratitude for understanding and continued speaking.

“He introduced himself as a mermaid, and his name was Isser. He had pearl-colored eyes and bright blue hair, just like Priest Kang Seodam described. Based on the photo of the ‘Galaxy’ he reported, it seemed like it was definitely the same entity.”

The weary-faced hunter folded his arms and leaned back in his chair.

“As you probably already know, the story of the dungeon….”

“The report described it as ‘a monster born from the tragic loss of a dear human being.’”

“Like all monsters, they have a strong hatred for humans. However, they are very good at disguising themselves as humans, so at first we thought they were priests who couldn’t escape.”

The way he approached with the priest's characteristically benevolent smile clearly made him look more human.

“But we didn’t continue the pretense. We were confused for a moment, but we quickly realized that our opponents were monsters, and it seemed that the mermaid Isser didn’t intend to keep acting for too long… The battle began.”

“And you said you escaped safely. Right?”

“For some reason, the enemy entity showed a strange reaction. Our team at the time concluded that there must have been some kind of problem in the dungeon. They made the other monsters in the dungeon fight us and then went off somewhere.”

“But the cause is….”

"yes."

The hunter nodded as if to say that what you were thinking was correct.

“The reason Yser ran away was probably because of the ‘Black Cloak’… I knew it the moment I saw its existence.”

“I’ll ask again, but how did you meet him?”

“…they asked for our identities.”

I still remember it vividly.

“He asked… what your name was.”

The eeriness at that time was indescribable, Hunter added.

As expected, it was a statement that made Geo feel wronged, saying, "Can't I even make a statement?"

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (72)

Episode 72

Of course, public statements were a popular and convenient way to socialize.

“But, you know that… what should I say… feeling like something that’s not human at all is imitating a human?”

“Monsters often try to imitate humans in order to lure them. In the case of the Jangsanbeom, a monster that has yet to be subdued, it imitates human voices. Among the monsters overseas, there are some that wear human skins or learn human language.”

The hunter shook his head at the researcher's words.

“It didn’t feel that awkward. Like I said earlier, I was sure that it was human even though it was obvious that it wasn’t human at all.”

“Yes, you said so.”

“It’s something along the same lines.”

The hunter explained with an embarrassed look on his face as if to say, 'How can I make you understand this?'

“Obviously, ‘Black Cloak’ wasn’t human. But there was no frills in acting like a human. In the case of the monster you just gave as an example, that short story may seem perfect, but… it doesn’t seem like a perfect human, right?”

“…….”

“On the other hand, there was no such sense of incongruity with ‘Black Cloak’. There was a strong sense of discomfort, but he was definitely a perfect human being. That was….”

“A perfect human being.”

The researcher stared straight at the hunter.

“Humans cannot be perfect.”

“That’s the problem.”

The hunter nodded.

“It was too perfect.”

The behavior of the 'black cloak' I saw that day was definitely not out of place for a human, but it did feel quite uncomfortable.

“It’s as if they weren’t human when they were born, but became human afterwards….”

“That’s not a specific description.”

“They call it a hunter’s intuition. Should I say it’s strong? Even though there’s no clear evidence, I think I just had this intuition that made me think, ‘Wow, this is really weird. I can’t just ignore this.’”

The hunter laughed in vain.

“Actually, anyone who looks at it would think that he is not a human being, even if he is called ‘tactile’.”

Regardless of age or gender, if you throw it in front of anyone, they will think, 'Hey, that's not a human being,' so it shouldn't be defined by a vague sense called intuition.

It was very polite. The voice that permeated my ears as if teaching someone seemed to be whispering through my brain rather than my mouth, and the voice was so quiet that it was embarrassing to even call it a 'sound'. He was like a peaceful tomb.

“I just meant that, um, the feeling I had was so contradictory and ambiguous. It’s too hard to explain in detail. I think you’ll know what I’m talking about when you see the ‘Black Cloak’ yourself.”

“Hmm….”

The researcher asked, seeming puzzled.

“Surprisingly, you are friendly towards ‘Black Cloak’?”

“…Huh? Me? Did I do that?”

“I don’t think you realized it, but what you just said didn’t sound like ‘You should try it too’, but more like ‘I want to introduce it to you too.’ Did I misunderstand?”

“…….”

The hunter, who had been hesitating for a long time, finally opened his mouth.

“…I think it would be better to be friendly.”

“Don’t worry, I’m not criticizing you, it’s just a genuine question. I’m just curious how you could have such kindness toward someone who is obviously a target of fear.”

“Ah… It’s so difficult….”

The hunter sighed and continued.

“…I wonder if saying this is a sufficient answer, but I think it was because the other person was very kind to us.”

“A monster, to a human?”

“Didn’t you write it down in the report?”

“I understand how you acted, but that alone doesn’t quite make sense. Can you explain?”

“…….”

The hunter, who had been pondering, nodded.

“I think it would be better to talk about it from the first time we met.”

She recalled what had happened in the 'Deep Sea Country'.

That big black cloak.

* * *

“Team leader.”

It was when I was running away from the humanoid monster 'Iser' and the monsters he was with.

“There are no other monsters around.”

“Are you sure? What about the trap?”

“There’s no such thing. We all checked together, so we’re sure.”

“It’s a little strange….”

Team leader Jung Da-woon Hunter knew that the situation was strange.

“It’s not like the dungeon master doesn’t know where we are, so it doesn’t make sense that there are no monsters in this area. This isn’t a safe zone.”

“Even if you look closely, it’s not true….”

Safe zones are literally 'safe areas' that exist in some dungeons. Sometimes, when there are multiple owners of a dungeon, monsters avoid these areas to avoid conflict with other entities.

'There are some safe zones that are placed there as exceptions where there is no issue with territorial disputes, but it can't be said to be that kind of atmosphere.'

Moreover, there was objective evidence.

“There are too many traces of monsters passing through here to call it a safe zone.”

“In a place where there were originally a lot of monsters, the monsters suddenly disappeared?”

It wasn't a good sign.

“Then wouldn’t it only be the case that a stronger monster invades…?”

If you think about it that way, the reaction of 'Iser', who we confronted just now, was also somewhat strange.

“There was something strange in the dungeon, so he looked confused.”

“Yes, if you think about how the air throughout the dungeon shook, then there must have been a problem. This dungeon seems to be closely connected to its owner.”

“If it’s not even a monster, but a humanoid monster, that’s enough to shake things up, then it would have to be a much stronger monster to be considered a demon. But if that’s the case….”

“…We won’t be safe either.”

“Oh, this is totally screwed.”

I was running away without thinking, so I didn't even realize that this place was dangerous.

“You came into the tiger’s den on your own two feet.”

The place where a monster so strong that it shook the humanoid monster 'Iser' seemed to be the space where they were.

“No matter how bad it is, it’ll be nearby.”

“…I was so out of it….”

“Yeah, if I hadn’t come here anyway, I would have died.”

They had to come here even though they didn't think there was anything strange on their way here. With their bodies in such bad condition, they wouldn't have been able to defeat the other monsters around them and successfully conquer them.

“…Phew….”

Jeong Da-un tried to smile.

“Well, it could be a monster that can communicate.”

“That’s true too.”

The hunters snickered among themselves, even though they knew that the chances of that happening were slim. They had already realized long ago that they could die here, and that was why they had prepared themselves mentally in advance.

“Do you know? If you beg me with all your heart, I might save you.”

The hunters took a break while joking like that.

“Hey, hey, get some rest. If you leave here, it’ll be war again.”

“Yeah… Well, if you don’t rest now, then when will you rest again?”

“Ahhh, Daria… Does anyone have a potion?”

Thanks to that, I was able to have time to reorganize, but as time passed, my anxiety grew.

“…Why don’t monsters come here?”

“…How strong a monster must it be to refuse even the food that has been laid out for it….”

The most frequent attacks by monsters were when hunters were semi-forced to regroup. Hunters who were almost at their limit and had weakened weapons were a good snack for monsters.

“But you still don’t come this far?”

Even the humanoid monsters that were confronting us were flustered and fled their positions. It was to the point where I couldn't understand what was happening in this dungeon.

“I can’t just sit still like this.”

“But if you move rashly, you could upset the minds of two monsters at the same time.”

“But just staying here is a problem in its own right.”

“You’re right, but….”

“…….”

"…ah."

The gaze of the gentle hunter who was comforting his teammates was focused somewhere.

“Team Leader? Why….”

“…….”

“…….”

Something very black entered the hunters' sight.

“A, a person?”

“Are you a survivor?”

“No, that’s….”

It was a man wearing a black cloak over his head.

"hello."

“…….”

“I am a portrait.”

"…uh…."

“What is your name?”

“Uh, uh….”

“I wonder what your name is.”

That was my first encounter with the Black Cloak.

“Would you like to talk to me?”

* * *

“…….”

The researcher shrugged.

“Just from what you said, I don’t feel any favor at all?”

“That’s true. It’s scary to have something that isn’t human ask for a human’s name in the first place. It was the same for me and my team members.”

“…….”

“But maybe I was a little relieved that it seemed like a conversation was possible.”

In contrast to 'Iser', whose will to tear humans apart and kill them was as vivid as a color, 'Black Cloak', who approached silently and asked for conversation, did not seem to have even the slightest animosity.

“If you were to ask if I wasn’t afraid of its very existence, I would say that’s absolutely not the case….”

Still, I felt relieved.

“…I guess I should say it feels like I’m receiving the favor of something very… high-class.”

“…If you say something of a very high rank, are you referring to a god? If so, it would be difficult to say that it is a monster. Although rare, there are gods that visit dungeons in a form that humans can recognize, so please answer with that in mind.”

“No, I also know what God is. He is a being close to fate or nature with a will. But from my perspective as a believer of the sun, I would say that he was definitely not God. I felt the divinity, but it wasn’t.”

Rather, it may have been a being higher than that.

“I felt the energy of the sun on him. It was really warm. But it was also cold, like a corpse. I definitely felt the energy of death. But it wasn’t rough, and it was all just a shell… No, no, that kind of… More like, just….”

“…….”

“…For the ‘Black Cloak’, rank and authority seemed of no use. We sometimes call God fate and nature with will, but he didn’t even seem to have will. He thought and moved… but could you call that will?”

“What does that mean?”

“He just seemed to exist.”

He had no intention of saving anyone, no intention of harming anyone, no intention of being honest, no intention of being greedy. But he was clearly thinking and able to communicate.

“…….”

“…….”

“…I don’t know how to explain this either.”

Birth and death. Living and nonliving things. The very act of trying to find 'will' in the way they think and act feels impure. A sense so great and vivid that it is impossible to explain from a human perspective.

“And those, those eyes….”

Oh, that's it.

"…that…."

“…What could it have been?”

“…….”

She answered after a while.

“I felt like anything could happen.”

I can't believe how vast and expansive things are contained in those small eyes.

It couldn't be expressed with the hackneyed word 'space'. Between the endless black and blue space, the stars that were densely spaced, fate, nature, and destiny moved as if they had their own will, and at other times, they became quiet like mere inanimate objects.

How could a human being express that? It couldn't be done. That's why it didn't work.

“At least I can’t.”

An area that humans should not see.

“It seemed like it was itself.”

“…….”

“So, I guess we can’t call it… God, right?”

It was more like a structure.

“…Or the system? Or maybe… No, I don’t know.”

"…okay."

The researcher nodded.

“But in the end, it was thanks to his kindness that you were able to survive.”

“Yes, he did. He didn’t seem to know that we were scared, but he was still quite gentlemanly. I understand that it would have been difficult for something that wasn’t human to perceive human emotions.”

“The ‘Black Cloak’ introduced itself as a portrait….”

“I thought that was the most fitting introduction.”

A portrait that is human but not human, real or imagined, and that contains someone's death or life. The introduction of 'Black Cloak' was very appropriate.

“Well, and….”

"and?"

“I used that method too.”

They came back to life through paintings.

* * *

'Black Cloak' asked the hunters who had calmed down a little.

“Then you want to go out, don’t you?”

“That, that of course….”

“Let me help you.”

He brought a picture frame from somewhere and showed it to the hunters.

“…….”

“Do you know this place?”

It was a landscape painting that seemed to depict an alley deep in the city. It probably looked like a slum, but the hunter who knew the complex structure of the slum, which was intertwined like an ant hole, was not there.

“…….”

“Do you know this place?”

“Oh, no. Sorry.”

I couldn't help but answer when he asked me twice in the same tone, as if he didn't like it when I didn't answer on time. Jeong Da-woon gave them a look that said, "Do you know?", but they shook their heads.

He was anxious. He had to solve this mysterious riddle to survive. No, even if that wasn't the case, for some reason, Jeong Da-woon wanted to live up to the expectations of the being in front of him. He wanted to catch his eye.

“…….”

And so, she couldn't lie. Jeongdaun shook her head in awe and fear that made it impossible for her to even imagine such a thing.

“…I’m sorry, we… don’t know.”

“You don’t have to be sorry.”

It was a steady voice that conveyed no emotion, but did not feel cold either. 'Black Cloak' swept the top of the frame with his long, pale hands.

Then the landscape changed.

“Do you know this place?”

"ah."

I definitely knew this picture.

“Yes, yes, I know. That… the Collector’s Guild Station… the subway, yes, the subway station.”

"you're right."

"ha…."

Jeong Da-un was greatly relieved.

Although his hands were visible, his entire body was covered by a black cloak, and his opponent, who was only a shadow, did not feel like he had any real body.

“So, then… will you let us go?”

“You don’t have to be afraid.”

“…….”

“Yes, I will help you.”

A black cloak that seemed to symbolize a funeral, like a grim reaper, stroked the painting.

“Can I draw you?”

'Black Cloak' melted the hunters into paint and painted them into landscapes.

“…….”

"…uh…."

“…That’s ridiculous….”

When they opened their eyes, they were at a subway station.

It was an unexpected comeback.

* * *

“…….”

“…….”

“Is this enough of an answer?”

“…Yes, for now.”

The researcher nodded.

“I will report to the association.”

It was the moment when the 'Black Cloak' was officially registered in the world.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (73)

Episode 73

“It was a miracle.”

The researcher nodded at the woman's voice, which sounded like a machine.

“Yes, it is a miracle.”

“Do you think the entity that Team Leader Jeong Da-woon witnessed was a monster?”

“I’ll have to ask the gardeners for their opinions, but no, it’s not a monster.”

The researcher shrugged.

“A monster… basically has to have a hatred towards humans.”

They are not called monsters or freaks for nothing. Humans call these other-dimensional beings who hate humans endlessly monsters with fear and contempt.

“This case is completely different. We examined the hunters who returned alive, but we couldn’t find anything abnormal anywhere. If ‘Black Cloak’ was a monster, we wouldn’t have let him out alive in the first place, and we would have brainwashed him to get him out.”

“But I think it would be better to say that the announcement itself is a

monster."

"Yes. The 'Black Cloak' has shown too much interest in human society to be a god. It's possible that he's an evil god, but… whether he's a true god or whatever his true identity is, since he's shown to have the power to directly influence humans, it would be wiser to explain him to the Hunters as a monster."

"That way, I can make them feel alert."

Gods and monsters have become quite familiar entities in modern times, but there is a big difference in perception.

In the case of gods, there would be people who would consider it a glory just by seeing their form, but in the case of monsters, they would try to keep their distance and be on guard.

"If it backfires, the very existence of a 'human-friendly humanoid monster' might appeal to the romantic sentiments of the citizens, but for that to happen… there would have to be a significant increase in such favorable cases and exposure. And the probability of that happening is low."

It seems to be a mystery that is quite closely related to the source, but the closer the being is to the source, the more ignorant and indifferent they are to humans. They would not easily show up on this small planet.

"Of course, 'Black Cloak' may actually create many good-natured cases and thus be talked about by citizens. However, it would be difficult for citizens to simply accept the goodwill of such an entity. 'Black Cloak' would not be able to become a friendly image to people."

"We should also keep in mind that the 'Black Cloak' may be able to control his temperament well and have a high level of understanding of humans. However, the story of declaring him a monster is valid. Since

the existence of the source is close to a natural disaster, we should at least be on guard.”

“Actually, there is no difference between gods and monsters in terms of their threat to humans, but I guess that’s why image is important. If we tell people that they are monsters and not gods, then even if ‘Black Cloak’ shows hostility towards humans in the future, his survival rate will increase.”

The researcher continued, gently stroking his chin.

“However, even if someone witnessed it, they wouldn’t believe it even if you said it was a monster. Even the most polite hunter said it was a monster, but his reaction was almost like someone who had been touched by a god.”

“Did you see any sign of admiration?”

“I wouldn’t say we’re at that level yet, but if we don’t come up with any countermeasures against the ‘Black Cloak’, I think we could really create a religion. Especially in this day and age, superstitions like this can easily become popular.”

“It would be good to make it clear that the ‘Black Cloak’ is a monster. I would appreciate it if you could work with the information processing team to proceed with this part. I will create a project under my name, so please notify me.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

The woman nodded.

“This incident was a great miracle, so I understand Team Leader Jeong’s reaction.”

“…That is… definitely true.”

The researcher hesitated for a moment, then quickly agreed.

“Whether the ‘Black Cloak’ is a monster, a god, or a being of the origin, it’s hard to believe that he saved so many people without any compensation. In any case, none of them are kind to humans.”

Monsters hated humans. Gods treated humans as toys, and the Source Being was indifferent to humans.

It was amazing that we could communicate, but to receive help was ridiculous.

“…I think this part may be a problem. People still have fantasies about monsters being friendly to humans. The existence of the trainer profession is encouraging such fantasies.”

“It can’t be helped because there is a lack of formal education. This is something that needs to be addressed gradually as we expand public education, and it’s not something that can be solved right away.”

“That is true, but….”

Among the Hunter professions, trainers could make contracts with monsters and borrow their powers. Because of this, there were fools who dreamed of being able to tame monsters as their own pets.

'Time is the best medicine after all.'

It's only been 31 years. South Korea shed as much blood as possible and grew as quickly as possible, but its civic consciousness has not grown in line with that growth.

Since enough time has passed since the great disaster for a generation to be born, many people are unaware of the horror and cruelty of monsters, but public education has not been easily established, making it difficult to inform people of the dangers of monsters.

“Rather, people from the provinces are more thorough in that regard.”

“The people of the countryside will have to be on their guard since they don’t have the same protection as the city. They don’t know when monsters will descend on their village and slaughter the people, or which mountain they will climb and which dungeon they will fall into.”

“I guess there is nothing more certain than learning through physical experience.”

However, it was not possible to put all the citizens of the city in the dungeon and let them experience the monsters, so it was a headache for the association staff. It was because there were many idiots who couldn't understand the topic no matter where they went.

“Anyway, I will take this into consideration and try to create an atmosphere where people will not easily approach ‘Black Cloak’.”

“…….”

“I think it’s really ridiculous… but if the ‘Black Cloak’ is truly a being that does favors to humans, then there will be people who have delusions that are impossible.”

There is a reason why they say that when you do something good, you should do it well. There have been more than a few cases where a monster that was quietly staying quiet got upset and ended up bleeding on a large scale.

'There are always those who, when a monster does them a favor, will have a stupid sense of superiority. Like they're special and deserve this favor... It's always these guys who cause accidents and natural disasters.'

Not all monsters want to kill humans. There are definitely monsters that hate humans, but because of that, they live in hiding.

However, it was only half a year ago that nearly half of the countries overseas were divided because of a hunter who took such a monster lightly and messed with it.

Even though staying still doesn't mean you're weak, you could say that it's a really stupid judgment.

“Should I assume the worst and post the information?”

“Yes, please.”

“Then I will report back later.”

The researcher bowed his head in respect to the eternal symbol that supports the world.

“Association President.”

“…….”

The association president smiled brightly.

It was a mechanical smile, devoid of any emotion.

* * *

Identification Number

0S-328-D

Response level

S(-)

Object Type

Humanoid

Object name

Black Cloak(-)

warrant

artist(-)

A humanoid entity first discovered by the 183rd Search Team 3 of the Korean Hunter Association.

It is the appearance of a man who is completely covered with a thick black cloak. The face cannot be seen. Inside the cloak, he is wearing a black shirt and suit. He is estimated to be about 185~9cm tall and in his late 20s to early 30s.

The temporary name 'Black Cloak' was given due to its external characteristics, but it appears that the individual name will need to be adjusted after additional information is obtained.

The first discoverer, Jeong Da-un, testified that he heard a slight noise when walking (the sound of dry plants hitting each other). Team member Kang Eon-seo, who has an enhanced sense of smell, testified that he smelled the scent of the forest, so it is possible to suspect that it is a plant-type monster. More information is needed about the type of this entity.

First sighting situation

He assisted the first discoverer and Hunter Association search team leader, Jung Da-woon, and his team. When asked a question during a conversation, if the entity does not receive an answer, it will not move on to the next situation and will repeat the same question exactly the same. Its intelligence is considered to be much higher than that of humans.

As it has been discovered, the power of the 'Black Cloak' is that of a 'painter', and it can create a frame out of thin air or turn a human into

paint and use that material to draw a 'picture'. Some of the team that first discovered it are complaining of mental distress.

Although he did them a favor by rescuing the first discovery team out of the 'Deep Sea Country', he showed his ignorance of the limitations of the human mind by turning the team into paint. It seems necessary to adjust the response level after acquiring additional information.

Based on the testimony of the first discoverer, Jeong Da-woon, it has been confirmed that the 'Black Cloak' showed a friendly attitude towards humans. However, since the 'Black Cloak's' rule is understood to be 'to respond obediently', there is a high possibility that it will show hostility if the emotion of the subject changes negatively. Special care is required when responding.

Additionally, based on the clothing inside the cloak, voice, and behavior, we are reviewing the possibility that he was a high-ranking member of that dimension. Due to the lack of information in various aspects, a continuous attack on the 'Deep Sea Country' has been approved, and any related requests will be accepted.

Total comments (1,352)

– Attack type confirmation required

– You need to check the language you are using

– Request for reconfirmation of response level

– Please recheck the response level.

- Please check the habitat

– Recording is required during the exchange… .

– The exact reaction… .

…….

….

…….

* * *

"oh my."

Yoo Seong-un, who was checking the monitor floating in the air, cleared his throat.

“This came out.”

“What's the problem?”

“No, that’s….”

Yoo Seong-un, leaning against the wall right next to 'Geo's Portrait', continued speaking while looking at the screen.

“Your information has been posted on the Korean Human Rights Association website.”

“If it’s the Hunters Association, then it must be the Hunters Association.”

“Yeah, that’s one of the main things we do there. We organize monsters that pop up here and there and need countermeasures, or that are threatening on their own, and post them on the homepage.”

Yoo Seong-un said that and looked back at the portrait with an awkward smile.

“That doesn’t mean you’re a monster.”

Although we've been hanging out together recently and have let our guard down, that doesn't mean that the danger from Geo, the source, has diminished.

In particular, Yoo Seong-un clearly remembered the way nature sometimes took on the form of a human being.

'It's not like a guy who thinks he's human would feel good when someone calls him a monster.'

Yoo Seong-un added.

“But from a human perspective, there’s nothing you can do. Normal people don’t live inside portraits like you do, right? If that’s possible, then at least you’re not human, well, that’s what it feels like….”

“That is a sufficient answer.”

“If that’s the case, then that’s good.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been skimming through the contents of 'Black Cloak' posted on the homepage, opened his mouth again.

“Judging from the description that the face is unrecognizable, it seems the face was definitely not sold.”

“That’s fortunate.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-woon, who had been thinking for a moment, asked.

“Geo, is it possible to change the face in the portrait?”

“I didn’t quite understand the question.”

“The portrait you’re in now shows your face as is. As I said before, in order for you to live together with people without being threatened, it’s necessary to separate the identities of ‘Black Cloak’ and ‘Sergio.’”

The existence of the source changes its level of danger depending on the 'story'. So, although Yoo Seong-un created an environment where

'Portrait of Geo' could act like a human, Geo often acted as if he was not human to anyone's eyes.

'It's so much so that I doubt if they really intend to imitate humans.'

Because of that, Yoo Seong-un had to distinguish between 'Sergio', who people saw as a human, and 'Black Cloak', who they saw as an unidentified ghost story. This separation was possible because 'Portrait of Geo' sometimes acts like a human and sometimes not.

By separating them in this way, we could reduce the risk of some of the 'Portraits of Geo'. And for that to happen, the appearance of the 'Portraits of Geo' had to be unknown to the world.

“Since the ‘Portrait of Geo’ has your exact face in it, even if you go around as the blond, blue-eyed Giovanni outside… everyone will eventually realize that the Black Cloak and Sergio are the same being.”

Even if the hair or eye color or personality changed, the face itself did not change. A pale-faced 'Geo' had the same appearance no matter what Geo it was.

It's possible that you didn't notice that the exact physical structure had changed a bit because it was covered by the billowy cloak, but at least the face.

“And you also travel through portraits, right? If your portrait is hung in a public place, and a black cloak is seen nearby, and it becomes known that your face is the same as that of the Hunter ‘Sergio’ of the Collectors’ Guild, you’ll be in a lot of trouble.”

“I think that is a valid opinion.”

The portrait, which had been silent for a moment, as if it was thinking about something, soon began to change.

He raised his hand and stretched it out… .

Iron Buck-.

“…….”

"…uh…."

“At this point, won’t you be able to see the face?”

Geo's face in the portrait was no longer visible, covered in paint as black as ink.

“…I can’t see your face, but….”

I felt a little disappointed.

“…This is a portrait of your face. Is this okay?”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un said that it was a problem that my face was exposed.”

“I thought maybe I could just turn the cloak inside out.”

It felt like someone had painted over a once-in-a-lifetime masterpiece.

‘If I were to do this, the leader of the Visabal Guild would go completely crazy… .’

I was a bit creeped out by this, as I am someone who sometimes gets distracted when it comes to art and works.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un looked at the portrait covered in black paint with a pitiful gaze. The paint was applied with strokes made by a large hand, but Geo’s black hair and lower face were clearly visible.

Even that is gradually being covered up by the dripping paint.

“…So you can see ahead?”

“It looks good from my side.”

“Will it stay like this even if the portrait is placed somewhere else?”

“It will stay like this unless I wipe it out.”

“Then there is definitely no chance of the face being revealed.”

“The staff here know my face.”

“Oh, that’s okay.”

The staff of the Collectors Guild were particularly tight-lipped. There was no danger of information about the 'Black Cloak' being leaked.

'As such, Geo's story will be confined within this collection and will grow even bigger. If things continue this way, there is a high probability that Sergio's story will not be diminished within the collection building or in front of our employees.'

In the collection building where people who already knew the identity of the 'Black Cloak' resided, the sense of discomfort would not be dispelled even if this portrait walked around in the form of 'Sergio'.

But that alone was enough.

“Those people never leak information to the outside.”

“Is there any basis for this?”

“I’ve gathered together only those people who really hate getting involved in big things….”

“I wouldn’t spread it, even for my own sake.”

“Besides, if I tell you that, wouldn’t the leader of the Bisabal Guild know? If he finds out that you were talking nonsense, you could be dragged to some lab, but I don’t think anyone would open their mouth.”

One of the characteristics of the Collector's Guild is that the relationship between the staff members is very close, perhaps because each and every one of them has been scouted by the Visabal. They are all reclusive and avoidant.

“There is absolutely no chance of information spreading from here.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled bitterly.

“If I hadn’t been involved right away, I would have just gritted my teeth and pretended I didn’t know, but what about the leak….”

"okay."

“Even if they demand a leak with a promise of compensation from the outside, the guild already takes good care of it, so there is no one in this guild who would take that risk and seek profit. In a similar vein, threats won’t work either.”

One of the most distinctive features of the Collectors' Guild was that everything from the building to each and every employee was a collection of Bisabae's collectibles.

Although Visabal took particularly good care of his employees' welfare, no one was foolish enough to touch his 'collection'.

What are you trying to do?

“So I’ll tell you again, everyone will really grit their teeth and pretend not to know. They’ll really throw a tantrum.”

These are people who just want to finish their work, go home, and rest. They have a strong sense of responsibility, but they also hate being

bothered, so you can rest assured about this.

"but…."

“Is there a problem?”

“…It’s nothing special.”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“You’ve become more scared.”

“…….”

“Because of the paint….”

Only after a long time did Geo react.

"ah."

He rarely looked pitiful.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (74)

Episode 74

That doesn't mean Geo wiped the paint off again.

“Even without the paint, everyone was already scared.”

“I guess that’s… that’s how it is.”

“More than anything, I don’t want to reveal my face.”

It was a scary thing to have one's identity exposed. Sergio, who was timid and powerless to fight back, did not want to sell his face.

'It's problematic from the very beginning because it's a portrait that's already possessed by a ghost.'

Sergio was proud of living his life with integrity, but he had to be on the lookout for anything since the portrait had been possessed by a ghost.

There is a huge difference between selling something with your face covered and selling it with your face and name revealed.

“Wow, we have a connection.”

Therefore, Yoo Seong-un also felt relieved.

'You might get annoyed and think, 'Why do we have to think about the circumstances of humans?' But when you see things like this, you can clearly see that Geo is a gentleman. Even if it's consideration that comes from forcing himself into human standards, it's still exceptional.'

It was truly a miracle. As a gardener, Yoo Seong-un felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude and affection. He was the source of something worth caring for, and all the gardeners in the world would envy him.

'Well, anyway….'

Since we have obtained your consent, the scope of action the guild can take has also expanded.

“The auction house you were in before will probably have records of your face, but I, the guild leader, will take care of that.”

“Yes, thank you.”

“That doesn’t mean I can do anything about the memories of the guests who were there… but it’s better than not doing anything.”

“Please.”

“No problem.”

And then you leave the gallery.

Yoo Seong-un, who had started working to erase the information about the 'Portrait of Geo' that had been put up for auction, blinked when he encountered an unexpected situation.

“……?”

Yoo Seong-un, who was looking at the monitor, went up to the guild leader's office.

“Guild leader.”

“Oh, I was just about to call you.”

“…Has the guild leader also been checking it?”

“Was Mr. Yoo Seong-un also in the process of erasing the records regarding ‘Portrait of Geo’?”

“Because that’s my job. I didn’t know that the guild leader was also involved, but I guess it’s okay since he was checking.”

Yoo Seong-un said as he handed over a thin document that he was hastily organizing.

“Geo’s face has been erased.”

The records remaining in the auction house have changed.

A portrait painted in black ink so that the face cannot be seen.

“I couldn’t tell if it was just the information online that had been altered, so I went out and looked for myself, but it wasn’t just the records that had been altered. Even the records documented on paper and the memories of the customers who attended that day were unclear.”

“…….”

Visabal's face was rarely expressionless. He rolled his sharp, reptilian-like golden eyes.

“What did Geo do?”

“…I asked if I could cover the face in the portrait, and after thinking about it for a moment, I covered the entire screen with black paint. I also said that the portrait would remain like this unless I wiped it off.”

“This could also be one of the characteristics of the portrait.”

“What would you say are the characteristics of a portrait…?”

“After all, a portrait is a drawing of a person.”

Among the documents that Yoo Seong-un brought was a printed

image of ‘Geo’s Portrait’. As expected, it was covered with a thin texture like ink, so that the face could not be seen.

“Then, shouldn’t the photograph of the portrait, rather than the original portrait painted with watercolors, be called a portrait? What about the paper on which it was printed?”

“… Since I didn’t draw it myself, wouldn’t it be possible to say no?”

“Or you could say that it is true. After all, it is a ‘picture’ of a ‘person’.”

A picture is 'a representation of the shape or image of an object on a flat surface using lines or colors.'

“So, what I’m saying is, whether it’s an image that’s been printed like this, or a photograph of a portrait, or whatever, ultimately, it could be called a painting.”

“If you think about it in a very broad sense, that may not be wrong, but….”

“At least that’s what Geo thinks.”

Visabal narrowed his eyes and smiled broadly.

“It’s a truly remarkable portrait, that just by thinking about something you can have such a direct impact on the world.”

“…….”

“…Ah, as expected….”

The smile disappeared and the beggar muttered softly.

“This is why art is good.”

As catastrophes struck, the world changed, and absurd abilities emerged, the scope of 'art' expanded. Bisabal dared to believe that if

there was one field in the world that was the most interesting and colorful, it would be art.

“It’s definitely a shame that his face is covered. I’ll have to go see his face later, but it’s still such a shame. But when I think of this as one of Geo’s performance art pieces, my heart is filled with emotion.”

“You’re saying such perverted things with such a serious face….”

“You’re serious, so you’re going to have a serious face. My goodness, the performance art that a portrait artist does is something that you can’t expect from other artifacts. It’s hard to even consider this as a piece of art.”

“There aren’t that many things that have a self in the first place.”

“I have a good feeling about the new year.”

Winter will soon pass and spring will come.

“I have a feeling something is coming….”

It seemed like really interesting things were going to happen.

* * *

“…….”

“What were the results?”

"well…."

Her hair flowed down like waves.

“The test isn’t going well.”

Mermaid, Aria said, adjusting her oversized doctor's gown.

“We are conducting various experiments using the hair samples left

behind by the human named Sergio, but the results are inconsistent. Because it is constantly changing and moving, the test itself is difficult… and it is not fixed either.”

Isser said to him.

“It’s definitely not human.”

“Yeah, not human.”

“…….”

“That doesn’t mean he’s not human.”

Sometimes it took on the appearance of clearly human cells. It could literally be anything.

“That’s fun.”

Despite her expression of interest, Aria's face was as inorganic as a mineral. Even though she always had her usual smile on.

“There are traces of Giovanni among them.”

“…So is he really your teacher?”

“At least there’s a very big connection.”

They were not simply examining material things like cells. They had passed through multiple dimensions and had firmly established themselves as the masters of this place.

Aria's abilities as a doctor and researcher had long since been pushed to their limits.

'But this is the first time the result has been so unclear.'

Aria said to her sister.

“Isser, my brother. I need your help.”

“Please speak.”

“Bring him back here. I need to talk to the teacher.”

“…….”

Aria smiled faintly at the sight of her silent younger brother, Isser.

“Of course I know how difficult a request this is.”

It was only a few days ago that the 'Black Cloak', presumed to be Giovanni, had visited their dimension and snatched humans away.

It would be difficult to keep him, as he was so quiet that it was hard to detect his presence, and he was like a ghost who would disappear in an instant.

“I’ve been avoiding you for a while now. I couldn’t talk to Giovanni without being sure.”

There were too many uncertainties to face it right away without any preparation.

But now I am sure. It was the only human teacher in their lives. It was Giovanni. But for some reason, he has changed a lot, grown bigger, and become too strong to be stolen.

I couldn't grab it rashly.

“Even the other person doesn’t seem to have many memories of this place. He said he couldn’t remember this temple.”

“I think I remembered some of it, but maybe….”

“Then it would be difficult to appeal to his feelings. Well, he was originally a cold-hearted person.”

Aria muttered.

“I won’t be human anymore.”

“…….”

“That’s definitely… I guess I should say it feels a little strange….”

It was Aria and Isser who had learned knowledge about human emotions and their way of thinking, and now it was a strange feeling to think that Giovanni, his dear teacher, had lost all that.

It was almost a sense of deprivation. The most precious memories of the mermaid's life, resurrected from death and flowing in a form unknown to us… .

“…….”

“Still, please.”

The two siblings never lost their smiles.

For what may have been hundreds, thousands, or even more years, I never once did not laugh.

“Call that person somehow.”

“…….”

“And hold on.”

"…yes."

“I believe you will do well.”

“You don’t have to worry.”

The hunter wearing a black cloak, 'Sergio', was particularly caring and considerate towards children.

“There are many ways.”

Isser thought of a child who had been speaking to him in a friendly manner.

I think it was called Chaisol.

* * *

The new entry dungeon, 'Deep Sea Kingdom', has officially opened.

“Deep Sea Country? It has the word ‘country’ in its name?”

“If it is a name officially designated by the Constitutional Court, then it has the word ‘country’ attached to it….”

“Fuck, this is going to grow so big.”

Originally, the dungeon that was considered the most difficult to complete was the entry dungeon, and if the Hunter Association used a clear word like 'country', it meant that the map was considerably large among the entry dungeons.

“But the difficulty level of this is, man… very…”

“It’s connected to the virtual dungeon that exploded in the Temple of the Sun last time? Are you crazy?”

“It seems that even the Constitutional Court staff didn’t investigate it properly.”

“You managed to avoid dying and disappearing. You were the first official team to enter the country.”

Of course, the difficulty level was set quite high at S-class.

“But they said no one died. So it’s not that dangerous?”

“Hey, you’re just asking for one piece of information, right?”

The purpose of opening up the 'Deep Sea Kingdom' this time was not for conquest, but for exploration.

“Do you have a main list?”

“Oh, there are two. They even have names.”

“Wow… Is this a humanoid monster?”

“Hasn’t it only been a few years? It deserves to be called S-class.”

“So what kind of monsters are there?”

“Where should I look….”

The main list requested by the Hunter Association consisted of two people.

“Mermaid Isser, and….”

“'Black Cloak?'”

The freelance hunter tilted his head.

“Is it an appeal to you to pay more attention to me since I only have a nickname and no name?”

If the Hunter Association determines that it will not be able to finish the dungeon quickly within the Association, it will open the entrance to the identified dungeon after a certain period of time. In that case, it is called the 'Exploration Season' and a bounty is offered for information about the dungeon.

“I’m going to relax for the first time in a while.”

“No, but even so, it’s a bit much to step forward as an S-class….”

“It’s exploration season after all. If we’re going to do a raid, we’ll need

an S-class, but we can also do things like ask for information.”

“Well, the bounty offered by the association is quite lucrative.”

“It doesn’t have to be information about these monsters, right?”

“It’s a dungeon that just opened, so maybe not.”

Even if the information was not a bounty offered by the association, in the case of newly opened dungeons, monetary rewards were given depending on the importance of the information.

If you get caught by a dangerous monster, your head will fall off in an instant, but it was worth a try.

“Besides, hasn’t anyone bought this dungeon yet?”

“Honestly, who would buy an S-class… unless it was one of the three major guilds.”

“Besides, there is no strategy information for this dungeon yet, so it is very risky in many ways.”

“Because you never know what resources might be inside.”

“Anyway, you don’t have to pay to enter a dungeon that no one bought.”

If a dungeon contains some useful resources or is deemed necessary for the self-development of its member hunters, guilds with money may purchase ownership of the dungeon.

Those dungeons required a fee every time you entered them.

“Compared to that, this dungeon is nothing….”

“Fuck, don’t let your guard down. Do you know whose dog’s name is S-class?”

“Don’t you know that? Don’t worry, kid.”

Not all hunters joined a guild, so dungeons that offered bounties by the Hunter Association also became a major source of income for freelance hunters.

“Wow, there’s already a waiting list….”

“Can’t I go without it?”

“They say there’s an entrance in the deep sea, but how are we going to get there?”

“Swimming might be a bit too much.”

“Okay, it doesn’t cost anything to wait.”

Even if the Hunter had superhuman strength, it was difficult to find the entrance, which was located deep enough to be called the 'deep sea', with only his bare body. Since he had to ride a submarine prepared by the Association, the line quickly became long.

And after a while, strange rumors began to circulate.

“Oh, you want to go to the ‘Deep Sea Country’?”

“It’s still the hunting season. The bounty hasn’t even gone down yet. Go and earn some money.”

“They say it’s dangerous there… So, make sure you remember this.”

“What are you talking about all of a sudden?”

“No, really. He said that was the only way to survive.”

The hunters whispered.

“If you don’t want to die, go to the portrait and beg.”

“What…? A portrait?”

“Black Cloak likes kind and polite people.”

"The Black Cloak Gives Gifts to Good People"

“…….”

“You understand? Just remember.”

It was the moment when the name 'Black Cloak' spread among the hunters.

“…….”

“…….”

“Oh, I got it.”

The association, which had been trying to instill a sense of wariness about the existence of the 'Black Cloak' by declaring him a monster, was troubled.

This is because the image of the 'black cloak' spread throughout the world is quite favorable.

“The romantics will come out again.”

“Ah, I’m already tired….”

The association staff members were already thinking of hunters who would cause all sorts of creative damage by believing in only one monster that was friendly to humans.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (75)

Episode 75

I was lost on the street.

“Fuck, where the hell am I….”

It wasn't called 'country' for nothing, the 'Deep Sea Country' was incredibly large even for an entry dungeon.

However, that doesn't mean the monsters were weak. I was able to somehow get through stages 1 and 2, but once I entered stage 3, where the shape of the temple began to be revealed, it was difficult to even breathe.

“The map, the map… the map….”

Unfortunately, this was a new dungeon with not even a basic understanding of its structure.

“…….”

All of the hunter's companions who were wandering the road now are dead.

“…What should I do….”

What can I do? What can I do? I have no choice but to die.

The hunter sat down on the street, mocking himself inwardly. The water scales on the ceiling of his pupils, rippling coldly, felt like the

shadow of a monster, and it was so eerie.

“…I asked you to come for nothing.”

When I was left alone, all sorts of thoughts came to mind.

In fact, it was not he but the team leader who had strongly requested that he come here, but he couldn't help but feel guilty for being left alone after all his colleagues had died. The man tried to swallow his tears and moved his feet.

“Fuck, is this a temple or a cave… The path is complicated too….”

They all look similar, but they never find the same path.

It was true that I was moving, but it felt like I was heading deeper than the exit. But if I stopped and hid somewhere, there were dangerous monsters and traps everywhere.

“See….”

I held back my tears and grumbled for no reason.

'The country needs to survive before it can apply for rehabilitation.'

When a guild-affiliated hunter dies in a dungeon, the guild usually steps in to collect the remains, but this does not apply to freelance hunters or civilians.

If a freelance hunter wanted to recover the remains of a colleague, he or she had to personally prove his or her identity and apply to the Hunter Association.

‘I, I don’t have the ability to train… .’

The only reason he's still alive is because of the man's stealth skill.

“I have to survive first, yeah, and get paid… anything….”

It was a time when I was trying to calm my mind by thinking about the benefits of escaping.

“…….”

A portrait caught the man's eye.

“……?”

It was a portrait smeared with black paint so that the face could not be seen.

It was creepy.

“…What, what is this?”

If it had been just any other object, I would have guessed it was one of the decorations in the dungeon, but this portrait seemed so out of place in the background of the temple, which seemed to be filled with the same pictures over and over again.

A portrait in which one can sense a gaze even though the eyes are covered and cannot be seen at all.

“…….”

Just passed by.

'It could be a dangerous item. A monster that looks like a portrait...'

The portrait itself had a creepy, heavy atmosphere. Unlike the pure white stone of the temple or the pupil, it was framed in wood.

It seemed to be covered in gold, but it had a warm feel to it that was completely different from the dungeon, and because of that warmth, I didn't want to approach it even more. The feeling of discomfort was too great.

“…….”

But when I came to my senses and looked around, the picture frame was there again.

“…It wasn’t here, it wasn’t here….”

It wasn't once or twice.

“You were in the hallway earlier.”

I still felt the gaze.

It felt as if the portrait was following me.

“…….”

Maybe that was right.

His hands and feet were shaking and his breathing was getting harder and harder, but still, a ray of hope appeared in the mind of the hunter who had been pushed to his limit. He knew that it was a strange trend, but he couldn't help it.

It was a phenomenon that no one could say was positive, but he thought about it stubbornly. It seemed like he just wanted to believe it.

'Is this... an item that is the key to escape?'

In dungeons where the story was important, one item like this could be effective and help in clearing the battle. Even so, it wouldn’t increase the chances of surviving, but the hunter, whose thinking ability had been reduced, approached the portrait.

“I wish I had emotional skills… This is…”

"hello."

“…….”

Pause.

The hunter stepped back.

“…Uh, uh…?”

“I am a portrait.”

"uh…?"

“What is your name?”

“…….”

“I wonder what your name is.”

The lips of the lower body, not covered in black paint, bit again.

“Would you like to talk to me?”

"…now…."

What is this?

'Does a portrait speak? Does a portrait speak?'

Even in a world where superpowers are a part of everyday life, a portrait that speaks is not something you see very often. At least, this is the first time the Hunter, who is currently trapped in the 'Deep Sea Country', has seen such a portrait.

“Who, who….”

“I am a portrait.”

Same voice, same lines.

“…….”

I got goosebumps.

The voice, which was so perfect that it sounded terrible, was incredibly sweet and gentle. It was as if the devil were speaking to him, but the hunter barely managed to come to his senses and answer.

“Park Yoon-shin… is….”

I was aware of the dangers of telling my true name, but I was too absent-minded to think about it. All I could think about was that I had to obey the being in front of me.

I felt fear and mercy.

“Yes, that’s Park Yoon-shin. Park Yoon-shin….”

“Nice to meet you, Park Yoon-shin.”

“…You… are a portrait?”

“Yes.”

The pale lower body continued speaking.

“I am a portrait.”

“…….”

Only then did the hunter realize that no monsters were approaching him.

‘… Things are taking a strange turn… .’

I felt like I was possessed by something.

The portrait, which was just a painting, had a heavy atmosphere that was so bizarre that it was almost uncanny. It was qualitatively different from the atmosphere of the temple. It felt like I was invited to the Pope's funeral. I had such a strange feeling.

“…….”

It was around the time when I became so dazed.

“Excuse me.”

"yes yes?"

The black paint began to pop out as if it was wrapping something.

As the hunter stepped back in shock, a human figure wrapped in a pitch-black cloak appeared right in front of the portrait. The portrait was hung halfway up the wall, so even though the figure fell down, there was no sound of footsteps on the floor.

"ah…."

Just a rustling sound.

“…….”

“Nice to meet you, Mr. Park Yoon-shin.”

I heard footsteps.

It was so human-like.

“…….”

No, the footsteps are like that, so why do I think it's human?

'Am I crazy? Am I under the influence of a brainwashing skill?'

While he was in confusion, something occurred to the hunter.

“Ah, ah, ah…!”

Black cloak.

“That, black, black cloak… cloak.”

“Yes, I am wearing a black cloak.”

“…Black Cloak….”

It was clearly a monster that the association had put a bounty on for information.

‘…This is a monster?’

A question suddenly occurred to me.

'this…?'

The hunter hesitated and looked at the black cloak again.

It was wearing a pitch-black cloak that was pulled down like a grim reaper. When the cloak was slightly removed around the shoulders, the body inside was revealed to be wearing a pitch-black suit and shirt, but it was strangely dark.

“…….”

It definitely has a shape, so when it wears a cloak, it would have a round head like that.

‘… The hand… is pale, but you can see the skin. That means there’s a human body inside… .’

Still, it didn't seem like there would be a face inside.

'No, just.'

It seemed like there was nothing at all.

“…….”

“Ms. Park Yoon-shin.”

“…Over there, yes, I….”

If this calls my name three times, will I die?

'They say that if the grim reaper calls your name three times, you die.'

I didn't really think that the black cloak and the grim reaper were the same being, but it was true that there was an atmosphere that was terribly close to death.

The hunter lowered his head, feeling confused and awe-struck at the sight of something he could not dare look at.

“Wake up, sorry for waking you up. I just….”

“You are a good person.”

It was a kind of declaration, a granting of something. At first glance it sounded divine, like a prophecy from God.

“…….”

“So let me help you.”

The black cloak held out something.

“…This, this is….”

It was a round bead that seemed to be made of gold. It was quite heavy and gave off a strong, brain-boosting scent.

“What is this…?”

“It’s an apology for surprising you, and a gift to you for your suffering.”

"gift…?"

“It's yours.”

"…that…."

“Please eat.”

Eat it?

'This?'

It didn't look like something you could eat at all. But still, I felt a strong desire to put it in my mouth and make it mine. It was such a beautiful bead.

I want to eat.

“…….”

The hunter, entranced by the scent, put the bead in his mouth.

'ah.'

An ecstatic sweetness gently swept over my whole body.

The feeling of each and every cell stabilizing was vivid. I even felt joy at the sensation, which was like the spring breeze in the afternoon as it was fading away.

The freshness, as if the juice was condensed into a fruit, went very well with the gentle golden beads.

“…Uh, uh?”

“Has the bleeding stopped?”

“This, this… yes, how is this. Why.”

"okay."

“…….”

The black cloak looked down at the hunter with an inorganic gaze, like a researcher who had expected a set value to be given. He cringed in a sense of discomfort that was definitely not human, but at the same time, he felt embarrassed for some reason.

I was glad that he showed me the value I expected. It was a feeling I didn't realize myself and couldn't understand.

“Do you want to go out?”

“…Are you going out?”

My bowed head was lifted on its own.

“Can I go out?”

“I can send it to you.”

"ah…."

It was only then that I remembered the information that had been posted on the association's website.

'It is said that the first discoverer escaped the deep sea country with the help of the black cloak.'

It was when I suddenly looked up at the part where the face was with hope.

“…….”

“…….”

Our eyes met.

eye?

Yes, it's an eye. I can see the pupil and the iris.

But it wasn't a sphere. Was it flat? No, maybe it was three-dimensional. But I saw lines. I saw those flowing lines. It wasn't one. It was many, intertwined like the roots of a tree, but at the same time it looked like one.

What color is it? Gold? No, it's dark. It's so dark that it looks bright. Then black? But it's closer to silver. Where did the silver thing come from? It's so dark. It's so bright. What the hell am I looking at?

'Is it okay for me to look at it in the first place?'

It was a time when I was so bewitched that I couldn't even feel fear.

“Ms. Park Yoon-shin.”

“…….”

“I have a question.”

"…question…?"

Oh, yeah, I have something to ask.

“Yes, yes, yes. Yes… of course.”

“Can I draw you?”

“…You’re drawing a picture of me…?”

I don't remember much after that.

My mind was in a state of utter confusion, incomparable to when I first saw the black cloak. I had lost the awareness that I was a living being.

My whole body was melting, but there was no fear in it, and I felt a sense of comfort, as if I were lying in the middle of a forest with a spring breeze blowing.

And when I came to, I was in the middle of the city.

“…….”

It was only then that I realized that this was a miracle.

* * *

“…That’s it….”

Park Yoon-shin continued speaking in front of the researchers.

“This is something that happened to me.”

“They say you can make people into paint and use it to paint pictures.”

“At the time, I didn’t really think anything was strange.”

Park Yoon-shin said in a bewildered voice.

“The fact that you can talk to monsters in the first place… is a very rare thing, and I know that, but I wasn’t really surprised by it. It just felt like a wise and intelligent being that seemed to know everything about the world, including me….”

The researcher asked.

“Do you feel a desire to adore him?”

“…A little bit. That guy showed a miracle.”

“It was a miracle that turned people into paint. There was no pain involved.”

“After I came to my senses… I was very confused.”

A human being with a sane self became paint and a painting, and then returned to being a human again. The aftereffects were bound to be small, as he was forced to perceive the perspective of an inanimate

object that he could never have imagined.

“…But I don’t have any negative feelings towards Black Cloak….”

It was just scary, dizzying, and wonderful.

“It’s so, so beautiful….”

Even though it was a life that could not be said to have been lived close to art, I was able to see that this was art and a work of art.

The vast presence and geometric and splendid structure, which felt sacred and noble, were enough to make the heart beat.

“Black Cloak is definitely kind to humans. No, it’s more like mercy than kindness. He shows mercy. He doesn’t take anything in return.”

“Yes, thank you for taking the time to interview me.”

The researcher nodded.

“Thank you for your information on the Black Cloak. You can receive your rewards right away at the Association Lobby Counter. If you have any further information or inquiries, please contact the counter at any time.”

"hey."

“Yes, Hunter Park Yoon-shin.”

“Is that guy a monster?”

“…….”

The researcher asked.

“Hunter Park Yoon-shin refers to it as a ‘person’.”

The conversation ended there.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (76)

Episode 76

“That’s why.”

Leaning against the wall of the gallery, Yoo Seong-un asked Geo.

“Is it because you are a painter that you turn people into paint?”

“…….”

“If it’s a difficult question, you don’t have to answer.”

As a former research team leader of the association, Yoo Seong-un had a deep connection with the Hunter Association. As such, there was a lot of information he could find out, including the recent rumors of Geo being seen in the 'Deep Sea Country'.

“You never said you were an artist, so I was just curious.”

Witnesses said 'Black Cloak' was a portrait and a painter.

“It’s also amazing that living creatures are made with paint.”

“It wasn’t as great an act as you thought.”

Geo answered in his usual, mechanical, low voice.

“To answer your question, I am just an ordinary person whose hobby is drawing. I am not qualified to be called a painter.”

“After all, an artist is someone who draws pictures, as you said. Well, to be exact, that’s a job… but isn’t it something similar?”

“Then it’s okay to think that way.”

Unlike when he stepped outside the frame of 'Portrait of Geo' and imitated human behavior, Geo's voice in the portrait was strangely businesslike. Geo continued speaking in an inert voice that showed no emotion at all.

“I made them out of paint simply because I could draw them beyond the frame. However, I judged that if I were to draw existing life forms with ordinary paint, it would be closer to creation than movement, so I had no choice but to make them out of paint.”

“…Yeah, that’s….”

Yoo Seong-un recalled the conversation he had previously had with 'Portrait of Geo'.

“Isn’t it because from your perspective the painting is not you but us?”

“I have not forgotten that you are not ordinary paintings or paints, but living beings with egos, but I have been thinking about how I can help them, and I have chosen this method. Do you think it will be helpful?”

“Thanks to that, the survival rate has increased.”

With the frame between them, Geo and humans see each other as paintings in Geo's world and in the human world. So Geo, as a portraitist and a painter, seemed to be able to exert arbitrary influence through his paintings.

“Just, what should I say….”

Yoo Seong-un hesitated for a moment before continuing.

“That’s because everyone is scared.”

“Are you scared?”

“You don’t look friendly.”

“Yes.”

“It’s not common to be painted alive.”

It wasn't just something that was 'uncommon', it was something that was hard to experience even once in a lifetime. The hunters were grateful for the 'Black Cloak's' unknown kindness, but they were also afraid of him.

“Anyway, as long as you’re not treating us like mere paint, that’s fine.”

“I didn’t think of it that way.”

“Yeah, you just wanted to help in this way.”

That's what makes it so inhuman.

'From a human's perspective, the favor bestowed by the Source Being does not necessarily feel like favor.'

If it's pure, it's a pure way of thinking.

It's like a child who doesn't understand dog physiology feeding chocolate to a cute puppy. He may have wanted to share a sweet treat, but the puppy ended up eating poison.

'Perhaps it's because he himself is a portrait artist, but he has no qualms about turning people into paint. The only good thing is that people seem to think it's a favor… .'

That's probably why there are hunters who feel awe.

"…uh…."

Yoo Seong-woon said after thinking for a moment.

“Are you still going to the ‘Land of the Deep Sea’ these days?”

“I went to see if I could meet Isser, but I only encountered humans, not mermaids.”

"oh my."

Perhaps Isser, that sly mermaid, is avoiding Geo. I'm not sure if she needs time to gather her thoughts or if she's hatching another plan.

“Anyway… thank you for helping people.”

“No, you don’t need to thank me. I would rather apologize because I think I surprised them. Was my behavior rude?”

“It’s not that I’m being rude or anything, it’s just that there are a lot of people who are scared.”

In fact, it may not be to the extent of being called 'a little', but it still doesn't change the fact that Geo showed mercy and saved the humans. The Hunters seemed to know that it was a favor, so this was no problem.

'If the existence of the Black Cloak becomes too familiar to the Hunters, there will be problems, but for now, it is not a situation where a major incident will occur.'

If possible, I would like to thoroughly distinguish between the affectionate and kind hunter 'Sergio' and the mysterious ghost 'Black Cloak', but it seemed like Sergio himself had no intention of doing so, so it was a bit difficult for me as a greedy human.

Does Geo want to be intimate with other people even while in his 'black cloak' state?

“I’m not saying you shouldn’t help people, just in case you misunderstand. I’m not saying you shouldn’t help people. It’s better for

them to be a little surprised than to die. I came here because I was curious about how much you knew, so don’t be too offended.”

“I’m not hurt.”

“Well then, that’s good. But….”

Yoo Seong-un trailed off.

“I have a question.”

The reason he visited the gallery today was not simply to tell the story of the 'Black Cloak' ghost story.

“Can I ask you a question?”

“If it’s a question I can answer, I’ll try to answer it.”

“Then, you know, by what criteria can you adjust your level?”

It was a question that arose based on eyewitness accounts heard here and there and a small number of witnesses such as Yoo Seong-un and the Cha family. The 'Black Cloak' in the rumor and 'Geo' when he was human were so different in status that they could not be considered the same being.

A portrait painted in black ink with no eyes was returned.

“What does that mean?”

"uh…."

Actually, Geo doesn't know how high his own rank is.

'I guess it was my mistake to bring up the word 'class' since he thinks of himself as a normal human being. He's the guy who explained that people being afraid of him was just a resolution issue… .'

After gathering his thoughts for a moment, Yoo Seong-un opened his

mouth.

“… Of course, the ghost story of the Black Cloak and the person called Geo are the same person, but even though they are the same being, there are times when they show different judgments or speech patterns. When you were working as ‘Sergio’… I don’t think you even had the idea of turning people into paint.”

This is the part that's problematic.

“Even though you’re the same Geo, I think your way of thinking changes depending on your status.”

“…….”

“Maybe I was mistaken. If I was being rude, I apologize.”

After a moment the portrait answered.

“I think what Mr. Yoo Seong-un said is right. I often have different thoughts and tones.”

"ah."

“I try to live as uprightly and politely as possible, but when I am, as you say, ‘black cloaked,’ I make arrogant and rude judgments.”

The portrait also seems to have been aware of this part.

“But I have no intention of harming anyone. I will not harm you, so you don’t have to worry about that.”

“I understand what you mean.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

'But human thinking and the original thinking cannot be the same.'

Even if they are the same being, there may be differences in their way

of thinking depending on their status.

'Geo said it was an arrogant and rude judgment, but in reality, it was probably a natural behavior for this guy. If you think about the dignity that Geo's portrait holds, it's not strange.'

It was natural for humans to look down on ants.

'It's amazing that he's even trying to bend down and meet my gaze in this way. It must be possible because Geo has a high level of understanding of humans.'

Of course, even if Geo 'attempts', he won't be able to become completely human, but it seemed meaningful that he was chastising himself for his 'arrogant and rude judgment'.

"……."

A shiver ran down my spine.

"Do you have any further questions?"

"Huh? No, just…."

Every time I feel that Geo is not human, I get goosebumps.

"…I thought you were really amazing."

Yoo Seong-un still doesn't know 'what' Geo is.

Except that this is just a portrait.

* * *

"Ssuhhh…."

"?"

“Tsuhhhh….”

“Yeah.”

Honey tilted her head at the sight of Geo sucking Dana's belly.

“Crunch?”

“I think I’ll survive.”

“Huh?”

“It was healing.”

There is no hobby that improves the quality of life as much as sucking cat pears.

“Of course, Dana is neither soft nor warm….”

“Krrrr.”

“I’m still a cat. Thank you for stepping on me, Master.”

Two cotton bats pushing against your face couldn't be more adorable.

The teddy bear sun god who was looking at the sight looked a little disturbed, but neither Geo, Honey, nor Dana were affected at all. Geo asked seriously in the place where the whole family was gathered together.

“So, what should I do to see Isser’s face?”

The subject was Isser's deviation.

“For some reason, he doesn’t come to see me. I’m sure he doesn’t know I’m here, so what’s going on?”

“Kyuu….”

The teddy bear furrowed its brow as if to say, “Don’t you know that?” and Geo nodded.

“I know that too. I think it’s similar to how a dog that has been hit by an accident avoids its owner’s eyes. Humans have a bad instinct to avoid things when they do something wrong and are likely to get in trouble.”

"dream…."

The sun god wondered whether it was right to call Isser, a mermaid, a human, and whether it could be compared to the avoidance of a puppy or a child. It didn't seem like Isser was avoiding Geo because she was afraid of getting scolded.

The form is clearly 'Giovanni', but strangely enough, there is a strange sense of alienation and an unidentifiable, lofty status within it. In addition, the deity of the sun, which cannot be helped but be hated, has been added, making it an object that is difficult for mermaids to encounter in many ways.

But Geo was a young man of conviction. He was steadfast.

“When I was little, I would draw maps on the blanket and secretly wash my clothes by hand all night long, keeping an eye on my grandmother. I knew it was a natural phenomenon for a child, but I felt guilty and ashamed so I didn’t tell anyone.”

"dream…?"

“But I got caught in the end. Even if the child tried to wash the clothes by hand, how good would it be? It would get soaked in water and wouldn’t dry overnight. That’s why no matter how much Isser tries to avoid me, the child won’t be able to escape me.”

“Kuuu…?”

The teddy bear expressed its doubts, saying, 'Is that really the right

metaphor right now?', and Geo let out a small sigh.

“It is true that Isser chose a path too cruel to be justified by such a simple metaphor….”

“Kuk kuk, kuk.”

“In my memory, Isser was just a young student. Now, it doesn’t seem real to call him a terrorist or anything.”

It was inevitable that Giovanni would feel nervous just from the fact that he had been implicated in the terrorist incident, but more than that, he remembered his young disciple. It didn't feel real.

Even if you were to suddenly hear, "Your precious little student has been terrorizing religious facilities since your death," the only reaction you would get would be, "Huh? Oh? I see?"

“But that is why we must catch Isser… no, meet him.”

“Crunch?”

Honey looked at me with suspicion, as if to say, 'Didn't you just say you were going to catch me?' Of course, Geo ignored me, and Dana yawned loudly.

“How can I get Isser to come see me? I couldn’t help but worry.”

"dream…."

“The ‘Deep Sea Country’ is not a large mart. You can’t turn on the Mia broadcast, and you can’t call Isser, who is a fully grown adult, Mia. She’s like this cute mermaid who knows where the exit is but doesn’t come looking for it….”

Geo blinked a couple of times at his disciple who had become a coward and was not even showing his face. He then continued.

“Let me tell you in advance, I don’t have no plans at all.”

“Kung?”

“If you cause a huge accident in the ‘deep sea country’ that can be called the home of those children, they will show you their faces.”

“Kururuk?”

“If things go well, I think we can definitely take the initiative. So, what is the plan….”

The bird who heard Geo's story tilted its head as if to say, "Is that okay?", the cat flipped over as if it wasn't interested, and the teddy bear made a subtle expression as if to say, "Are you sure that's true?"

At that sight, Geo saw the sun god.

“What's wrong?”

"…dream…."

The teddy bear nodded as if to say, "Is that so?" at Geo's calm appearance. It wasn't that he made a subtle expression because he knew what was going on, but rather, he thought, "If Geo is okay, then that's what it must be."

“Kuu, kukukukuku.”

“Thank you for your support.”

It was truly the scene of a warm family meeting.

The painter who draws dungeons

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The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (77)

Episode 77

“We ate rice cooked with various vegetables from the garden and grilled fish with a spicy sauce,” Geo said.

“Ghost story?”

“Kururuk.”

“It wasn’t bad.”

Honey was worried about Geo's rumor about the 'Black Cloak', but Geo was okay with it. It was partly because of his originally calm personality, but it wasn't the only reason.

“If you think of me as a ghost story, you’ll probably be less worried about being attacked.”

This was the reason why Geo tolerated the collector's non-manipulative works.

“I’ve come to realize after going back to Earth a few times that even if the Earth were turned upside down and the environment was reorganized worldwide, a haunted portrait is still a rare thing. It’s not a joke. It’s not strange if you take one to a laboratory and torture them.”

He considered himself to be a 'slightly unusual case of an awakened person'.

It couldn't be said to be completely wrong since he was directly connected to the source, unlike regular hunters who access the source through the system, but the problem was that the people of the world wouldn't see it that way.

“I feel like in the 31 years that South Korea has not seen, it has become even closer to hell. A boneless chicken like me will fall into the abyss without lasting even a day.”

“Crunch?”

“Yeah, I’m not chicken, but that’s not what Dad’s argument is about. The problem is that a weakling like me will soon be dragged into a lab full of mad scientists and experimented on.”

In that sense, the 'Black Cloak Ghost Story' wasn't bad.

“At least it won’t look easy. There’s a lot of room for imagination.”

Not only did the Black Cloak seem to have significantly higher fighting power than the main character, Geo, but his name itself was also quite cool. There was something about nicknames like this that filled a man’s romanticism.

“First of all, if you call it a ghost story, it’s something that can be observed but not studied… It feels like an intangible smoke. I don’t know what it would be like in today’s harsh world, but I think the probability of being attacked by a dog or cow would be lower.”

“Kku, kkuru….”

“As expected, Mr. Yoo Seong-un. You are truly an all-rounder, suggesting this path after recognizing my weaknesses. You are the kind of person I should emulate. I should become closer to you by giving you food and snacks. And then I will kidnap you someday.”

Geo, who had casually said something that would make Yoo Seong-un

faint if he heard it, continued talking while giving Dana some fish meat that was splitting apart rather than a freshly made castella cake.

“So, the emergence of horror stories about the Black Cloak is actually a welcome thing. Should we call it a bluff for survival?”

It wasn't that I introduced myself as 'I am a portrait' to the hunters I met in 'The Land of the Deep Sea'.

“At first, I couldn’t bring myself to introduce myself by my real name, so I used a portrait instead, and it worked well.”

“Curr….”

“To survive in this crazy world, I too will have to get involved in these horror stories.”

“Huh?”

“I think I need to think a little more about how to help….”

It would be nice if it lived up to the reputation of being a haunted portrait.

“Don’t portraits of ghosts often hang in schools?”

"…? dream…?"

“Well, I guess you don’t know much about Earth’s culture. Or maybe it’s because I was a teacher and I can only think about school.”

“Ku, kukukukuku.”

“Oh, is there anything you can advise me on?”

The teddy bear nodded. In the world he originally came from, there were few school-related ghost stories because public education was not active, but there were a few stories about ghost stories related to

the mansion.

“It’s a mansion….”

Geo listened with interest and nodded.

“Surely, subjects like portraits hanging in abandoned mansions are also popular as ghost stories. I understand what you’re saying.”

“Kyuuu.”

“Yes, each piece of information like this will later help me be reborn as a great ghost story. The ‘Black Cloak’ that is known to the world right now is lacking in many ways to be called a ghost story….”

Geo nodded.

“If we keep trying like this without giving up, one day we will be able to create a great ghost story that will instill fear in people.”

"dream…?"

“That’s how we can make a living, Father. People these days are so scary that without some kind of bravado, it’s hard to survive in that niche.”

It didn't seem like something Geo, who was a harmless portrait, should say, but the Sun God said he understood and let it go anyway. He knew that he was not a great man who would actually harm humans, even though he only said things like that.

Anyway, Geo promised to solidify the concept as a ghost story.

“I’m glad that the first person I met was the leader of the Bisabal guild.”

Even though I still refuse to talk to him because just seeing his mouth talking like a machine gun makes me feel so discouraged, Bisabal was

a good person.

The fact that he treated Geo, the portrait of a ghost, as a person proves his noble character.

“…….”

“What’s wrong, honey?”

“Kung.”

Honey thought, 'That might be a matter of taste rather than personality,' but she didn't say it out loud. She knew that although Bisabal was not a harmless person, he was a person who was extremely devoted to works of art.

If nothing else, the Visaval had become extremely harmless to his collection. That much was true.

“Kururu, kkukkung.”

“You wanted to eat fish too. Should I spread it on you?”

“Gurrrr.”

“Cute guy.”

“Geo said, cutting off a thick piece of flesh that was steaming hot.

“Anyway, I plan to proceed with the plan I mentioned soon. I’m tired of wandering around the ‘Deep Sea Country’ without any results and creating silly ghost stories.”

“Muuuung.”

“Can you eat thorns? Here, here. Eat carefully.”

Geo continued, giving Dana a fish bone.

“Do you have anyone to accompany you?”

“Kururuk.”

“There’s no one else like you, Honey. Do you know that Daddy loves you so much?”

“Kkuk.”

Honey had no intention of showing Geo, who was soft and fluffy, to the world alone.

"honey…!"

“Gurr.”

Geo, who was moved by the warm heart of the son he gave birth to, covered his mouth to show the depth of his emotions, and the Sun God decided to eat the fish in silence. Dana was already not interested.

I keep saying this, but anyway, they were a good family.

* * *

And Geo wasn't the only one planning something for their meeting.

Coincidentally enough, the mermaids had also prepared themselves.

“Hey, piglet.”

“What is it?”

“Where did the youngest go?”

“Not in the garden?”

“I can’t see it.”

“Are you crazy?”

Chaisol was kidnapped.

“No, he didn’t even get to rest….”

Normally, the prospective priests who had completed the initiation ceremony would have entered the dormitory temple, but due to the recent 'Temple of the Deep Sea' incident, they had a short break. In short, they were kidnapped while at home.

“Is it important to rest now?”

“That’s right.”

This news was immediately relayed to Yoo Seong-un, who was in the office of the Collectors' Guild.

“Huh? Kidnapping?”

"yes."

“Why…? Who? Where, how…?”

“We don’t know what their intentions are either….”

Cha Eun-hyeok, the eldest son of the Cha family, offered a bungeoppang (fish-shaped bread) as a bribe and said:

“There was sea water sprinkled on the garden.”

“If you say it like that, anyone who hears it will know that the culprit is a mermaid. But what is this fish-shaped bread?”

“I see, right?”

“You don’t have to give me any more bungeoppang. Stop it, it’s overflowing.”

“Please give some to Mr. Geo too.”

"uh…."

“I received an official document from Cha Ara and looked at it together.”

Cha Eun-hyeok continued speaking with a blank expression.

“I heard that Sergio has a 1:1 rule. If you receive a favor from someone, respond with a favor, and if you receive a rude response, respond with a rude response.”

"…so…."

Yoo Seong-un asked seriously.

“Should I offer you a fish-shaped bread and ask you to save my little brother?”

“…I thought there would be a higher chance of Isul-i returning alive than if I offered nothing… So I thought it would be better for me to do this even if Sergio didn’t actually step forward.”

“It’s almost like offering a sacrifice to a god. And it’s a bungeoppang.”

“I have nothing to say.”

“No, Geo really likes bungeoppang. Sometimes he gives me something a bit scary as a gift….”

In today's world where religion is popular, many people visit temples and make small offerings. Even if nothing comes in return, it makes them feel better.

“I know it’s a bit odd to say this, but Geo isn’t a proper god. He’s just something with the characteristics of a god. Unlike traditional gods who sometimes show mercy to their followers, there’s a high chance that he

won’t live up to your expectations.”

“That doesn’t matter. I brought it as a gift.”

“I’ll tell you first….”

Yes, Geo had rules.

'I wonder if I can get hired as a fish-shaped bread seller.'

When he thought about the reaction he had shown once, Geo knew that he was bound by rules. Even so, when he cooked and shared food, he tried to find a 'price' from Yoo Seong-un.

Cha Eun-hyeok said.

“It doesn’t matter if it wasn’t for Sergio and the Black Cloak. But if the seawater we found really is the trace of a mermaid from the ‘Deep Sea Country’….”

"okay."

“Isn’t this an interesting story even from the perspective of a large guild like a collector?”

Cha Eun-hyeok desperately tried to persuade Yoo Seong-woon with his characteristically blunt face.

“No monster from the ‘Deep Sea Kingdom’ has ever come out of the entrance. I think this could be a sign, and I could use this to find out more information. So….”

“Calm down, Eunhyuk Cha.”

Yoo Seong-un consoled the young man.

“Even without saying that, I was planning on going to rescue Chaisol. The ‘Deep Sea Country’ is a dungeon that has a lot to do with me, and

Black Cloak also seems to be interested in it… I was planning on visiting it soon.”

“…….”

“I think you can think of it as going a little earlier.”

"…thank you."

“Okay, then….”

Yoo Seong-un, whose voice was trailing off, looked back at Cha Ara, who was pale and exhausted.

“Would you like to come with me, Hunter Chaara?”

“…Um, um… Can I come with you? I’m only an F-class….”

“I can take you as long as you sign a contract stating that you are prepared to die.”

“…I’m shameless, but I beg you to do me a favor.”

Bringing an F-class hunter into a B-class or higher dungeon, unless it was intended to be used as a meat shield, was a huge burden to other hunters. In effect, they ended up becoming manpower to protect the F-class hunter.

So this was Yoo Seong-un's consideration. Even though he knew that it would be of no use to Cha Ara if she went anyway, he still asked her to accompany him.

"sorry."

“It’s a family matter, so I understand how you feel. You don’t have to feel sorry.”

Fortunately, the Collector's Guild had a high degree of freedom for its

member hunters, so no one said anything even if Yoo Seong-un was away for a while.

It's just that Yoo Seong-un has more days to work overtime. And for the sake of peace on Geo and Earth, Yoo Seong-un endured it.

“I want to go too, but I guess it would be a bit too much??”

“What are you talking about when your physical abilities are at the F-class level? Please stay.”

“It’s a pity.”

The support itself was plentiful, although the visa was used in a different sense.

“…….”

“…? Why is Priest Kang Seo-dam here?”

“The Collector’s Guild Leader has requested assistance from our temple.”

“They are providing better support than I expected.”

“Even if it wasn’t a request, I should have stepped forward. Brother Chaisol is my student and I have to take responsibility for him.”

Kang Seo-dam said with a tired face.

“Even if I am not taking formal classes yet because of the accident, that fact remains.”

“Wow, that’s trustworthy.”

“Rather than that….”

Kang Seo-dam saw 'Sergio' gathered in front of the port.

“…Sergio Hunter… was he going with you too?”

“Because I have a connection with student Chaisol. In the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea,’ thanks to the energetic student Chaisol, many people have received help mentally. This is a way to repay the burden she has eased for me as a doctor and a believer.”

"aha…."

“The parents of student Chaisol also gave us bungeoppang (fish-shaped bread).”

“Bungeoppang.”

Kang Seodam also received an official document from the Collector's Guild regarding the 'Black Cloak'. He also knew that his rule was simply '1:1', so he was able to quickly understand Geo's participation this time with the word 'compensation'.

But I was also worried.

'This part could be exploited by humans.'

It may sound nice, but if we were not careful, many humans could end up forcing a price on 'Black Cloak'.

'And if this person gets angry... then... .'

Kang Seo-dam, who was worried about future disasters, nodded.

“I understand. Thank you for your company.”

“There’s nothing to be thankful for. I’m just doing what I can.”

“I see. Where is the yellow bird I saw last time?”

“Here it is.”

Just like in the previous 'Temple of the Deep Sea', Honey's face

peeked out from under Geo's hood, who was wearing a black cloak. Honey looked closely at Kang Seo-dam, who felt the strong energy of the sun.

“…….”

“…….”

“……?”

When Kang Seo-dam started to express her doubts, Yoo Seong-woon noticed something and stopped Honey.

“No, honey, I’m not eating it.”

“…Are you eating?”

Geo shook his head.

“I don’t eat.”

“But just now, Mr. Yoo Seong-un….”

“Why would you eat unseasoned meat when the food I make for you will be more delicious?”

“…….”

“Honey is a gourmet, she doesn’t eat just anything.”

Kur.

A cries of affirmation were heard from inside the hood.

"…okay."

I didn't feel particularly reassured.

'You were looking at me with such sparkling eyes.'

Kang Seo-dam felt even creepier as he recalled Honey's greedy gaze.

“…….”

“Then shall we go?”

"…yes."

In this way, the rescue team for Chae Sol was formed, led by the A-class Yoo Seong-un, Kang Seo-dam, Cha A-ra, and Sergio.

Actually, this portrait doesn’t need anyone’s help… .

‘… Helping Geo with his social life… .’

Yoo Seong-un thought it was a bit funny.

“…….”

Sarcasm is correct.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (78)

Episode 78

There was a reason why Yoo Seong-un was always by Geo's side.

'If you come to your senses, you will realize that you have been saying and doing strange things.'

It would have been okay if it had been a poorly imitated human-like monster. Because no matter how it behaved, you could tell it was a monster. However, 'Portrait of Geo' was strangely good at imitating humans.

'That makes people even more confused.'

Even though they clearly don't seem human in their heads, they are convinced that they are human in their hearts, and that sense of disparity makes them feel eerie. It is different from the fear felt from monsters or the children of the Origin.

'This is truly a ghost story.'

It was Yoo Seong-un's role to enable Geo to get along well with humans.

“What the heck.”

Iron Buck.

A meteorite stepped onto the soft floor.

“This is like jelly.”

“That’s definitely true.”

Kang Seo-dam, who entered the dungeon following him, also nodded.

“It looks like a low viscosity slime, but it holds its weight well for that kind of thing.”

“If you try to scoop it up with your hand, it’s just sea water.”

Yoo Seong-un shook off the water he had in his hands and saw Geo and Cha Ara entering together.

“Oh, you came in?”

“Yes, yes yes… yes.”

“Don’t be so nervous. There are only three A-class hunters here. How can you not protect one Hunter Chaara?”

“Three people….”

“That’s three.”

“Ah… That, that’s right.”

Cha Ara, who had eaten some of the naughty food, quickly received Yoo Seong-un's words. As she was doing so, she glanced at Geo, who was looking around the dungeon, and it seemed like she had remembered the rule that 'you cannot point out that he is not human in front of Geo.'

'That's right, Hunter Cha Ara also received the official document.'

The official document also contains several recommendations along the lines of, “Do not doubt Geo’s identity.” It seems that Cha Ara also decided that there was no need to go against Geo’s wishes.

'By the way… .'

If my prediction is correct, this dungeon will be like a home to 'Giovanni'.

“…Geo, are you okay?”

"it's okay."

“This is my first time entering a dungeon officially, so I’m a bit worried.”

“I was a little nervous, but not as nervous as I thought I would be.”

Geo, a platinum-haired man with his black hood pulled back, smiled his characteristically kind smile.

“The scent of the sea is quite pleasant.”

“Come to think of it, did you like the sea?”

Yoo Seong-un looked down after saying that.

“…….”

A country was seen, completely submerged in the sea.

“…Going down here would be a lot of work, but Geo, can you swim?”

“To be honest, I can’t!”

“What’s so confident about this?”

As the name suggests, the hunters who visit here are basically those who can swim. In the first place, it is rare to find a hunter who cannot swim.

“I didn’t think of that….”

Yoo Seong-un looked back at the other two with an embarrassed

expression.

“What about Hunter Cha Ara or Priest Kang Seo Dam?”

“Huh? Oh, it’s possible… but it’s an F-class….”

“It is possible without any problems.”

“Oh my.”

Yoo Seong-un looked at Geo again.

“Then it seems like Nana Kang Seodam should help Geo. Is that okay?”

"no?"

"oh…?"

“There are plenty of ways to get there without swimming.”

“Why are there so many of them??”

“I learned some good skills from my elders.”

“…….”

No, wait a minute.

“…Your family elders?”

"yes."

“That, that old man. That….”

“I will make you feel comfortable.”

“What the heck??”

Without answering Yoo Seong-un's question, Geo placed his hand on

the floor.

That moment.

“…….”

-Kurururururuk!!

“…….”

“Okay.”

With a loud noise, a path appeared inside the sea.

“You can just walk now.”

“…….”

“Let’s walk.”

The hunters, including Yoo Seong-un, looked at the tunnel that had formed in the sea with blank expressions.

"uh…."

In the open space like a long straw, a staircase was kindly built. The path led to quite a deep place, and with the hunter's good eyesight, he could see that it reached the 'Temple of the Deep Sea'.

Yoo Seong-un, who prides himself on being the person who receives Geo's greatest affection, asked.

“How did you do this?”

“Sea water is also water, so wouldn’t it evaporate if heated?”

“So you evaporated it?”

“Yes, it’s convenient, right?”

“Because you don’t want to swim?”

“It’s not that I don’t like it, it’s that I can’t do it. It’s not a matter of my taste.”

“So I changed the dungeon….”

He changed the shape of the sea because he couldn't swim. Yoo Seong-un looked back at Kang Seo-dam, the child of the sun.

“…….”

“I can’t.”

“I guess so.”

Please, Geo.

'What hunter in the world remodels a dungeon just so he doesn't have to swim?'

In the first place, the fact that a dungeon can be remodeled is already beyond the Hunter's realm. That Hunter had no reason to come to the dungeon. The dungeon's existence and the Hunter's purpose of visiting it disappear.

'The head of the Bisabal guild, the richest man in South Korea, makes his part-time workers collect waste paper and earns 5,000 won for his own pocket money.'

If this is going to happen, then why does the identity of 'Sergio' exist? Is there really no intention of imitating humans? Is this a warning to stop making such absurd remarks? Yoo Seong-un is in a deep quagmire.

'The good news is that Priest Kang Seo-dam and Hunter Cha A-ra are doing their best to avoid eye contact and pretend not to notice…'

He looked at Geo again after confirming their willingness to cooperate and keep quiet about everything that happened today.

“Geo, I’ll speak frankly since everyone here is trustworthy.”

“Please speak comfortably.”

“This is a bit far-fetched for a human domain.”

“But I am just an ordinary human being….”

“Oh, I know, I know. Everyone knows that very well, so you don’t have to worry about that. Just….”

Yoo Seong-un took a deep breath.

“I would like you not to show off your abilities too much in front of people other than us, because other people might be afraid of you or misunderstand you. Do you understand what I mean?”

“I understand, thank you for your consideration.”

"okay…."

Cha Ara looked at Yoo Seong-un desperately trying to persuade her calmly, as if she felt sorry for him. And Yoo Seong-un also thought that his own situation was a bit miserable.

'You're teaching social skills to a being whose identity you don't even know, using a mere human body.'

Outside of the collection, 'Sergio' had lowered his status to a human level, and that was about it. No, in fact, it was so burdensome that I felt like my whole body was going to explode.

‘It’s fortunate that Geo thinks of himself as a human… .’

I guess you could say that the plan to separate 'Sergio' and 'Black

Cloak' was a success. It wasn't a bad situation.

'It's definitely less stressful than being in the office building, so yeah, to this extent.'

In the case of differences, it was possible to compare them to S-class hunters. At that point, it was close to a human disaster. The problem is that Geo is not even human, and this is where Yoo Seong-un had to put in effort.

“Usually, hunters can’t just change other people’s dungeons like this.”

“I see, that must be inconvenient.”

"…yes…."

“You don’t have to worry because I’m here.”

And Geo didn't think anything of it. It wasn't like he was doing anything unethical by changing the dungeon a little.

No one died, no one was injured, no one was hurt. Geo's ultimate positive mind did not yield to the limitations of human beings.

Limits are meant to be overcome. Giovanni overcame his limitation of not being able to swim with the power of the sun. He was proud of his remarkable growth.

“Let’s go now.”

If this makes my concept more solid, then that's a welcome thing.

'Taran.'

Anyway, what was good was good.

* * *

Giovanni is dead.

“…….”

If you were to ask whether I was in my right mind after that, I would say no.

The farewell that Isser was preparing for was a little warmer. In Geo’s hands that had grown old, wrinkles would appear around his eyes, his back that had been straight like a statue would bend, and his once strong body would become infinitely thinner.

Geo would die while watching countless people express their gratitude for his life. Slowly, his breath would become shallow, his eyelids, which had always been affectionately bent, would close, and his heart, which had been beating slowly, would calm down… .

“…Where was the teacher’s body?”

“It must be in your stomach.”

“…….”

“And, it’s in the sea.”

Nothing was accomplished.

“…How old were you, teacher?”

“I lived a little over 30 years after I was born.”

“How long has it been like that?”

“If a human is well managed in a good environment, he or she can live to be over 100 years old.”

“What if I can’t manage it in a normal environment?”

“If it weren’t for the constant abuse, I think he would normally be around 80 years old.”

“Teacher, you didn’t even get to enjoy half of my life.”

He was too young.

“It’s only been 30 years.”

“Yeah, it was only 30 years.”

“I thought it was longer than that.”

I felt empty.

“100 years, or 200 years. It’s too crazy to say that all that happened in 30 years at most… There was so much going on….”

Giovanni spent his entire life saving people.

“Why didn’t anyone defend the teacher? He really saved so many lives. He saved the dying and the damned. Those who were saved by the teacher… didn’t they say they were grateful at that time? They even shed tears of joy at his touch.”

My sister agreed.

“Yes, Geo was a very kind person. He saved many humans and mermaids.”

“But when he died, no one was left by his side.”

He wasn't the kind of person who deserved to die like that.

“The teacher should have closed his eyes in a slightly older body, lying in a warm bed, with so many people around him. Shouldn’t that be so? He was someone who lived so devotedly for others. A person like that should be warmer, in the sunlight….”

“The death you imagined seems to be something that only happens in fairy tales.”

“…It didn’t have to be a fairy tale…. What I was talking about wasn’t necessarily a fairy tale, but it was a situation that could happen at any time. That’s… that’s all. I wasn’t hoping for a miracle. I wasn’t hoping for humans to live as long as mermaids, nor was I hoping to bring the dead back to life.”

How great is that?

“Humans die anyway. No matter how good an environment they grow up in or how well they are managed, their lifespan is so short that they die quickly. If they live such a short life without resting and shedding blood and sweat, shouldn’t they enjoy that level of benefit?”

“So you got that benefit?”

“…….”

no.

"…no…."

I respected my teacher, a man named Giovanni.

Geo was a priest and a doctor. Isser learned his priestly nature from him, and Aria learned her abilities as a doctor from him.

As they had learned from Geo, they both treated humans very well.

“No, it wasn’t. In the end, it was just….”

But no human being knew how to be grateful.

“…They are a group of people who, in the end, throw away even the affection of Geo, a fellow human being, in an instant.”

“Humans are so fickle. They are different from mermaids in many ways.”

Mermaids live for over a thousand years. Perhaps because they were born to live that long, mermaids are indifferent to the stimuli they encounter, are not sensitive to emotions, and do not change easily.

And that's why, when mermaids get a stimulus, an emotion, a change, they hold on to it for a very long time.

"…ah…."

Isser already knew that 'it' would be Giovanni.

“Please, why… why, if you do this… if you do this, it won’t work….”

“…….”

“This isn’t right, Aria….”

So I hoped he would have a very sweet and gentle death.

“Why on earth do I have to carry this memory with me for the rest of my life…?”

I knew that every moment of that short life of that person who resembled the sunlight, that person who was as soft as a warm blanket, was ultimately something I had to embrace.

So I was relieved. At least, I thought that someone as cool and wonderful as Giovanni was worthy of being embraced by a mermaid.

“Aria, I ate that man.”

The mermaid ate a human.

“Why? Because I was hungry. Those lowly humans locked me and him in a small tank…! Geo couldn’t die! Giovanni was rotting in pain and cold, and I was hungry! I ate him!!”

The children of the sun laughed at that.

“In the end, even if a mermaid imitates a human, they are still just mermaids, monsters that eat people…!!”

“…….”

“…Are we monsters?”

The only sister answered.

“Everyone is a monster.”

“…….”

“Only, except for the teacher… everyone was a monster.”

"…okay."

Geo was human.

That was certain.

“…I miss you, teacher….”

"so do i."

For a very long time, Isser could not open his mouth. If he opened his mouth, it seemed as if the Giovanni he had swallowed would spill out.

It felt like his guts, which he had chewed and swallowed, were running away, his eyes were shedding tears, and his mouth was screaming or spewing resentment at the mermaid.

And now that Isser has opened his mouth, the one he is holding in his arms is Giovanni.

“Sister.”

“…To be honest, I think I hate you.”

“I think this is the first time I’ve seen you hate someone.”

“I’m not even sure if this feeling is real.”

“I will gladly accept it. Even that is a change brought about by you, teacher.”

“I will cover the sun with the sea.”

Her words were mad, but Isser knew they would soon come true.

“If the whole world is covered by the sea, Geo can also remain in the sea.”

“…….”

“And mermaids too… are part of the sea after all. Just like the pictures of mermaids that person always drew….”

“…….”

“…There is.”

Aria was wearing a pure white gown.

“…I don’t know what I want either, Isser….”

It was Giovanni's.

“…….”

“…….”

A long time has passed since then.

A very, very long time… .

* * *

“Did you have another nightmare?”

“…….”

Round black eyes.

“…Father Chaisol.”

“I’m not a priest yet.”

“I am not human.”

“Why not?”

"…well…."

Why not?

“What if I were human?”

We had a future.

“…I do have such delusions.”

“You’re still human now.”

“I am a mermaid, as I told you when I brought you here.”

“But you’re human?”

“…….”

“What’s the difference between humans and mermaids? I don’t really get it.”

"that…."

There were many differences, but perhaps because it was the day I met my teacher, my mouth was particularly tight.

“…That’s what I mean.”

What on earth was the difference?

What a difference.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (79)

Episode 79

By the way, Chae Sol was kidnapped.

“The Milky Way’s eyes are beautiful.”

I had no thoughts.

It wasn't for nothing that Geo and I got along so well.

“It just flashed.”

"under…."

“It’s like a dragon!”

“It’s probably a reptile, after all.”

“No, it’s much cooler!”

“Dragons are also a type of reptile.”

“Oh really…??”

Chaisol asked with a serious face.

“Then, Eunha, do you also hibernate when it gets cold…?”

“I don’t catch it. Strictly speaking, it’s a fish.”

“There are no fish.”

“What does that mean…?”

“It’s not a fish?”

"ah…."

It seemed to mean that it was difficult to find the characteristics of a 'mermaid' in Isser's appearance.

“…So my eyes looked like human eyes?”

“Isn’t that a mermaid? Those, legs… legs… fish legs….”

“…….”

“You don’t have legs.”

“…You know….”

Human children are truly curious about many things.

“I can explain that part.”

“Oh, sister.”

“Is it hard to take care of a child?”

“I can’t say no.”

The current Isser was not the 'Galaxy' that Chaisol remembered. Isser, who had the clear form of an adult, was different from what Chaisol knew, but he was distracted by her overly friendly words and actions.

Even though he was being treated gently, he must have been kidnapped, so he was quite brave. As Isser slowly stepped back, his sister, Aria, approached him.

“Hello, gentleman.”

"pretty!"

“Thank you for the compliment.”

Aria smiled politely and greeted them with an elegant look that made them ready to go out into society right away.

“In fairy tales on Earth, mermaids have fins like fish legs, but not all mermaids are like that. The mermaids on our planet all had different characteristics as mermaids.”

“…It’s hard to say!”

“There are mermaids with mermaid tails, and mermaids without. In Eunha’s case, she was born without a tail.”

Aria, who had said so, called her younger sister as if to ask for an example.

“Isser.”

“…….”

Isser lifted the hair from his ear with a hint of fatigue over his signature smile.

“Now, can you see the ears of the galaxy?”

“Uh… it’s different.”

“Unlike human ears, mermaids have separate ear fins that are unique to mermaids.”

She continued speaking like a teacher.

“In addition, they have webbed feet that can be seen when they spread their fingers, and they have scales all over their bodies. And they have a separate tail that they hide now, which helps them swim more

skillfully.”

“Then what about you, sister?”

“I have a mermaid tail, as you may be familiar with. However, fish fins are inconvenient for moving around in places like this where there is no water, so I split my tail into two and created legs that allow me to walk upright.”

"wow…."

“It’s an ability that any mermaid on my planet can demonstrate. Contrary to what humans think, mermaids have evolved to be able to live on land.”

"amazing…!"

Chae Sol was just thrilled. It's not that he doesn't feel nervous in an unfamiliar environment, but it didn't seem like Eunha had any intention of harming him.

Although he knew that this was a kidnapping, he had a firm belief that his brother and sister would come looking for him anyway. Rather than being scared, Chae Sol was excited as if he had come to an amusement park.

"however…."

That appearance of Chae Sol certainly felt special to Aria as well.

“I guess you’re not afraid of mermaids, gentleman?”

“…? Then that won’t work?”

“I know that humans on Earth would be terrified if they ever met a mermaid in person.”

Since the event called 'The Great Disaster' on Earth, 'mermaids' have

been seen on Earth hundreds and hundreds of times. Naturally, since they are monsters, they have attacked humans, so most people on Earth are afraid of mermaids.

“Even the gentleman was kidnapped by us.”

“Uh… I know.”

“But can you tell me why you can smile like this?”

“You didn’t hit me…?”

"oh."

Aria tilted her head.

“Can I hit you?”

“…Are you going to hit me? Then I’ll run away.”

“Oh, poor thing. It’ll be hard to run away now.”

“You’re not going to hit me, are you?”

“There is nothing more foolish than abusing a precious hostage. But how can you believe that we are not causing pain and suffering to the gentleman?”

“If you don’t do it, then it doesn’t mean you’re not doing it…?”

“…….”

Aria, who was speechless for a moment, looked back at her younger sister.

“What a formidable opponent.”

“He’s a strong opponent.”

“He is indeed the kind of person Geo would like.”

“I thought they cared for me just because I was a child.”

“That could be the case, because he was a person who held the young and weak in his arms.”

Aria raised her head.

“It’s coming soon.”

I could hear the sound of the sea breaking up.

“…….”

“The response was this good. Even if Geo loves his child, it’s still pretty fast.”

“…It probably means that they were also preparing.”

“I’m not the only one who was mentally prepared, so I won’t feel wronged no matter what the outcome is.”

“It means that we weren’t the only ones who cared.”

Isser suddenly realized that it had been a long time since he had heard the word 'heart' from Aria. Isser, who was looking at his sister with a smile on his face, soon reached out to Chaisol.

He was not a mermaid who was afraid to reach out to humans. With Giovanni as his teacher, he could have easily become an ideal priest.

“Shall we go, Father Chaisol?”

“So we’re not priests yet….”

“I am correct.”

I just hate it.

“Aren’t your hands cold?”

“It’s so cold. Can I put a hot pack on it?”

“…No, your skin will get dry.”

“Then you won’t get cold hands and feet?”

“Mermaids, whose body temperature is lower than that of humans, don’t have that.”

It took some time, but we were finally ready to welcome Geo.

And, I have no intention of fighting.

“…….”

“Are you having nightmares again?”

“I don’t want to borrow it.”

I wish that were the case.

* * *

"Nice to meet you!"

Geo is dead, and even if he came back to life, he was still Geo.

“Do you have any mermaid friends who have received the grace of the sea?”

“Oh my god, who is this?”

Aria smiled elegantly as she walked down the steps of the temple entrance. Her gorgeous mermaid dress billowed like waves down the steps.

“Isn’t that the new sun god, Mr. Black Cloak, who trespassed without the landlord’s permission?”

“Black Cloak, Sergio now. Be careful not to make the same mistake later.”

“Yes, Geo.”

“Actually, it’s Giovanni.”

“…That could be the case.”

Aria replied with a smile and looked back at the humans with bewildered expressions.

“It looks like they’ve all come rushing in to save the human child.”

“…Are you a member of the Milky Way family, Mermaid Miss?”

“Yes, I am Aria, Isser’s older sister and the true owner of this dungeon.”

"oh…."

Yoo Seong-un looked at Geo.

“I think I’ll have to suggest raising the level of the dungeon when I go back.”

“Why? I understand it’s still quite high….”

“There are two dungeon masters. This is not a common case.”

Yoo Seong-un sighed while maintaining a smiling face and looked at Aria again.

“If the true master of the dungeon came out in person without any tension, does that mean he has no intention of fighting us? Can I take it that way?”

“It’s good that we can communicate well.”

Aria rolled her eyes. She was a monster who knew how to act coy.

“I’m sorry for bringing your little sister here without permission, Hunter Chaara.”

"uh…."

“I only used it as a device to summon you, and I didn’t leave any traces behind, so don’t worry and go check on your brother.”

“Uh, uh uh… uh….”

“It seems that the weak hunter is afraid to go alone. Wouldn’t it be nice if the other two of you could go with me? That would be polite to the lady, wouldn’t it?”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“I’m not a gentleman, you know.”

His job was to take care of the existence of the source and supervise the management of the gallery's works. Yoo Seong-woon looked back at Kang Seo-dam and Cha A-ra.

“I’ll be with Geo, so Priest and Hunter Chaara, you should secure Army Chaisol first. Since Mermaid Isser is nowhere to be seen, there’s a high chance that she’s with them.”

“The odds of a fight are low.”

“Chaisol was probably bait to draw Geo in. Since the situation is not emotionally tense, it must be true that Chaisol is safe. How about we make a move before we upset the mermaids?”

“That would certainly be the case.”

Kang Seodam led Cha Ara, who was very nervous, into the temple. After that, Aria kindly guided her.

“I will be with my brother in the last room in the hallway.”

“…Thank you for letting me know.”

As soon as the two hunters disappeared from sight, Aria turned her gaze to Geo.

“…….”

Her lips, as red as blood, opened heavily.

“They look so similar.”

“Don’t you think of it as you?”

“What do you think, Sergio?”

“That might not be true.”

“When you say it like that, it actually feels like it’s the Geo I know.”

Aria rolled her eyes.

“That guy always kept the possibility open.”

“Was it like that?”

“Even my own death.”

“I’m so embarrassed.”

“…….”

Aria, who was looking down at Geo and Yoo Seong-un from the stairs, turned around.

“Come in, gentlemen.”

“…….”

“Enjoy the mermaid’s invitation to your heart’s content.”

Yoo Seong-un muttered softly.

“…If I hadn’t been with you, Geo, it probably would have sounded like a battle start line.”

There was something eerie and creepy about Aria's voice.

Even though he was smiling softly, his hatred and contempt for humans were so clear.

* * *

Aria guided Geo and Yoo Seong-un to the banquet hall.

“Wow, it’s a seafood party.”

Yoo Seong-un was speechless.

“Is it okay for a mermaid to be like this?”

“Humans are really narrow-minded. Do humans not eat any land creatures?”

“I want you to think about how a human feels when he or she is treated to a seafood feast prepared by a mermaid in the deep sea. It’s scary. I wonder what message this table, devoid of any meat, is conveying.”

“What’s the problem with not having humans on the table?”

“It’s really scary….”

Aria's tone had suddenly become more relaxed.

‘Is it because it’s a space that can be called a home, or…?’

Yoo Seong-un glanced at Geo.

‘…I wonder if it’s just comfortable to have a meal with this guy.’

It could have been both.

Geo went to his seat without paying attention to what the two were talking about. It looked quite familiar, and Yoo Seong-un looked around the banquet hall, which felt luxurious and splendid for a temple.

“There are a lot of things to do in this temple.”

“Because this Solar Church does not consider frugality a virtue.”

“Uh… yeah?”

Yoo Seong-un looked at Geo again.

“Do you know where this is?”

“I couldn’t help but know, since that was where I was educated.”

“When it comes to education….”

“I learned a lot as a priest. You could think of it as a training school for young priests.”

"aha."

It seems that the method of raising priests was similar in every world.

Yoo Seong-un, who saw Aria staring at him intently as he listened to Geo's explanation, forced himself to swallow his sigh and sat down next to Geo. Aria sat down across from Geo instead of at the top seat, as if it was natural.

“…? You should be the owner of this seat, so why aren’t you sitting in the seat of honor?”

“The owner of that seat was not me, but the Pope.”

Aria rolled her eyes.

“I ate it.”

Geo looked at Aria in surprise.

“Are you feeling sick?”

“No… Wait, Geo, is that important right now?”

“How much saturated fat was in that human’s stomach….”

“So, is that important now?”

Is that really all there is to say about a monster eating a person? Aria seemed to be thinking similar thoughts.

“You don’t seem to have any regrets.”

“How can I possibly say nice things when I’ve suffered so much because of that person?”

“You have that noble face, and you speak quite sarcastically.”

Her blue hair also fluttered along with her smiling lips.

“I guess you are really my teacher.”

“Maybe so, maybe not.”

“If you can’t define it yourself, let me define it for you.”

Aria smiled.

"teacher."

“…….”

“The human teacher of the mermaids. Father Giovanni, the incarnation of the saint. Savior and traitor of humanity.”

“It’s gotten a lot more grandiose without me even realizing it.”

Geo also smiled at him.

Yoo Seong-un suddenly realized that the smiles of Giovanni, Aria, and Isser were quite similar. Although they were clearly smiling faces, they felt more heavy than joyful… .

In the meantime, Geo continued speaking.

“What are you going to call me now, Aria?”

“Anything is fine.”

Exactly!

When the mermaid snapped her fingers, the temple filled with seawater.

“…….”

There was no breathing difficulty.

“Welcome back to your sea.”

Hair that resembled the deep sea was scattered like coral.

The mermaid's dress moved like fins, resembling leisurely waves. Her pearly eyes sparkled dazzlingly, and the tiara on her head emitted a mysterious light.

The seafood in the banquet hall, completely submerged in seawater, raised their already dead heads and opened their mouths to welcome the guests and intruders.

“…Yeah, that’s right….”

There was a manifestation of the sea in that place.

“…….”

“Geo.”

Eyes that could never be human contained the most human saint in the world.

“Come talk to me.”

“Okay.”

“If you don’t like it, I’ll eat all the humans.”

For thousands of years, the Little Mermaid has been angry.

“You too.”

Only towards 'humans'.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (80)

Episode 80

Geo saw the mermaid princess grow up to be strong and beautiful.

“…….”

The hair, strangely colored like the deep sea, the eyes that resemble pearls just like in the legend, and even the dress that resembles waves symbolize the sea... but the doctor's large white gown that she wears over them stands out in particular.

Back then, we often played pranks like that. They were just trivial pranks.

“…….”

“…Yes, I am human too.”

So Giovanni could be sure.

“Let's talk.”

In the end, this was a place where humans had no choice but to win.

The Little Mermaid's ending (0/1)

I was sure of that.

* * *

Aria didn't blame Giovanni.

He was the only human Aria could think of. He was the most genuine human among all of them, and at the same time, he was kind and gentle, like something out of a fairy tale. Rare things deserve to be loved.

“I respect you, Giovanni.”

But it's been too long.

“There was too much going on to be covered up with the shallow word “respect.”

“Now that I think about it, it seems like the little mermaids were causing trouble.”

“I’m not young anymore, unfortunately.”

Aria loved Giovanni, but she hated humans. She loathed and despised them.

“I have learned so much from you. Human emotions, human life, human judgment….”

“The human biological structure was also something I taught you.”

“That helped a lot, especially after you died.”

“Are you blaming me?”

“It’s probably closer to love and stubbornness. That’s a little different from resentment.”

“Mermaids are such creatures.”

“Aren’t we a foolish race that lives our whole lives with memories of the past?”

To such a mermaid, the existence of Giovanni was too cruel.

“Since your death, I have encountered countless people. Some were sacrificial, some were selfish, some even drove their children into the abyss, and some gave their lives for others whose faces they did not even know.”

“Such diversity is what shows human potential.”

“I agree too. That’s why I couldn’t give up on this life. I’ve analyzed, researched, and studied countless people, believing that it would end someday.”

“It must have been a very long time.”

“I’ve been waiting for this day to come for quite some time. I keep venting my anger in vain, and sinking the suns of those countless dimensions….”

“I understand.”

“And now it feels like the end has come for me.”

That was the ending of the name Giovanni.

“The fairy tale of the Little Mermaid of Earth ends with the mermaid turning into bubbles and disappearing. Giovanni, is the ending you are drawing like this?”

“Every child is free to imagine what they want to do. Even if the mermaid in the fairy tale turns to bubbles and is forgotten by everyone, in some child’s head, she is living a happy life with a prince.”

“I’m sorry, but there are no more children here. The only ones left here are the princess, who has shed blood red to see the limits of humanity, and her loyal subordinates.”

“Then what kind of ending does the Little Mermaid Princess want?”

“Human suffering. Human despair. Human annihilation. I never thought I would meet you on this planet that came here to sink one more sun… but for now.”

“Did you eat humans, Princess?”

“The seas of all dimensions have already devoured countless human beings. Even at this moment, the seas are taking away the lives of greedy humans and are also devouring innocent humans.”

Giovanni's noble face appeared. It was the face of a saint who was called the savior of mankind and the son of the one God.

“Isn’t the sea cruel to humans, as you said?”

“But it’s beautiful. It’s like I, who can’t even swim, built a house by the sea and lived there for half my life.”

“Do you still think the sea and mermaids are the same thing?”

“Do you want to hear that you are beautiful?”

“I can’t say no. I wanted to show you how much I’ve grown, my teacher.”

But this may not be what you were hoping for.

“How do you feel when you see the mermaid you raised with your own hands growing up like this?”

“…….”

There was sorrow in his blue eyes.

“…That’s sad.”

"okay."

“I’m glad to see you again, and I’m sad to see you go.”

“Why is that?”

“Because you are a mermaid.”

Who was that mourning for?

“I am human.”

“…Giovanni, you always talk about the differences and limitations between humans and mermaids.”

With a smile that made it seem like he would sing only fairy tales his entire life, Giovanni always spoke of the harshness of reality.

“This is where the main topic starts.”

Aria looked at the white-haired hunter sitting in his seat with a tense expression, then back at Giovanni, who was still smiling gently.

"I am…."

It was a smile she had been trying to create her whole life but had never been able to. It was a smile that her sister had tried to imitate but had never been able to. It was a smile that she had tried to have again but had never been able to create… .

So in the end, it was a smile that was given up.

“…For thousands of years, I have studied humans endlessly and tried to figure out their limitations. However, I confess that my lack of ability has not been able to define a clear goal. I just wandered around, not knowing what to do.”

Giovanni said.

“And it is the teacher’s role to show us which way to go.”

“Giovanni, I’m at a crossroads. You have to help me.”

What will you choose?

“This foolish, stubborn mermaid can either spend the rest of her immortal life hating, despising, and loathing humans, or… yes, she can disappear like a fairy tale here on Earth and turn into a bubble.”

Is it the death of a human or the death of a mermaid?

“Okay, teacher.”

“…….”

“What should I do?”

Aria admired the man named Giovanni. She loved his name.

I find him mysterious in his humanity, and I revere his boundless wisdom and gushing affection. If there was a man who could bring sunlight to the sea, it was Giovanni.

“Teacher, you wanted the land and the sea to become one.”

Aria placed the sea in the sky and devoured the sun.

“Even if our choices were the same, the results would have been different, right?”

Instead of this cold, bloody reality, Giovanni would have created a warm fairy tale that smelled of sunshine.

But Giovanni was betrayed by humans and eaten by a mermaid. Aria saw his kind face filled with warmth.

“…….”

“Now give me the end.”

You became the sun for that.

* * *

Yoo Seong-un tried to hold his breath as he watched the situation unfold.

‘… things are going a little strangely.’

When the first Chaisol group was kidnapped, and as a result, until they arrived at the 'Deep Sea Country' with this group, I thought there would be a big battle. After all, it's only natural for a battle to break out when a hunter enters a dungeon.

But this mermaid named Aria really seemed to want to talk. This place was created solely for the purpose of debate.

'That too… is forcing Geo to choose between being human and mermaid.'

I felt sincerity.

'What would Geo do if he chose humans? Would he rather harass humans because he finds them annoying? Or would he really want to die?'

Depending on what 'path' Geo would show her in the future, Aria would either torment humans for the rest of her life or die on the spot.

‘That’s how all monsters are…’

Aria's hatred for humans also seemed to be extremely strong.

'It sounds like you're saying you're going to liquidate your previous life of studying and researching humans. Of course, thousands of years have passed, so it's about time for a conclusion to be reached, but does it make sense to leave that choice up to Geo? It's not something

else, it's something that determines the fate of humans and mermaids.'

There are so many selfish symbols.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un looked back at Geo.

“…….”

“…….”

He was still smiling, looking at the mermaid named Aria.

‘… I’m curious as to what choice I’ll make.’

First of all, it is true that the entity called 'Portrait of Geo' is extremely friendly to humans.

But just as he had worried when he first came to the 'Temple of the Deep Sea', Giovanni, who had a deep connection with these mermaids, could have chosen them.

'Even now, I can't even call myself human. Even if I choose to be a mermaid who has become a monster instead of a human, I can define that monsters are on the same side... I don't know what choice Geo will make.'

Besides, it was more reasonable. Objectively speaking, it was much less damaging.

'If you choose a human, Aria, the mermaid you were close with, will die right away, but even if you choose a mermaid, you can't suddenly kill all the humans in all dimensions. If Geo chooses a mermaid right away, it would be objectively more beneficial for him to spend time with them and defend the humans a little.'

Clearly, Aria was acting like she would eat Geo if she got upset,

saying, 'You are human after all', but Geo had his own class and he wouldn't be easily swayed.

If we were to be that picky, the few humans in this dungeon would die, but wouldn't the majority of humans and beloved mermaids live? I was even more worried because I knew that Giovanni was not always kind and had a shameless side.

"……."

However, since it was not a place where he could step forward, Yoo Seong-un kept his mouth shut.

'… In the end, it's up to Geo to choose.'

It was when I waited for some time.

"Phew…."

Geo laughed.

"To be honest, I thought it was a little funny."

"…What?"

"They say family members resemble each other, and I guess that's true for us too."

Unlike the blunt, black-haired Geo, Giovanni, with his bright colors, even his light smile, which seemed to have a hint of playfulness, seemed natural.

The mermaid named Aria had a blank expression, but her smile seemed to steal my attention.

"……."

As if I couldn't help but recall a time I really missed… .

Geo curved his lips as if he was embarrassed, as if he was troubled, but still found it funny.

“I also thought about it. There must have been a way to get to the ‘Deep Sea Country’ without having to ride a submarine, but no matter how much I searched and waited, I couldn’t find even a single strand of Isser’s hair.”

It seems that the reason this portrait visited the 'Deep Sea Country' was to meet mermaids.

“Maybe he was avoiding me?”

“I couldn’t say no, I was too scared of being punished by the new sun god.”

“The sun god….”

“I don’t think you were trying to hide it. With such a passionate divinity in your heart.”

“I took it on without thinking, but to be honest, I don’t really know what I should do.”

“Isn’t this to kill me? It’s amazing how there are things you don’t know.”

“Because I’m human too.”

“…….”

“We always hit a limit.”

Geo smiled his characteristically straight smile.

“So, just as you kidnapped Brother Chaisol and called me, I too have been trying to come up with a way to call our dear mermaid friends together. I hope we can talk without having to run away.”

“So what method did you use?”

“Compared to what you have prepared, this is a very modest plan. I should say it is rough. I am very embarrassed that I have not been able to show you something great in order to save face as a teacher….”

- Kwajijijijijik…!!!

"ruler."

A spear of light appeared, accompanied by a ferocious roar that did not match the bright light that hurt the eyes.

He spreads out both hands.

“…….”

"look."

It totaled over ten.

The window's edge, embracing the heat of the sun, was pointed at Geo.

“This is how humans communicate.”

“…….”

Before we knew it, the sea water of the temple had dried up and was filled with a terrible heat like a desert.

“…Human conversation? What does that mean?”

“The good man cannot always be rewarded.”

“…I know too.”

“I should have known better.”

Geo continued speaking as if he was teaching.

“There is no guarantee that favors will be repaid, and notorious villains cannot always be punished to melt the hearts of their victims. The world is not a fairy tale, and reality is created by overlapping moments.”

“…….”

“Because humans are always changing. They can grow and deteriorate. It is foolish to expect that all the endings of these capricious creatures, who cannot stay still for even a moment, will always be the same. If you are smart, you will surely know this.”

The banquet hall was engulfed in a sweltering heat that made it hard to breathe.

“But that’s why humans created so many rules. We learned how to face each other, how to talk.”

“…….”

“And we have decided to punish the horrific murderer who has killed countless people.”

“…You’re going to accuse me of something now? You’re bringing up human rules to me, a person who isn’t even human….”

"aria."

A face as warm as the sunlight.

“Humans are diverse. They have no limits, and you are no different. They say that humans are something that cannot stay still for even a moment and is constantly changing.”

“…….”

“You weren’t like that? You didn’t change at all? You just grew and deteriorated, so you had the illusion that you were the same as you were thousands of years ago….”

"…I am."

“We can talk.”

The voice was firm.

“If you get what you deserve.”

Like a teacher teaching young students.

“…What kind of punishment is this? I don’t understand.”

“We use some pretty lethal tactics to get what we want. This time, let me ask the question.”

“I don’t know. I don’t understand.”

“There is no reason for me to stop your hatred towards humans, Aria.”

The teacher who was guiding the students asked.

“Is there any reason why I should not take ‘Giovanni’ away from you?”

“…….”

Geo chose humans.

And since according to his words, humans and mermaids are no different, it seems that he did not give up or choose anything.

The mermaid's face crumbled at the greedy adult's fatal declaration.

“Whether to choose humans, including you and me.”

"…ah…."

“It is up to you whether you choose the mermaid’s wrath.”

What was revealed was not the sea, but a less mature student.

The painter who draws dungeons

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The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (81)

Episode 81

One day the little mermaid said,

“I’m going to eat you.”

“…….”

Giovanni laughed awkwardly.

“…Are you saying that to someone who has just been to the market?”

“I’m going to eat you.”

“I guess you didn’t like the fact that I left Aria alone and went to the market.”

“Yeah, I don’t like it.”

“It was you, Aria, who said you would stay home alone because you were so absorbed in a book.”

“Eat it….”

“Okay. Let’s go together next time.”

Isser kept looking behind Giovanni, wondering if his sister was angry. Giovanni patted Isser and handed him a bag of groceries. It wasn't that heavy.

“Can you bring it to the kitchen?”

“Oh, yes, I will do that.”

“Thank you for always helping me, Isser.”

Giovanni, who had been watching Isser go into the kitchen, sat down next to Aria.

“Looking at it this way, it doesn’t seem like he’s that angry.”

“Do humans express this as being angry?”

“As expected, mermaids are quite emotional. Maybe it’s because they live among sea creatures with whom they rarely communicate.”

“Sea creatures do communicate. It’s just that stupid humans don’t realize it.”

“That is indeed true. But it would be different from creatures on earth.”

The blue eyes widened.

“Perhaps what you are feeling right now, Aria, is anger.”

“The story about a mermaid getting angry is quite strange.”

“I’ve never seen a mermaid get angry before. Mermaids always have a blank expression on their face, even when they fight humans.”

“I guess so.”

Even when humans killed the mermaid's baby, the mermaid did not get angry. She just responded with a cold, expressionless face, and people said that they were monsters who did not care if their own children died.

“By the way, I heard that there was a fight between humans and mermaids in the next village. Did you see it, teacher?”

“I haven’t seen it, but the mermaids I’ve seen so far have always been expressionless.”

He laughed.

“As Arya knows, the conflict between humans and mermaids is so old that no one knows who started it first.”

They didn't even know who started this conflict. The humans simply saw the mermaids as terrifying sea monsters, while the mermaids saw the humans as stupid and threatening beasts.

The conflict was escalating. Now the mermaids were drowning innocent humans in the sea, and the humans were drowning innocent mermaids in the square.

They look at it and shout at each other.

“Everyone says, ‘We must kill the mermaids. We must kill the humans…’ How could anyone but the devil create such a terrible situation?”

“…….”

“I have seen the conflict between mermaids and humans with my own eyes. I have lived as a son of the sun, traveled here and there, and encountered many mermaids along the way.”

“So you pride yourself on knowing a lot about mermaids?”

“It may have been an inappropriate amount of confidence to show in front of a mermaid, but even I am not used to seeing Arya angry.”

“We might see each other more often in the future.”

“Oh my….”

Giovanni carefully stroked his dark blue hair.

“As far as I know, the idea that mermaids eat humans is just a superstition that exists in some regions, so why did you say you would eat me?”

“When I said it like that, everyone listened obediently.”

“I understand, this is the result of learning.”

Giovanni understood the learning of such mermaids. The indifference of mermaids, who did not even feel the need to choose the means and methods because they could achieve the desired results, further fueled the fear of humans.

But Giovanni hoped that this would not be the result of mere learning, for he wanted the mermaid, who was curious about humans, to become a more friendly and social adult. Giovanni continued.

“Then it must be a joke.”

"joke?"

“You’re not really planning on eating me, are you?”

“Mermaids don’t eat humans, they give them stomachaches.”

“Then let’s just treat it as a joke.”

I didn't want to put too much weight on the mermaid's cruel learning. Up until now, humans and mermaids have been giving too much meaning to each other's 'incomprehensible actions', which is why they have come into such deep conflict.

He just gave advice, the kind of advice you might give as a teacher and friend.

“It would certainly be convenient to scare people into obeying orders. But if you just scare them, a lot of them will run away from Arya.”

“Is that a bad thing?”

“At least it wouldn’t be a good thing for Aria, who wants to learn about humans. Humans aren’t creatures that only show colorful reactions when they’re scared. On the contrary, they show much more reactions when they’re happy and joyful.”

Giovanni hoped that the mermaid would not be left alone one day, and that the day would come when the sea and the sun would become one, just like her brother had hoped.

Mermaids live for a very long time and stay in one memory. Maybe this young mermaid who likes her current daily life could grow up to be a mermaid who helps humans someday. She would be the beginning of peace.

I don't know if it will really happen, and I didn't want to force it. But I definitely hope that this mermaid, who has to live her entire life embracing her short life, will become more gentle.

“If you keep playing pranks like this, there will be no one left by Aria’s side.”

The arrogant mermaid asked him.

“What about my brother?”

“…….”

“And, what about you?”

“…We will probably always remain by your side.”

"always?"

“As long as I don’t die.”

“You’re going to die.”

The mermaid complained.

“Human lifespan is too short. The sun that created you was stupid.”

“Isn’t it possible that because their lifespan is short, they show more colorful aspects?”

“I don’t understand. Isn’t it obvious that the longer you live, the more you can learn?”

“If you spend time with it, you will slowly understand it.”

"what?"

“Desperation.”

Giovanni knew the limits of humanity, and he also knew the infinite possibilities that came from them.

“Because we are creatures with short lives, humans are the ones who work harder than ever. When humans become lazy, they are easily eliminated, the situation easily worsens, and humans cannot welcome such a situation.”

“Are you going crazy because it’s more desperate?”

“Maybe so. Is there a point here where we can think more? What might it be? Aria, think about it.”

“…….”

The mermaid princess, who was worrying with her small head, asked.

“So, when mermaids are desperate, do they become colorful like you?”

“Yes. Mermaids are just more familiar with water than humans and have slightly longer lifespans. They’re not that different.”

“So many things look different.”

“If humans were given gills to breathe underwater and live a life closer to eternal life, people would call them mermaids.”

“Are you saying we are the same?”

“No one is wrong. We just have our differences. If there’s one thing I’ve felt while spending time with you, Aria, it’s that you’re just like me.”

Giovanni had no doubt about that fact.

“Aren’t mermaids also creatures that create precious things?”

“What does that have to do with future diversity?”

“Because any living thing evolves to protect what is precious to it.”

“Any living thing?”

“Even four-legged animals that cannot speak and fish that are often eaten by us use all kinds of tricks and become strong to protect their young.”

“It’s an instinct to preserve the species.”

“You could say that innate instincts are also precious.”

The mermaid didn't seem to understand.

“Then is human greed the same?”

“If it is important to you to keep that greed, then yes, it is.”

Everyone has something precious to them, so they become diverse. However, since humans have a shorter lifespan than mermaids, they try harder to achieve their goals.

“So the mermaid will be like that too.”

“…Then what is the difference between humans and mermaids?”

“The truth is no different.”

We just don't understand each other.

“So, we don’t need anything great. If only more people could understand each other’s differences….”

“…….”

“If more people start to speak out for understanding and compromise, this long conflict will eventually come to an end.”

The mermaid complained with a blank expression.

“That sounds strange.”

“That’s what it sounds like.”

“I don’t like it.”

“Is that so?”

“I’m going to eat you.”

“You’re really grumpy, but you wouldn’t do that….”

“I’m going to eat you.”

“Of course, I understand.”

But there was something you absolutely had to remember.

“Aria, if you’re going to scare someone into eating you, you need to know this.”

“What is that?”

“Whatever Arya’s purpose was, humans will react differently, and Arya

must take responsibility for those reactions. A creature that does not take responsibility cannot learn anything.”

“…….”

It's responsibility.

"…okay."

The mermaid obediently agreed.

“I will take responsibility.”

“That’s cool.”

“I will eat you.”

“Oh my… What else did you not like?”

So, it was a joke.

“I’ll put it on my table.”

“This priest has no taste.”

An extremely light-hearted prank.

* * *

“…….”

“…….”

The mermaid blinked and saw a dazzling light.

It belongs to the sun.

"…I am…."

Why am I wavering? It was the moment my heart wavered. I never

wanted to lose, since I had waited for so long.

But the light was hot enough to dry up even the great ocean. It was the same sharp heat that had once dried up the tails of mermaids on the sea.

My stomach lurched. I felt seasick, something I had never felt before, even in the deep, dark depths of the ocean, or on the surface of the water tossed by a typhoon.

“…I don’t quite understand.”

“What don’t you understand?”

“Well, this is….”

Is this also desperation? If so, what is the desperation directed towards? The mermaid then found something to say.

“Why do you think I would want you not to die?”

“Aria, because you didn’t create me.”

Giovanni's voice sounded no different than it had thousands of years ago.

“I saw your lab. You were trying to create and combine countless lives. I taught you how to dissect and organize living things, so it was only natural that I could tell.”

Aria suddenly thought that it was so strange. It was a voice that she had chewed over and remembered for countless years, but it was strange because she knew that this voice had been absent for some reason.

You ran away to the sun. Or melted into the cold sea. How can someone who returned to nature come back alive and speak to me in the same way as before?

“Some even succeeded, and some were intentionally ruined.”

“…….”

“I was wondering if it wasn’t meant to be a life that didn’t feel like a life lived.”

The priest of the sun, who seemed to have been stuffed in his most beautiful time, asked.

“But why didn’t I do that? Why didn’t I revive it?”

“…No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t succeed. Since they were dead, there wasn’t enough material to study.”

“I guess it’s because you respect me.”

“If you had died in a more normal manner, the outcome would have been different. It was not intentional, it was simply beyond my ability.”

“If emotions are also abilities, then they are not false. I know that mermaids feel emotions too.”

Giovanni was sure.

“You love me, Aria.”

“Why do you think that is?”

“Your voice is weak.”

"no."

It was a meaningful reunion with an old friend.

I never intended to proceed in such a stupid way, but it didn't work out so well as I had decided that it was the end for me.

I haven't been this stupid in hundreds or thousands of years. I've killed,

tormented, toyed with, and…

“…….”

But I couldn't say anything because I only saw one face that I missed. The only thing that had changed was your presence, Giovanni.

It was only then that I remembered that you were not only my friend, but also my teacher. An adult I could never defeat, and my milestone.

'Yes. That's right, that's right.'

Surprisingly, Aria had never defeated him before. I realized something I had forgotten for a while.

I opened my mouth with difficulty.

“In the first place… Giovanni, who holds divinity, do you think you will die like this? This is clearly just a trick to embarrass me.”

“If this is a lie, I can die a thousand times over in front of you, and if this is true, ‘Giovanni’ disappears from this place. He is nothing more than a human being.”

“…That’s true too.”

I found myself laughing at myself for not having thought that such a counterattack would come back. Unlike Aria, who couldn't even touch the fingertips of her teacher whom she had encountered by some absurd miracle, Giovanni could ruin himself as much as he wanted.

'If he had cared for his own body and life, he would have lived longer than that.'

But Giovanni was a man who could do anything he wanted. For a very long time, Aria had not been able to beat her teacher.

“…….”

Now that they've come this far, Aria can't lie to Giovanni that she doesn't love him. Whatever confidence he has, Giovanni is certain that the mermaids love him, and unfortunately, it's true.

"ah…."

From that moment on, the outcome was already decided. Aria knew it, and that was why she placed her end entirely in Giovanni’s hands. Nevertheless, the teacher chose to torment himself rather than swing the leash.

Because he knew that it would be more effective in punishing Aria. It certainly was.

“Why do you have to be so cruel?”

A reflexive question was answered as is.

“Why were you so cruel?”

“…….”

“To me, and to the countless people I’ve met.”

“…I’m angry.”

“So you have to take responsibility.”

I know.

“I know.”

He asked me to take responsibility.

“You’ve been telling me that for a very long time. Be prepared to take responsibility for everything you do.”

No matter how much time has passed, there is no way I could have forgotten your teachings.

But she didn't take responsibility for anything. She didn't want to take responsibility for the death and suffering of a mere human being. If she was going to measure the weight of her anger, she wouldn't have even started in the first place.

“If I take responsibility for what I’ve done, doesn’t that mean there’s no point in venting?”

Ah, I hate humans. I hate them. Even this feeling of anger was so precious to Aria that she couldn't bear to let it go. My resentment and disgust were as heavy as the feeling of love I had for you. It was truly precious.

So it was natural that I should not take responsibility either. If I were to take responsibility, if I were to atone, I would have to decide that this feeling was wrong. I did not want this terribly precious memory to be tarnished and dulled.

“Nobody told me to take responsibility.”

“I think quite a few people would have wanted to take responsibility.”

“That must have been the case, countless people have died and been injured by my hands.”

I would have hoped that this terrible sea monster would suffer the most miserable death in the world, and atone for his sins by living through days more horrible than death.

“But isn’t that a funny story? How can you expect human emotions from a monster like me?”

She looked at the white-haired hunter with a blank expression for a moment. Was he a meteor? Aria asked him.

“Do you hunters want the monsters that inhabit the dungeons to be judged by the law? Or do you want them to apologize and feel sad?”

“…Monsters are just targets for subjugation. I don’t waste my emotions on them. I don’t have enough resources to bring monsters who aren’t criminals to justice.”

“Yes, that’s right. Most humans kill monsters without any emotion because it’s their mission. I also kill humans because I hate them.”

Aria looked at Geo.

“Why should I be responsible for this? Giovanni, you taught me to be human… but now I’m just a monster.”

“When you say that, this priest’s heart really breaks. I taught a man to love the sea, but in reality, he was a monster.”

Giovanni said.

“You know this is all just venting.”

“I know, but I don’t know.”

I know it well.

“I didn’t want to justify my actions with your death.”

"thank you."

“That’s why you, being so… merciful, wouldn’t have wanted something like this.”

“I see.”

“It just wasn’t appropriate to use as an excuse.”

I asked just to confirm.

“Don’t you still resent them?”

“I resent and hate you.”

“Then how can you drive me?”

“Because I don’t resent them enough to take responsibility for their deaths.”

Although he resented it, he did not wish for it to die. It was an answer that Giovanni could give because he believed that if he influenced someone in some way, he had to take responsibility for all of their reactions.

He said.

“Please select.”

“What on earth?”

“Are you human or a mermaid?”

"…what…."

That's a difficult question to understand.

The sharp light of the sun was visible, ready to pierce Giovanni at any moment.

“Taking hostages? That’s so clever.”

“I am writing this myself, so wouldn’t my responsibility be lighter?”

“You are right.”

There is nothing more cost-effective than consuming oneself. Aria also knew this. That is why she has used herself to instill fear in countless people up until now.

It wasn't the first time I'd seen a human make this choice. There were countless humans who traded on themselves, and they were just... not Giovanni.

So I harassed him.

“…….”

Of course, she doesn't regret it. Aria knew from the beginning that her and her brother's actions were nothing more than venting anger based on favoritism and injustice.

However, they vaguely hoped that one day their master would come back alive and scold them and punish them so much that they would end this long life. Only Giovanni could do that. Without him, these mermaids had no meaning.

‘… But in the end, it turned out like this. How could it not have changed so much?’

He rarely let his disciples sway him. The reprimand he received when he was truly reunited with his teacher was quite different from what he had imagined, and he was speechless.

“To be honest….”

“You can be honest with me.”

“I don’t know what to say.”

“Oh my, how pitiful.”

“I was full of confidence.”

I felt empty.

Until the moment when Giovanni was forced to make a choice, I was certain that the 'ending' was right in front of me.

“…I’m not sure what to do right now.”

Kkwaddeok-!!

A window fell out.

“…….”

“…….”

Blood flowed from Giovanni's shoulder.

Whether it was because she was his disciple, or because Aria was simply smart, she instantly understood the meaning of that action.

It meant that it was not the correct answer.

“What should I do?”

Crunch-!!

The second window fell down.

“Should I apologize for my rudeness…?”

Quaz-!!

It was the third window.

“Don't die.”

“You are wrong.”

bang!!

“Don’t die in front of me.”

“You were wrong.”

Crunch-…!!

"I…."

“Do you think you will respect me now?”

“…Are you angry, Giovanni?”

“Did you expect me not to get angry?”

His voice was still gentle and soft, but Aria could tell that he was very angry.

No, rather than that.

“Did you expect me not to be disappointed?”

He seemed disappointed.

“…….”

“…It’s pretty creepy.”

With just a few gestures, Giovanni was covered in blood. He had many holes and cuts. His body was weak and unworthy of the honor of the new sun god.

That was scary. There was a terrible smell of flesh roasting in the sun. It was the stench that told the mermaid that her old friend was turning into a mere piece of meat.

“…Was it like this back then too?”

Seeing him so injured under the sunlight reminded me of that day.

“You said you were tortured.”

“Yes, it was.”

“Did it hurt as much as it did just now?”

“It seems more painful now.”

“Then just stop. That’s not smart.”

“Emotionally swayed people are not wise by nature.”

"that…."

“You too, Aria.”

“…….”

“That’s why you did such cruel things.”

It was so funny and speechless that Aria couldn't help but laugh.

“…Why me….”

“…….”

“They still see me as a human….”

But I was crying.

“How can that be?”

Pearls fell to the floor, over the hem of the dress.

“Why hasn’t anything changed?”

This is how we have changed.

“Isn’t this a deception towards the humans who died because of me, because of my brother? How can they be so affectionate?”

“I don’t treat you like humans because I’m kind to you. I treat you like humans because that’s the truth.”

“It’s really funny. It’s a funny story. No one sees us as human. So you’re still being affectionate.”

She didn't look particularly sad, perhaps because the pearls were still falling from her eyes, which were as pale as wax and not reddened. They seemed to be mere decoration.

“I am not human, Giovanni.”

Aria found that a little unpleasant. She didn't like it. She wanted to be comfortable even if it meant eating everything.

“But it could be human.”

“It’s natural for monsters to eat and torment humans.”

“It is nothing more than an excuse to say that being called a monster makes it natural for one to commit monstrous evil deeds.”

Giovanni still had a smiling face, and his voice was soft. The smile that remained intact despite being messy and broken was eerie, like a stuffed painting.

It was like looking at a portrait whose expression did not change even when burned. The bloody body containing something that could be alive or dead continued to speak.

“You could have stopped eating humans and stopped tormenting them.”

“…….”

“You could have avoided being called a monster, Aria. You could have.”

The mermaid, unaccustomed to fear and anxiety, did not know exactly what she was feeling. She had never felt this way even when her teacher, who had been the only meaning in her long life, died.

She just asked. Unfortunately, she looked stupid because the other

person was Aria's only meaning.

“Don't be mad at me.”

“Aria is my student.”

"…still?"

“It’s still like that.”

If you're this angry because I'm still your student.

“…Then isn’t that too cruel?”

I know, it's not right for someone who is proud of being a monster to say such things. Those who died by her hand will laugh and despise her. But if I had followed the right path, I would never have thought of becoming a monster in the first place.

Aria repeated to herself that only her heart was precious. You know, I've missed you for so long that I can't even count the number of times.

“Don’t be so hurt in front of me, you can’t do that.”

“If you’re a monster, then this is okay.”

“…….”

The mermaid eventually had to admit it.

“…I am still your student.”

“Yes.”

“I, who am not a monster, can be confused in some other way?”

“Of course. This is a human conversation.”

Giovanni spoke in the gentle yet firm voice of a teacher.

“I have always treated you as human beings, as beings like myself.”

“…….”

“I know you’re a mermaid and I know the difference, but that doesn’t mean you’re a monster.”

It was such a long story, I thought it would be the perfect moment to end it, but it seemed like Giovanni had no intention of ending it here.

“Why isn’t killing me the perfect ending?”

“Because that is also a choice to avoid responsibility. It is cowardly.”

“I will never consider my sins as sins in my entire life.”

“But as long as you are by my side, you will consider sin as sin.”

“It is a great honor to be able to remain by my old friend’s side.”

I asked, finding it funny.

“Do you think that would be enough punishment? Giving me back someone precious to me?”

“First, I will not be the subject of your punishment, and second, I will not give you anything in return.”

“But why do you keep me alive if you don’t punish me? How can you stay by my side if you don’t give me anything in return?”

“My existence will be a punishment to you. I like good things, so you will be interested in good things, and one day you will be inspired.”

“That would never be hell for me. If the people I’ve killed and tormented all this time found out, they’d be crying tears of blood. For something like this, there’s no punishment for it….”

“I tell you again, I am not the one to punish you. I have no

responsibility or obligation to do so. Am I not?”

He continued.

“But as time goes by, one day you will see yourself as a human being, not a monster.”

“This is ridiculous.”

“When that day comes, even if no one comes forward, I will go to hell on my own. I will punish myself.”

“How do you know that?”

“I raised you. I taught you. I protected you. I know how good children you are when you are by my side.”

Giovanni spoke calmly, as if discussing the very obvious fact that the sun is hot.

“You guys are so curious and smart. You have the will to improve and you’re not afraid to try new things.”

“…….”

“That’s who I know. So stay by my side. Take responsibility for what happened.”

Aria surrendered at a banquet hall that was a mess from the blood of noble priests and the fire of the sun.

“…Then it’s fine.”

He admitted defeat.

I have no regrets about the long, meaningless venting, but it was just too long. Still, the hatred and anger were endless, so I couldn't stop and didn't want to.

So, if possible, Giovanni, I wish you would come back and give the mermaid's story an ending. Only you could end the mermaid's life. Only you were qualified to finish this crazy fairy tale.

“I wanted to win, but I lost.”

“I guess it’s because even in a country like this, there are people who are called teachers.”

“So give me time.”

“It’s time.”

“I need time to think about how I will remain by your side.”

“Me too.”

At that moment, the few remaining windows of light disappeared. Aria looked into the empty space with a face filled with regret.

“…I should have killed the monster.”

“I keep telling you, it’s not my job. Why are you asking me to punish you?”

“Are you going to call me a coward?”

“Yes, don’t be a coward. Don’t stay in the time I died, and behave like a proper adult.”

“What if I keep killing people?”

“That is none of my business either. I have never incited you to murder, nor have I ever tried to stop you.”

“Then how can you call this the ending? Nothing has ended.”

“But now that I’m here with you, nothing will end, but that doesn’t mean nothing will change, right?”

“I won’t deny it.”

“Personally, I think this isn’t such a bad ending. You know what?”

Giovanni laughed.

“In the fairy tales of Earth, mermaid princesses sometimes turn into bubbles and disappear, but sometimes they become human and live happily ever after with princes.”

“Yes, my prince. I thought so from the first time I saw you. So, will you live happily together with me now?”

“If you want to do that, then do it. Anger can end in reconciliation, forgiveness, or destruction. It depends on how much responsibility you take.”

“It’s probably not a story that has anything to do with you, teacher. I don’t know if you’re being affectionate or indifferent.”

“Oh, no. I’m sorry to say this, but I’ve done enough. I just wanted to cut ties with you and pretend not to know you, but you kept causing trouble on all fronts, so I endured the hardships and came to see you.”

“Please be spicy.”

“So… let’s take our time and think about the rest. From now on, it’s up to you to decide what kind of story to create.”

Geo finished it.

“Because we have a lot of time.”

“…….”

"yes?"

* * *

The Little Mermaid's Ending (1/1)

Fairy tale rate 100.0%

Obtain Batlan Giovanni

Links: 'Deep Sea Kingdom' and 'Breathing Sea'

Palette Residents: Aria, Isser

Linking completed successfully

Achievement: The Law of Equivalent Exchange

Achievement: Painter in the picture

Achievement: Picture in Picture

Achievement: Man in a Frame

Achievement: … .

…….

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.

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Completed the tutorial

The painter who draws dungeons

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (82)

Episode 82

Identification Number

0S-761-SS

Response level

SS

Object Type

Humanoid_Mermaid (Female)

Object name

aria

warrant

The land of the deep sea

A humanoid entity first discovered by the 175th raid team of the Collector's Guild Authority.

Unlike 'Mermaid Isser', who is identified as a blood relative, her hair is long enough to touch the floor, and is dark blue. She is wearing a white doctor's or researcher's gown over a blue dress, but it is assumed to be related to the story of 'The Land of the Deep Sea' as it is a man's gown that does not fit her physique.

The entity reveals itself as a mermaid and reveals its name as 'Aria'. It testifies that it did not feel like a lie. The entity's name of 'Mermaid Aria' is confirmed.

As a special feature, it has been confirmed that the color of the eyes and hair changes depending on the physical and emotional state. This entity has made several statements identifying itself with the sea, so it is presumed that it can influence not only the 'Deep Sea Country', which it is the owner of, but also the seas of any dimension.

First sighting situation

It is understood that they came out of the dungeon and kidnapped the reserve priest (Solar Cult) to see the reaction of humans. The exploration team formed with the authority of the Collector's Guild witnessed it at the entrance of the 'Deep Sea Temple'. They did not show any particular aggressive tendencies and when they requested to talk, they were reported to have a strong aversion to humans.

As far as I know, 'Aria' is the owner of the 'Deep Sea Country', and 'Isser' is a false owner who deceives humans. Both entities have repeatedly committed acts of physical and mental pain, such as transforming humans into monsters, due to their hatred for humans.

It is understood that they have set a goal that they find attractive on Earth's level. It is expected that they will stop actively attacking humans until they achieve their goal. It seems that they should be especially careful not to cause any particular provocation, such as visiting dungeons and making a fuss.

Due to the nature of humanoid entities, the response level is set to SS.

No strategy has been found. The Guild Collector has requested that the basic response to this be 'avoidance'. Accordingly, the Hunter Association will also be extending the exploration period indefinitely instead of the strategy, so many hunters are advised to exercise

caution.

Total comments (1,043)

– Aren’t S-classes going to try to attack?

– Please specify the exact deadline for the exploration season.

– Request for reconfirmation of response level

– Attack type confirmation required

…….

….

…….

* * *

In the end, the 'Deep Sea Country' was not conquered.

“Even with three A-class hunters participating, you still couldn’t complete the mission?”

“I heard you bought ‘The Kingdom of the Deep Sea’ from a collector. Is that true?”

“Please tell me if the information about the monsters confirmed through this exploration is certain!”

“What resources does the collector want in the ‘Deep Sea Kingdom’?”

Yoo Seong-un, one of the exploration team members, had to deal with reporters.

“Yes, the conquest failed. And it is true that I purchased the S-class dungeon ‘Deep Sea Country’ from the collector, and the information about the monsters I reported to the association is also confirmed.”

“Then the resources are….”

“For further inquiries, please contact the collection administration team directly.”

“No, wait a minute….”

“Just a moment, please don’t block the road.”

The reporters tried to catch Yoo Seong-un, but he couldn't hear them because he had to stay up all night for almost a week to finish up this dungeon exploration. The dark circles under his sunken eyes almost reached his chin.

Yoo Seong-un was a very busy person.

“I would like to ask you again to contact the administrative team.”

In fact, from the reporters' point of view, the easiest thing to do would have been a meteor shower.

Kang Seo-dam, the senior priest of the most powerful religious order in Seoul, was not easily able to get time for questioning even though his identity was revealed. In the case of Cha Ara, the Hunter Association and the collectors were providing personal protection.

'But if you try to approach Sergio, the other hunter, he's nowhere to be seen.'

Of course, the 'Sergio' they were looking for was sleeping in the gallery of Bisabal.

'So it's natural for them to catch me commuting to and from work.'

I understand, but I was really tired. I had to report to the guild and the association, check the state of the ocean, hide Geo's information... I was so busy that I had to postpone my main job as a curator for a

week.

“Meteor Cloud Hunter!”

"no."

“You are here!”

“I told you there isn’t any.”

Even though most reporters these days are awakened, they are no match for the A-class hunter, Yoo Seong-un. Yoo Seong-un leisurely left the place and ran away to the guild lobby.

The administrative team staff who had been waiting for him greeted Yoo Seong-woon.

"Thank you for your effort."

“If you were watching, wouldn’t you have pushed me away?”

“These days, if you treat reporters like that, the guild will get criticized.”

“Well, the guild image is important….”

“It’s hard for us to respond unless they push back too hard.”

“I’m okay for now since I figured it out and came out.”

The employee nodded.

“We will take action if we determine that there is excessive attention being paid to this.”

“I guess I’ll have to stay inside the guild for a while. Is the break room empty?”

“There won’t be any new students for a while, so there should be some room in the dorms. I’ll find an empty room for you.”

“Anyway….”

Yoo Seong-un sighed.

“I don’t know why everyone is so interested in ‘The Kingdom of the Deep Sea’.”

“Could it be because this is the first dungeon in a long time where a humanoid monster has officially appeared in Korea?”

“Actually, humanoid monsters have appeared several times, even though they were kept quiet. That’s because they were all unofficial.”

“More than anything, it’s a dungeon I bought from a collector.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un, who was sweeping his neck, asked.

“Did it catch your attention?”

“Since you’ve purchased an S-class dungeon that we don’t even have proper information about yet, you must be wondering what the collector knows.”

“I wonder if they’re monopolizing special resources here. It’s not like there haven’t been any cases like that. Will the ants gather soon?”

“The stock price will go up.”

“It’s not exactly what they’re expecting, you know.”

Rather than a special resource, I purchased it because I thought I couldn't release a dungeon that was too deeply related to the 'Black Cloak' into the wild. It would also be a good thing for the Black Cloak itself.

The employee shrugged.

“If only it could be used as a tourist attraction.”

“It is certainly a great merit that the sea is one in which you can breathe even inside.”

“So in the end….”

The employee who had just glanced at the meteor cloud asked.

“What is the connection between ‘The Land of the Deep Sea’ and ‘The Black Cloak’?”

“…….”

“Based on the information I have, the Deep Sea Country and the Black Cloak are not monsters that go together. The Black Cloak is too out of place in that blue dungeon.”

“…Sometimes there are monsters that pop out here and there.”

In completely different dungeons, there were times when exactly the same monster or creature would appear. The gardeners named it the 'Child of Origin', but from the hunters' perspective, it was just a unique monster.

“That’s something I need to look into.”

“You must be busy.”

“You don’t plan on taking over for me, do you…?”

“I’m not a curator.”

“That is true, but.”

A tongue-licking meteor went to the elevator.

“Then please respond.”

“Don’t worry and go check the condition of the works.”

“That’s right, I haven’t checked for a while.”

As soon as he finished his urgent work, the place Yoo Seong-un went straight to was, of course, the gallery in Bisabal.

I put my employee key in the elevator heading to the gallery and pressed the button for the fifth basement floor, which was at the very bottom. Thanks to the fact that the building of the collection store was famous for spending a lot of money on state-of-the-art facilities, I was able to arrive at the very deep place quite quickly.

"hmm…."

The gallery in Bisabal, which I visited after a long time, had an overwhelming feeling, as expected.

'This place is truly suffocating.'

Even for Yoo Seong-un, a top-class hunter, it wasn't a very refreshing space. Should I say it was creepy or heavy?

A strange atmosphere was permeating this gallery, sending shivers down your spine as if you were experiencing muscle pain, while also ripping off your human instincts.

‘Especially the works on the 5th basement floor mostly have bad personalities… .’

Yoo Seong-un stood in front of a portrait while thinking about this and that.

“…….”

His face was covered in pitch-black paint, so it was impossible to tell whether his eyes were open or closed.

‘…I even forget faces often.’

He had seen 'Sergio Hunter' a week ago, but even though his memory was not bad, he could not recall the face. All that came to mind was the black paint in front of him.

'Could this also be one of the effects of covering the face in the portrait?'

With that thought in mind, Yoo Seong-un called out to the portrait.

“Geo, are you here now?”

"there is."

"oh…."

It was a quick answer.

“It’s not dawn yet, so it’s rare.”

The current time is 3:00 PM.

It was a rare time for 'Portrait of Geo', who always insisted on being up around 4AM, to be awake. Yoo Seong-un, who had been worried that he might ignore the rule, was able to feel a little relieved.

'If there was no immediate answer, I was just going to go back and come back at dawn.'

Of course, I was a little curious.

'Wasn't it the rule that we had to talk at 4 in the morning? It's strange, considering that I saw it often back then…'

Anyway, since it has come to this, I thought it would be a good idea to have a little conversation.

“Were you awake the whole time?”

“I heard Mr. Yoo Seong-un coming, so I was waiting.”

“Can you hear that too?”

“I can detect the sound of someone approaching the frame.”

“It’s amazing that you even detected that.”

“It’s been a while.”

The portraitist asked in his characteristically gruff voice.

“Have you been well?”

It had already been a week since I visited the 'Deep Sea Country' to rescue the little priest Chaisol. 'Portrait of Geo', which was more of a painting than a real person, seemed to remind me of that.

“I was worried because I hadn’t seen you for a while.”

“Don’t worry too much, usually if you don’t see me, it just means I’m overworked somewhere.”

“I think it means to worry.”

“I was just joking.”

Although he had entrusted the care to another curator, he could not let his guard down. Yoo Seong-woon, who was examining the precious portrait, soon asked if there were any damaged parts.

“What about you, Geo?”

“Please tell me the exact intent of your question.”

“It’s hard to say for sure, but for now… the mermaid siblings.”

“He’s still out of the sea, but he seems to be doing well.”

I heard that the mermaid siblings are still hiding in the 'Deep Sea Country' and haven't shown their faces. Geo said that it's probably because 'they got scolded and it's awkward to come see their faces.'

"……."

Yoo Seong-un was speechless for a moment.

"That's what you call being confused."

"Maybe it seemed a little extreme."

"I can't say it wasn't like that."

"It was a natural thing for Giovanni to do."

"Yeah, it's natural for a teacher to scold a student, but… that's… that kind of…."

Do normal teachers really scold their students like that, Geoya?

'I wondered if the strange aspect of Geo's personality was caused by his death and becoming a portrait, but is it just that Geo's originally had a slightly strange side even when they were human? Even if they live as humans, their roots are still the same?'

That terrifying indifference often startled even the meteors.

'Apart from the mental aspect, it must have been Geo who was ultimately hit hard by that situation. He doesn't seem to care about that at all. That level of indifference must mean he has no intention of imitating humans.'

I still remember it vividly. The scorching heat that could evaporate all the seawater, the spear of the sacred sun, and the black cloak that was left in shambles, yet still smiling like 'Giovanni'...

The beautiful and bizarre sight caught Yoo Seong-un's attention. He

guessed that the mermaid named Aria must have felt the same way.

‘… Anyway, it’s not at the level of a scolding.’

Or maybe, from Geo's perspective, that was just appropriate discipline. I was already worried about what would happen if this guy really harbored feelings of anger or disgust.

Geo asked what Yoo Seong-un thought of the silence.

“Shall I call you?”

“Huh? Ah… no, I don’t have anything else to talk about with you.”

“I don’t think there is any need to be afraid because they are trying to restrain themselves now, at least out of consideration for my feelings.”

“Oh, okay….”

Yoo Seong-un thought to himself.

'I can't say it's that safe, since they're literally just hiding their bodies to keep an eye out.'

It was Yoo Seong-un who overheard Giovanni and Aria's conversation in the dungeon. He realized that Giovanni was the only meaning left for the mermaids.

If they were to notice, to try to restrain themselves, or even pretend to reflect, it was only through Giovanni.

'Without Giovanni by their side, the mermaid siblings are nothing more than intelligent monsters who can only mimic interactions.'

Monsters have been considered enemies of humanity because they do not hold any significance for humans. They are not given as much attention as a bug that has been stepped on in passing.

'If you look at the dungeon's story, it's a context that you can roughly understand.'

I could understand the cause of his hatred towards humans by observing the atmosphere flowing in the S-class dungeon, 'Deep Sea Country'. Since the only human he loved was taken away in such a miserable way by a human like him, I could understand.

'That's why I don't want to talk any more.'

I understand that you were very angry that Giovanni, the only meaning of being a mermaid, was taken away from you, but was it really necessary to take that out on humans in another dimension?

It was even more absurd because they seemed to have realized that their actions were childish. After all, they were monsters. Their way of thinking was completely different from that of humans.

'Right and wrong aren't important values to monsters. They only do things that are meaningful to them. In that sense, Geo can't be considered a monster anymore... .'

Basically, the monsters couldn't talk. Yoo Seong-un asked with an awkward smile.

“…Even if you’re a mermaid, are you okay? You were hurt badly that day.”

“I am a priest of the sun and a doctor. I can recover from that level of injury quickly.”

The portrait asked.

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un, were you worried about me?”

“Does that make you uncomfortable?”

“There’s no need to be offended. I’m sorry for startling you.”

“Well, I was a little surprised….”

It was not that I was worried about Geo's portrait itself, but rather that I was surprised by Geo's choice and visual stimulation. It is true that I felt that way, but it is true that I judged rationally that there was 'no need to do that.'

'Even if Giovanni had died on the spot, this portrait would not have been destroyed.'

The boundary between death and the existence of the origin was particularly vague. It didn't seem to be much different from 'Portrait of Geo'. He seemed to be a being particularly close to the origin.

“You are a skilled priest, and you have a father at home. I vaguely thought it would be okay.”

“It was rude of me to come back early that day without even saying goodbye to you to recover. I apologize again.”

“No, that was something that everyone else understood. If we had left you injured like that, we would have been the ones getting cursed at by the mermaids.”

Perhaps more than being persecuted, they were met with hatred and contempt.

“The injury was serious, but what are the aftereffects?”

"doesn't exist."

“You weren’t sick that day?”

“It didn’t hurt as much as I thought.”

“That’s surprising news.”

The tattered appearance of Giovanni that I had seen back then came to mind.

'Is it because I have a high pain threshold? Or maybe I'm literally insensitive to pain. But… .'

Thinking about how the usually neatly dressed 'Portrait of Geo' had been ruined like that, I felt a little uneasy.

"…hmm."

Yoo Seong-un added shortly.

“I think he did it because he could handle it, but I can’t help but be worried from his perspective.”

Didn't Geo hold his own life hostage to have a 'conversation' with Aria?

'It wasn't just a scare.'

The intangible spear that was burning hotly was embedded in Geo's body. Perhaps because he controlled it with his sun god-like skills, Yoo Seong-un didn't feel the intense heat, but wasn't it enough to evaporate seawater in an instant?

Even though I knew that he was not a human but a portrait, I couldn't remain indifferent to the smell of blood and flesh burning black.

“That’s pretty upsetting.”

Yoo Seong-un recognized Geo as a pretty good friend and a great piece of work, and he was still too human to calmly accept that such a being was being ruined.

“I was worried. It might be funny to say this to you, who recovered so long ago, but I was definitely heartbroken at the time.”

“It’s been a week.”

“That’s why I’ve been running so hard. I’ve been so busy that I’ve neglected my work as a curator, and I haven’t had a way to ask about your well-being….”

“I should have sent a letter saying I was at peace.”

“No, um, anyway. I couldn’t come right away, but I was worried about many things. I’m sorry I couldn’t take care of you right after work, but I’m glad.”

“Thank you for your concern.”

The portrait, covered in black paint, continued to speak.

“But I am a portrait. The blood I shed is ultimately just paper and paint, so there is no problem with recovery.”

“…….”

… Is that so?

Just when I was starting to get convinced, 'Portrait of Geo' asked in his characteristically dry voice.

“Wasn’t it fun?”

“Were you joking?”

Even the joke was so creepy that I wondered if anyone would call him the source of the being.

'It's in this part that I definitely feel like he's not human.'

Yoo Seong-un tried hard to change the subject.

“Come to think of it… Wasn’t that the first time you saw Aria in a long time?”

“Yes, it’s my first time seeing it.”

“But in that situation, you managed to talk to Aria so calmly. It must not have been easy.”

Yoo Seong-un felt that Giovanni's personality was close to human, but had a twisted side.

From Giovanni's perspective, the situation at the time was not something that could be passed over so easily. Wasn't it like the disciple he had taught in another dimension had turned into a vicious monster?

Even after his death, after he had been resurrected, not resurrected, this happened. And yet, Giovanni treated his students who had become monsters as if nothing happened. He was definitely not an ordinary person.

“That mermaid even said something like she was going to eat me.”

“It’s okay, it was a joke.”

“…It was a joke?”

“Aria often played such pranks when she was young.”

"uh…."

“He said that if he didn’t like it, he would eat it.”

The portrait continued to speak in a steady tone.

“That’s a joke. I think Aria knew that too, which is why she made that statement.”

“…Because it’s a joke?”

“If things didn’t go his way, he would just pretend it was a joke like

before and forget about it.”

“…….”

“Likewise, Aria must have prepared to talk to me, but I won before she could do anything, so she couldn’t say anything.”

Yoo Seong-un hesitated for a moment and then asked.

“If it wasn’t a joke, what were you going to do?”

“It didn’t matter. They are mermaids.”

“Why are those guys mermaids?”

“Mermaids are a species that lives their entire lives with memories from a past life.”

In that calm and deep voice, Yoo Seong-un suddenly remembered Geo's 'eyes' that he had seen once.

“I knew they wouldn’t give up on Giovanni because he was a mermaid.”

It could never have been human.

“When Arya forced me to choose between the two, did I have the option of dying?”

"…that…."

If Geo had chosen a human then, Aria would have committed suicide, and if he had chosen a mermaid, she would have continued to live a life of tormenting humans.

“…But didn’t Aria threaten to eat you, saying that you were human too?”

“I just said that it was a joke. She admitted that she couldn’t kill me.”

"oh."

“I was sure of my victory there, because I knew that Aria still loved me.”

“…I understand.”

The mermaid princess, who always left room for playfulness, put strong pressure on the humans by even setting up a banquet hall in order to seize the initiative.

And Geo, who figured out all of that in an instant and predicted that they wouldn't be able to give up on him because he was a mermaid, attempted suicide.

“…You’re both cunning….”

“Whether it’s family or friends, fighting is how you become closer.”

Geo continued speaking in a gloomy, calm voice that showed no emotion at all.

“Especially since it had been quite a while since they had met again, I think that openly resolving the conflict helped a lot in breaking the ice.”

“Conflict resolution….”

Yoo Seong-un asked cautiously, feeling a little strange.

“So you want those mermaids to be happy?”

“It’s okay if they’re happy, it’s okay if they’re not. I just want them to take responsibility for their actions and their record.”

“Then you don’t forgive me?”

“Yes, I have not forgiven those who were my students. The day will not come when I fully accept them until I take full responsibility.”

“Don’t be sad, their misdeeds weren’t your fault.”

“I know that very well. I don’t have to take responsibility for their past. But without me by their side, they will never change.”

“So you gave me a chance?”

“It is not appropriate to say that I gave them a chance. I just took responsibility for my part. The rest is up to them, and because of me, they will experience at least a minimal change.”

“You’re not being favoritism?”

“I think I have to take responsibility for the amount of affection I put into favoritism. If I hadn’t loved, I wouldn’t have tried to take responsibility even to the minimum.”

“Well, it’s neat.”

Anyway, they were scary guys.

‘… This kind of eerie and indifferent attitude is the reason why humans should be wary of the existence of the source.’

It was not easy to figure out.

The painter who draws dungeons

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (83)

Episode 83

The highest floor of the collection, the office of the Viceroy.

“It is a dangerous nature.”

“Are you a hothead?”

“You could say that too.”

After hearing Yoo Seong-un's report, Bisabal asked while rubbing his chin.

“You took yourself hostage and threatened the mermaids?”

“…To summarize, it would be like this.”

“You must be hot.”

The smile of the poet who was humming like that seemed somewhat bitter.

“My collection is about to walk into the fires of hell.”

“That hellfire was the light of the sun. Please refrain from bringing friction with the Sun Church.”

“That’s why you’re not doing it in front of them. That’s fine.”

“I knew that word would leak out somewhere. And it could even be

heard as blasphemy…."

"Anyway, the saying that people are crazy about religion doesn't make sense."

"Isn't that how it is for priests to exist?"

"Our Mr. Giovanni shouldn't be that big…."

"That guy named Giovanni is all grown up. He's so grown up that he's dead."

"Please don't kill my lovely work, Curator Yoo Seong-un."

The sullen Visabal soon smiled faintly, seeming to like this unusual conversation.

"You could say that they have no regrets about their own destruction and suffering. Even the gods are very sensitive to destruction, so it would not be an exaggeration to say that humans have lost their most traditional way to deal with disaster."

"In the first place, we shouldn't have created a situation where we would have to fight the 'Portrait of Geo'. If the situation worsens to the point where we have to find a way to subdue Geo, it's not a disaster that can be solved with a few sacrifices, like with evil gods."

"If he had been an ordinary god, it would have been a little easier to prepare for. However, Geo is not a traditional god, but something with the characteristics of a god, so thinking in this way won't give an answer."

"That's true, but Geo also has human characteristics. It's also something to think about that he didn't get swayed by emotions even though he clearly had a human personality. It's something we need to keep thinking about as to how to subdue him."

The scribe asked him.

“Considering that they didn’t kill or punish him at all, wouldn’t it be fair to assume that they were treated with consideration for old ties?”

“It’s a separate issue from what the outcome was. I observed Geo from the side, but it wasn’t an eye buried in the past.”

It seemed that Giovanni had made that choice because he thought it was the natural course of events and also the right thing to do. He seemed to truly believe that tormenting him would be the greatest punishment for the mermaid.

“Geo felt like he had taken on the most appropriate responsibility he could. Giving Giovanni to the mermaids, who were dull because they were monsters, gave them meaning and made them suffer endlessly.”

“That’s the punishment.”

“Because with Giovanni by their side, the mermaids will have to take responsibility for everything they do. It seems like that’s what Giovanni wants and that’s what he’s trying to do.”

Yoo Seong-un said, recalling Giovanni at that time.

“He was very firm. If what he said is true, those mermaids were the ones Giovanni raised like his children when he was human. He must have been angry or something….”

“…….”

“It was quite creepy to see him continue to smile even though he was bleeding and had broken limbs. He was really no different from the portrait. He continued to do his work even though the mermaid named Aria cried and begged him.”

“The story about the mermaid crying is quite interesting, but

threatening?”

“That may be true, but it was a way for Geo to suffer along with it, yes, well, maybe. No matter how you beat around the bush, it’s hard to change the essence.”

It's hard to even say that it wasn't a threat.

“But what’s unusual is that he took himself hostage.”

“If things had not worked out properly back then and Giovanni had died, would it really have seemed like his personality had died?”

“He said it himself. He said that the personality called Giovanni could die, and if not, he would die in front of her dozens or hundreds of times.”

“Either way, it’s creepy.”

“It certainly seemed like the mermaid thought the same thing. Maybe it was because she said it with a gentle smile, but it sounded even scarier. Even to me, Giovanni’s words didn’t sound like mere bluff….”

“It would have been a decent punishment for the mermaids.”

Visabal shrugged.

“That doesn’t mean they won’t harass humans anymore, though.”

“But as long as Geo is by their side, I don’t think anything bad will happen….”

“I think what we need to focus on is making sure that nothing ‘big’ happens.”

If it weren't for the level of mass murder, Geo wouldn't have said anything about the mermaids' cruelty.

'Portrait of Geo' is a being of gentlemanly origin who likes good and polite things, but he himself is not good.

“He is not a hero. He may have once been a hero, and he may have a ‘Geo’ with such qualities, but at least ‘Portrait of Geo’ is a nature and destiny.”

Visabal continued speaking with a smile.

“As gardener Yoo Seong-un would know better, it is one of the characteristics of beings close to the source. Unless it is due to a special malice, for Geo, human life and death are not much different from the blooming and falling of flowers.”

The pitch-black portrait pretended not to be interesting and judged the death and suffering of myself, my surroundings, and the outside world as a state and information. I did not feel any sympathy for the things that were being destroyed and broken down outside my hands.

Of course, 'Portrait of Geo' loved humans equally, but to say that it loved everything was like saying that it loved nothing in the first place.

In some ways, he was cold and indifferent. He let things flow as they were, unless he became interested.

“As evidence, the entrance to the ‘Deep Sea Kingdom’ has not been closed yet. If the mermaids truly reflected on their past and wanted to respect humans, they would have closed the entrance and sealed the dungeon to prevent any more humans from getting hurt.”

But even after a week, there was no sign of that happening. It meant that mermaids, as monsters, could not stop their hatred for humans, and Geo did not unconditionally support humans either.

“If either of them had come true, the dungeon would have been closed.”

“Because the source of existence is not something that humans can manipulate. They are nature.”

“So in the end, we had to buy them. We didn’t know who else would die from the mermaids’ anger.”

The visa holder smiled happily.

“Of course, there was also the concept of a gift for our Sergio Hunter!”

“…I think the media will take care of it, but is it okay to spend money…?”

“This collector Visabal won’t be affected by buying just one dungeon.”

“In today’s capitalist society, you seem really trustworthy.”

“I was originally a trustworthy guild leader.”

“Oh, yes.”

“However, Geo cannot be said to be on the side of complete humans.”

Visabal smiled as he looked at the meteor shower.

“Just like gardeners like Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-woon shrugged his shoulders at the word ‘gardener’ that came up after a long time.

“The Source that has been revealed so far is closer to a system than a personality. He is fair to all personalities in the universe, including humans, monsters, and the children of the Source. So the gardener who manages the veins of such a Source must also have a fair perspective.”

The most important virtue of a gardener is the sense of balance that

does not take sides. They are the signposts that maintain a minimum balance and the bystanders who live in the garden.

“In that sense, I sometimes feel like Geo is similar to a gardener.”

“What part made you feel that way?”

“Chaara Hunter was the first human to visit the inside of ‘Geo’s Portrait’. The Geo cabin he described looked similar to the garden we manage.”

“Then maybe Geo is a gardener who was eaten by the source.”

“How can a gardener who has been eaten by the root maintain his self…?”

Yoo Seong-un made a weary expression as he tousled his snow-white hair. His sky-blue eyes narrowed.

“This is ridiculous.”

Can a gardener maintain his ego even if he is eaten by his garden? That is impossible. A gardener who has become the property of his garden can no longer be called an intelligent life form.

“But when you think about it this way, it’s clear that Geo wouldn’t take sides between humans and monsters. Considering that, you can see that Geo doesn’t just want to punish the mermaids.”

He only solved the problem in front of him. He only took on the responsibility that Giovanni should have taken on, and he put minimal control on the mermaids who had the power and thoughts to threaten humanity.

That was all. As Bisabal had said, Geo was not a passionate being who would do something he was not interested in even at the risk of losing money.

“Geo loves kind and polite beings. That’s what makes the portrait interesting.”

“The mermaids may not have been particularly good. Even though Geom hates evil, he showed such mercy. It could be a kind of favoritism, as Mr. Yoo Seong-un reported.”

“Saving people must have been a lighthearted act. I have a rough estimate.”

Yoo Seong-un looked into the sky as if he was assessing something and brushed his neck.

“I like things to be simple and peaceful. This is the basic attitude of ‘Portrait of Geo’ toward the world, with two exceptions.”

“The first is a past relationship, and the second is a person of interest.”

“The object of interest would be a good and polite being. ‘Portrait of Geo’ basically seems to follow these three directions as its rules, but that is….”

“It’s too early to tell. This is only the second ‘Geo’.”

“Yes, I guess I was lucky this time. In the case of ‘Giovanni’, he was a gentle and compassionate priest. We should also consider the possibility that ‘Gio’, who has a hostile orientation toward humanity, will appear.”

“I don’t think there will be any major problems since ‘Portrait of Geo’ values peace and has a strong will to communicate.”

“So, the being of origin shouldn’t treat you like a person. Anyway, what I want to say is, um….”

He, who seemed to be sorting out the nuisance that was encouraging him to work overtime, soon opened his mouth.

“We also need to find a way to coexist with mermaids in the future.”

“…….”

“Guild Leader, I think we need to come up with a plan.”

The old guildmaster really hated doing anything that wasn't related to his collection, Bisabal said bitterly, slumping in his chair.

“…What if we just close the dungeon entrance forever? No one will ever come in.”

“Would that work? What you purchased, Guild Master, was the right to enter the dungeon, not the dungeon itself. Above all….”

“There might be some resources in there, but if we don’t allow anyone to enter, at least the Hunter Association won’t stay silent.”

“Why would someone who knows so well do that?”

"ha…."

Bisabal, who had been buried deep in the chair, raised his upper body with a jerk.

“…Even if there are no resources in it, no one will believe it?”

“There are already rumors going around that the collector is trying to monopolize special resources in the ‘Deep Sea Country’, so even if he says something like that now, it will only seem like a deception.”

“That's right.”

Visabal smiled faintly.

“Then what can we do? We should just leave them to find a place to die on their own.”

“Oh, would you like to do that?”

“I plan to set a toll soon. I will respect those brave souls who crawl inside in search of that special resource I found in the collector. It won’t be my fault if they die inside, right?”

“Then I will make sure to keep that in mind.”

Since there was a scuffle with Geo, the mermaids in the 'Deep Sea Kingdom' would not necessarily come out of the dungeon to do anything, but they would not leave the humans who entered the dungeon alone either.

“I don’t think Geo will be able to help that easily anymore. The reason Geo has been going to the deep sea country so often was to talk to the mermaids, but now that he’s achieved that goal… he won’t go that far to help the hunters anymore.”

“The ‘Portrait of Geo’ we saw wasn’t such an altruistic and dedicated being, was it?”

“That’s right, they’re just considerably more friendly and gentlemanly than other sources of existence.”

There are probably some fools who crawl into S-class dungeons just believing in the existence of the 'Black Cloak', but it's about time they get a taste of the spice.

“This is the right direction.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“The current hunters are treating the ‘Black Cloak’ like a convenient vending machine. Those hunters who feel so sorry for themselves didn’t really get any help from Geo in the first place….”

“Anyway, there’s no way that such an easy image would help Geo.”

“Yes, so it is time to realize that the ‘Black Cloak’ is a natural disaster

that cannot be moved as they wish. If they die in the ‘Deep Sea Country’ without even seeing the ‘Black Cloak’, they will also come to realize the reality.”

There are still many fools in the world who think they can compromise with monsters, or the beings of origin, and use them, even though they are clearly not a resource but a disaster.

“I’ll leave this part up to Geo. Maybe Geo, who enjoys drawing and rescuing humans, will step forward to rescue more Hunters, but I think it’s unlikely since he’s not that active of a portrait.”

The bailiff said to him.

“I can speak well too.”

“No matter how well you talk, Geo himself refuses, so what are you going to do?”

“If this continues, I might end up laying down a sleeping bag in front of the portrait.”

“Then Geo gets angry….”

“Tsk.”

The tongue-licking Visabal quickly changed the subject.

“By the way, is the prospective priest who was kidnapped back then doing well?”

“You’re asking now. I heard you’re finally moving into the dorm next Monday.”

“The Sun Church has never been in such chaos. If things had gone as they were, we would have been accepting and raising students long ago, but we ended up being prey to mermaids and our schedule was

ruined.”

“I think that priest Kang Seo-dam was very stressed out because of that. You know? It was on the news this time too….”

“But now that things will proceed as planned, the situation at the Solar Church will get better.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“The prospective priest you mentioned, Chaisol, did not seem to have any major psychological problems.”

“Is that cynicism, like a ripe fruit, the talent of a collector I haven’t brought in yet?”

“You’re already a priest of the Sun Church, so why would you join a private guild that isn’t a church? Above all, you’re far from the kind of cynicism you’re thinking of. Just….”

"a little?"

“The nerves are really thick.”

Even though I knew I had been kidnapped, I went to see the mermaid's life and watched it with calmness.

“It doesn’t seem like he didn’t know because of his childish innocence. He just seemed quick-witted but had a strong spirit that didn’t get easily hurt.”

“Do you have the qualities of a fool? Or the qualities of a tyrant? Either way, I don’t like it. I heard that Geo likes you.”

“First of all, we have generously compensated the victims. No matter how well you act, the victims are still victims.”

And that was when it happened.

“Oh.”

“Did you get a text?”

“Yes, that’s right… Cha Eun-hyuk.”

“Are you the older brother of the prospective priest we were talking about just now?”

"you're right."

Yoo Seong-un, who checked the text, was speechless for a moment.

“…….”

“Is there a problem?”

“…Geo is there.”

“…Where?”

Yoo Seong-un answered Visabal's question with difficulty.

“This is Mr. Chaisol’s house.”

“…….”

Although he had originally thought that it would be a good idea to leave work, Yoo Seong-woon smelled the familiar scent of working overtime.

Why are you there again?

* * *

“This, this is….”

Cha Ara asked hesitantly.

“What happened?”

“You have to trust me.”

“What is it then?”

“There is that, sis.”

Chae Sol answered honestly to her older sister's reaction of not being able to believe it even after seeing the reality.

“I drew a picture and Geo hyung appeared….”

“What is this?”

“Really? I drew a picture and Geo hyung appeared in it?”

“No, what….”

Cha Ara, who was at a loss as to what to do with her bewilderment, soon looked back at the black cloak with a subtle expression on her face.

“…….”

"Nice to meet you."

“…Ah, yes….”

Is today the day I die?

It didn't look like it had any hostility, but it was a dirty and scary black cloak anyway.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (84)

Episode 84

Before the incident occurred.

The Cha family in a rural area has finally found peace after experiencing a series of difficult incidents, such as terrorist attacks and kidnappings.

“Flower pig.”

Cha Eun-hyuk saw his younger sister, Cha A-ra, entering the kitchen.

“What meat?”

“Oh, this.”

“Why are there so many?”

There were various ingredients that I rarely saw on a regular basis, as if they were planning to cook. Thin pieces of meat that would never be caught by hunting, and round, ripe pears in the middle of winter… .

“Crazy, there’s a kiwi too.”

“I’m going to make bulgogi with this.”

“Where did the money come from?”

“I got a reward from the collector.”

“…….”

At Cha Ara's words, Cha Eunhyuk looked at his younger sister with subtle eyes.

“…Was there anything you wanted to compensate for…? Wasn’t it a situation where we should have been giving them the money?”

“Uhm….”

“No matter how much I think about it, I can’t help but think that you saved my family from dying among monsters.”

"uh…."

“Is this what it means to ask for a bundle after saving someone from drowning? They even extort money from large corporations. Society has really taken a hit.”

“Oh, I didn’t open it, you just gave it to me.”

Cha Ara continued to speak hesitantly in response to her brother's reasonable question.

“No, that, I didn’t quite understand it either… Anyway, the black cloak and the mermaid princess have a deep connection, and the black cloak is under the responsibility of the collector… So… I feel like there’s a connection….”

“……?”

Cha Eun-hyuk's face crumpled.

“What does that mean?”

“Anyway, you worked hard, so eat something delicious and rest. I’m sorry.”

“Is this a scam? Have you been scammed? I knew you would do this someday.”

“No, that’s not true. How can you be so great that you’re yelling at me?”

“I think I’m better than you.”

“Don’t talk nonsense, you little punk.”

“Do you think I’ll lose my sense of caution just because I get cursed at like that? No, my little brother, you’re so insensitive to safety.”

Eunhyuk Cha grabbed Ara Cha's shoulders with both hands and spoke seriously.

“The people of the world only think about exploiting fools like us.”

“But I gave you money. Money is not a crime, and if you gave it to me, you should use it.”

“No, you should give it back. What are you going to do with this as an excuse? Why on earth did you give it to me?”

“Bounty…? No…?”

Eunhyuk Cha smiled kindly at his younger brother's innocent words.

“Piglet, piglet. You became a hunter and got hit in the back of the head like that, and you still fall for the word reward?”

“Huh…?”

“I don’t know whoever decided to give us a reward at the collector’s office, but all the employees there are probably first or second class citizens, so why would they think that?”

“Oh my….”

“No city’s people would show mercy to a third-class citizen without a reason. Let’s sort out the situation step by step. Who exactly gave that?”

“You, Hunter Yoo Seong-un….”

“Meteor Cloud Hunter.”

Cha Eun-hyeok nodded.

“Then this is closer to condolence money than compensation.”

“Are we going to die? Did you spend too much? Maybe you shouldn’t have bought kiwis?”

“That’s not the problem.”

He seemed to know why Yoo Seong-un had given him money.

“We are one of the few people who know the true nature of the ‘Black Cloak’ that has been making the internet buzz these days. And how many people in this world would want to use and study the ‘Black Cloak’? So how valuable is this ‘Black Cloak’ related information?”

“Uh… Uh….”

“That value cannot be equaled even by stealing the organs of third-class citizens like us. The reason Mr. Yoo Seong-un gave me this money is more like a condolences for learning the truth about the terrifying ‘Black Cloak’.”

“So we die?”

“If you just keep your mouth shut, you might not die, or you might just die….”

Cha Ara's face became sad.

“Then what should I do?”

“What should I do? I should enjoy the money I was given and keep my mouth shut.”

“Is it going to work out if we just ask?”

“If we’re unlucky, information might leak out from the Kang Seo Dam priest or the collector.”

“Then die?”

“Life can get very tiring.”

In the worst case scenario, he could have been dragged somewhere and forced to reveal information about the 'Black Cloak'. Although he could have died in the process, Cha Eun-hyeok accepted the current situation quite calmly.

“Anyway, it doesn’t seem like the money that Meteor Hunter gave was given with bad intentions.”

“Really…? I’m starting to get anxious.”

“When I look at it, it seems like the money was given to me to encourage me, knowing that our future with the ‘Black Cloak’ would not be smooth, so I guess it’s okay for you to keep cooking like this.”

“Uh… no, but still….”

“The kidnapping of Chaisol must have been included as compensation. It’s true that you and the youngest suffered, so just use what you received.”

Cha Ara crumpled her face.

“Are you telling me to calm down or not?”

“I’ll take care of the worries, so just keep cooking without thinking about anything.”

As long as Cha Eun-hyeok, who was not without wisdom in life, was alive, it was okay for his two younger brothers to be a little stupid. This money was not malicious either, so there was no need to be overly anxious right now.

Based on the personality of the meteor hunter that we learned through conversation and the actions of the large corporation collectors, there was probably a separate escort team assigned to them.

Since he had a history of being kidnapped once, it may have been for protection, but it might be more accurate to say that he was a surveillance force for information control.

Anyway, it doesn't matter.

“You like cooking.”

“That… that’s true, but….”

“If you finally get some money, it’s okay to spend this much, right?”

Of course, I could have saved up this money to fix up the house or pay for the youngest's dormitory. I could have helped Cha Eun-hyeok with his bungeoppang business, and I could have bought equipment to keep Cha A-ra from dying.

But if you only spend money on things you absolutely need, is that really how you live?

“We were already earning the money we needed on our own anyway. Plus, we were lucky enough to have some spare cash, but we can’t ask them to use that for essential purposes.”

“Ugh….”

“If I don’t relieve my stress like this, when will I ever be able to?”

People need to have these big and small pleasures in life. Cha Eun-hyeok knew that if he just lived by eating, he would eventually consume his physical health and mind and die.

“So how much compensation did you receive?”

“Oh, right.”

“Oh, right? Piglet, are you still alive and kicking?”

“I, I just got back from Seoul so I was out of my mind….”

Cha Ara spread out her fingers.

"cloth."

“…A thousand? A thousand without any negotiation, that’s pretty strong?”

“It’s been a while since I’ve done some grocery shopping in Seoul, so.”

“Dinner will be bountiful tonight.”

“Hehehe, right.”

“Please show your skills.”

Cha Eun-hyuk looked at one side of the room where a cold wind was coming in.

“I’ll go and see the youngest.”

“Not doing it together?”

“I don’t really like cooking, and what if my youngest gets kidnapped?”

“…Seo, surely it won’t happen again?”

“When I look at it, our youngest’s life is not ordinary.”

This was an intuition that could be felt because Cha Eun-hyuk saw strange monsters differently from others.

“I feel like they’re going to have a much harder life than we did. I’m anxious. My heart is pounding.”

“No shit, what the hell are you cursing? He’s going to be a second-class citizen soon, and if he ends up having a harder life than us third-class natives, then that’s not a problem.”

“No matter how much I think about it, it’s not going to be an ordinary life. That bastard Chaisol keeps getting involved in strange things… and his personality is like that too.”

It seemed like the fact that he was so fearless also played a part. He was a uselessly cheerful and sociable child.

“If you’re a fool and have no fear, then what’s the big deal? You’re twisting your own fate.”

“Oh, is that okay? Did we raise the child wrong?”

“What can I do? It’s already so big. But if I join the Solar Church, I’ll learn a lot of things and receive some protection. I’ll be careful because I have to save face for the church.”

“Hi….”

Cha Ara waved her hand.

“Hearing that makes me feel even more uneasy. I was going to feed him something delicious before he went into the dormitory, but you should go next to the youngest and talk to him about this and that.”

“What are you doing?”

“Don’t live like a fool….”

“Will it work? We started it first.”

While saying that, Cha Eun-hyuk went straight to the youngest, Cha Sol. He was very anxious about leaving the youngest alone because of the kidnapping he had had last time.

“Youngest.”

“Hyung, what are you doing, big sister?”

“They said they were making bulgogi.”

“Wow, bulgogi! Isn’t that expensive?”

“It’s expensive. The ingredients are crazy. Just hope your sister doesn’t ruin dinner.”

“Should we pray to the sun god first?”

“No, we’re not that close yet, so what….”

“Is that so?”

Cha Eun-hyuk sat down next to the youngest, who was holding a pencil and looking happy. He had no idea what he was drawing. Cha Eun-hyuk loved his younger brother, but he couldn't love his drawing skills.

“When you go into the dorms, you’ll eat a lot more delicious food than this.”

“Should I bring it out?? Do you want to eat it together??”

“They say that you won’t be able to come out well until you officially become a priest.”

“I’ll come out secretly.”

“…After you finish your course, buy me a meal. I’ll wait.”

If it was Chae Sol, he could really sneak out of the dorm and walk all the way to this remote countryside, so Eunhyuk Cha postponed the promise to the future. Eunhyuk Cha, who was stroking his younger brother’s head, looked down a little.

“Were you drawing?”

"huh."

“What were you doing?”

Something black and spotted on the back of the paper caught my eye.

“Black Cloak!”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyuk remained silent.

"…what?"

“Huh? Black Cloak!”

“You… what… do you know what that is?”

“Aren’t you a good ghost who gives gifts to good people?”

“What is that, um, uh?”

“I was embarrassed to pray to the sun god, so I drew a black cloak first!”

“What does that have to do with anything? After all, Black Cloak is a monster….”

“Isn’t that it?”

"no."

Cha Eun-hyuk is broken.

“Who told me about the black cloak?”

“Inseoga.”

“Inseo… the village chief’s daughter?”

“Everyone in our neighborhood knows Black Cloak.”

“Why on earth…?”

“It’s cool.”

“…….”

Eunhyuk Cha, who knew the true identity of the black cloak, took a deep breath for a moment.

“…I don’t know much about this, but is the black cloak really popular these days?”

“Huh? Yeah, that’s right.”

“What exactly is a black cloak? Do you know?”

“Actually, I don’t know either….”

Chae Sol continued speaking, drawing a black lump with a blunt pencil.

“Maybe something like Santa?”

“…the old man who gives presents to children who don’t cry?”

“He said he likes good people and that he really likes it when you talk to him. He said that if you are polite, Black Cloak will give you a gift.”

"oh…."

Eunhyuk Cha was thinking about how to answer this.

"……."

"…uh?"

The two men's gaze fell on the 'black cloak' in the paper.

"…Didn't you just stop moving?"

It was a wriggling black mass drawn with the clumsy skills of a child.

"……."

Cha Eun-hyuk broke out in a cold sweat.

A secret portrait whose identity has not yet been identified even by the great guild known as the Collectors' Guild.

And sometimes, such unrealistic and dreamy beings, including the gods called Fates who have a will, have their own summoning rituals.

'… No way… .'

Didn't Chaisol, who had awakened as a priest, draw a black cloak instead of the sun god? Chaisol smiled brightly, not knowing that his brother was burning up with fear.

"Wow, it looks like the black cloak is here!"

"Wait, wait, Isul-ah. Please wait… This isn't right."

"Be my friend!"

"please!"

Cha Eun-hyeok held onto his younger brother and begged, but it was

already too late.

"and!"

In the picture.

The clumsy drawing moved and took shape.

“Black Cloak…!”

“…….”

“…Black…net…??”

He was wearing a pitch-black cloak.

The deep shadows, hidden by the deeply pulled-down hood that made it impossible to see the face at all, were so dark that they seemed strangely dark.

The black shirt and suit visible under the cloak did not allow any light to be felt, but the long, well-proportioned body was recognizable.

“…Is this Brother Geo?”

That was the 'Sergio' that Chaisol knew.

“Brother Geo?”

“Yes, my name is Sergio.”

“Oh, it really is Geo hyung.”

The tone was blunt, as if it had been translated by a machine, and the air was strangely heavy. It was no different from Sergio Hunter, the God of the Sun who had eaten with Chaisol.

“Why are you here?”

“Didn’t you ask me to be your friend?”

“I didn’t do that to you, hyung.”

“I’m sad. Don’t you want to be my friend?”

“You’re my brother, aren’t you…?”

Eunhyuk Cha, who was watching the situation, touched his forehead.

“…….”

“Nice to meet you, Eunhyuk Cha.”

“…Yes, it’s really nice to meet you. It’s nice to meet you, but….”

Eunhyuk Cha, who had been hesitating, asked.

“Is this how you are usually called?”

“Student Chaisol called me.”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok suddenly remembered the compensation that Cha A-ra had received.

‘… Was this what you were planning for?’

Cha Eun-hyeok, who had learned the Black Cloak summoning method without even intending to, naturally took out his cell phone.

This information was too dangerous to keep to themselves. His fingers were naturally searching for the direct number of the meteor hunter.

'Please save me.'

Perhaps Yoo Seong-un also gave money to do this.

“Excuse me, I’m going to go out for a moment.”

“You may do whatever you wish.”

“…In the meantime… my younger sister, Cha Ara, will take care of you. It’ll only take a little while.”

“I apologize for the sudden visit. Please make yourself at home.”

“Yes, thank you.”

That's how Cha Eun-hyeok came to ask Yoo Seong-woon for rescue.

Not long after, Yoo Seong-un arrived at the Cha family's house.

“Where is Geo?”

“You are talking to the youngest.”

“Who didn’t die?”

“Why on earth… are you… asking that question…?”

“Oh, just in case.”

“…That, yes….”

It was a fucking tiring day.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (85)

Episode 85

Kang Seo-dam, who was reviewing the curriculum for the new priests who would soon be coming in, received a phone call.

“Yes, Meteor Hunter.”

“Is there anyone among the gods who can draw and summon them?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about all of a sudden, but I’m busy, so let me answer for now. Yes, it is possible. The letters and patterns that are often used in rituals are also a type of picture.”

“It wasn’t a very professional painting.”

“How unprofessional was that?”

“What level did the child draw?”

“It’s not impossible, though. Even if it’s very crude, if the purpose is clear.”

Kang Seo-dam continued speaking while writing a document, holding the cell phone between her shoulder and chin.

“The most important thing is the will of the subject to do something through the ritual. If the will of the person who performed the ritual is strong and clear enough, and if the subject who receives the sacrifice is broad enough to accept such an imperfect ritual, then it is possible.”

“Why doesn’t that work?”

“This is usually the case with evil spirits…. I know that in cases like this summoning ritual, it is often possible even if you don’t specifically target a god. This is because mysterious beings with their own summoning rituals exist everywhere. If it’s a being with a very high tolerance, you can get the target’s attention just by calling its name.”

“No, why?”

“It may be difficult for a mere human to understand, but those who are close to God can know where they are being called and seen. God is the being that can respond to the prayers of believers from anywhere in the world at the same time.”

Kang Seo-dam rolled his eyes as he checked the documents.

“Even if they are not gods, there are times when mystical beings of a lower rank spread their summoning rituals here and there. In any case, there is nothing that can elevate one’s status and strengthen one’s divinity as much as the faith of one’s followers.”

“What if you are already a being of significantly higher rank? To the point where you don’t necessarily need faith? In fact, you probably don’t even want your rank to rise any higher.”

“I was so busy that I tried to ignore it, but is it really about him? The pitch-black guy? The cloaked guy? The guy who evaporated the seawater in the dungeon to make stairs and then cleaned it up with a single wave of his hand? Him?”

“Thank you for finally pretending to know.”

“There is no such thing as a disaster.”

The beings that have a will and are called fate and nature are called 'gods'. And they clearly know what they are for and what they want to

do. They also know what kind of beings they are to humans.

But 'Black Cloak' is not like that.

“If you accumulate faith without realizing it, you will not be able to learn how to handle your own level. His summoning ritual seems so easy and simple that even a child can draw it?”

"you're right."

“Then I guess I can only hope that he never gets angry again. At least when he’s not angry, he’ll be able to control himself and be considerate of weak humans, so there won’t be any major problems then. He really likes humans to begin with….”

“What if you get angry?”

“As even the Meteor Hunter knows, there is only destruction. Those who have eaten meat know how to eat it, and those who have been angry know how to express their anger. If God does not know how to express his emotions safely without hurting anyone, it will be a disaster.”

Kang Seo-dam thought for a moment and then asked.

“The existence of ordinary gods is clear. If they did not inherit divinity from an existing god, then the one who created the summoning ritual was the god who was summoned in the first place. The reason summoning rituals and sacrificial rituals were created from the beginning was to elevate their status.”

“But that’s not what we’re talking about.”

“If you received the corresponding ritual when inheriting divinity from an existing god, then it is possible. Is the mysterious being that Yoo Seong-un Hunter is talking about now a case like that?”

“It’s not that it doesn’t have such characteristics, but it’s not completely the case. It’s a qualitatively different being from God.”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam took his eyes off the monitor for a moment and then continued speaking.

“It is very rare, but there are some who are naturally elevated in the laws of nature simply because they are mysterious beings who follow certain rules. To give a simple example, the act of breathing itself can be an act that raises the faith of a mysterious being.”

“I’m sorry, but I still don’t quite understand. What does that mean?”

“To put it more simply, there are people who become stronger simply by existing. It’s a natural rule that as time passes, the past, the history, becomes deeper.”

Kang Seo-dam's fingers began to type again.

“In our Solar Church, we do not call such people gods.”

“Then what do you call it?”

“It’s just nature. It’s the rule. It’s fate.”

“Other gods also have their own will….”

“It is nature and fate, but it is in a different context.”

The reason was simple.

“As the Meteorite Hunter said, they have a will and a goal. But the mysterious beings I’m talking about now don’t have that. They don’t want to be gods, they don’t even know that they’re defined as ‘gods,’ they just… exist, flow, and become stronger.”

“It’s a disaster.”

“From a human perspective, even an earthquake caused by a shift in the Earth’s crust is perceived as a disaster. They simply exist. They may have egos or preferences, and they may or may not have been aware of humans.”

"hmm…."

Yoo Seong-un asked after a while.

“The Sun Church must have observed such a mysterious being before, so they can say such things. Something so powerful that it can’t even be called a god.”

“It’s confidential. There are a few confidential things like that in the collection.”

“Okay, I understand. Can I come back later with a gift, Father?”

“Don’t come, I’m busy.”

“I will send it by courier.”

The call was disconnected.

“…….”

Well, you can say it like this.

“…I don’t think it would be a big disaster for him.”

It was clear that Kang Seodam felt divinity from the black cloak. Judging from the energy he felt and the various situations, it seemed like he had inherited it from a previous god. If that was true, then it meant that he had parents who could tell him how to act as a god.

Even if there were no parent gods, there was still the sun god of this

Earth. His goddess was quite friendly to Black Cloak, so she could have helped him a little.

“It wasn’t my fault after all. Tsk, I was busy.”

Kang Seo-dam, who had been humming softly, soon quietly continued checking the curriculum.

It was a night shift that I had become accustomed to recently.

* * *

And here was another hunter continuing his night shift.

“Yes, Geo.”

"Nice to meet you."

“You’re really active.”

Of course, it was a meteor.

“So our Chaisol Army summoned Geo?”

Chae Sol, who had finally figured out the situation, voluntarily paid his taxes.

“I’m sorry for making you work overtime.”

“If you apologize like that, what will become of me, Chaisol?”

In fact, the situation wasn't that damaging.

“Well, anyway, the time I usually talk to Geo is around 4 in the morning….”

“Are you tired?”

He made a gesture as if he was touching his chin with a black cloak. It

seemed like he was imitating a human's surprise, but since his face was invisible, I couldn't really feel any emotion, so the back of my neck hurt a little.

“I apologize for the inconvenience. I thought you liked the time you spent there so often. If you would like, I can reschedule our conversation.”

“No, I have a lot of things to do before and after that anyway, so even if I change the schedule for the conversation, it doesn’t mean I’ll sleep earlier. It just changes the order of things I have to do at that time.”

“I'm sorry.”

"so do i…."

Anyway, it's 7:41 PM now.

“Has everyone eaten dinner?”

“Oh, I was just about to make bulgogi….”

“That’s how things turned out.”

Even though she's a hunter, how much experience does Cha Ara have as an F-rank? Yoo Seong-un looked back at Geo, who didn't even understand why something like this had happened.

“Before we get into the real conversation, Geo.”

“Please speak.”

“I wish you could lighten the mood a bit.”

To put it bluntly, it was a story that meant, 'Please lower your level a little,' but if you say that, Geo, who considers himself a human, will feel uncomfortable.

Yoo Seong-un, who had become more alert through his conversation with Priest Kang Seo-dam, had no intention of doing so. He intended to treat it as if he were dealing with a god who had no awareness of being a god.

But Geo expressed his doubts as to whether this was also a difficult statement.

“I didn’t understand what you meant.”

“You look so scary right now, you don’t seem human.”

“I understand.”

Then Geo threw back his hood.

“…….”

“Is this okay?”

What emerged from it was Giovanni, with his bright, platinum-blond hair.

“In my experience, doing this makes the atmosphere a little better….”

“That’s right for now.”

“I guess the color of the cloak is the problem.”

“That might be the case too.”

Yoo Seong-un secretly sighed in relief.

'... I'm glad there's a way to lower my status in this way. I'm also glad that Geo doesn't feel bad about lowering his status. If I were a normal god or a child of the source, I'd feel bad and tear me to pieces right away... .'

I don't know how lucky I am that Geo is this friendly to humans.

“Is it okay if I try to explain this phenomenon?”

“You can do whatever you want.”

“Thank you for understanding.”

Yoo Seong-un finally started talking.

“It seems like it was Chaisol who summoned Geo.”

“…I thought that might be the case, but how is that possible?”

“Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok’s question was valid, and I also did not quite understand it, so I asked Father Kang Seo-dam, who has more experience in this area than I do, and he said that it is something that can happen often.”

Of course, I omitted the parts about Gyeok and Shin out of consideration for Geo.

“It is said that there are mysterious beings that, in extremely rare cases, have their own summoning rituals that they did not intend. In Geo’s case, the condition for that ritual was ‘draw Geo.’”

Yoo Seong-un looked back at Geo.

“Geo, why did you come here in the first place? What do you know?”

“I knew I was drawn. I also naturally found out that the person who drew me was Brother Chaisol. During that time, he told me a cute story about wanting to be my friend….”

“You appeared like this?”

“I’ve been wondering how you’ve been doing lately. I was worried about Brother Chaisol, who left the dungeon without even saying hello, so I thought it was a good thing. Didn’t you get kidnapped?”

The platinum-haired Geo asked with his signature affectionate smile.

“Brother Chaisol, how are you? Are you feeling well?”

“That, the one in the black cloak was Geo-hyung…?”

"oh."

Giovanni looked back at the meteor cloud.

“…….”

“…Even if you look at me like that, there’s no way you’ll get an answer, Mr. Black Cloak.”

“I wanted to protect the child’s innocence in this harsh world.”

“Wouldn’t it be better to preserve your childlike innocence by knowing that Santa doesn’t actually exist?”

Chaisol was shocked.

“There is no Santa?”

“It looks like the two of you were raised with great care. I’m sorry that I was the first to break your innocence.”

“I was going to give you a massage when I met Santa Claus…!”

“Oh my, be kind.”

“I was going to ask you if you could live with me when you retire…!”

“I have a strong sense of self.”

Anyway, Chae Sol wasn't as shocked as he thought that Geo was wearing a black cloak.

“But why did it turn out like that? Does Geo-hyung really give gifts to

good people?”

“We try to be as considerate and respectful as possible to anyone who needs it.”

"why?"

“I have the time and ability to do so, and the people I am favoring want the gift, so there is no reason not to grant it.”

“Wow….”

Cha Eun-hyeok thought to himself.

‘Where will you be sold to, being so naive?’

As the eldest son, it seemed inevitable that he would stay sane.

“So… So, we did something wrong….”

“Huh? No, no.”

Yoo Seong-un looked back at Chae Sol.

“Did Mr. Chaisol just draw the black cloak because he thought it was cool without any intention?”

“Yes, I heard it’s really famous these days.”

"okay?"

The collector who made the ghost story famous was speechless.

“It doesn’t matter if this ritual isn’t specifically known. Geo, if someone draws you, do you have to know about it or be summoned to it?”

“I can understand, but as far as summoning… I think it’s just my choice.”

“If it’s to that extent, then it really doesn’t matter. This incident is so absurd and has so much room for abuse that I came here in a hurry.”

Chaisol bowed his head once again.

“I'm sorry for the accident.”

“What is this? If you apologize like that, I will be too embarrassed.”

"but…."

“It’s really okay, Geo-do probably wanted to see Chae-sol anyway. Even though nothing bad happened, everyone was worried because he was kidnapped by monsters.”

“I’m fine.”

“That looks pretty impressive, what a great mind. I feel bad for him already, thinking about how great he will become with that kind of mind, but anyway, everything is fine and there are no problems….”

The meteor shower was just ridiculous.

“…I wish you would stop spreading this summoning method around.”

Then a lot of people will get tired.

There was a 100% chance that it contained a meteor cloud.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (86)

Episode 86

Although it was not intentional, the Cha family, who had somehow reunited, seemed surprisingly peaceful despite having been kidnapped by mermaids.

“If you get scared by things like that, you won’t be able to do your job as a hunter….”

Since Chaara was an F-class, she thought people were scarier than monsters. Compared to the other mermaids she had met so far, the mermaids were extremely polite.

“I had fun too. Next time you see Eunha, can you call me? I want to be friends with the tall Eunha. We were supposed to be friends, but you gave me my partner and then took it away.”

The thick nerve cord of Chaisol is already a famous story.

“…Yeah, well, raising these kinds of guys….”

Cha Eun-hyuk, who sees monsters that others cannot see, also had an unusual indifference.

If his younger siblings had suffered mental and physical damage due to this incident, Cha Eun-hyuk would not have been this calm. However, since neither of them seemed to have any major problems, there was no need to bother him.

Yoo Seong-un accepted the Cha family's reaction quite normally.

“Such indifference is also an important virtue of modern people.”

“…….”

“The Cha family will live long. They have a strong will to survive.”

It seems that he has good survival skills rather than good vitality. Today, Geo was deeply terrified by the terrifying scene in his home country.

'These days, it is considered a virtue for modern people not to be scared even when they are kidnapped.'

Even if there was no direct damage, isn't it still a kidnapping case?

'What on earth do hunters see and how do they live that they don't panic when their beloved younger sibling is kidnapped? How do they live in the modern world that the victimized child keeps talking about being friends, and the guardians of the two just say it's okay and let it go?'

31 years ago, there wouldn't have been such a mess. I don't know, but Geo's collar would have been easily grabbed, and it would have been featured in the news.

But Geo's collar was stiff, not to mention intact, and Yoo Seong-un said the news didn't even come up.

'It's a really scary world.'

I feel like I want to feed them five or six meals a day to help them survive in this world, but I hope the Cha family is safe.

To be honest, I really wanted bulgogi, but I thought it was rude to barge into a cozy family meal without prior notice, so I went back to the portrait in good conscience. Geo praised his own uniqueness.

“…….”

Warm.

“I think something was omitted.”

“Muuung.”

“It’s okay since Dana is cute.”

The possibility of omission was gained through the cute Danaro.

“Tsk tsk.”

"net."

Geo sucked Dana's belly. At first, Dana expressed her pure curiosity, saying, "Is this crazy?" but she gradually got used to Geo's antics and seemed to have accepted, "My dad is crazy."

Soon after, Dana was released from Geo and headed straight to the teddy bear.

“It seems like you two are still on good terms.”

“Kyuu….”

“You feel like a granddaughter to me.”

"dream."

“Yes, Father, indeed it is so.”

He became a member of a family with his own genealogy, including a grandfather, a father, and two sons and daughters.

“Hmm….”

If you add two mermaid friends here, they'll be perfect for the role of

neighbors.

“…….”

Even though I told them how to get there, the mermaids still had no intention of visiting Geo's cabin.

'We live next door, guys.'

When did you get excited and say you were happy to see the teacher? No, why don't you come when you're so close?

“If they’re your neighbors, shouldn’t you come over and visit them on the first day you move in with some rice cakes?”

The warehouse where Geo's 'Breathing Sea', one of his paintings, was stored was quiet again today. Geo looked at the wooden stairs that no one came down and looked back at the teddy bear.

“Do Aria and Isser still need time to think?”

“Kuk kuk kuk.”

“It seems like quite some time has passed, but I haven’t heard of anyone coming to my house to visit. Since ‘Breathing Sea’ and ‘Deep Sea Kingdom’ are connected, it would definitely be convenient to visit….”

The system told me that the tutorial and all was over. It said that the 'Breathing Sea' that Geo had drawn and the mermaid dungeon 'Deep Sea Kingdom' were connected, and when I checked, Geo's drawing was hanging in the temple.

Even during that time, I didn't see any mermaids.

“When I see things like that, I wonder if they aren’t coming because they’re afraid of getting scolded.”

Geo's perception of the mermaid siblings was that of a child who doesn't come home because he doesn't want to get scolded.

“You’ve become more and more mischievous since I last saw you.”

“Crunch?”

Honey briefly wondered if that was really just a tantrum, but soon gave up thinking about it as mealtime approached.

Honey poked Geo's forehead painfully and appealed to her hunger.

“Kung kung kung….”

“Are you hungry?”

“Kkuk.”

“Then you should eat it.”

Sergio, who inherited his grandmother's hands and heart that were raised in the mountains of Gangwon-do, has never seen his baby starve.

"hmm."

Geo, who had been thinking for a moment, looked back at the teddy bear.

“Father, do you like clams?”

"dream…?"

“Well, I guess you’ve never tried it.”

"dream."

What kind of a bold priest would offer clams as a sacrifice, of all things? At that time, clams were not such a valuable food ingredient.

‘… There were shellfish that were sold as a famous specialty, but I don’t know if they were really valuable or rare enough to be offered on an altar… .’

Before he met Geo, the sun god had no appetite at all. Even if he ruled over a world where the sun and the sea were close, the probability of him ever tasting clams was zero.

“You didn’t even let me taste that delicious clam? Isn’t that blasphemy and heresy?”

“…Kkuu….”

“This son cannot tolerate such unfilial conduct. I should have offered you the delicacies of the sea long ago, and I regret it so much. Please wait a little while and I will treat you to grilled clams and tomato stew, the pride of the Edlan region.”

"dream."

“Calm down, I wasn’t excited in the first place.”

Geo packed his bags one by one and headed to the 'Breathing Sea'.

“I still remember vividly where the village of Edlan was. And even if I don’t go to that area, I’m sure the clams I’m looking for are everywhere. If you just wait a little bit, I’ll have them dug up for you right away.”

Honey followed Geo. Honey, the creature he created, always wanted to be by her parents' side, and also wanted to remain in a form that suited his taste.

“Kururururuk.”

“Will you help me?”

“Cur.”

And Geo loved kindness and politeness. Honey could help her creator in any way she wanted. Anything that didn't ruin that cute and lovely appearance.

That's how the clam-finding expedition was formed.

* * *

A good pig knows how to eat anything with pleasure, but at the same time, he has to know how to enjoy gourmet food.

“In that sense, I can be called a real pig.”

“Kuruk.”

“Yes, you too. A pig without stubbornness is not a real pig.”

Geo managed to find the village of Edlan where he had lived in this ruined world. It was thanks to Honey, who had grown to a large size, that Geo was carried and flown away.

“Is this the mindset of hunters who conquer dungeons?”

It was a little different from that, but it was fun, so I liked it. I was very proud.

“It’s been a while since I’ve been here.”

“Huh?”

“Oh, no. Can’t I just say it’s been a while?”

“Curr….”

“Well, it doesn’t matter since we both are me.”

Geo's hair had now turned platinum blonde.

“I said it’s a countryside with a lot of emotion.”

There was no sign of life.

The beach is long and shallow, and just a little way out, there is a green lawn. Inside, small houses are visible, with white bricks and orange roofs, in keeping with the old traditions of the village of Edlan.

“…….”

On the corroded windows of the now-uninhabited house, which was submerged in water, seaweed grew and swayed.

“…It’s amazing that the village still exists despite the depths of the ocean. If this had happened on Earth, the houses and everything would have been destroyed and broken.”

“Gurrrr?”

“It feels strange that the space that was real to me has turned into a fairy tale. Now, instead of people living in this town, fish and jellyfish are living there.”

It was a terrifying and beautiful sight.

“The light is dim too.”

The teddy bear in Geo's cabin was, strictly speaking, the soul of the sun god. The light of its empty body, or perhaps its remains, grew weaker and dimly illuminated the sea.

“Is it darker than before?”

“Kururuk.”

“It feels like night has come.”

“Cur.”

“The stars are also floating.”

I looked up to see the sky, but in the deep sea, something sparkling and dotted around was floating.

“It’s like the Milky Way.”

It was a swarm of jellyfish that glowed on their own.

They had small, round bodies and moved very slowly, forming long lines like rivers.

Even in this dark depth of the ocean, I could see ahead thanks to the halo of light that seemed to pour down, something that can only be found in the middle of a desert where there is no light at all.

The ecstatic emptiness was truly beautiful.

“I couldn’t see them when the sea was bright because my father was there, but there were jellyfish like that. Now that it’s dark, I can see things like this….”

“Gulp.”

"hmm."

Giovanni thought.

“I think it would sell well if it were turned into a tourism industry.”

Yes, this priest has not been emotional for a long time. Even after seeing his destroyed hometown, all he can say is business items.

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un said that he bought all the tickets to the ‘Deep Sea Country’ from the collectors. If only the monster problem could be solved, wouldn’t it be a good tourist attraction? Isn’t the idea of breathing inside the sea amazing?”

“Kung….”

“I’ll try adjusting the brightness. If I can change the themes for day and night, there’ll be more to see, and since I inherited my father’s license as the sun god, I think I can adjust it to that extent… Isn’t it a really good business idea?”

Geo's hair had turned black again.

“Let’s think about all this when we’re full.”

“Gurrrr.”

Honey agreed vehemently.

“Gurg? Gulp?”

“Where are the clams here?”

Geo looked around.

“I’m sure it’s all under the sea now, so I wonder if it’s still intact, but seeing as the beach and the village are still in their original form, it seems like it’s going to be fine there too.”

“Huh?”

“There’s another place where you can dig for clams. It’s an underground cave on the eastern side of the village. I don’t know exactly how it works, but… there’s mud there.”

There were a lot of clams there.

“Clams can live in a variety of places. Some live on sandy beaches, some live in mud, and some even live in fresh water. Depending on where they live, the types can vary considerably….”

Geo walked towards the underground cave he remembered.

“For your information, there are no clams on the beach in Edelland Village. It may be because the beach is not that wide. So the people of Edelland usually catch fish in the sea area and dig up clams in Donggong to sell.”

The pupils were not that far away.

“This is the entrance.”

As I lightly brushed away the seaweed that had grown like a bush, I saw a set of rugged rock steps that looked like they had been carved out of solid rock. The entrance was dark, but there was no need for a separate light thanks to the warm glow of the honey.

“Let’s go down.”

“Gulp.”

"however…."

Geo saw Honey.

“If you want to go down, you should reduce your body size.”

“Huh?”

“It’s gotten too big.”

Because she brought Geo here and because she was soaking up all the seawater, Honey had swollen up bigger than Geo.

“It’s cute as is, but it’ll be difficult to dig clams together. As you can see, the entrance to the pupil isn’t that wide, so you’d better adjust it, son.”

“Gurrrr….”

Honey was convinced and shrank. Geo, who couldn't swim, almost

floated away because of the pressure of the water draining out. Honey's father was relatively light even in the water.

The path leading down to the basement was neither too wide nor too narrow. It was long enough for an adult male to pass through with some room to spare.

“See those holes in the wall? They used to put lights in there to light the way. Oh, I see it. Who knew the remnants of the lights were still there.”

“Kuruk, guruk.”

“…Is a piece of mossy glass also a prop that suits your taste? Well, over time, the sharp edges have become blunt, so a piece of round glass like this shouldn’t be dangerous.”

Geo, who was watching Honey stealthily pick up a piece of glass and put it in his pocket, had already arrived at the underground cavern.

“…….”

An endlessly high ceiling, and sea water rising to the very tip.

“…That’s not it.”

I stuck my tongue out.

“Well, it’s not salty.”

“Kung-kung?”

“Freshwater.”

Geo nodded.

“Because it was close to a spring with fresh water flowing out.”

People living along the coast have always had difficulty obtaining

water, but this was not the case in the village of Edlan, thanks to the endless supply of fresh water from this vast cavity.

“Perhaps the seawater was purified by some means and became drinkable water, and it filled the crater. It was clean water without any limestone, and was the pride of this village.”

Geo stepped onto the floor of the pupil.

“This is mud.”

The fresh water of this cave, which had high and low tides, came and went like sea water, creating this pure white mud. The clams hidden between the mud and the mud are delicious and of good quality, making them a specialty of the village of Edlan.

“And often I bring mermaids here too….”

“…….”

“…we enjoyed a lively clam hunt together.”

Geo, who still had black hair, took in the sight of a child sitting in the center of his pupil.

"aria."

"long time no see."

"okay."

It was still Sergio's form, but soon Giovanni's smile appeared faintly on his face and then disappeared.

“It’s been a while.”

A mermaid in the shape of a child.

It was a long time ago, a time Giovanni remembered.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (87)

Episode 87

“I’m imitating like this.”

Aria continued speaking in her characteristically bright and slightly faded voice.

“Why don’t you even imitate?”

“Just because I have black hair doesn’t mean I’m Geo?”

"well…."

Aria looked her opponent in the eye.

A person wearing neither the golden robes that symbolize the sun nor the white cape that represents the priests of light, but a black cloak.

A man with jet-black hair and a gloomy face without a hint of a smile, unlike what she remembered.

A creepy feeling that cannot be called human.

“…….”

Still, it couldn't be said that he wasn't 'Giovanni'.

“…I still don’t quite understand.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Is this what you call reincarnation?”

It's really strange.

“It’s not that I’ve never seen such cases before, but they seem different. They don’t seem to have simply been deified by the sun god.”

How should I explain the Geo that is right in front of me?

“I heard that the Earthlings call you ‘Black Cloak’?”

“I got that name.”

“Can that be called your identity now?”

“It’s just one of my names.”

“Yes, Giovanni.”

The little mermaid moved her bare feet toward him.

“You were originally… a portrait?”

“I am human.”

“…….”

Only after a long time did Aria answer.

“…That could be the case.”

Even the knowledgeable Arya could not properly define the black cloak before her eyes. He looked like a painting, or a god, or maybe he was really human.

“How did you come to this town?”

“I came to dig for clams.”

“Well, yeah, I understand since you really liked eating.”

“I also remember that Aria liked my cooking.”

“Then shall I invite you to dinner?”

“If you could help me dig for clams.”

“…Anyway, he’s just a worthless person….”

Aria walked around the mud, dragging a white gown that was too big for her. The gown had been magically treated so it wouldn't get dirty easily.

“I'll help you.”

"thank you."

I used to spend time like this often in the past too.

“It brings back old memories.”

“What do you think?”

“Just, this and that… trivial stuff.”

Giovanni would bring mermaids who were curious about humans to places like this: a beach full of fishermen, a market bustling with shoppers, or even a bank where they could deposit money.

As I dug through it with my bare feet, the pure white mud, unlike that of Earth, slowly turned over.

“What are you going to eat?”

“I’m going to try grilled clams and Edlan stew.”

“You make something delicious. Are you thinking of putting clams in the stew too?”

“That would be fine too. Since there is meat, you can put that in too.”

“Hmm….”

Geo was a great cook.

“Now that you mention it, you must have been a nobleman, so why did you enjoy cooking so much?”

“You didn’t even ask when you were young, so what change in your thinking has occurred?”

“I thought it was wise at the time. Human lives are so short and complicated, I thought if I nudged them thoughtlessly, blood would come out.”

"now?"

“I know now that you’re not the type of person who’d stab me and make me bleed.”

“Yes.”

Geo, with his pitch-black eyes, approached and folded Aria’s sleeve. The gown, which was designed to fit a grown man’s body, had to be folded several times to reveal her hand. It was the hand of a small, delicate child.

“The reason I enjoyed cooking even though I was a nobleman was because I simply wanted to eat delicious food.”

“That’s not really a great reason. But you can always eat delicious food if you ask someone else to make it for you.”

“I wanted to see for myself what ingredients went into what dish.”

As Geo lightly blew the honey off his shoulder, it flew up to just below the ceiling of the pupil and brightly lit up the underground. The mud,

which was already white, became much clearer, almost dazzling.

“I wanted to develop myself further.”

“That’s a very typical answer.”

“Where is Isser?”

“Hide in the temple.”

“Why don’t you come with me?”

“We need someone to guard the house.”

“Who would turn that ominous house into a house….”

“Like a black cloak.”

“…….”

Geo felt a little wronged. Raising one eyebrow, Geo asked.

“Are you scared of me, Aria?”

“Aren’t you scared?”

“Why?”

“The dark and gloomy atmosphere is oppressive.”

“I have never been overbearing.”

“It will be there now.”

“It’s still unfair.”

“Well, plus….”

Aria said, looking up at her shrunken body.

“…I couldn’t easily go see you because I was wondering what kind of

face you had.”

“Well, as soon as we met, we started fighting.”

There was no time to feel the emotion of reunion or anything.

“From my perspective, it felt like my nephews, whom I raised like my own children, had been traveling abroad for a few years when they committed mass murder in Korea and even kidnapped children.”

“If you look at it that way, from my perspective, it’s similar to my beloved teacher who I thought was dead being reincarnated as a black lump of monster that isn’t even human. He even has the divinity of that annoying sun god, so I wondered who was trying to make us mad.”

Geo nodded at those words.

“I think I was more shocked.”

“I missed that kind of shamelessness.”

The mermaid smiled brightly.

“Aren’t you angry?”

“Should I be angry?”

“At least what we’ve done so far, Giovanni, hasn’t been to your liking.”

“I don’t think there’s any need for me to be angry and take responsibility for the changes in the children I raised, who are already dead.”

“This is quite spicy….”

“At that dinner party, I let out all my anger.”

Geo continued, with his jet-black hair and numb eyes.

“As for the rest, Giovanni has no duty or authority to investigate since he died a long time ago.”

“…….”

Then the mermaid spoke.

“Okay then.”

Aria wasn't curious anymore either.

“Because you said we had a lot of time.”

“That's it.”

Above all, Geo was the type who didn't worry too deeply. Geo wasn't the type to be scared by the fact that his beloved mermaid disciples had grown into crazy mermaids.

“It’s not a good habit to think about something when there’s food right in front of you.”

“I wonder if it’s something weird about you, Geo. Why do you like to eat so much?”

“Why don’t you like to eat that much?”

“You can’t live on food alone.”

“It’s probably something you can’t live without eating.”

“…Okay, if you’re happy, that’s fine.”

“You give up more easily than I thought.”

It was unexpected.

“In the past, I used to try so hard to win.”

“I’m an adult now.”

“For something like that, I think I cried at the dinner table.”

“…Do you remember who made you cry?”

“Do you remember who made you angry?”

"…oh…."

“I won this time too.”

“…You really have a shameless side….”

“That’s my charm.”

Geo looked down for a long time to see the mermaid, who had become so small that he could only meet her gaze.

“Can you dig clams with that body?”

“Even when I was this small, you came here often, so what do you mean now?”

“The question was whether you felt any discomfort about your body getting younger.”

“That level of etiquette is easy now.”

“Hmm.”

After a while he asked.

“Those clothes are mine, right?”

“…….”

The mermaid answered immediately.

“This doctor’s gown?”

"yes."

“Yes, it’s mine now.”

“I was originally planning on passing it down to you, so it’s okay.”

“…….”

After quite some time, the mermaid asked, pretending to be calm.

“Was it so?”

“Did you think you had it stolen?”

“…….”

“I see you didn’t answer, so that’s what happened.”

It really was. Aria couldn't deny Geo's words.

“I never thought you would pass it down to me.”

“I was going to give the doctor’s gown to you, Aria, and my priestly robe to Isser.”

“Unfortunately, your priestly robes have been torn. By the authors of the Sun Church.”

“I thought so. Fortunately, the doctor’s gown ended up in my master’s hands.”

“It’s really unexpected.”

Aria continued to laugh.

“Because we, mermaids, ruined your life as a human.”

“All the tragedies of that time were close to humans destroying themselves.”

Giovanni could have refused to help the mermaids. The humans could have had a huge emotional fight with the mermaids, with no right answer. There was a time when humans and mermaids could have lived together in this world.

“Aria, you have never taken anything from me.”

“Is that really so?”

“That’s just something I passed down to you.”

“You’re still so affectionate.”

“You wish it hadn't happened?”

“That might have been the case.”

“But unfortunately….”

Geo was Geo after all.

“I really don’t change easily.”

It could be because I don't tend to think deeply.

“In that sense, should I go dig for clams again?”

“You have a knack for breaking emotions.”

“I have to prepare dinner before it gets too late….”

"her."

The mermaid grumbled as she fumbled to adjust her gown, which continued to flow down despite Geo's help in folding up the sleeves.

“I thought you came to talk to me, but you’re just a glutton.”

“It’s good to be humble.”

“You really just go with the flow, just like Giovanni.”

“I guess you still don’t know that life is the most enjoyable when you live it roughly.”

“…….”

After a while, the mermaid asked.

“…Are you happy now?”

The answer was not difficult.

“It’s always been like that.”

“…Why?”

“Because I always did my best.”

“…….”

“So now the clams….”

“Oh, please.”

Despite her irritation, Aria faithfully participated in the clam expedition.

* * *

“We are here.”

“Kyuu….”

The teddy bear saw four creatures, each carrying a basketful of clams in their arms.

"dream?"

“Yes, I caught Aria and Isser too….”

"dream."

“I brought it.”

Since there had been no news for a while due to digging for clams, Isser also came to the village of Edlan to find out what was going on.

And he found his sister, crouching down in a dress, digging for clams. Geo realized for the first time that her already pale face could turn so pale. So Isser was forced to join the clam digging team.

Isser looked at the sun god in the teddy bear mask with a subtle expression.

“…….”

“Kyuuu.”

“…You’ve gotten a lot cuter since I last saw you….”

“Kukuku.”

“Are you laughing?”

sincerely?

'What am I looking at?'

Isser, who was holding a basket of clams in his arms, was already in a state of confusion.

It was confusing to see Aria, of all people, digging for clams with her hands covered in mud, and Isser himself, who was naturally dragged along and ended up digging clams with them and dragged to the hut, was also confused.

“Why is the sun god here…? I felt like the sun’s presence had disappeared, but this is.”

“But he’s your grandfather, so don’t do that. It’s not okay to show your discomfort to someone who is already well-behaved.”

“No, no, ah.”

Although Isser was speechless, the situation was not much different for his sister Aria.

“A teddy bear?”

"dream."

“Are you serious?”

“Kuk kuk kuk….”

“Are you laughing?”

In the midst of the calm chaos, Honey walked along the floor, croaking, croaking, and approached the teddy bear. Then she spat out all sorts of shells, big and small.

“Kkuk.”

“Kyuu.”

“Gurrrr!”

“Kukuku….”

The teddy bear laughed like an old man watching his grandson's tricks and clapped his hands with his cotton pad. When Honey proudly puffed out her chest, Dana, who was watching, stood next to her and struck the same pose. The sun god was very pleased.

“Wonderful things.”

Geo liked it too.

“…….”

“…….”

Geo called out to the mermaids who had lost their voice.

“Let’s go clean the clams, kids.”

“…Is it your dad?”

“I’m already a father of two children. It’s a bit much to add more.”

“Then, uncle.”

“So, nephew, should I give you some pocket money?”

“Is it fun?”

“That’s interesting.”

"oh…."

With a final exclamation like a flood, Aria became a stone statue, and Isser turned his gaze to Geo while holding the basket of clams that he had almost dropped without realizing it.

"teacher."

“Yes, go ahead.”

“Do you have any plans to destroy the Earth…?”

“Why are you suddenly asking such a terrible question?”

“I guess it’s the members.”

“……?”

Geo looked around.

“…….”

I couldn't understand.

“There’s only one teddy bear, one bird, and one cat. What’s wrong with this cute and harmless composition?”

“Oh, so that’s how you treat it… I understand.”

“I don’t think you could do it.”

It was a very noisy family even before the clams were cleaned.

The painter who draws dungeons

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (88)

Episode 88

Isser was confused.

'The sun god is in a teddy bear…? Why…?'

It seemed that Geo had inherited that divinity, but even so, his status as a god did not disappear completely.

Isser knew that the teddy bear with its soft, golden fur before his eyes was inhabited by the god he had once worshipped.

'I can't say anything about it since it seems like it was what he wanted, and now that he's the only believer left, he doesn't really have to fulfill his role as a god. He'll do it, but no matter what, he's called the one and only god, so it's embarrassing...'

As someone who once learned the capabilities of a priest and still imitates a priest, I couldn't help but worry about the dignity of a god.

'Why is God inside a teddy bear in the first place?? Inside a teddy bear of all things??'

I didn't understand.

“…Your Majesty the Sun?”

“Kyuu.”

“…….”

Why is crying so cute?

“…Do you, do you… like the shell?”

"dream."

“Can I hear your intentions inside the teddy bear?”

“Kuku, kuku… kuku.”

“…….”

Geo interpreted for Isser, who couldn't understand at all.

“He said it was to eat.”

“…Appetite…?”

“I heard you were there.”

“Why?”

Does it make sense for God to have an appetite?

“God, that is… God.”

“Could it be that God is telling me not to eat rice right now…?”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“I understand what you mean.”

“Do you understand?”

"sure."

Geo's hair had now turned platinum. He nodded with a noble smile typical of priests.

“Strictly speaking, isn’t it strange that God, who neither needs nor feels

the desire to eat, would use the body of a teddy bear to eat?”

“…That’s it.”

“I can’t really give you a proper explanation about that part. I just brought a meal without thinking, but at some point, I started to get greedy about the food….”

"…ah…."

Isser let out a sigh of relief, slightly convinced. He looked relieved after hearing the answer to a difficult problem.

“As expected, the cause was you, teacher.”

“Why do you always say that I am the cause of something you don’t understand?”

“You’re not really asking because you don’t know, are you? No way?”

“Well, anyway.”

Geo smiled faintly as he stacked the basket of clams that Isser was holding on top of his own basket.

“Let’s adjust gradually and prepare a meal first.”

“Preparing dinner….”

“It’s almost dinnertime, so I think we should start cooking quickly to prepare a hearty meal.”

“Yeah, that’s right.”

In any case, Isser, who was invited, immediately agreed. In their culture, an invitation to a house meant that they would soon treat her to a meal. Isser was more used to the idea of bringing up the subject of a meal right away.

“I haven’t heard the exact story, but what’s on the menu?”

“Well, it would be grilled clams and tomato stew.”

“Edlan stew?”

“I guess so.”

In the village of Edelland where they spent their childhood, tomato stew was called 'Edelland Stew'. It was a stew made with fresh water and seafood, which were special products of the village of Edelland.

“Ah, that’s good….”

Isser's face, which had been stiff for a long time, relaxed at the thought of hearing the name.

“The stew in that town was really delicious. The stew that the teacher made was especially great….”

“Time has passed, but my cooking skills haven’t rusted, so you can look forward to it.”

Geo nodded and asked, “Ah.”

“I wish at least one person would help me.”

Two pale hands rose at the same time.

"I am."

"I."

“…….”

“…….”

The mermaid siblings looked at each other.

“…I will do it.”

“I guess I’m better at cooking.”

“Wasn’t the cooking originally done by the teacher and our role as assistants? In that case, I think I would be better than my older sister.”

“I’m not sure in what sense you’d be better. It’s said that a good cook is also a good assistant, Isser.”

“I will not back down on my honor as a mermaid.”

“Then there’s nothing we can do. According to the tradition of the sea, when opinions don’t match, we use force….”

At that point, Geo intervened.

“I think this story will be long, so I’ll just take care of it.”

At those words, the mermaids quickly reached an agreement through rock-paper-scissors.

“I won… I will assist you.”

“Is that right?”

I was wondering if this was right, but it was actually quite a funny sight, so I liked it anyway.

“Come to think of it, we also have rock-paper-scissors in our region.”

“Oh, you said that there is a similar culture on Earth.”

“That’s right. I know it’s a game that exists in quite a few countries.”

"okay."

Aria, left alone, could only click her tongue.

“I should have trained more.”

“Huh?”

“Excuse me, sir, but could you please stop being so friendly?”

“Kuk kuk kuk….”

“Are you laughing?”

Geo led Isser into the kitchen.

“Then shall we clean the clams?”

“This is why it feels just like the old days.”

“Iser has grown a lot for that though.”

“It can still decrease now.”

“My little Isser is not only small but also cute, so it’s too much for him now.”

“Ah… Are you not cute anymore?”

“It’s a bit cute to think that a grown mass murderer mermaid is shrinking….”

“Everything the teacher said is correct.”

Isser readily agreed.

“Now, how may I help you, sir?”

“Um… It’s definitely not cute.”

Giovanni felt a little sad at the sight of the skilled gentleman who showed no sign of shyness.

“Is this what a parent feels like?”

“My parents are living separately….”

“Mermaids aren’t that obsessed with blood relations in the first place.”

“In that sense, the teacher was definitely closer to the word ‘guardian.’”

“I can’t believe you’re joking. How did you grow up to be such a boring adult?”

Geo laughed lightly and took a clam out of the basket.

“It’s been a while since I’ve seen the sunshine.”

“Is that so?”

“There was a time when I wondered why it was called a sunshine flower when it grows underground.”

The underground caverns of Edlan Village had several small holes through which sunlight and moonlight entered. The Sunshine Cave was usually hidden in areas where such light entered.

“Where should I look….”

Sunshine sky

A conch with a transparent shell and body. Only females exist, and they mate with the male Moonlight Conch to reproduce. When the sun rises, they come out once every two hours to bask in the sun and then hide under the water. When boiled in hot water, their bodies turn white, but their shells remain the same. The longer they live, the better the medicinal properties of their shells and bodies. They only live near Jeongsu Rock.

Method of preparation: If you take the body out without boiling it in water and dry it in the sun, it will turn into a hard and transparent

pebble. If you take it like a pill, it is good for recovering eyesight. If you leave the shell in the sun, it will retain its warmth. If you grind the very hot shell into a fine powder and take it, it is good for heart disease.

“…….”

"teacher?"

“I didn’t know it had such medicinal properties.”

As a doctor, I was a little shocked to hear that it was used to restore eyesight or treat heart disease.

“Heart disease….”

"teacher…?"

“Does your heart hurt, Isser?”

“You look like your older sister looking forward to being a test subject, but unfortunately, you are very healthy.”

Isser said with a neat smile.

“Of course, if you want, I can catch you right now.”

“Are you going to harm someone right in front of me, a doctor and a priest? How much more responsibility do you want to take?”

“Wouldn’t a beast with human form be suitable as a test subject? A beast that doesn’t qualify as a human….”

“If it was a beast that committed child molestation, I might be able to accept it.”

“You’re still the same, I’ll keep that in mind.”

“But it is still surprising.”

He could not have imagined that the 'Sunshine Sora' of the area he was in had such weak properties. Although it was a specialty of Edelland Village, it was not that expensive and was common as it was spread all over the place.

“There were many people who ground up the bark and used it as paint.”

“Didn’t you do the same, teacher? Especially when drawing mermaids, you mainly used seashell paint.”

“That’s right, when I paint the sea, I think it would be nice if the paint had the scent of the sea.”

But I didn't know that the powder could cure heart disease.

“…….”

I have studied it separately, but I have never found such an effect.

“…I wonder if this is the effect I can see now because I have changed….”

“…Have you changed?”

“It has changed in many ways.”

It turned out to be a portrait of a human being.

“Anyway, what’s good is good.”

Warm.

Geo stopped thinking.

“My ultimate positive mind does not change according to the meaning of my own existence.”

“I don’t know what the ultimate positive mindset is, but I think it might change a little….”

“Do you really have to live so tiringly? I don’t think so, Isser.”

“How can you be confident that you are an ordinary human being with that kind of mindset?”

“Because my life doesn’t change because of other people’s gaze.”

Geo continued to observe Haetsal Sora, only to have his self-esteem reaffirmed.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve seen it, and I can really feel that it’s a pretty clam.”

It was a snail shell that shone as pure as a jewel, and its pentagonal pyramid-shaped shell had numerous cracks, as if it had grown several times. It sparkled as if a picture had been painted on it.

“Because it was so pretty, it was often made into accessories.”

“Yes, I think you made a toy out of it to hang on the window.”

“It really shines beautifully in the sunlight.”

It radiated colorful light here and there, as if it were a triangular prism.

“Oh, no.”

The guy living inside hid his already transparent body inside, but because his body was so transparent like glass, he couldn't be seen well even through this prism-like shell.

“Since the shell won’t be damaged even if you boil it anyway, it’s fine to boil it like this. Since it doesn’t swallow mud and survives only on sunlight, you don’t need to take any special measures; just clean it and boil it to eat.”

“I remember too….”

“I just thought of it, so don’t worry too much about it. It’s been a while since I’ve cleaned these clams, so I’m excited.”

The next thing Geo saw was the guy stuck to the wall of the pupil.

'This is similar to abalone.'

The shell was much darker and smoother than that of an abalone, but otherwise it was quite similar to an abalone, especially its wide, white flesh.

“This is probably the name….”

“It must have been a black razor clam.”

“Oh, right.”

Black scallop

A clam famous for its white flesh contrasting with its flat, black shell. It is a high-quality food ingredient, and is a delicate clam that will cook even if the temperature rises slightly. The shell is also known as a material for paint because of its beautiful black color. Be careful not to touch the flesh with your hands, as it will cook.

“It looks like it couldn’t possibly be delicious.”

Geo smiled happily and cleaned all the black clams. This clam also didn't eat mud, so no separate cleaning was needed.

“Next up is this guy. Do you remember him, Isser?”

“I remember that the teacher especially liked it.”

“Because it has a good texture. When eaten raw, it’s soft like pudding, and when cooked, it’s chewy like meat….”

club or trumpet

A brown shell clam that lives vertically hidden in the mud. Its flesh resembles a wooden club and its shell resembles a trumpet, hence its name. The inside is filled with light yellow flesh, and its texture is very soft. However, be careful not to apply too much heat, as it will quickly become tough.

In short, it was close to a 'clam with a long, whole shell in it'.

“Oh, this needs to be sold in Korea.”

“Calm down.”

Today too, it was the secular priest Geo.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (89)

Episode 89

Sunshine sky, black clam, club trumpet.

These three were the representative specialties of the village of Edlan.

“The club and trumpet need to be used for the sunset….”

“If you just eat it, you’ll end up chewing on mud.”

“That’s right. Isser, can you help me?”

“Yes, of course.”

Isser skillfully picked up the basket containing only a club or trumpet and began to work on the seam. It had been so long since he had done it that he stuttered a little, but his hands quickly found their way and continued working.

“They do similar work on Earth too.”

“Oh… is that so?”

“There are some differences though.”

These representative specialties were made by using freshwater from the village of Edlan, which had to be desalinated to remove the mud. This was slightly different from the desalination method on Earth, where the clams would wither in water from other regions, and the salinity of the water had to be adjusted with salt.

Isser nodded as if surprised.

“It’s spitting out mud even though it’s not the local water.”

“Yes, I think it’s okay if you just adjust the salt content to the right level and they’ll spit it out.”

“Isn’t it that your ego is weaker than that of the clams in the Edlan region?”

“Let’s not put our egos on the clams that are about to be eaten.”

The basin full of clubs and trumpets was soon covered with a black cloth.

“Now all I have to do is leave it until the stew is done.”

The club trumpet, the pride of the village of Edlan, was famous for its ability to set the sun early.

Maybe it was because his entire body was closer to flesh than internal organs, but the amount of mud he swallowed was not that much, so he only had to wait for at least 30 minutes, or at most an hour.

“It would be better to change the water in the middle, but….”

“I’ll do that. Once every ten minutes or so would be okay?”

“Yes, that’s right. Please.”

Once every ten minutes might be a bit excessive, but it can't hurt to be cautious.

'Nothing makes me more angry than chewing sand while eating.'

Isn't that Geo, a self-proclaimed gourmet and a big eater? He aimed for thorough cooking that would not be disturbed by anything while eating. If he felt uncomfortable while eating, it was not worthy of being

called cooking.

“Then it’s stew now….”

Simply put, stew was a Western-style soup.

“Just put anything in and see.”

“I know how to cook it too….”

“So, did you do it yourself?”

“…….”

“Please listen to my class quietly.”

Sometimes people ask about the difference between stew and soup, but it's easier to think of stew as the main ingredient, while soup is the broth itself. In short, stew is a dish that uses liquid to boil ingredients.

“Would you like to follow me?”

“Huh? Where to….”

“To the garden.”

That's how Isser saw Geo's garden.

“Taran.”

“…a garden?”

“Yes, what’s the problem?”

“No, the garden….”

“It’s a garden.”

"…All right."

Isser was convinced.

“There is no way you can farm normally.”

“What did you say?”

“As expected, the smiling tyrant of the sea village….”

"tyrant?"

“I didn’t say anything. What did you hear?”

“Now you know how to speak properly, it’s really amazing.”

I was really convinced.

“Here, there are cherry tomatoes in there….”

“All I see is a pumpkin imitating a tomato.”

“I think your eyesight is getting worse. Don’t let your guard down just because you’re a mermaid, and get some glasses.”

“I don’t know if it’s a problem with your eyesight.”

Isser, unable to bear it any longer, asked.

“Why on earth is this a garden?”

“It’s narrow and cute, so it must be a vegetable garden.”

“The crops are so big that they look relatively narrow, and none of them are cute.”

“I would appreciate it if you would be careful what you say, as our Queen Elizabeth 32nd may be offended by what you say.”

“Who on earth is Elizabeth 32….”

Kkuddeukduk—.

At Geo's words, the tomato leaves, each as big as a pumpkin leaf, rolled back with a loud sound. Isser finally lost his smile at the sight of them clenching their fists.

“…Would you like to eat this?”

Realizing the gravity of the situation, he became almost as serious as when he was watching his sister's research process.

“This?”

“The kids are all sacrificial and kind, although they have their own unique personalities.”

“I feel like it would hold my Adam’s apple while I’m eating and prevent it from going down into my stomach.”

“You’re not that rebellious. You’re just very gentle, right?”

"that…."

Isser nodded.

“I understand.”

“Did you do it?”

"maybe…."

“Then follow me.”

“If I were to die, I would rather go to the sea.”

“Don’t say anything weird.”

Geo greeted the crops in the garden he had become familiar with through communication and approached his target. The tomatoes, which were shining a vivid red, looked ripe, but were still tightly connected to the stems.

“We will gather the bells that will board the basket~”

At Geo's words, several tomatoes hung on the stems and swayed slightly from side to side, indicating their intentions. When Geo placed a basket right underneath them, tomatoes the size of small watermelons landed with a thud.

“…….”

“Wow, that’s it. It was easy, right?”

"…yes."

In that way, Geo was able to harvest a basket of tomatoes in an instant.

“Personally, I like tomato stew the best among stews. It may be because that’s what we always ate in Edlan Village, but it’s much lighter than cream stew.”

“Ah… that’s right. I remember you liking it because you didn’t feel sick even if you ate a lot.”

Isser, who had regained his smile that resembled Giovanni's, continued speaking.

“They also said that it is the best food to boil a lot and eat for a long time.”

“You remember it all.”

“It’s hard to forget about you, teacher.”

“I never thought I’d be this easy to understand. I’ll improve even more.”

“Don’t… Don’t… How much further are you going to progress from here….”

“No one can stop me.”

“Please help me stop it.”

“You couldn’t stop me even when I was an ordinary priest.”

"teacher."

“Now I’ll add more.”

However, even though he was a teacher, he did not want to become a person who was slower than his mermaid students. Geo was a generous adult who did not set limits for himself.

“I think the reason tomato stew is easy to eat is because it’s made almost entirely of vegetables. I don’t know, Isser, who is a strong and energetic young man….”

“Oh, you still consider me a young man? A thousand years have passed?”

“Please keep quiet, because the genealogy is tangled. Anyway, as you get older, it’s really hard to feel sick. It’s especially a harsh ordeal for someone like me who loves to eat.”

“At least that would be a trial that the Sun God has never sent down before.”

Geo furrowed his brow as if he felt sorry for the mermaid's tackle.

“Where did my student Isser, who used to shyly smile when I talked nonsense, go?”

“…It’s…okay…it’s gone now….”

“Don’t worry, Isser. People can regress at any time.”

“What do you plan on making me into?”

“A pig with a sore throat?”

“…….”

Isser smiled brightly. It was a more mature and refined smile than Geo's.

“Nothing has really changed. You look different inside and outside the house.”

“…Huh….”

“When he was with people he was comfortable with, he would make a lot of funny jokes like this. It was quite different from his public image, when he was called the Saint of the Sun.”

“…….”

“When I was young, I didn’t even know that it was a sign of trust from my teacher, so I was always embarrassed. I still remember it vividly.”

Who are you? Where did my little one go? Who is this strange gentleman?

'How did you grow so much in the meantime?'

It was a legendary joke that made people expect him to laugh awkwardly or frown like Honey, but for Geo, who has no intention of becoming hazy, to suddenly become hazy like this, it was a bit awkward.

“…Well, anyway.”

“You avoid it because it is disadvantageous.”

“You don’t reminisce about the past before eating. That’s what makes the meal uncomfortable.”

Geo continued, firmly blocking out his hazy emotions.

“Even if there is no meat in it, tomato stew has a very rich flavor because the main ingredients are tomatoes and onions. It also goes well with a variety of side dishes.”

Tomato stew goes well with any kind of meat. Adding a little wine and adding sliced beef gives it a mature flavor, and adding chicken gives it a harmonious flavor that blends well with the juice of the tomatoes.

“Lamb isn’t bad either.”

“Isn’t the scent a bit strong?”

“That’s why I couldn’t eat it often when I was with you all, because you really hate strong smells….”

Not only these siblings, but the mermaid race originally avoided strong scents. It was okay to sprinkle a little pepper or add some scent, but if that scent became the main scent, they hated it so much that they had to run away.

“If you think about it, I must have smelled quite strong, even though I was rotting away. You managed to eat it. Maybe you couldn’t help it because you were under the influence of drugs?”

“…….”

“… That… Yes, I think it was my fault this time. I didn’t say it with any particular intention, so please don’t make that face….”

"…yes…."

“I’m sorry, teacher, for living without thinking.”

The ruined atmosphere was barely able to recover after a long time. Geo said with an awkward smile.

“The lamb from Earth doesn’t have that strong of a flavor, would you like to try it later?”

“…My taste buds have changed a bit since then. It’s okay even if the flavor is strong.”

“Oh, has it changed?”

“I guess a lot of time has passed…. Even humans start to eat things they couldn’t eat when they were young as they grow up, you know.”

“Even if you are a mermaid, it seems you can’t endure the passage of time.”

Giovanni babbled nonsense with the noble face of a priest.

“You’re growing old together with me.”

"ah…."

Isser, who had been pondering, answered.

“Not bad.”

“I told you not to do that, but it still feels hazy? I don’t like that kind of thing.”

“Ahaha….”

Isser asked, smiling awkwardly.

“So you were planning on putting meat in this stew? Since you’re making Edlan stew, I expected you’d put in clams or fish….”

“I’m going to try making two kinds. I have some venison and sausages sitting in the pantry, and I’m going to use them when I have the chance. Not bad, right?”

“Good, I think I might be full after a long time.”

Mermaids convert the food they eat into nutrients that they consume to sustain their strong and flexible bodies.

Even if you don't take in nutrients orally, you can maintain your health with your skin while you're at sea, but if you eat food, you'll get hungry easily.

“Tomato stew goes especially well with bacon or ham, which have a slightly fragrant flavor. It also goes well with hard dried meats that are difficult to eat raw, and since you can add various vegetables, it’s easy to adjust the seasoning in various ways…”

Geo held the tomatoes in his basket up to the sunlight.

“It’s definitely different from Earth or Edlan Village.”

“…I ask again, is that really a tomato…? It’s very different from the ones I know of on Edlan or Earth….”

“I planted and grew seeds from the Earth, so it’s bound to be a tomato.”

The cherry tomatoes that Geo raised, or rather, grew on their own, were a little different from those on Earth.

It was as big as a small watermelon and slightly elongated like a date tomato, and was strangely transparent so that light could pass through it, and its taste was somewhere between mild and sweet.

“I don’t really like sweet stews.”

“Me neither.”

“But we have to make do with the materials we have, so we’ll have to find a solution with other materials.”

“Oh, and add more salt?”

“There’s already some sausage that’s salty and flavorful. Let’s use that for now. Hmm. What else should I put in it…?”

Geo blurted out the thought that suddenly occurred to him.

“It would be fun to make bacon.”

“Your homemade bacon is amazing, sir.”

Isser nodded.

“Because the townspeople were flocking in and expecting each of them to get a piece of it.”

“That’s me. A genius priest of the sun who can do anything.”

“That wicked man who has received the grace of such a person and yet knows how to do nothing but do useless things….”

“Calm down and eat some tomatoes.”

Perhaps because he had seen the healthy self of the cherry tomato earlier, Isser hesitated for a moment, but then took a bite of the flesh.

"oh…."

“Isn’t it delicious?”

“This is the first time I’ve ever eaten such delicious tomatoes.”

“I am also good at farming.”

The tomatoes, which were very springy, had slightly jelly-like, springy parts.

Yet, the crunchy sensation unique to tomatoes with firm flesh was vivid, and there was a harmonious balance between the tangy taste of citrus fruits and the subtle sweetness that quickly enveloped it.

“I just touched it and it feels soft like slime.”

“It’s not like it’s slime…?”

“The texture is interesting.”

It was a while before Isser seemed to like tomatoes quite a bit. It was too much for Isser to truly hate moving tomatoes, since he had seen too many of them over the years.

“So what else should I harvest now? Actually, I think it’s a bit odd to use the word harvest in a place called a garden, but anyway….”

“I’m going to try putting in a few things.”

As expected, the stew was delicious when eaten as a mixed soup.

“Carrots are the safest choice. The unique sweetness and faint bitterness of carrots go really well with tomatoes.”

“How about potatoes? I loved the stew you made with potatoes, thickened slightly by the starch from the potatoes. I still remember it.”

“Then let’s add potatoes. The starch that naturally comes out of the ingredients is wonderful, not too sticky or slippery, but rather sweet like bone broth.”

“It’s cooked until it’s soft and fluffy, and when you soak it up the tomato stew broth, it’s soft and mashable. Of course, I’d recommend adding potatoes, sir.”

Isser smiled faintly, excitedly, while holding a basket of tomatoes.

“The cabbage didn’t seem so bad either. The cabbage cooked in the hot broth was crunchy and soft at the same time, which was really nice.”

“It’s really good, isn’t it, when the warm, ripe cabbage juice soaks your

mouth, it’s really wonderful in the winter? When it’s fully ripened and you mash it with your tongue, it’s also fun in its own way….”

“…….”

In this everyday and ordinary conversation, Isser couldn't help but recall memories from the past.

“…I think I came to the market.”

“I think it’s similar.”

"okay…."

I wondered if I was dreaming.

It was empty and scary.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (90)

Episode 90

By the time the harvest was complete.

“…….”

“Okay, let’s go clean it now.”

“Excuse me, teacher, this is a bit….”

“I don’t have time.”

Geo and Isser headed to the stream carrying the harvested crops.

“Isn’t it convenient that there’s a stream right in front of the house?”

“Ah, freshwater… right?”

“There’s no way there’d be seawater in the middle of a forest like this.”

“That may be true, but I feel like common sense doesn’t really apply here.”

“To this extent, it’s common sense.”

They washed the crops that were covered in dirt.

A basket of tomatoes, which will be the main ingredient, as well as six firm onions, six potatoes and six sweet potatoes, a head of cabbage, ten pea pods, a small pumpkin, and three carrots.

“…….”

“…….”

Each one was a big one, so they gathered together to form a small hill.

“…Was it a bit too much?”

“I was going to tell you that I don’t think this is right.”

“I hope you enjoyed it too.”

“That… that’s true.”

Because it reminded him of the old days, it took a while for Isser to realize that something was wrong with the situation.

And when I realized it, the hill was already being completed. It was too late to regret.

Isser smiled awkwardly.

“If this continues, we’ll have three large pots.”

“No matter how many jokes there are, they’re only one pot.”

“…….”

“…It seems like it might stretch a bit as I make it….”

Since I enjoy cooking by roughly throwing in a bunch of ingredients based on feeling rather than measuring out the exact amount of ingredients and being thorough in my cooking, the amount of food I cook often increases to an absurd level.

Aria looked at it and said, 'The stew is multiplying.'

"…hmm…."

Geo was upright.

“Once you make it, you can eat it over time or share it with your neighbors.”

“I don’t know, but where is the neighboring house? Beyond this forest?”

“You could also say that Isser’s ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’ is my neighbor.”

“Your neighborhood is really wide-ranging. I am impressed by your inclusiveness.”

“You may not see it now, but if you go in front of the picture frame, you will sometimes get a neighbor.”

“Oh, like that….”

Isser, who had been nodding, froze for a moment.

“…did you share it with humans?”

“Isn’t it cute?”

“I can’t say that it’s not true, but what about those weak humans who would melt if put in seawater?”

“What could be the problem?”

"that is…."

Isser, who had been hesitating, said.

“…such a gift seems excessive to humans.”

“Don’t humans have the right to share my cooking?”

“It may sound a bit strange to say it like that, but I guess that’s true, right?”

“Didn’t you say, Teacher, that people shouldn’t discriminate against each other over what they eat, Isser?”

“…Of course that is true, but….”

Isser stopped talking and pursed his lips.

‘… There is no way that food created by God could be an ordinary gift to humans.’

Isser still doesn't know exactly what kind of being Geo is. However, he is the so-called second sun god who inherited the divinity of the sun god, and aside from that trait, he is a being of a distant class whose 'portrait' seems to be the basis.

'Can such a being cook ordinary food?'

People usually say that when they see something like that, it's a holy relic.

What if it was not an ordinary object that could only be appreciated or touched, but an edible food? Humans used to call it the selection of the gods. It was creating saints and saintesses.

“…….”

“Isser?”

“…Well, it’s in the form of tomato stew, so it’s hard to say what to say.”

“It’s stew, what else is there to say?”

“No, it is food anyway. What the teacher said is true.”

Since his days as a human, Giovanni has often done things that go

beyond common sense and limitations. It wouldn't be so strange if he were to go around sprinkling tomato stew, which is almost like a sacred relic, on Earthlings.

“But I still feel jealous. It’s twisted in my mind that humans receive such kindness from the teacher.”

“Is it really that bad of a decision to share some food?”

Giovanni shrugged.

“This kind of thing happened often when I lived in Edlan Village.”

“Those wicked authors who ate that delicious food and then ended up betraying me….”

“Eat one more tomato.”

As a mermaid who is bound to be a big eater due to her physical structure, Isser did not refuse the food Geo gave her. It was a really delicious tomato.

“But I think the quantity will still increase.”

“If there is anything left after sharing, shouldn’t you take care of it?”

“Why… why don’t we solve that?”

“…….”

Geo looked at Isser carefully.

“…….”

"…excuse me…."

“As expected, you’re too skinny.”

“Teacher, most mermaids have this body type.”

“This teacher is in a bad mood because he is so skinny.”

“It didn’t get that skinny.”

Even before, Giovanni had been unable to bear to see people starving, but for some reason, his big hands seemed to have grown even bigger since he hadn't seen them before. Isser recalled Giovanni smiling faintly, saying, "I wish everyone would turn into pigs."

‘How can a person not change this much? No, it seems like it’s gotten worse… .’

Leaving Isser behind, Geo began his next task.

“It’s time to cut it now. Isser, if it’s okay with you, would you please check the condition of the club or trumpet?”

“…Oh, yes. I’ll change the water and then go to the kitchen.”

“Please come slowly.”

Geo entered the hut carrying a huge hill of vegetables.

“…….”

“Oh, Aria. Have you been resting well?”

“…What on earth are you planning to make? Are you going to donate stew to the poor?”

“No, we’re going to eat it.”

“Geo, I always say this, but we are a species that cannot become pigs. Mermaids’ bodies do not change easily. Even my research is having a hard time.”

“You shouldn’t be so confined by your own limitations.”

Geo, who had encouraged his former student who had returned to adulthood, placed all the vegetables on the kitchen table. There were so many ingredients that the sound of them churning, not thumping, echoed throughout the cabin.

Dana, who was being fondled by a teddy bear, jumped up onto the table.

“Ryujonjon?”

“Are you going to eat it now? It’s not cooked yet. Are you worried that it will cause diarrhea?”

“Ryujonjonjonjonjeom?”

“Oh, wait a minute, no.”

“Mm-m.”

Dana ran away with a sweet potato in her mouth.

“…You have a clear sense of purpose, my daughter. When you grow up, you will become a great hunter.”

Soon, Honey flew in and landed on his shoulder.

“Gulp?”

“Are you here to steal the ingredients too?”

“Kung.”

“Yeah, I like to eat cooked food.”

Geo nodded once and started preparing the ingredients.

“I think it would be better to start by frying the onions.”

The method of making stew varied from household to household.

Some households first fried the meat to be used in the stew, while others started with onions to add flavor.

Some people also stew the tomatoes first to create a rich flavor, but Geo prefers to sauté the onions in butter first.

“That way, the savory flavor of the onions will be fully enhanced.”

“Crunch?”

“Meat? If you fry the meat first, the broth will stick to the bottom of the pot and the broth will taste even better, but I thought it would be similar if you browned it in another pan anyway… I put the onions in first.”

Especially in the case of stainless steel pots, the condition was not satisfactory, and sometimes the bottom would burn first. As Geo is not a professional cook, he often made mistakes.

“The combination of onion and butter is definitely the most stable.”

The same goes for tomatoes.

“You don’t necessarily have to boil the tomatoes first, the moisture will evaporate as you boil them, and since you’ll be adding the tomatoes after the onions, I don’t think there’s much of a difference.”

“Kururuk, gurgling.”

“Oh, of course, if you want the flavor of roasted tomatoes, it would make sense to put them in first. But if you make tomato paste in advance, you can always add it later.”

“Gurr?”

“…I don’t have any paste prepared right now.”

Tomato paste, simply put, was a sauce with a very strong tomato flavor. It was like making a paste that was thick and thick to suit the

taste of a typical household and then diluting it later.

“…….”

Geo nodded.

“There are more things to make.”

“Kkuk.”

“If you make something like paste, you feel like your heart’s storehouse is more spacious.”

Pickles and sauces were a godsend. If you make them well just once, you will have plenty for a year.

It's okay to chop the onions small to just add flavor, but it's also good to chop them a little bigger to help with the texture. The onions that were cooked well in the stew had a fun, soft, crumbly texture.

Geo cut the onion into bite-sized pieces and melted it in a large saucepan with butter.

“The more butter you put in, the better.”

“Huh?”

“Should I call it a pig breeding season?”

The rule of stew is that the more butter you put in, the more meat you put in, the tastier it becomes. Even people who like it because it's healthy say that it's only delicious when you put in something bad for your body.

“And then add all the onions….”

Isser, who returned after changing the sunset water, asked.

“Are you thinking of making onion soup?”

“Onion soup is good, but tomato stew is the star today.”

"aha…."

“Please give me some.”

“Yes, sir.”

Geo left the pot to Isser, telling him to stir the onions so they wouldn't burn and would turn a nice brown color, and then continued preparing the ingredients. Next, of course, were the tomatoes.

'They're definitely mushy compared to Earth's tomatoes.'

It felt like a jelly with a springy texture, or like pudding. When I pressed the blade hard, it felt like cutting a large piece of jelly, and then slowly and firmly split apart, which suggested its sticky texture.

“Chopped tomatoes go in.”

“I think the pot is already overflowing.”

“Then let’s add one more, pot.”

“Eventually, it will multiply into three….”

“Let’s finish on two lines.”

“Please.”

Isser didn't say anything further and just added another pot.

“I believe.”

“I will repay your trust.”

“I hope it doesn’t overflow.”

As Geo made a short sign of the sun and prayed, the teddy bear that Danawa was playing with in the living room flinched. Geo naturally ignored the sight and continued to groom it.

I peeled the potatoes and cut them into bite-sized pieces. I cut half of the sweet potatoes into long sticks and washed the other half thoroughly and placed them on a colander.

“These sweet potatoes are going to be roasted over a campfire later, okay?”

“Gurrrr.”

“You are such a great pig, you are worthy of being my son.”

Geo nodded with a noble smile befitting the highest priest and continued with the next touch.

Peel off the outermost leaves of the cabbage and use the core inside. Turn the cabbage over and stab the root with a knife in a circular motion from the center, and the core will come out.

“If you cut the cabbage with the core removed into roughly 4 pieces, the size will be okay.”

Next, peas.

“Sweet potatoes and peas are not commonly used on Earth, but Edlan stew is characterized by the use of various vegetables. The tomatoes used this time are particularly sweet, so it would be okay to add such soft ingredients.”

When you add beans to the stew, the taste of chewing them together with the broth is good. Above all, peas are a crop that gives off a refreshing sweetness and rich nutty flavor once they are cooked.

Sergio loved beans, especially peas.

“And pumpkin too.”

“Kuruk.”

“This one also has a different shape from the one on Earth.”

The pumpkins he harvested were the old, yellowish pumpkins commonly known on Earth, but they were as small as acorn squash. They might not be very sweet, but they would add the unique soft flavor and texture of pumpkins.

“If I wander through this forest, I might find a beehive.”

“What would you like to do, sir?”

“The pumpkin from the garden is not that sweet, but it is soft and has a wonderful rich flavor. If you steam it well and put honey and butter on top, it will be very delicious.”

“That’s good, butter and honey….”

“If you sprinkle a little salt, the flavor deepens even more.”

After answering Isser, Geo started to prepare the pumpkin.

The pumpkin, with its seeds dug out and its skin peeled off, was again cut into appropriately sized pieces. It might be an unfamiliar combination to Earthlings, but surprisingly, the pumpkin soaked in tomato-based broth tasted quite good.

“Peel and cut the carrots….”

The vegetables have been prepared.

“Next up is clams and sausages.”

“The club and trumpet were still spitting out a little mud.”

“Oh, is that so?”

“But after about 20 minutes, I felt like I could finish the sunset.”

“Then, should we start by preparing the sausages and other shellfish?”

Geo brought ham and sausages made from the previous deer meat from the warehouse.

Some of the cuts that had been salted and aged whole became excellent ham, and the sausages that were often grilled boasted the same deep flavor as before.

“First, we need to remove the hard part….”

The ham had a hard crust, so I cut off all of the outer skin and cut only the red, hardened flesh from the brine into small cubes. For the sausage, I decided to use the minced meat inside after removing the tough intestine casing.

“…But since it takes a lot of work, I feel bad about throwing away the peel.”

“Kurukgururururururu.”

“The more you chew, the more delicious the tripe becomes….”

In the end, I decided to cut the peel into a suitable size and put it in the stew. It was dried and a bit tough, but after boiling it in the hot stew, it would quickly regain its chewiness. This peel had particularly good resilience.

“How is the stew done?”

“I think it will take some time for the vegetables to cook.”

The stew, made with various vegetables and the groundwater of Edlan Village, had a well-cooked texture. Geo nodded, thinking it would take

another hour.

“Then let’s put the trimmed meat in one pot.”

“I think you’ll need to keep an eye on the stew to make sure it doesn’t burn, but should I just leave the meat in?”

“Please keep an eye on the pot while I stir-fry.”

After quickly stir-frying the salted meats to bring out the right amount of flavor, Geo put them all in one pot. After simmering for over an hour, you will be able to taste the tender meat.

And the rest of the time I spent cleaning the clams.

“Sun razor clams and black razor clams are the most delicious when grilled… Just scrape out the flesh from a few and leave the rest alone….”

In particular, black clams were easily overcooked even on low heat, so care had to be taken when controlling the heat. Geo called Aria, who was standing near the kitchen watching him cook, and asked for help.

“Aria, can you help me prepare the grill?”

“…Should I prepare a bonfire like before?”

“I would appreciate it if you could also build a wall so that I can put up the chain link fence.”

“It’s not difficult.”

Aria walked out of the cabin with her teddy bear tucked under her arm.

“…? Why, father…?”

I don't know why the hell the sun god was dragged there, but I ignored it for now because I thought something funny would happen.

Geo brought in a clam or trumpet clam that had been cleaned thoroughly, then split open its shell, which was similar to a razor clam, and took out its flesh.

A long, plump, fleshy mass was revealed, like a long, flowing pipe.

“…….”

“Huh?”

"good."

This is it.

“It tastes good even when eaten raw.”

Geo used a knife to cut off the tough, chewy parts, then sliced the flesh into 1cm thick pieces. He put the light yellow flesh, which was neither too thin nor too thick, into his mouth… .

'This is romance and paradise.'

The sweet and chewy taste that melted in your mouth was no joke.

"ah…."

Can't I just eat this raw?

A plate of sweet raw fish in clean Cheongju. It was an irresistible temptation for Giovanni, a man in his 30s who was reported dead.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (91)

Episode 91

Light a bonfire.

“Is this the right thing to do…?”

Place charcoal in the middle.

“It’s not the charcoal we used when we lived in Edlan, but it smells good.”

A wall was built on the side to provide a device for grilling clams.

It was made of moderately flat stones, so it was bumpy and didn't look very stable. Aria muttered softly, lost in a strange feeling.

“It might have been better if there were bricks….”

The mermaid, recalling her childhood memories and comparing them to the current bonfire, looked down at her hands, which were covered in black charcoal.

“…….”

After a while, Aria muttered.

“…It’s different from that time.”

It must have been so hard to prepare a campfire with that small body.

“It reminds me of the old days, I’ve always done that, but it’s a very strange experience to feel this peaceful.”

Suddenly, Aria was struck with the delusion that she was dreaming.

The cold-blooded sage. The embodiment of the sea. The judge of all sea creatures. The master of the world and game board called the deep sea would never again create such a small and insignificant bonfire.

I am repeating the most peaceful actions of my life with these bloody hands… .

“It doesn’t feel real at all.”

I never imagined that this would be possible. There was no reason for it to be.

“It seems a bit strange.”

In fact, all of this might have been the result of a long sleep by a mermaid who couldn't shake off her old habits. It wasn't all that strange, since she sometimes had dreams like that.

Aria, who was looking at the flickering fire, soon muttered.

“Well, I guess it doesn’t matter….”

She did not hastily try to distinguish between what was true and what was false in the current situation. It was an uncharacteristic behavior for Arya, who had always faced reality without placing value on vanity.

But if this was a dream, then the delusion was worth enjoying as a delusion.

“Geo.”

Aria headed to the cabin's kitchen, dragging the hem of her dress,

which seemed quite out of place here.

“The place to grill the clams is ready. I just need to put the wire mesh on top.”

“The trimming is all done. The stew is almost done.”

“So, are you planning to eat outside?”

“There’s a bonfire and the weather is nice. Wouldn’t that be much more fun?”

“You are right.”

There have been many instances like this.

They went to the bustling market and chose the ingredients that they liked the most that day, and Geo cooked a meal with the ingredients that the mermaids liked. He was the only adult and cook in the small house.

Aria and Isser looked up to their tall teacher and learned human wisdom or chatted about trivial things. The atmosphere was disorganized.

At such times, their teachers would ask for help.

“Would you help Aria too? I’m running out of hands, teacher….”

“Give me the clams.”

Aria continued, receiving a tray full of prepared clams from Geo.

“This is my role.”

Grilled clams were always Aria's thing.

“Don’t worry, I’ll be baking it well.”

“I feel secure with Aria.”

“…Is that so?”

“I look forward to some delicious grilled clams.”

“…….”

Aria opened her mouth slightly and then went outside again.

At that time, Aria was weak and physically weak, but she was more greedy than that. She felt that Geo's cooking was the essence of wisdom that a human could show, so she insisted on giving me the role.

'At that time, I tried very hard to get the role of lighting the campfire from the teacher. Even though I helped with cooking, he rarely gave me a job that was too dangerous… .'

I was also annoyed because I thought it was because he didn't trust my abilities. Giovanni wanted to take on all the big and small dangerous tasks himself. It seemed like a sign of distrust.

It was only after his death that I realized that the teacher had been too precious to his young mermaid disciples and did not want them to get hurt. That was a separate issue from trust.

“…….”

The little mermaid, who didn't even know that, ended up getting the job of lighting a bonfire.

“That’s funny.”

I felt like I was floating in the sky, disconnected from reality, because I still had that weird role left. It was a strange feeling.

Although I never abandoned it myself, I thought that I would never take on this role again even after I died… .

“…….”

“Huh?”

“…I told you not to act friendly, sir.”

“Kuk kuk kuk.”

“Are you okay?”

A teddy bear sitting by a campfire clapping its hands is truly insignificant.

It was a question with a neutral tone that carried no particular emotion, but Aria's feelings as she looked at the old, dull-colored doll were not like that.

“Are you really okay?”

Aria covered the sun with the sea.

“You put in a lot of effort. You hated the sun so much that you drowned all your children in the sea. You didn’t even have the courage to touch Geo, who had melted away like water….”

“…….”

“Yes, I didn’t have the courage. I was feeling anger for the first time in my life, and I was not in my right mind. I could have destroyed his remains in some way, so I was just cautious.”

“…….”

“You are the one who lost your warmth and all your children due to the struggles of a mermaid who can’t even live on land… It’s so absurd

and funny to see you so peaceful now.”

That's how it was all.

“Why is it so peaceful?”

This forest, its owner Geo, and even the small creatures and giant beings he kept by his side as if he were playing with family, were helplessly peaceful.

Aria looked down at the fluffy doll that contained the huge frame securely.

“Don’t you resent me?”

“Kyuu.”

“This is why the group called gods are so disgusting.”

You shouldn't expect them to have feelings or interaction.

The priest's offering of sacrifices to the gods was almost the only way for humans to communicate with the gods. To that extent, they could not talk to the gods, could not see each other face to face, could not understand each other, and could not exchange emotions.

So, I wouldn't hold any resentment towards a mere mermaid.

“It’s emptier than a monster like me.”

To talk about mercy and love on such a topic, what an incompatible pair of authors these are.

“Teasing the sun isn’t something that just anyone can do, so why can’t we show some kind of rewarding reaction? Feeling sad, resentful, annoyed… there are so many reactions we can show.”

“Kuk kuk kuk….”

“Are you laughing?”

I'm annoyed.

“…….”

It was quite different from my brother's, which even felt noble, but Aria muttered with a gentlemanly smile anyway.

“I didn’t blame you either.”

It was true.

The clever mermaid knew exactly who was at fault. It was a bunch of fools blinded by greed and fame who had caused the accident, and the siblings and Giovanni were just unlucky enough to get caught up in it.

So, if he was angry, it would only be at the easily corrupted and betraying nature of humans.

“That world was so horrible.”

No human has ever seen eternity. Even I, who was turned into a rage, loathed it.

“It would be bearable if the sky were covered by the sea to the ends….”

So that's what happened.

“…….”

“Yes, Father.”

Even as a mermaid, it was a fact I found out much later.

“The sun god and the deep sea god were one body, right? So you were my father too.”

“Kuukku.”

“No, since we are divided beings, I guess I should call you uncle. What do you want me to call you?”

“Kukuku.”

“Uncle? Oh my gosh, that’s creepy. That was just a joke.”

It was a dirty peaceful word.

“At this point, I’m starting to lose my mind.”

It was a very rare occurrence.

Although she had lived her whole life with a clear mind, there were only two times when she fell into confusion.

The first was when Geo took Aria's side rather than the human one, and the second was when Geo's body was found, unrecognizable.

And in this dreamlike situation, Aria was once again confused.

“I feel like this isn’t where I should be….”

A laugh came out naturally.

“…….”

The spring breeze was gentle.

“…ticklish.”

“Aria, are you ready?”

"okay."

This was the stomach of their detailed teacher.

That fact seemed a little far-fetched.

* * *

“How is it?”

“Is it ripe?”

Geo continued speaking after seeing the stew's liver.

“It’s a little too tangy for my taste.”

“Teacher, you liked spicy food….”

“I just eat it without any problems, but it’s too embarrassing to say that I like it.”

It had a bitter taste, perhaps because it was much sweeter than the tomatoes I usually use.

Geo took out the Milky Way Mary that had been drying in the cupboard, ground it finely, and sprinkled it over the stew.

“It’s just right.”

It was moderately spicy and stimulating. It was sweet and savory, and the saltiness from the aged ham was also felt, and the vegetable juice from various vegetables such as carrots added a luxurious bitterness.

"ah."

Rustle.

Moon, moon.

Parsley… .

“I guess you like it.”

Perhaps because the Milky Way Mary was so sparkly, or perhaps

because it was also a fruit, several water birds flew out of the nest and snatched a few Milky Way Mary eggs.

Geo turned a blind eye to his friends' petty embezzlement.

'It's okay because it's cute.'

All that was needed was to not steal from other houses. Geo patted the water birds who were greeting him briskly and opened his mouth.

“I was a little nervous because it had been a while since I cooked it, but the stew turned out to be quite satisfying.”

“Have you ever cooked it separately before? You enjoy cooking, sir.”

“Since I’m dead, what’s the big deal…?”

It was only quite recently that 'Giovanni' was placed over Sergio.

“…….”

“I made a mistake, Isser. Please calm down.”

“No, it’s me….”

“Calm down.”

There was a bit of a fuss, but the stew was really satisfying.

“I like the one with clams, and I like the one with meat. I think Isser likes the one with seafood better.”

“…Now I don’t really have much of an appetite, so it’s hard to say, but yes. If I had to pick, I think I’m more used to seafood.”

“You say you have no appetite, but you eat tomatoes the size of pumpkins.”

"that…."

Isser, who had been seriously contemplating for a moment as if he had nothing to say, soon replied shamelessly.

“The tomatoes were delicious.”

“I raised it.”

“As expected, you are a teacher.”

"yes."

Whatever the general taste of mermaids, Geo liked the meat one a little better.

'It was definitely difficult to get meat when I lived in the village.'

Because it is a seaside town located on the coast, the price of meat was much more expensive than that of seafood.

Even though he was a nobleman, he was the youngest who didn't receive any support, and even though he had enough to buy medical equipment and donate everything, he couldn't live lavishly, so he was quite happy about this kind of meat.

The contents of the sausage with the casing removed were cooked thoroughly in the stew and had a soft texture, but it seemed that if it had been cooked for a longer time at a lower temperature, the meat would have been even more tender.

“Because it’s dried meat, it doesn’t become mushy easily.”

“I like this as it is, but….”

“I think we’re ready for dinner for now.”

Geo, with Isser's help, carried two large pots out into the yard. The atmosphere was lively thanks to the wooden chairs and table prepared from somewhere.

"ego."

The stew pot sat down next to the campfire.

“Let’s eat.”

“Kuruk.”

“Honey, don’t even think about getting in the pot.”

“Kung kung kung….”

“I don’t think we’ll drink water from you.”

Geo scooped up the stew with Honey in the pot, placed it in a bowl, and placed it near the campfire. Honey began to absorb the stew while still in the bowl. Because it was so thick, it was hard to tell what was the stew and what was the honey.

“Dana, let’s eat new food instead of stealing oppa’s stew.”

“Ryujon ...

“Right.”

Dana, who had been idly looking around the bowl in which honey had melted, walked briskly to Geo's call and took a seat in front of his bowl. The stew seemed to have been well-suited to the two animals' mouths, as the amount of stew was gradually decreasing.

“If you want to add more flavor, I’ll put some pepper here, so add as you wish.”

Aria's head tilted as she placed the finely chopped Milky Way Mary on the table.

"pepper?"

“Yes, it’s pepper.”

“Isn’t it completely different?”

“The taste is similar.”

“Is it edible?”

“Would you recommend something I wouldn’t eat?”

“…….”

"aria?"

After a moment of silence, Aria nodded.

“I’m not the type of person to joke around with food though….”

“Why are you saying such obvious things so seriously?”

“Sometimes, the teacher’s actions are unpredictable.”

And it wasn't because of Geo's bouncy charm that I was curious.

'It doesn't look like food.'

It's not that it looks inedible, but it gives off the vibe that it would be used as a precious medicinal ingredient rather than a food for such small uses.

In some dimensions, people call this guy an elixir.

“…You’re really good at finding things like this.”

“Because they are in full bloom in the forest.”

“Oh, a lot?”

“Is there a problem?”

“…….”

Aria looked around and shook her head.

“No, what’s the problem?”

It was a world filled with things so precious that it would make the eyes of greedy humans, who were not generous by nature, roll their eyes. If anyone were allowed to come and go here, there would definitely be problems.

However, even if humans had no limits to evolution, they would not be able to crawl into this terrifying dimension with only shallow greed.

'You wouldn't be able to approach this dimension without a greed bordering on belief. Just imagining humans coveting the teacher's treasure trove is nauseating... but it's unlikely to ever come true.'

Aria accepted the stew her mentor offered her, fearing that Giovanni might be persecuted by humans again.

The wooden bowl was really warm. The warmth spread to the fingertips that held the bowl, and a faint ticklish feeling sprouted like a bud.

“…….”

“Is seafood stew okay?”

“Yeah, I like this better than beef.”

It smelled so appetizing.

I didn't think I was that hungry, but the pungent aroma of tomato stew made me feel empty. I wanted to fill my empty stomach with the stew in front of me.

It had been a really long time since I felt like eating something. My

complicated brain was slowly starting to unravel.

'... Strangely, I don't dislike Geo's cooking even though it has a strong smell. Now, even my taste has faded, but still, for some reason... .'

The sound of the dishes clanking, soaked in a soft warmth that warmed my fingertips. That peaceful and simple murmur tickled my heart in a strangely careful way.

'Is it because I came back home?'

Strictly speaking, this place, which was not a deep sea, was not my hometown, but perhaps because of Giovanni, I felt a strange sense of nostalgia and sentimentality. It was a feeling that was difficult to define.

Even though I belong there, I feel like I am one step away, and even though we are spending time together, I miss you so much that it feels empty and unattainable. Even in that deep, dark sea, I have never felt such an emotion, and it is truly unfamiliar.

'... This man would never have forgiven us. How can he be so affectionate on such a topic? It's not like Giovanni was twisted by gaining divinity... He was such a strange author to begin with.'

I felt a tingling sensation from the unfamiliar sensation, so much so that I had to clench and unclench my fist a few times.

“…….”

I don't think it should be this comfortable.

I felt so eerily lethargic that I couldn't escape this comfortable atmosphere.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (92)

Episode 92

Geo didn't have any thoughts.

"hmm…."

The warmth spreads throughout my body as I take a bite of the stew.

'This is it.'

Geo nodded.

Thinking about anything other than rice at the dinner table was an insult to rice and a declaration of war against pigs. Above all, in a situation where I was eating such a delicious meal, I couldn't even think about anything else.

'It's a really good food to eat when you're cold or feeling weak.'

Even though he was a priest of the sun who always had warmth by his side, he couldn't avoid catching a cold or getting sick. When that happened, Giovanni would cook and eat this kind of stew.

The allure of a warm meal like stew is especially appealing when you're sick.

“It’s delicious.”

“Kyuu.”

Of course, it's delicious even when you eat it when you're healthy.

'Don't eat stew with this flavor.'

The natural acidity of the tomato becomes even more profound when warmed. It has a complex aroma, like a sticky and sweet broth made by boiling chicken feet for a long time, and the flesh, which melts in your mouth, has a refined sweetness.

“It also goes well with carrots.”

“The good thing about Edlan Stew is that it goes well with anything you put in it.”

“It’s also a characteristic of tomato stew.”

The unique bitter yet tangy, stimulating flavor of carrots permeated the stew subtly.

The carrots, which were not so strong as to be rejected, but were mixed with various ingredients and soaked up the broth, had a special texture.

“And… I think it was a good idea to add potatoes too.”

When it comes to soup, you can't leave out potatoes.

“Isser recommended it to you?”

“We used to put it in our stew often.”

“That’s right, it brings back old memories.”

“It’s really well cooked.”

“Thanks to Isser stirring it well. I can see that the heat is evenly distributed.”

In addition to the red flavor of the tomatoes, the potatoes, soaked in

the juices of the deeply-fermented vegetables, were soft enough to be squashed with the gums.

The potato's characteristic crumbly texture added weight to the weight of the stew, which seemed to fly away with its sour and sweet flavors.

'Is it because the other ingredients assert themselves so clearly? When you add ingredients that give a light taste like this, the taste of the stew really deepens. And there is no ingredient that goes as well with that as potatoes.'

Moreover, potatoes did not simply serve as a canvas.

“Even if you just drink the broth, you can taste the flavor of the ingredients.”

The starch from the potatoes also served as a stepping stone that bound the various vegetables together and gently sublimated their juices.

Geo looked at Isser and smiled slightly.

“Your arms must have been sore from all the ingredients you had to stir.”

“That’s… embarrassing. I’m past the age where my arms would hurt from things like this.”

“Is that so? It still looks young to me, so this is a big problem.”

The cabbage that was sneaked in was also pretty good.

“The cabbage is very well cooked.”

“Gurrrr.”

“Yeah, I like this kind of cabbage the best too.”

Cabbage soaked in a tomato-based broth.

The cabbage, blotched with the color of the broth, seemed to give off a strange elasticity when chewed, but soon crumbled and released a light juice. The warm broth that spread throughout my mouth was different from that of the stew.

“Oh, that’s right.”

Geo looked back at the campfire where the clams were cooking.

“I think it’s time to start eating clams now.”

“Ryujonjonjonjeom?”

“You have the qualities of a pig too, just wait a minute.”

When I stroked Dana's small, round head once, her characteristically cat-like triangular ears folded back and then back again. It was really cute how she laid her ears down before I could even touch her.

'I must serve and serve you for the rest of my life.'

Just the feeling of the small, precious skull that fits comfortably in my hand made me feel full without eating. My heart felt warm and solid like a bowl of ox bone soup. This is how you increase your satisfaction in life.

“Where should I look….”

Most of the clams were cooked, and Geo brought them onto the table on a platter. There was a clanking sound as the clamshells clanked together.

The unique scent of the sea from the charcoal-grilled clams combined with the gentle spring breeze of the forest to create a pleasant smoke.

“It looks like it’s fully ripe.”

“Are you going to tell me?”

“No, we’re all grown up now, so we each have to eat on our own.”

“I think the clams that the teacher opened for me personally tasted better, but that part was a little disappointing.”

“What a pity… Ah, it’s hot.”

"yes??"

Isser was embarrassed.

“Are you hot?”

“Will it be hot?”

Aria, who had been scolding her younger brother as naturally as breathing, soon looked at Geo as if she found it absurd.

“What kind of nonsense is this, sir, when you have the divinity of the sun in you?”

“It’s obvious that freshly baked clams are hot, so I just stop without realizing it.”

“How can one be deified and still not abandon human nature…?”

“It might be possible, but why is it like that for me? It would be better to let go of your prejudices.”

“Prejudice, how can this be so unfair? It’s because it doesn’t make sense that I’m doing this.”

“People should always live with an open mind.”

“Is this something that can be done with an open mind?”

“You shouldn’t have such narrow-minded thoughts.”

Geo, who had broadened my student’s world, began to open clams with his characteristically noble, and to some, shameless, smile. The moderately ripe clams each boasted white flesh and gave off the sweet and savory aroma characteristic of seafood.

“There are good things about being the second sun god.”

“…Opening clams with your bare hands?”

“I always felt it was a waste to let it cool down before eating, but this turned out really well.”

“Is it okay for the divine to be used in that way?”

“Is there anything that can’t be done?”

While the mermaids were embarrassed by the untimely sacrilege, Geo and the teddy bear were simply delighted. Their stomachs were still quite empty, and there was plenty of room for the grilled clams.

The teddy bear was waiting for the clam meat with an excited face. Geo handed the teddy bear the meat of the black clam, which was as juicy as fresh sea urchin roe and steaming hotly.

“Here you go, Father.”

“Kyuuu.”

“How does it taste?”

“Kukukukukuku….”

“I’m glad you enjoyed the taste of clams.”

The teddy bear clapped its hands on the cotton floor. Geo was delighted, and the mermaids looked dumbfounded. Honey slid back

into the stew pot, and Dana ate all of her stew and then lay down on her back.

'What a peaceful mess.'

This is the epitome of true life. I felt happy and proud. As expected, there was nothing he couldn't do.

Geo lifted up a new black clam. It looked similar to an abalone, but its shell was much blacker and smoother, and its flesh, cooked over charcoal, was white and tender.

'Compared to this, abalone is closer to yellow.'

The black razor clam was a clam that boasted vivid black and white colors that would hurt your eyes if you looked at it for too long. The degree of whiteness of its flesh was different from that of abalone.

It was also different in that the edges were cleanly rounded without any burrs. However, the taste and texture were definitely reminiscent of abalone.

“…….”

Jjigit.

"oh."

A crazy tangle hit Geo's brain.

'It's nice to eat it after a long time.'

The insanely delicious taste made my salivary glands go crazy. It was truly a natural dasida without a doubt.

The flesh of the black clam, which had a strong vitality, was soft and elastic enough not to be unpleasant, and the taste, which became

more savory the more I chewed it, was like roasted nuts.

‘I guess it’s because I didn’t bake it for that long, but it’s still a bit chewy… .’

Should I say that I could feel the texture? The flesh, which spreads out softly like silk, splits apart without a trace when pressed with the teeth, giving me the pleasure of chewing.

The juice of the clams flowing out so generously felt like clam soup eaten on a winter day.

“…….”

Because the clams were not small, they filled his mouth. It was a while later that Geo opened his mouth.

“It’s so delicious.”

“…It looks like that.”

“This is life.”

“You’ve become more greedy since I last saw you.”

“You are gone.”

"haha…."

Isser smiled a calm smile that resembled Giovanni's.

“I didn’t really need to eat it, so I didn’t pack it.”

Actually, that wasn't all.

It was Isser who had eaten Geo while he was still breathing. Perhaps it was because the feeling of those living, moving muscles wriggling inside his mouth still remained. Since then, Isser has not put anything in his mouth unless it is necessary.

"still…."

“Is this delicious?”

“…Yes, it’s delicious.”

It's been a long time since I really felt like eating 'food'.

“I feel good.”

It was to the point where I felt like I had become a human.

“Sunshine Sora… Are you going to use the shell, sir?”

“I plan to grind it finely and make it into paint later.”

"okay."

Giovanni used to draw pictures using these shells. He especially liked to draw the sea, and his pictures always had the scent of the sea.

“I guess I should collect them, then.”

"please."

Whether Isser was impressed or not, Geo lifted the club or trumpet clam this time.

The clam, which has a surface area as round as a scallop, has already split in half to reveal its flesh.

“…….”

well.

The tooth went in.

“…It went really smoothly….”

“Because I baked it.”

“That’s great, Aria. You really have a talent for cooking.”

It is a characteristic of clams that they become tough when cooked for a long time, but in the case of clubs and trumpets, you can feel the ultimate softness when cooked at the right temperature and time.

The delicate texture melting away was softer than the sashimi of abalone.

'I never knew I could taste this kind of texture in warm grilled clams.'

It was a texture that Giovanni could easily taste, but it was an unfamiliar and exciting sensation for Sergio, an Earthling. Come to think of it, Giovanni's favorite clam was also a club or trumpet.

“It would taste good if you grilled it with butter….”

“This is a dish I never tried when I was in Edlan Village.”

Aria smiled faintly.

“Butter wasn’t such a rare ingredient there.”

“Rather than that, I was being avoided.”

Butter was difficult to make and was widely considered to be the dregs of milk. In addition, it was difficult to raise cows in coastal villages, so there were not many dishes using dairy products.

“But it would really be delicious if you grilled it with butter.”

“…You can try it later.”

"great."

Sunshine conch was a bit difficult to eat by spreading the flesh on it. You had to spin it around with a special skewer to get the flesh to pop out, but it had a texture quite similar to conch on Earth.

But the sweetness was different.

“…….”

This sweetness that is deeply ingrained in the flesh itself and the bitter stimulation that reminds one of the scent of some herbal medicine.

There was a superstition that eating sun-dried soybeans would help you get better if you had a cold, as they had the effect of warming the body.

‘… It definitely feels like this, so I guess it’s also used as medicine… .’

I had a funny thought that maybe because it was the sunshine of a country that worshipped the sun god, even seafood received some benefits. It had a sweet and salty taste that would go well with spicy stir-fried golbaengi.

“It seems like mermaids didn’t eat spicy food well. How are they now?”

“We’ve come too far to be concerned about that now. There’s no longer any problem with eating.”

Isser, who was cutting off the flesh of the club and eating it, continued speaking.

“So, I guess I can eat anything I want. My tastes have also faded a lot, and my biological characteristics have changed, rather than being like the mermaids that used to live in the sea back then….”

“Then can I eat something a little spicy?”

“I’ve never really looked for it, but that’s true. Do you think the next dish you make will be a little spicy?”

“It won’t be that spicy….”

“I feel uneasy when I think of the teacher who loved experimental

cooking.”

As he said that, Isser smiled.

“Would you like to let me taste it before eating?”

“I can show you that much mercy. If you could help me prepare the meal.”

“That sounds good.”

Isser muttered.

“…I really like it.”

He had a strange feeling that he couldn't shake off, and he ended up having similar questions to his sister.

Why is it so peaceful?

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (93)

Episode 93

How miserable it is to have to live your whole life with memories of a past life.

That was the fate of the mermaid. It was like a disease that was born. The most intense emotions engraved on the soul left a terrible mark that could not be changed no matter what happened.

To Isser, that trace was none other than the human named Giovanni.

"good night."

“…Teacher too….”

It's peaceful here.

“Good night.”

It's creepily comfortable.

It was a ridiculous feeling. It was not a feeling that the mermaid, or Isser, could tolerate.

Even the softly blowing spring breeze and the gentle murmur of the forest are so attractive that they cannot be shaken off. Isser got a bedroom in Geo's cabin.

“…….”

The floor my bare feet are walking on is made of wood.

The floors, walls, and ceilings of the shiny hut gave off a faint, intoxicating odor.

The large windows on the terrace were wide open, letting in plenty of forest air, and the bed, which was neither too big nor too small, was just the right size and gave off a soft warmth.

“…….”

When I lay on that texture.

"…this…."

Isser couldn't hold it in any longer and said:

“Does that make sense?”

In this peace, Isser felt a terrible emptiness and loss.

“Where am I now…?”

In the mermaid's memory, Giovanni died. He died horribly.

What did Isser think as he looked at the rotten skin and the withered stems flowing out between the empty eye sockets, bearing wounds that were unbelievable to be the work of the children of the warm-hearted sun?

‘… Even though I was under the influence of drugs, that doesn’t mean I don’t remember that time.’

Rather, the situation at that time was so vivid. No one would know what made him eat it.

At that time, our peace met its death. What is dead should not return, so what is this comfortable space? Where am I feeling peaceful now?

“…It’s scary….”

The once full stomach seemed to have become empty.

“…….”

Instead, it will be filled with rotten flesh.

“…It’s shaking.”

I didn't feel well.

I felt motion sickness. My brain felt like it was shaking.

The clear and quiet voices of the forest, as if the vision was blurred, became louder and louder. The mermaid's memory was fixed on Giovanni's death and the destruction of the sun, so this comfort could not help but be uncomfortable.

Isser became more accustomed to blood and screams.

"ah…."

That was Isser's fate.

“…….”

The mermaid lived in a sea of blood.

Now, I've become a loser adult who feels fear even when I give him such an absurd gift.

“…….”

Only after a long time did the mermaid speak.

“…I think I’m going to have a bad dream.”

I didn't know that the place I lived in was a nightmare.

Lying here like a corpse, I now know what hell is.

* * *

“…….”

Geo sat up in bed with a strange sensation.

"…hmm…."

The feeling of being drawn to taking a walk.

'Should I go out?'

Geo was a man who did not think deeply about the source of his desires.

He left the room, leaving Honey sleeping. He walked down the soft wooden stairs to the living room, and for some reason he could see a teddy bear lying on the living room sofa and Dana, the cat, next to it.

The two looked up at Geo, their light emitting a faint light that seemed ready to go out at any moment.

“I’m thinking of going out for a walk.”

“…….”

“Dana, shall we go together?”

Danah, who had been looking at the black-haired Geo, soon stood beside him. As if she were a ghost, her footsteps were inaudible. The teddy bear did not stop the two from leaving the cabin, but simply watched them.

Geo walked along the road without thinking much about the meaning of the words, wearing the black cloak he always wore over his head. He went out barefoot, but the soft grass that he walked on didn't hurt.

This place felt good no matter where I stepped. That's why I felt like I was walking around without my shoes on even more. The joy of walking was great.

“The forest is quiet.”

The forest at this time maintained an eerie silence, as if it were always asleep.

“Dana, do you like the forest?”

“…….”

“How about the trees? How do the flowers smell?”

“…….”

“The weather is really nice.”

Sabak, sabak… .

The sound of tender grass swaying.

“The moon is bright.”

There is a sun and a moon here.

But it was clearly different from those on Earth or other planets. They boasted a transparent jewel-like color, and did not shine so brightly that it seemed painful to the eye.

It feels like I'm just looking at a brightly drawn picture... .

"look."

Above their heads hung a jewel moon of ice-cold light.

“It looks like you.”

"meow."

“You cry differently than usual.”

It was a cry that sounded like an imitation of a cat.

“You are a cat, but….”

I was about to say something, but I didn't want to think about it any longer, so I looked away. It was like the cold moon floating in the night sky.

“It’s shining.”

"meow."

“Thanks to you, it’s not dark.”

The full moon was large, and the Milky Way stretched across the sky like a school of jellyfish seen in the deep sea. They remained still, with a dull sparkle that did not give off any sense of life.

The moon shines. The Milky Way has drawn its curtain. At the foot of the stairs stands a cold cat, and the forest that should have been dark has secretly become bright, and the only shadow here is Geo himself. The only blackness here is his.

“It smells a lot like wood….”

The footsteps soon stopped in front of a splendid spring.

“There is a scent of the sea in it.”

“…….”

"aria."

I saw my student dipping her pale, bare feet in the stagnant spring

water.

“Can’t sleep?”

The mermaid smiled her usual, experienced smile as she looked at the black cloak in the shadows, whose face was completely invisible.

“How can I sleep in a place like this?”

“You didn’t like the bed?”

“I liked everything about it, it was creepy.”

“But you don’t run away.”

“I hope that someday you will accept us.”

Pearl-colored eyes framed a black cloak.

“If I take responsibility, will you forgive me? Will you love me again like you did back then?”

“You don’t need my forgiveness. It’s not my place to resent and hate you.”

“…We have a lot of time.”

Aria's voice was clear and soft as usual.

“I didn’t know it would feel so terrifying.”

She asked Geo.

“Do you know what kind of being this spring is?”

“I didn’t try to find out because I had no reason to know.”

“Do you know what this forest means to you?”

The mermaid continued to ask.

“Why did you end up in this situation, why did you come back to life in a strange form that was neither a resurrection nor anything else, for what purpose and context is the world flowing this way….”

“I’m not curious.”

“That’s a teacher-like answer.”

The mermaid's voice had a pearl-like smoothness to it.

“Compassionate and indifferent.”

That's why there were some rough parts.

“Are you aware that this is your stomach?”

“This is a picture I drew.”

“It doesn’t seem that different.”

“If you say it’s a part of me, then maybe so.”

It was Geo who created this place, and at the same time he was a portrait.

“I knew that this forest reflected my imagination.”

“Can you still call yourself a human?”

“I have never been out of humanity.”

“…….”

“I have always been human.”

It was something that happened naturally, without any need to worry about it.

“It seems like a good night for conversation. Is there anything you

would like to ask the teacher?”

“…….”

Aria's eyes took in the pitch-black cloak as the voice suddenly changed its tone.

“…I can’t see your face….”

The inside of the cloak was not visible at all.

“Does it exist?”

“I never disappeared, Aria.”

“What do you look like now?”

“I don’t know because I haven’t looked in the mirror.”

“But I can’t see it either.”

then.

“How can you prove that you exist?”

How can one distinguish between life and death, whether there is a human being, a sun god, or a picture in that pitch-black shadow?

If it's a shadow whose shape we don't even know until someone defines it.

“I have a question, sir.”

“I promise to give you the best answer I can.”

“How can I be sure you won’t disappear?”

“Nothing is eternal. The living and the dead are constantly changing.”

“It’s true that I didn’t see the limits of humanity. The humans I know have constantly become stronger, evolved, and even become gods or nature.”

but.

“It’s different with them.”

A blank sheet of paper that can become anything.

“…If I were there feeling fear and loss, would you understand?”

“I think it’s natural to feel a sense of distance as I’ve changed.”

“Distance? That’s not what I meant. It’s completely different.”

As long as he was 'Giovanni', I had no intention of moving away.

“Why would I want to distance myself from you? I’ve spent so many years looking at the empty sea, not the coffin or the graveyard, and feeling the emptiness. Now that I know that this isn’t some unbelievable nightmare or miracle that came all of a sudden, I don’t feel any awkward distance.”

So what is Aria feeling right now?

"I am…."

“…….”

"…teacher."

It was close to misery or desperation.

“Why are you always at the center of destiny?”

It's terrible.

“Wouldn’t it have been better if I had just been a passerby, an

insignificant person? Born into an ordinary family, living an ordinary life, and dying an ordinary death? Who else would be more suited to such a position than you, teacher? Why aren't you included among the tens of thousands of people I've seen, and even more?"

You know when you see this forest. No.

"I know just by looking at you."

If you can't see those eyes and not know, it's no different from not being able to see the world.

"I wouldn't have cared if my teacher had died. It was expected. I would have been satisfied even if it wasn't a very peaceful and peaceful death."

"……."

"If only I had been just a little bit more ordinary, if only everyone in the world had been just common enough to get by, if only I had died like that."

A voice came from deep shadows beneath the pitch-black hood, where the inside could not be seen.

"You wanted me to be happy."

It was definitely 'Giovanni's' voice.

"Is it difficult for you because you are so special that you can't handle it?"

"I'd like to think it's just excessive self-consciousness, but it certainly seems that way."

"Don't you think that's a really cute complaint?"

"……."

How many voices can come out of those shadows?

“…Unfortunately, it’s not such a cute situation….”

It would have been much better if I could have laughed it off.

“…Since when has it been a portrait?”

“I don’t know either.”

“What do you think of yourself?”

“I am Geo.”

“Your happiness is not important anymore.”

Giovanni did not meet an unfortunate death.

“I know that’s the kind of death you like.”

So what was important was the fear and loss of Aria, of the mermaids around her.

No matter what moment comes, Geo will make the choice that will make him the happiest.

“You will live the life you want. No matter what happens to your surroundings in the future, you will do the best you can at the time. Don’t you think that’s too idealistic and terrible?”

“Aria seems to think it’s terrible.”

“Yes, it’s terrible. Because I know it’s the best, and I know it’s ideal. I can’t come now and ask them to fix it after admiring that kind of thing. I’ve already lived too long in it….”

What is the essence of this portrait?

The name of this is 'Portrait of Geo'. It is a person and a painting at the same time. It is just a painting, but it is also a painter. It is like a great nature that has drawn its own destiny and will live embracing more destiny.

Was it because it was a portrait from the beginning that the name 'Geo' was repeated endlessly? Or was it because it was Geo that it became a portrait at some point and began to embrace countless 'Geos'?

"okay."

Aria, who was so anxious, finally made up her mind.

In the distant past, in the future, and even at this very moment… .

“…Teacher, you will be special for the rest of your life.”

This man could not be ordinary. Not once, never had he been.

“…….”

“…….”

What should we look at now and condemn as cruel?

“…Teacher, do you trust humans?”

“There is a happiness that can only be found through faith.”

“I have no intention of giving up.”

“Just like Aria didn’t give up her anger.”

“Okay, then….”

Aria smiled with a weak expression on her face that she had never seen before.

“I’ll take care of my own share.”

How many of the shadows beneath that pitch-black cloak can I have?

I prayed that I would never have to throw it back into the sea again.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (94)

Episode 94

It seems like we had some deep conversations last night.

“…….”

Warm.

Geo's ultimate positive mind was not bound to such a place.

'I guess Aria is going through puberty.'

It was also a time when I had all kinds of worries.

'You have to respect it.'

It was not that Aria was unaware of the fact that Geo's identity and the surrounding environment were causing her great distress.

However, it wasn't that serious of a problem for Geo, and he just hoped that Aria would get used to Geo's situation.

But even for someone like Geo, worries were bound to arise.

"…hmm…."

“Teacher, what’s the problem?”

“Because it seems like I created a dungeon.”

"oh."

Aria, who had not yet returned home even though the sun had risen, opened her mouth politely as if she were a gentleman, expressing her heartfelt admiration.

“You have a desire for revenge against the perpetrators of your suffering and death, my human teacher.”

“There’s no such thing.”

“Why were dungeons created if not to torment humans?”

“I drew it because I wanted to.”

"aha."

Aria nodded.

“If you’re a teacher, you can do that.”

“I don’t know what kind of person you think I am.”

“There is something like that.”

In many ways, Geo was an unpredictable being. Even Aria.

Then, he could have unconsciously created the dungeon with fragments of hatred and resentment toward humans, or he could have just been doing his hobby without any thoughts or worries and the dungeon would have suddenly appeared.

Aria looked at the picture frame that Geo was looking at.

“Are you talking about this picture?”

“I drew this a long time ago, but no matter how much I think about it….”

“It’s like a dungeon, right?”

Aria asked, looking at the picture of the city filled with colorless colors.

“What’s your name?”

“…….”

Geo answered.

“The City of Emptiness.”

The system clearly said so.

“It’s not a name I made up.”

“Then I guess we should consider it as the structure that was attached.”

“What is a structure?”

“Ah… On Earth, they call it the source.”

“The source.”

It was a name I had occasionally heard from Yoo Seong-un.

Contrary to his self-proclaimed gardener status, Yoo Seong-un doesn't reveal much about his knowledge of the subject, but he does know a little about its origins.

‘The bread of systems… .’

I understood her to be the mother of all systems and the manager of all destinies.

“I see.”

“What do you want to do with this, teacher?”

“I didn’t want to do anything.”

Geo felt a little wronged.

“I just drew it because I wanted to.”

What artist would paint with the hope of practicality in mind?

“All paintings on canvas are for admiration, not to be chewed, picked, tasted, or enjoyed.”

For example, I don't draw pictures to beat up people. Although they can be traded here and there because they have monetary value or additional elements, pictures basically exist to be appreciated.

Aria, who had been silent for a moment at Geo's words, asked.

“Are you trying to say that I created the dungeon without any intention?”

“What is the problem?”

“It’s a bit much, but….”

Dungeons couldn't be created without intention.

It is about creating a world and laws that are nothing else. No matter how diverse the ways in which dungeons are formed are, it must be assumed that they cannot be created without the will of the dungeon owner.

'But I created this just because I wanted to draw.'

A swaying gray city comes into view.

“…….”

Soon Aria smiled her characteristically languid smile. A perfect and beautiful smile that would capture the hearts of many women if she were to appear in society right away.

“Well, that could be the case.”

“Right?”

“Then, then.”

Isn't it Aria who has already given up on fully understanding Geo?

'I thought he was unusual even when he was human, but I didn't know his true nature was like this.'

If it were a geomancer of such a high and indecipherable rank, he could have created the world with just one stroke of the brush. It is only natural for a painter to create a world called a painting.

“So what exactly is your concern?”

“I wondered if I could just leave it like this.”

"hmm…."

“I don’t want to throw away the painting.”

“Why are you throwing this away? It’s a shame.”

A dungeon is a dungeon after all, and it is a world that cannot help but draw something in.

'If we leave it like this, Earthlings will be eaten.'

Even if Geo didn't intend to do that, what could he do? When a human walks down the street and steps on a bug, do they really mean to do it? Even if Geo had created a world for fun without meaning, someone was bound to end up being dragged into the dungeon.

‘But I don’t think it’s necessary to tell you this now… .’

This picture is also ultimately a world drawn by Geo.

'It means that in such a world, there is no way that a teacher, who can be called the master and parent, would do something that is not to his

liking.'

Time would naturally reveal what laws and tastes this had.

“…I think I might be able to figure out something if I just leave it alone.”

“Is that so?”

“It’s also a dungeon that was created not long ago.”

Aria scanned the gray painting up and down.

“There aren’t any children that the teacher created separately, right?”

It was referring to the monsters in the dungeon.

“A dungeon that has just been born doesn’t work very actively. It might be fine if the teacher directly encourages it, but if you leave it alone, its growth will be slow, so there’s no need to worry too much.”

“…….”

"teacher?"

“…Am I a parent?”

Geo's heart sank.

“Is this painting alive?”

“…Is it okay to look at it that way?”

Aria explained lightly.

“Not all dungeons are like this, but the closer the dungeon is to its owner, the stronger the tendencies of the creatures become as living creatures. They have their own sense of self and can grow….”

“Is the ‘Empty City’ that closely connected to me?”

“Depending on the master’s abilities, the creature’s appearance becomes clear, but from what I’ve seen, this is enough for that situation.”

“This can’t be happening.”

They became shameless parents who gave birth to a child without thinking and then didn't even know they had a child.

“I am trash.”

“I understand what you’re thinking, but calm down, it’s not like that.”

If you look at it roughly, it's a living thing, but strictly speaking, isn't it a stretch to say that a dungeon is a real living thing?

“If we compare it to Earth, it’s like artificial intelligence. If you look closely at the vast nature, you can see its detailed flow and structure, and when you look at that emotionless system from a distance, it just looks like a single living organism.”

It wasn't actually alive.

“I’m saying you don’t have to be so shocked.”

“I understand, but I still feel a little sad.”

“It’s amazing that even at that point, a corner of your heart can still ache.”

Geo was now at a level where it was ambiguous to call him a complete human. The fact that he was able to maintain this unique sensitivity was a miracle that even Aria had difficulty explaining.

"hmm…."

Aria continued speaking after examining the painting a little more.

“…It’s definitely a dungeon that was created not too long ago, so there are many immature aspects to it.”

“How did you grow Aria’s dungeon?”

“So, he’s not my child… Well, I guess I should say I raised him, but it’s more like I just created devices here and there.”

“Are you making a device?”

“I’m making a game board.”

Since Aria has observed many dungeons so far, she can explain a little bit.

“In the case of my dungeon, it just grew naturally as I stayed there. The environment was created according to my imagination, and as I studied within it, monsters appeared, and at some point, foreign substances came in, and as I looked for ways to deal with them, various traps were set up….”

They grew up together over a long period of time. To Aria, her dungeon is closer to a close friend than a child.

“I’ve even seen dungeon owners who set up their dungeons with a plan in mind.”

“If you decide to do it, what is it for?”

“He was a guy who put a lot of emphasis on how to express his hatred towards humanity in the most systematic way possible.”

Aria nodded.

“The most important thing in managing a dungeon is the owner’s sense of purpose and his vision. When the owner is clear about what he wants from the dungeon, these things will grow more naturally.”

Of course, this dungeon had many exceptions.

“I’m not sure if the teacher’s dungeon is the same as other people’s dungeons. This kind of world is basically filled with strong emotions toward something, and the dungeon’s owner naturally has a certain purpose….”

“I have no thoughts.”

“If that’s the problem, then it should be called a problem.”

In many ways, it was different from the situations in other dungeons.

“Probably, if it wasn’t for the teacher’s intention, this dungeon would be different from other dungeons. There might be no rules, there might be no monsters, and the circumstances would be different.”

“Is that a problem?”

“I don’t know if it will be a problem or not, but it is clear that it is entirely up to the teacher how he uses it. If he created the world, it had to be that way.”

There is no structure that seeks to go against the will of the Creator.

“The honey that the teacher made is like that too.”

“Oh, is this the same case?”

“Come to think of it, on Earth, when people see things like this, they call them children of the origin….”

“Honey is Geo’s child.”

“…….”

Suddenly Aria realized.

“…Then I guess the teacher is the source.”

This guy might be the source.

“Isn’t that so?”

A blank sheet of paper that can become anything.

“…….”

“If that’s the case, then I really don’t have to worry about food expenses anymore.”

“…I’m saying there’s really no tension….”

“Above all, it is a great fortune to be able to escape the shackles of taxes.”

“Is that really all you have to say?”

So I felt a little relieved.

“It really doesn’t change.”

It may be that it seems like it will stay the same forever, because it has already changed and can change so much.

Aria slowly tilted her head, feeling an ominous, rippling sense of comfort.

“So how do you plan to use this?”

“A resort?”

“Are you serious?”

“Isn’t that okay?”

“…Well, that’s what the teacher wants.”

I thought that the most intense and vivid emotions were anger and hatred.

That is why so many monsters with deep hatred towards humans were able to create this world, and because they were its masters, they created a world that suited their tastes.

'So, what if the world wasn't created from those kinds of emotions?'

However he used it, it was Geo's will.

"……."

But I just had this thought.

"If you created a world that wasn't even a game board, could you call that a human being?"

Geo answered with his characteristically blunt face.

"It can happen as you live, but Aria has such a narrow-minded way of thinking…."

"Yeah, I knew you'd say that. I'm an idiot for asking even though I knew it."

It was so consistent that it gave me goosebumps.

* * *

Geo visited the 'Empty City' for the first time.

"……."

"Indeed, this is the world you created, teacher."

"…Isn't Isser busy?"

Together with his disciple Isser, who had grown up so much in the

blink of an eye.

“Is it okay for the dungeon master to leave his seat like this?”

“In fact, I am the second owner, so it doesn’t really matter whether I have it or not.”

“I see.”

Well, the landlord might not be home, of course.

Geo, the owner of the 'City of Emptiness', was visiting for the first time, and it may have been Geo's narrow-minded idea that he had to be busy just because he was the owner of the dungeon.

“…….”

But I felt a little strange.

“…This is exactly how parents feel when their children, who are of marriageable age, stay at their parents’ house…?”

“Where does a mermaid have the spirit of marriage?”

“I feel restless. I definitely want to come home more often, but I feel like I’m settling in too much, so I feel complicated.”

“When did you come to catch me because my neighbor never came to play…?”

“That is true, but.”

Still, I was a little worried.

“The dungeon is probably your home as well as your workplace, so you wouldn’t leave it empty forever, would you?”

“We also thought that it would be a bit problematic for both of us to be

absent….”

Isser nodded.

“We decided to take turns coming to the house.”

“I hope you don’t feel pressured to visit your parents’ house.”

“I came because I liked it, so you don’t have to worry about that.”

Isser smiled bitterly as he said that.

“I’m a little scared that the place where my teacher is might suddenly disappear.”

“Even though the door is wide open.”

But Geo didn't talk any longer. Aren't they still students that he had raised with much affection, regardless of the annoying things?

'More than anything, the longer you stay in my house, the more peaceful Isser's heart will be and the peace of humanity will be preserved.'

In many ways, there was no reason to dislike him visiting my house so often.

“As long as it doesn’t interfere with your daily life, I don’t mind either.”

“Oh, then I’ll see you often.”

“It would be better if you brought some clams when you came.”

“Clams… How about fish?”

“That’s good too. Since I live in the forest, I’m drawn to seafood.”

Geo nodded and turned his head to look at the gray world.

"so."

“…….”

“How do you feel about it?”

Isser, who had his eyes on the empty city, slowly opened his mouth.

“…There’s nothing.”

It was an empty city, truly living up to its name.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (95)

Episode 95

There were three paintings that Geo had drawn before.

“One was ‘The Breathing Sea.’”

Isser nodded as if he understood.

“That’s the space connected to the ‘Deep Sea Country’.”

“It’s also a framed door.”

“I think it moves too actively to be called a door….”

Currently, in the 'Temple of the Deep Sea', you can find a landscape painting called 'The Breathing Sea'.

A visitor might not be able to spot the floating landscape right away, but even though it was his second time, Isser, the dungeon's master, could definitely feel its presence.

“Anyway, that was also one of the dungeons you drew, teacher.”

“Yes, isn’t it uncomfortable? The part where it’s connected is something I didn’t think about either.”

“It didn’t seem like much of a problem.”

Although moth-like visitors continued to challenge the 'Deep Sea Kingdom', they were so insignificant that they did not pose a major

threat.

As outsiders, they would be too absent-minded to notice the existence of the door, so there really wasn't any problem.

“More than anything, I don’t feel any discomfort.”

“Maybe it’s because I unconsciously drew it while thinking of the neighborhood we used to live in together.”

“Are you talking about the town of Edlan? It certainly has a similar vibe.”

Even though it was 'Sergio' who painted the picture at that time, even considering that, 'The Breathing Sea' was very similar to the atmosphere of the village where 'Giovanni' lived.

It is possible that the spirit of 'Giovanni' actually resided in the body of Geo, who was painting landscapes as if possessed. Of course, it was not certain.

Since becoming a portrait, Geo's life has completely deviated from common sense, and Geo was not a person who was sincere enough to interpret it one by one.

Again, Geo had no idea.

“I wouldn’t say it’s exactly the same. I just wanted to draw, and it just so happened that there was a dimension that fit that.”

The world Giovanni lived in was destroyed, and under Aria's leadership, it became a dungeon called the 'Deep Sea Country'.

Geo just happened to draw a place that coincidentally matched the scenery of the 'Breathing Sea' among the huge dungeons that were named 'Nara'.

“Anyway, the ‘Deep Sea Country’ and the ‘Breathing Sea’ are not

actually completely different spaces.”

“Thanks to that, even if it was newly created, it was not heterogeneous.”

Isser continued muttering.

“It was reassuring to have a place where I could go to the teacher at any time.”

“I’m sorry I accidentally touched the interior, but I’m glad you don’t mind it that much.”

“Interior.”

“I don’t know because it’s an English word.”

“I understood that the words on Earth are basically interpreted.”

I just thought it was a pretty humble word to use given the scale of the crime.

“Anyway, ‘The Breathing Sea’ is currently being used in that way.”

The 'Breathing Sea' where the sun god was imprisoned had its own significance simply because it allowed new families to be welcomed and seafood to be brought in. The oily fish there tasted amazing no matter how it was cooked.

“The two remaining paintings were ‘Animal Kingdom’ and ‘The Hollow City.’”

These guys were drawn quite a while ago.

“Among them, ‘Animal Kingdom’ is sometimes connected to the forest where I live, and creatures from there often come over.”

“It’s a living creature, not a monster? There are also monsters that look

like completely normal beasts….”

“It wasn’t a monster, for sure. It was like the clams you find in the ‘Deep Sea Kingdom.’”

“Then it is highly likely that the dungeon was added on top of the existing world.”

“I expect that to be the case.”

And to visit such a place, I need the help of another 'Geo'. In that case, the synchronization will proceed again, and I am afraid that I will lose my mind again, so I am still refraining from visiting.

“In contrast to those two dungeons, I couldn’t help but feel concerned about this ‘City of the Void’ because it felt like a world I had created from scratch. I was troubled by the thought that it would be unworthy of a parent to leave it as is after creating it like this.”

It was completely different from the 'Breathing Sea' where I had already played and the 'Animal Kingdom' where I had not yet been. It was such a new type of child that I had no idea how to treat it.

“As you can see, it’s empty….”

“…That is true.”

Isser couldn't help but agree.

“It’s very empty.”

The dense urban forest was so stark and empty that it was mind-boggling.

'Is it a characteristic of the dungeon?'

If it were a strong being like him or his sister, it would be a little

heartbreaking, but if a human were to enter, it would be something that would be difficult to endure unless one was quite strong.

‘… The dungeon greatly reflects the owner’s imagination.’

Here, Isser is forced to deal with a misunderstanding.

'I guess this also means that the teacher's state of mind is like this.'

It wasn't exactly like that.

It is true that a dungeon basically follows the owner's imagination, but the dungeon that Geo drew was closer to a 'picture' than a community of destiny. It may have been drawn while immersed in the emotions and delusions of the moment, but the imagination itself was not reflected.

But I had never heard of such a case except for Geo. The fact that I had experienced so much following my sister had actually become poisonous, so Isser had no choice but to pay close attention to Geo's condition.

“Are there no monsters here?”

“I don’t think there is any.”

“I can’t even feel the smallest creature….”

“Because this painting depicts a city, not a living thing.”

"okay."

Since the dungeon's owner is also something with an ego, it is actually difficult for a dungeon to be created without any living creatures inside. Even dungeons owned by undead are filled with monsters related to them.

‘… but it’s so empty.’

Isser looked at a world filled only with colorless colors.

The tall buildings are a straight and clear gray. Even though the entire body is made of transparent glass, the glass is also colorless because the whole world is colorless, and the sky is covered with thick fog, and only faint light barely falls.

There were buildings with boring rectangular shapes, and there were also buildings with curves typical of a busy city… but even though it was filled with such colorful shapes, I didn't feel anything.

"……."

I don't care that it's a vulnerable space for humans.

However, I couldn't help but worry about Giovanni, the master of this world.

"…Do you like this space, sir?"

"I can't help but like it, it's like my own child."

"I see. I understand."

It was something to be aware of that Geo had this mentality.

'It's a natural situation, considering that he still considers himself human and yet has that much dignity.'

Even if the gods themselves made a dungeon, it would feel more crowded than this, but Geo is not even in a state where he can be called a god. There had to be an exception.

'I don't know if it was created consciously or unconsciously, but according to what my older sister said, it's a portrait that can become anything... so even this absurd void could be created.'

I was worried.

“…….”

“Isser?”

“…It might sound a little strange if I suddenly say this, but….”

Isser hesitated for a moment and then asked.

“Are you happy now?”

Perhaps unsurprisingly, the answer came immediately.

“Of course.”

“Really?”

“Because you don’t make choices that won’t make you happy in the first place.”

"…okay."

Then, even on the day you died, that choice must have been for your own happiness.

'I already guessed it, but it's a big blow.'

Isser, who had been speechless, opened his mouth with difficulty.

“…So why did you visit this dungeon?”

“I don’t want to be a terrible parent who makes a child but then doesn’t pay attention to him or her.”

“You’re probably the only one who treats dungeons that way, sir.”

“Aria said that the dungeon is a community of owners and destiny. Then isn’t it a family?”

“So that’s what family means to you, teacher… a community of shared

destiny.”

Isser asked, his lips pursed.

“Then how about creating a monster?”

“Oh, start by increasing your family size?”

“…It may have a similar meaning.”

Dungeons were originally created to kill humans.

Because it was fueled by an intense emotion of great hatred towards a single race, Geo was not ordinary, so there was no sense of hostility or murderous intent that should be present in this dungeon.

“It’s up to you how you want to maintain this dungeon, but if you really want to pay attention to something, it would be to increase the number of residents. After all, the thing that God pays the most attention to after creating a world is the residents….”

Geo tilted his head at Isser's words.

“Isn’t it a bit problematic to call myself a god?”

“Well… not a traditional god, but, um, if we use an analogy.”

It seemed like Geo was underestimating himself.

'It's really no different than before.'

But I had no intention of correcting Geo's misunderstanding.

The more he became oblivious to his own unusual aspects, the more Geo's limits would be pushed back, and ultimately, he would be able to spend more time with our mermaids.

‘The period of time in which you think of yourself as a human being will become longer…’

That didn't really matter either.

'That's not wrong.'

According to his sister, his teacher was a black sheet of paper. No one knew what it could become.

“Have you thought about how you might use this place?”

“I still need to think about it a little more….”

"yes."

“It would be nice to have more family members, for sure.”

* * *

Drawing family members was nothing special to Geo.

“But this time, the family we’re going to grill is planning to live separately from us.”

“Gulp?”

“I wish I had a child who didn’t feel lonely even when he was alone.”

The water birds that Geo had drawn before were creatures that lived in groups.

When I saw the lake full of water birds, which seemed to be breeding among themselves, I could tell that this was what group living was like, and Honey also hated being separated from her family.

“So this time, I want a friend who is very independent.”

But that doesn't mean I wanted to just draw anything.

“I also have pride as an artist….”

“Kung?”

“It may be grandiose to call myself a painter, but anyway, ‘Empty City’ is one of the works I painted.”

“Gurr.”

“I hope there will be residents who fit in there.”

But he is a resident fit for the 'Empty City'.

“…….”

Geo, who had been sitting quietly in his study chair, soon opened his mouth.

“…Invisible Man?”

Invisible company employee.

“It suits you.”

“Crunch?”

“Isn’t that right?”

To Geo, a country person, the city was that kind of thing.

The air is thick and people are swarming. They all look similar, and they swarm the subway and the streets. Their inorganic faces show no emotion.

“When I first came to Seoul, it was a little creepy.”

There was no living, breathing horror movie. It was too bleak for Geo, who had a cute sensibility despite his appearance.

Now, he could think of it as, 'Today, the cogs of society are coming

home from work, exhausted,' but when he was a child, he couldn't. He even felt fear.

“But that doesn’t mean I can draw people….”

“Kung-kung?”

“What do you think of your father, son? Your father can’t create people.”

No matter what, I never wanted to be that special. Even if I could, I would never have done it, and since I couldn't do it anyway, there was no need to worry about it.

“In that sense, a transparent man.”

To be exact, a human in a suit.

“If it’s just clothes floating around….”

“Cur.”

“Yeah, that certainly can’t be called human.”

It was more like a doll.

“…….”

It was as if the people of the city I first saw looked just like that.

“…Let’s see….”

Geo placed his brush on the 'Empty City' in front of him.

“But I think it would be too lonely if there was only one person.”

“Gurrrr.”

“I wish there were a little more, but it would be too hard for me to draw

alone, right?”

“Huh?”

“It would be fun if they just came up with something on their own.”

It would have been so much fun.

The scale of the project was too large to be considered a simple pleasure, but the scale of the project was not a very important issue for Geo, who was faced with new content.

The painter who draws dungeons

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The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (96)

Episode 96

At some point, the 'black cloak' disappeared.

“Hey, you said there was that here…! You said there was a black cloak!”

“Fuck, find the picture frame! Where is the picture frame?!”

“It’s not that visible originally…! Well, if you look for it, it’s definitely…!”

“Ewwhhhh!!!”

Hunters who visited the 'Deep Sea Country' believing only in the 'Black Cloak' who was said to help humans were killed without warning.

As the outcry over the sudden disappearance of the Black Cloak and the association that revealed his information poured in, an official statement was released.

“Nowhere in the public information did the Association mention relying on ‘Black Cloak’.”

Rather, they emphasized.

“Even if it shows an unexpected appearance, it is ultimately a monster. The association has clearly maintained its stance of caution, and has never once said that the ‘Black Cloak’ is a safe and helpful monster.”

To begin with, it was largely due to the rumors being distorted in a

strange way.

“What monster in the world would help humans?”

“However, the ‘Black Cloak’ has helped humans escape dungeons on several occasions.”

“However, the ‘Black Cloak’ has classified and limited the humans he will help. This means that only monsters that are helpful to humans cannot be there.”

The association staff member spoke with a straight face, without any emotion, as if he found it completely absurd.

“It seems that many hunters have forgotten that the ‘Black Cloak’ is a monster.”

It was a sarcastic remark mocking the absurd judgment of hunters.

When the Association responded in this way, the Hunters could no longer protest. The Association had considerable authority, and their words were not wrong.

“No, but still….”

“The black cloak helps humans?”

However, there were still many people who were dissatisfied.

“Haven’t you seen the official document? There’s nothing wrong with what the association said.”

“The Association kept telling us to keep an eye on Black Cloak.”

“Aren’t those people stupid who went to an S-class dungeon because of groundless rumors?”

Soon the situation calmed down.

“If only it weren’t for that rumor….”

“What are you talking about? It’s the fault of those idiots who tried to attack without even looking at the official document.”

“Ugh….”

This was because the conclusion was that 'the hunters who tried to use the monsters as they pleased from the beginning were stupid.'

“When you get your hunter’s license, don’t you learn to be wary of monsters?”

“The monster isn’t a vending machine drink…. What on earth were you thinking when you went into a dungeon trusting a monster?”

“The hunters of the past weren’t like this, but I can definitely feel that the standards of the current generation have dropped significantly.”

“How can a hunter who doesn’t even know how scary monsters are be called a hunter?”

“These idiots are running wild, calling themselves hunters. This is the end of the world.”

If it had been based on the monster's characteristics and had been mindful of the chance help, the criticism wouldn't have been this harsh.

But didn't problems arise because the dungeon, which was rated as S-class, was mainly filled with hunters who jumped in only believing in the mercy of the 'Black Cloak'?

Even hunters who had been seriously considering the 'Deep Sea Country' since long ago showed a negative attitude.

“It doesn’t make sense to only rely on monsters when clearing a dungeon.”

“Aren’t you taking the strategy too lightly? Even though the exploration season is long.”

“They say the collector bought the ticket so there’s a lot of attention, but I guess this is a bit….”

It felt like the story was coming to an end like that.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un was watching.

‘… It’s starting to get sorted out.’

It wasn't a bad flow.

'Things were going a little strangely. I guess it's fortunate that it ended here.'

Yoo Seong-un, who was watching the hunters and the ordinary citizens talking about this situation, took out a piece of candy from his chest. He was running around here and there to see how the aftermath of the 'Black Cloak' was ending, and he was running out of sugar.

"ha…."

“…….”

“So what?”

Yoo Seong-un asked as he felt a presence on the bench behind him.

“I think I have some business to attend to.”

“You look tired.”

“If you work overtime for over a week and don’t feel tired, you’re not human.”

“I agree.”

The association's staff, nodding, were dressed in black padding and pretending to be ordinary citizens.

He sat behind the bench where Yoo Seong-un was sitting and looked out at the park that was giving off the appearance of spring even in winter thanks to government measures.

“I don’t intend to take up too much of your time, Mr. Yoo Seong-un, who is busy with construction. I would like to ask you a few questions. Would you be able to answer them?”

“Um… I would appreciate it if you could finish within 15 minutes. I need to catch the train later to check the sea conditions.”

“Thank you for your cooperation.”

The questions from the association staff followed naturally.

“It seems like the collector knows about the recent ‘Black Cloak’ incident.”

“There are many things that come up here and there, but what is the basis for your statement?”

“It seems that the interesting ghost story that ‘the black cloak gives gifts to good people’ came from a collector.”

“That is true.”

Yoo Seong-un answered calmly.

“Quite a few of our employees have encountered the black cloak.”

“Then I guess we need to correct the information on the website. Can you please provide the testimony of the first witness?”

“I’ll ask you when I have time. Surely you won’t force me to take you?”

“No way. I just felt that the information about the Black Cloak needed to be corrected.”

“Anyway, our staff and Black Cloak have encountered each other a few times, so I know his rules. He really hates rude and bad people.”

Although he said this, Yoo Seong-un had no intention of revealing the exact circumstances regarding the 'Black Cloak'.

If it was revealed openly that the guy was the 'Portrait of Geo' that even the association president coveted, there was a high possibility that he would be publicly annoyed by the association that approached him for research purposes.

'I don't think Geo would want that either.'

He's not the type of guy who likes a lot of hustle and bustle, as he lives in a peaceful cabin.

“And maybe we should call it a ‘gift’. It’s said that Black Cloak gives gifts to good people, but it’s not something material, it’s more like a favor….”

“Can we say that we have a rule for showing favor to polite and kind people?”

“Yes, well. I’m sorry I didn’t report it in advance. But I don’t have the right to order my employees to report any monsters they happen to encounter.”

The staff asked him.

“Is it a monster?”

“…….”

“I have a question for gardener Yoo Seong-un.”

“…Then, I guess I have to say no.”

“I see. Do you have any plans to return to the Association Research Institute?”

“It seems like it was the president’s order, but please tell him that I have no intention of doing so.”

"All right."

The staff brought the subject back to its original state.

“Can I understand that you did not intentionally spread the rumor about the Black Cloak?”

“It was half intentional, but….”

Yoo Seong-un mixed in some facts.

“Apart from that, I had no intention of causing chaos like this.”

“Then for what purpose did you start this rumor?”

“Black Cloak hates rude and bad people, so he wanted to avoid making a fuss by doing something stupid in front of him.”

“The collector wanted to emphasize the ‘good person’ part, but the hunters were obsessed with the ‘gift’ part.”

“Even the collector didn’t know that hunters could be so stupid.”

“I understand.”

“…….”

Even so, I didn't expect that the 'Portrait of Geo' would be completely

hidden from the collector.

‘… The fact that they only confirmed it like this without calling the association directly means that they already have some idea about it, but they have no intention of digging deeper.’

The president of the association was a renowned hunter who was believed to be hiding a rank higher than S-class. Since such a person saw the 'Portrait of Geo' and coveted it himself, he might have guessed in advance that this 'Black Cloak' would have a big connection to it.

'There was also a big commonality in that they were portraits from the beginning.'

It was already a known fact that the Black Cloak was seen in the form of a portrait. At this point, I knew it all, but I couldn't help but think that he was asking for the sake of formality.

So the purpose of this blind conversation was only two things.

'With this rumor and the chaos, I wonder if the collector intends to exploit the Black Cloak. If not, if he intends to hand over Geo's portrait to the Association for study… .'

Well, they both denied it.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un opened his mouth.

“Do you have any more questions?”

“Have you figured out the identity of the black cloak, Gardener Yoo Seong-un?”

"…no."

It would have been nice if that had been the case.

“I don’t know.”

"…okay."

“So, I ask that the association also pay special attention.”

“Are you saying that there is a need to raise the response level?”

“That might be better.”

It is an existence whose origins even the meteor cloud cannot grasp. Even if the black cloak has no ill intentions, there is a high probability that it will cause disaster to humans in some way, so from the perspective of weak humans, it would be advantageous for their survival to be on high alert.

“If we find out anything from this side, we will pass on the report.”

“…Please take good care of me.”

The employee moved away naturally as if he had never spoken to him before.

“…….”

Feeling the distant presence, Yoo Seong-un closed his eyes.

'It's been a while since I've received attention from the association like this.'

Still, the response wasn't awkward, as the park didn't look much different than before. There was no one who pretended not to notice and focused on this side.

'I guess I didn't act awkwardly.'

As I quietly closed my eyes, I heard the people gathered in the park chatting in the mild air.

“So what was the black cloak after all…?”

They too were confused.

“From the beginning, it was a monster that didn’t fit in with the ‘Deep Sea Country’.”

“I heard that sometimes monsters from other dungeons come over. Was that one of those cases?”

“There might be a separate dungeon for the Black Cloak.”

“But they’re humanoid monsters. Are there cases where boss monsters can cross over to the dungeon?”

“I heard that you can sometimes see them outside the dungeon….”

“That’s ridiculous. Then it’s a monster that roams around freely without any designated area.”

“That was bad. It definitely sounds like a rumor.”

Yoo Seong-un soon opened his eyes to the voices that sounded like the flapping of a tiny bird's wings.

It's all about the story of the black cloak.

“…I guess it turns out like this.”

It was a planned chaos.

'Still, to this extent, it's a good prevention.'

Geo was a being who could go anywhere. He could be anything because he was a painting, and he could create anything because he was a painter.

There was no way to stop such 'portraits of Geo', so what the collector

ultimately chose to do for the sake of national stability was to control information.

'If this is how people can slowly get used to the existence of the Black Cloak…'

It would certainly be less confusing than having a 'portrait of Geo' on the front.

The ghost stories that the collector spread, and the fact that Geo was given a hunter's ID as a human, were all in that context. It was an attempt to classify and control the 'story' of the origin.

"……."

Despite this, Geo's identity was still a mystery.

'What kind of being is it that is capable of such things?'

Even God could not continue to commit such bold acts.

"Not a god, not a human, and most certainly not a monster…."

And yet, a being that can be all of those things.

"How should I define this?"

It's so contradictory.

Even Yoo Seong-un, who had set foot in the garden since he was very young, could not properly explain its existence. It was because its specifications were completely different from the original existences he had seen and studied until now.

"……."

Yoo Seong-un sighed and got up from his seat.

"I have to work."

It feels like losing your sight and feeling your way with your hands.

Despite having seen and heard so much, a strange creepiness quietly crept up the back of my neck toward an existence that still remained unknown.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (97)

Episode 97

It was late in the morning.

“…….”

I tried on all the clothes I could find, but there was no way a poor fourth-class citizen could afford to wear even one decent set of clothes.

The eighteen-year-old woman, who had just become an adult, stroked a scarf that seemed to be made of animal fur.

"ha…."

Pure white breath spread out.

“…But it’s not too cold.”

Christmas is coming soon. There hasn't been much snow lately.

Is it because spring is gradually approaching? Thanks to the temperature rising day by day, the number of poor people dying from the cold has also decreased.

The woman also almost died like that, but was able to survive the winter thanks to a scarf given to her by someone.

'Spring will come soon.'

It's still very cold though.

‘Still, if you wait just a little longer…’

From the perspective of a 4th class citizen, the situation where the woman was staying was not too bad. After all, it was a city, so it was safe from the threat of monsters, and especially, the people in this neighborhood were kind, so she could sometimes receive help.

'Now that spring has come, we won't have to worry about freezing to death, and we'll be able to survive somehow because food, whether it's weeds or something else, will grow. If we're lucky, we might even get a meal subsidized by the city... .'

Gulp.

I was hungry.

“…….”

Should I eat snow?

Winter was really harsh for the poor. Unlike other seasons when they could even find roots, there was nothing to eat, and it was even cold.

The only consolation was that since it was snowing, we could at least get some drinking water.

‘It would be difficult to eat if your body was very cold…’

This winter, I was lucky enough to be able to keep warm in one way or another.

“Is it because of the scarf?”

Since receiving a scarf from a stranger, I've had some minor luck.

The woman raked up clean snow that no one had stepped on and put

it in her mouth. It was snow on the ground, so she occasionally chewed on dirt, but it was still good. Fortunately, the woman was quite resistant to the cold.

“…….”

As we walked further into the alley to find a place where the wind was not blowing, we saw other poor people.

“Did you hear that?”

“What are you listening to? I’m freezing to death….”

“No, I mean the black cloak.”

Black cloak?

‘… Now that I think about it, even the city people are talking about that.’

It was common for the poor to hide in alleys to avoid the contemptuous gaze of city dwellers, but women often hid outside the alleys because they liked the clean and tidy atmosphere.

The story of the poor I just heard was a name that people who were walking in the park also brought up.

'I think you said that the black cloak was also a monster.'

It was an unfamiliar name to the poor, who were bound to lack information, but it was also interesting because they had heard it once or twice. The woman carefully sat down in the alley and eavesdropped on the poor people’s conversation.

“Why the black cloak all of a sudden? You said it was a monster.”

“But from what I’ve heard… it kind of grants wishes and stuff.”

“That’s nonsense. Where are the monsters that are beneficial to humans?”

“But there are also harmless monsters that live in places like parks… and there could be beneficial monsters too, right?”

“So why did you bring that up?”

“I thought I’d look for a black cloak.”

The other poor people laughed.

“Arthur, you’re going to get eaten in one bite by a monster.”

“They said it was a type of monster that didn’t eat people….”

“Then I’ll just tear you to pieces. How can a monster leave a person alone?”

“Is that so…?”

“There’s already been a lot of noise about that these days.”

The poor man continued speaking, not even noticing that the woman was listening.

“You’re saying that many hunters died because they believed that it was the black cloak or the red cloak?”

“Huh? Something like that happened?”

“I heard that’s right. There was an S-class dungeon that opened, and I heard that a guy called Black Cloak often appeared there. He would even save people in danger….”

“Then wouldn’t it be a monster that is beneficial to humans?”

“It suddenly disappeared. And then, somewhere, a guy who said he

saw the black cloak in another alley showed up.”

“A monster that was in a dungeon suddenly appeared in an alley…? Does that make sense?”

“That’s ridiculous.”

The poor man clicked his tongue.

“It’s probably just a rumor made up by a city slicker or a fourth-class maggot like us. If not, it’s a dangerous monster that can pop up anywhere.”

Monsters basically had a set range of actions. The poor people didn't know much because they didn't receive any special education, but they at least knew that monsters had set rules.

But Black Cloak is a monster that doesn't even follow those rules.

“It’s possible that he saved the hunters a few times. But when he suddenly disappeared, doesn’t that make you think? After all, he’s just an evil monster who doesn’t care about human life. Or was it a scheme to trap the hunters?”

“But you said you would grant my wish….”

“Don’t be ridiculous. Even God only chooses those who are helpful to Him and shows mercy. A traditional God might be able to show favor without any price… but this is a monster.”

The poor shrank down, telling themselves not to have hopes that were impossible. The cold wind whipped through the alley, causing the poor to shiver and huddle together with people they knew.

“Ugh, it’s cold. Stop making weird noises and just come closer.”

“Ah… I was going to ask Black Cloak for a set of clothes when I met him.”

“You keep talking nonsense until the end.”

In this kind of winter, it was a common sight to see poor people huddled together like penguins. The larger the group, the more powerful the group was considered to be, but women didn't even have friends like that left.

It was because my only poor friend died while I was spending the winter.

“…….”

If that guy were alive, it would be warmer than it is now.

"eww…."

The woman curled up into a ball, holding her scarf a little tighter against the chilly winter wind.

When spring came, it seemed like it would be nice to make new friends. It was hard to be active in the winter, but as time went by, I would make new friends.

‘… Black cloak.’

That's what kind of guy he was.

'I was wondering what people were gossiping about these days.'

I heard a story about a humanoid monster that appeared after almost a few years. I also vaguely thought I heard a ridiculous story about a black cloak giving gifts to those who did good deeds.

'I don't believe it, though.'

The poor man's words were right. There are no monsters that are beneficial to humans. The woman who ran away to Seoul after losing her village, family, and friends to monsters knew this very well.

Monsters were an object of fear for many.

“…….”

The skinny woman quietly slipped out of the alley and walked into another alley closer to the brightly lit city.

There was no other reason. If I was lucky, I might find some leftover food from the city people.

Just sitting still wouldn't solve this terrible hunger. Even though my body would become more tired the more I moved, if I didn't do anything, I would most likely starve to death.

The woman who was wandering around like that came across a poor man.

“…….”

"…uh…."

He was much smaller than her, so he looked at least 18 years younger.

'Are you a child born here?'

If she was this young, she would have been born to a common slum family, but there was no sign of a guardian. No matter how unkind the slums were, it was rare for a young slum dweller to be left alone.

‘But it’s a bit much to pretend to know… .’

After being demoted to a fourth-class citizen, the woman who had been living an individualistic life had no desire to pretend to know the child.

The woman knew that pretending to know her child during such a

difficult time would only result in more mouths to feed.

The people of the city may be dirty and mean, but what makes up the woman now is what she scraped together to survive. If she gave it away so easily, she wouldn't be able to last even a single season.

“…….”

but.

"…hmm…."

At least this scarf wasn't something a woman had cobbled together.

“Hey, do you want to use this?”

“……?”

“Use this. This….”

It was a stroke of luck.

“You write.”

It had been a long time since I had spoken to anyone, so I couldn't speak properly, but the meaning itself was clearly conveyed. The young poor man glared at me warily, but he must have been cold, so he took his scarf away.

Her neck was a little sore, but it was okay. She was quite good at enduring the cold, and she wouldn't have died without a scarf. She didn't regret it, since it was a fleeting stroke of luck that wasn't part of her original makeup.

"huh."

“…….”

Not understanding the situation, the young poor man held his scarf

tightly without answering, and the woman who saw this blushed with inexplicable embarrassment and hurriedly left the place.

When I tried to talk to someone for the first time in a long time, I couldn't get the words out. After a long time, the woman who had been far away thought with a proud heart.

'Well done, anyway.'

Her parents taught her to share when she had extra money. Now, they are gone, but she felt pretty good about doing a good deed after a long time, following her parents' advice.

‘When I meet Mom and Dad later…’

Can I be praised?

It was when I raised the corners of my lips with that thought.

“…….”

“…….”

A black frame came into the woman's eyes.

The frame, which looked as if it were carved from a tree made of gold, was neatly and luxuriously carved.

Inside, the recording was drawn in calm colors, but when I thought about where on earth I felt it was 'black', I saw its true nature.

“…….”

A portrait of a man in a pitch-black suit, his face invisible, painted in soft, dark ink like ink.

Black portrait.

"…uh?"

I instinctively knew it was a 'black cloak'.

“Uh, uh uh… uh….”

“…….”

“Mom, monster….”

I was out of breath.

'It's a monster.'

The monster that had taken everything from her was right in front of her.

My breathing was suffocating as if I had been hit in the head. My heart was pounding loudly as if it was struggling right before it died, and the blood flowing along with it made my whole body tremble.

There are so many moving organs, so why doesn't the brain work? As I hesitated involuntarily in front of the gloomy and heavy disaster, the bright red lips in the frame opened.

“…….”

“I'm sorry for surprising you.”

What should I call this?

It was an extremely polite voice, something I, a poor and coward, had never heard before.

“I apologize.”

“…….”

I got goosebumps from that kind voice.

There was no emotion in the voice of the black cloak.

It was as quiet as a funeral, so quiet that it couldn't even be called a 'voice', but it was as clear and crisp as a machine's voice.

On the subject of making such a sound, on the subject of speaking without any emotion, this bizarrely beautiful cloak was mimicking charity in the shadow of the hood.

‘… Uh, what should I do?’

My feet were frozen and I couldn't move them.

'scared….'

The woman was a natural coward, and had been afraid of monsters since the village was destroyed, and even more so after that. It was natural for her to tremble all over when she encountered a humanoid monster she had only heard of.

I didn't want to die, so I hid alone in the chaos. That's how I came to the city alive. I lived like a beggar in this big city, struggling to survive.

“Ah, ahh….”

“…….”

“…Oh, don’t come, don’t come… don’t come….”

“…….”

“Ugh, turn it off….”

It was so sad.

“I, I did something good today….”

Even if you have bad luck, it's not that bad.

I had a fleeting thought about the various good things people had said about the black cloak, but it was really just a fleeting moment. Still, for a woman who knew what kind of monsters were, the situation of encountering the black cloak was truly terrifying.

'How am I going to die?'

Would I be swallowed up in a huge maw like my parents were that day? Or would I be impaled on countless teeth and killed? Or would I be trampled to death, or, or, or… .

As I continued to cry sadly, the black cloak asked.

“Did you do something good?”

“Ugh, huuuu….”

“I think you must have been very surprised by the scary situation.”

“…Cool….”

“I promise I won’t hurt you.”

It was a voice with a strange resonance, yet full of mercy, she thought as she cried.

No, actually, at some point the crying had stopped. The woman herself didn't realize it.

“…….”

"ruler."

The black cloak reached out and handed something.

If she were a normal woman, she would never have accepted something given to her by a monster.

I would have been too shocked to say a word or would have been too

busy crying, but as if possessed by something, my heartbeat slowed down and I began to listen to a steady voice.

Without realizing it, she reached out and received something.

“…….”

“It’s a cookie.”

Rustle.

A delicious smell emanated from inside the thin envelope made of Korean paper.

“I apologize again for surprising you.”

“…….”

“I affirm you for your good deeds.”

The man in black cloak bowed with his hands on his chest and his hands behind his back, like a gentleman from a fairy tale or a nobleman from a faded movie.

A short, slow greeting was followed by the soft voice of the man in the black cloak.

"thank you."

What?

“…….”

When I looked up, the picture frame was nowhere to be seen.

Only freshly baked cookies remained.

"…uh…?"

It was the day when the name 'Black Cloak' spread among the poor.

* * *

The portrait, which had not yet made a new friend, cried bitterly.

“I still couldn’t find anyone to be my pen pal….”

“Oh, then, can I catch one for you?”

“How dare you try to take away this teacher’s joy?”

“…….”

… If that’s what the teacher says, then it must be like that.

Isser nodded seriously with a benevolent smile on his face.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (98)

Episode 98

Geo continues to check the situation on Earth through the picture frame and looks for a human who will become his 'new friend'.

Finally, Isser asked.

“Why do you often talk to people you meet and give them gifts instead of just passing them by?”

Geo answered in a gentle yet confident voice.

“If they hadn’t seen me, they might not have known, but they saw me too. If you make eye contact, it’s a battle. You can’t defeat someone without talking to them.”

“If we make eye contact, we have to fight. Earthlings are more aggressive than I thought. Are there any specific rules?”

“The longer we spend facing each other, the more it is perceived as a flirtation or a duel.”

“It’s truly amazing. When I was disguised as a child of Earth before, I was in such a hurry that I couldn’t study properly. But I didn’t know there was such a culture.”

“That’s probably why this teacher can’t just let go of someone he meets eyes with.”

It's not that I didn't think that people who met like that would be surprised, but wouldn't there be a fantasy partner for someone like Geo? And that's something you wouldn't know unless you talked to him.

When on earth would you find someone who wouldn't be afraid of the name 'Black Cloak' and would greet you with a lively greeting? But the young man from the mountains of Gangwon-do, who had never been in a relationship because he had been pursuing his own interests until that age, had a strange romanticism.

“If you waste time like this, you will eventually find a new relationship.”

“Oh, yes.”

“And if you talk to her like that, won’t she want to give you a gift?”

"aha…."

“It’s not like I don’t have anything, it’s not like I don’t have time, and it’s not like my parents complain if I give them some gifts.”

Since the three beats were exactly right, there was really no reason not to give it to him. No one could stop Geo from going crazy and wanting to share joy, love, peace, affection, and happiness.

“Isn’t that the most wonderful thing?”

“Do you give gifts to everyone who is kind?”

“This is the teacher’s heart.”

“The child just now wasn’t your disciple… I see. I understand.”

“Don’t suddenly jump to conclusions like you’re going to kill someone. It’s disgusting to be hasty at that age.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Do I have to give a gift to someone who is my disciple?”

Those who did cute things always needed a sweet reward. It was a typical Sergio idea, who, even as a high school teacher, always carried snacks in his pocket to give to his students.

“Besides, what I have in abundance right now is time.”

Geo wasn't impatient.

“There’s Honey, there’s Dana, there’s Father, and there’s Isser and Aria too.”

“…….”

“I have a suspicious look on my face pretending to be very satisfied, but do you really not like the idea of me looking for a human to be my friend?”

“Yes, I don’t.”

“I see. But even if you are a wonderful disciple, Isser, you can’t stop me from making a pen pal.”

He was too busy exchanging letters with Yoo Seong-un, who was suffocating from the overwork of modern people. Geo needed a new friend.

“No matter how much I live inside a frame, I feel like I have no communication with the world.”

In Geo's opinion, his current position was that of a grandfather living alone in a remote rural area.

In just 31 years, they have come to be treated as ancestors, but they are in a corner of the house where they cannot communicate with young people even if they try to learn about the world these days.

“So I have no choice but to take the initiative and make friends myself.”

“Can’t we just tell these shallow people who don’t even know the subject to come crawling?”

“Stop trying to keep the teacher locked in this small hut, Isser.”

“It’s not particularly narrow.”

“The country is infinitely small to contain existence.”

“…….”

Isser nodded, still smiling affectionately.

“So how long do you plan on enjoying this kind of friend-finding adventure?”

“I think I’ll do it whenever I’m bored.”

“…After you got that ‘friend’…?”

“We’ll keep going. Who would put a friend on their nose?”

“Oh, are you planning on putting it on your nose?”

“It meant that that alone was woefully inadequate.”

The more friends you have, the better.

“How boring would it be if I didn’t spend all this time with my friends?”

“We, your faithful disciples, will be with you.”

“Isser needs to learn to be independent. How long are you going to protect this incompetent teacher?”

After being cooped up at home for thousands of years, the kid has become so strange. I thought that if only I could make some friends

and go to a karaoke bar, I could ask for nothing more.

'Isser is a timid child, so I don't think he would enjoy such an active hobby.'

Geo nodded.

“Still, I will continue to look for my friend.”

“If I may speak from an objective point of view, not my own, if you continue to show up like this, the recognition of the ‘Black Cloak’ on Earth will increase considerably.”

“Iser is right. The world knows that the ‘Black Cloak’ is a monster, so there may be some confusion. I am aware that I am doing something regrettable.”

“…I don’t care if humans are confused, but I’m afraid that you will receive negative attention. They are selfish and capricious by nature. You can’t trust them.”

“There may be such a person. There are only so many humans on Earth. Of course, such a person could exist. But I already have so many good friends that I can’t imagine such an unfortunate future. I believe you will protect me.”

Above all, Geo wanted to create an image that would make 'Black Cloak' not something to be taken lightly.

'That's why I keep wandering around and showing myself openly, and why I don't bother explaining myself even when people misunderstand me as a scary person.'

Although minor incidents related to Geo may occur occasionally… .

“I am not a deep thinker.”

Anyway, as long as it's fun, that's fine.

* * *

Hunter Association conference room.

“I will conclude this discussion here.”

“Yes, Mr. Chairman.”

“And next is….”

The association president continued speaking with a neat smile.

“This is a matter regarding the ‘Black Cloak’.”

The president's lips opened gently.

“This is the first time it has been brought up as an official agenda item, so I’m looking forward to what kind of stories will come out of it.”

“…….”

“The reason this agenda item was brought up is to ensure the stability of the city, so I think we need to hear the overall atmosphere of the city related to the topic. Team Leader Seo.”

“Yes, Mr. Chairman.”

The head of the information processing team, who collects and organizes information about the city, opened his mouth.

“According to what we have currently identified, multiple citizens have witnessed the Black Cloak. Up until now, we have secured eyewitness accounts from 26 people, including 9 first-class citizens, 11 second-class citizens, 2 third-class citizens, and 4 fourth-class citizens.”

The fifth-class citizens who were not considered human were excluded. Even if they had come into contact with the Black Cloak, the Association had no means of confirming it. They were all criminals

living in hiding somewhere.

“The common testimony is that they show favor when treated with courtesy by the Black Cloak, or when doing good deeds even if they are not related to him.”

“When you say favor, are these the snacks that were reported before?”

“What has been confirmed so far are baked goods such as cookies, candy, and snacks such as chocolate. Although they appear to be homemade, the ingredients themselves are almost identical to Earth food….”

“They said that although they taste the same as regular snacks, their effects are different.”

“Yes, that’s right. Depending on the recipient, it had a medicinal effect, such as a nutritional supplement, anemia treatment, or pain reliever.”

“What are the side effects?”

“We confirmed that the effect was reduced by half or less when consumed by someone other than the recipient. No other side effects were detected.”

In response to the information processing team leader's remarks, another employee was asked to speak and ask questions.

“Where have you mostly seen it?”

“The only place where they have been seen is in a slum in the border area, and even then, they have never been found in the exact same place.”

“It sounds like there are no restrictions on space travel. The standards themselves seem to be different from the existence of a normal source. So, has it ever been discovered overseas?”

“Since the opening of the ‘Deep Sea Country’, the first sighting site of the ‘Black Cloak’, we have been requesting cooperation from associations of each country and receiving information about it, but there have been no reports as of yet.”

“Is it possible that the overseas association did not share the information?”

“According to what the Korean branch of the association has reported, the Black Cloak has not been seen overseas. However, considering the characteristics of the ‘Black Cloak,’ it is possible that it has been seen overseas but simply has not been seen.”

Another employee asked him.

“The most important thing is whether it poses a threat to the safety of the citizens. You said you obtained testimony from 26 witnesses. Was there a case where one of them was attacked by the ‘Black Cloak’?”

“I was among the witnesses testifying, not the witness himself.”

The information processing team leader displayed the information he had organized in front of each team leader's monitor.

“All 25 citizens ended their contact with ‘Black Cloak’ by receiving gifts from him and parting ways, but as you can see, the situation was significantly different for the third-class citizen who encountered ‘Black Cloak’ in the ‘Jewel Vein’.”

Although the dungeon called 'Jewel Vein' was not very famous in the world, it was popular among black hunters who wanted to sell monsters through illegal routes.

This was because it was the habitat of the 'Anticat', which was popular for its beautiful and cute appearance, and 'Black Cloak' was spotted in that 'Jewel Vein'.

“The witness who cooperated with the association’s Q&A was identified as Hunter Lee Seon-hu, his rank was F-rank, and his team position was porter. He was not the person who was attacked by the ‘Black Cloak’.”

“Then what happens to the personal information of the person attacked by the ‘Black Cloak’?”

“The victim who was attacked by the ‘Black Cloak’ was Hunter Park Eun-gyeom, his rank was B, and his team position was Leader. The witness said that the victim, Hunter Park Eun-gyeom, tried to leave him in the dungeon.”

“These kinds of incidents keep coming up and I can’t stop thinking about them….”

Clearing a dungeon consumes a considerable amount of resources in itself. Porters, in particular, are not helpful in battle, and are easily abandoned when they are unable to even carry a load.

It doesn't help, but there are more mouths to feed.

“This kind of thing rarely happened in the past.”

“I guess a lot of things are different now than when we were there.”

“Because you don’t see your colleagues as colleagues….”

The information processing team leader continued speaking as he looked at the elders who looked a little tired.

“…The ‘Jewel Vein’ is a dungeon that other hunters don’t visit often, so the witness, who judged that he would starve to death if left alone, clung to Hunter Park. In the process of getting the witness away, Hunter Park Eun-gyeom used violence.”

and.

“It is believed that the scene was witnessed by ‘Black Cloak’.”

The witness was almost worshipping the black cloak.

“The ‘black cloak’ in the testimony is said to have existed in the form of a picture frame. Due to the nature of the dungeon ‘Jewel Vein’, the field of vision is not very good, so neither of them noticed the picture frame at first, but when the missing hunter Park Eun-gyeom committed violence, they intervened and exerted their influence.”

"wait for a sec."

The elder, who was almost old, asked.

“Missing person? You’re saying that he wasn’t injured or found dead, or that he just wasn’t found at all?”

“Yes, the witness testified that Hunter Park Eun-gyeom was dragged into the frame.”

“I’ve never heard of someone being able to enter a frame… How were they dragged in? Did ‘Black Cloak’ grab them by the collar and drag them in?”

“It is said that the appearance of the ‘Black Cloak’ was never directly observed. It was only in a frame….”

The information processing team leader unconsciously frowned faintly. It was because he had to report vague information that did not fit his position.

“There is testimony that several transparent hands crawled out and kidnapped the missing person.”

“…many transparent hands?”

It was a voice filled with doubt.

“How did you know that there were multiple people if they were transparent, and how did you know that they were hands? If they were in the F-class porter position, it would have been difficult to identify such a figure.”

“The witness only explained what he felt, and it seemed that he himself had difficulty expressing it logically. However, he said that he definitely saw that the person was wearing a suit.”

“A suit… He’s wearing clothes, but his hands are transparent. Are you trying to say that you’ve seen a transparent person?”

The president of the association then opened his mouth.

“It’s not impossible. It’s only been 32 years since the Hunter era began, so we shouldn’t be proud that we know everything. We recognize the possibility and define it as a monster.”

“Yes, Mr. Chairman.”

“Yes, Mr. Chairman.”

As the words of immediate acceptance came out, the association president looked at the information processing team leader again.

“During that process, wasn’t the ‘Black Cloak’ witnessed?”

“Yes, but based on the characteristics of the frame and the strong testimony of the witness, I concluded that this incident was related to the ‘Black Cloak’.”

“Is there anything else you would like to report?”

“All reports on the phenomenon of the ‘Black Cloak’ have been completed. No exceptional circumstances other than the Park Eun-gyeom Hunter incident have been identified. Please check the report for more details.”

“I see, thank you for your hard work.”

The association president nodded.

“You can freely express your opinions without any restrictions.”

One of the staff members gathered in the conference room was given the floor to speak.

“So I think it would be good to talk about what we define as a ‘black cloak.’”

“It does show non-standard behavior in many areas.”

The elder accepted the opinion and continued speaking.

“I would like to hear the thoughts of Kang Woo-ri, a gardener and research team leader at the Seoul Branch 1, on this matter.”

“…Before attending this meeting, I had done a lot of research and study to come to a conclusion, but unfortunately, I have not yet come to a definition.”

“…I guess that means he’s not an easy being….”

“Yes, it is a contradictory being that cannot make judgments.”

The research team leader displayed information on a monitor in front of each attendee.

“Here is a table of common gods, monsters, and children of the Origin. As you can see, ‘Black Cloak’ can belong to any of these areas, or conversely, it may not belong to any of them.”

There are too many impurities other than divinity to be called a god. There is no hatred towards humans to be called a monster, and there is too much interest in humans to be called a child of the origin.

And yet, it had all those characteristics in one body.

“If there’s one thing we can be sure of, it’s that the ‘Black Cloak’ is a being that belongs to the source. It also has its own rules.”

“If it’s your own rule… is that it?”

“Yes, it means affirming what is good and denying what is evil.”

“I guess you decide the standard of good and evil yourself.”

“It certainly seems that way, but nothing is certain yet. However, based on the circumstances so far, it seems that the standard is not that different from that of us humans.”

However, that brutality could be evaluated as being befitting of the original being. After witnessing the scene of violence, the perpetrator was kidnapped somewhere.

This proves that even if the 'Black Cloak' is friendly to humans, he is ultimately not interested in the rules created by humans. It was a high-risk course of action as the current status of the missing person is unknown.

“What is noteworthy here is that the actions of these ‘black cloaks’ do not seem to symbolize punishment.”

“If rewarding the good and denying the wicked is not punishment, what is it?”

“It seemed more like a matter of personal taste. It’s not like other humanoid monsters are authoritarian or have a sense of superiority, but rather a guy who was just born that way.”

The president of the association added his remarks.

“It is definitely a trait close to that of a child of the origin.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

If the 'Black Cloak' had the meaning of 'punishment' and dealt with the villain, it would have shown that appearance. However, in the Park Eun-gyeom Hunter case, the 'Black Cloak' was in a framed state and did not reveal its appearance until the end.

It's as if you've just removed something you don't like looking at from your sight.

“There has been no clear intention revealed in the actions of the ‘Black Cloak’ so far. However, judging from the direction of the actions, it can be assumed that there is a rule that affirms good and denies evil.”

Actually, it was a little different from the real situation.

Geo didn't even know that a frame like 'Empty City' was running wild, or that someone was being dragged into his frame.

However, it was closer to the 'Empty City', which had its own self-consciousness, getting rid of 'something' that my parents would hate.

It was the same reason that Honey, who had first appeared in modern society a while ago, swallowed up the evil man she had seen at Gyeongbokgung Palace. Geo's children only wanted to see good things about their parents and always wanted them to be happy.

“…….”

“…….”

Of course, for those who didn't know about the situation, everything felt like it was 'Black Cloak's' intention.

Some of the association's staff felt a sense of chill and wariness at the fact that 'Black Cloak' had no ill intentions despite causing a person to disappear.

“…there are no restrictions on movement.”

Judging from the fact that it was even seen in the dungeon, the 'Black Cloak' could literally go anywhere.

“I am very interested in human life.”

“…….”

“Blessings to the good, despair to the wicked.”

The smiling employee continued speaking in a light tone.

“It’s just like an Easter egg in a game.”

If we compare life, dungeon raiding, and things like that to games.

An Easter egg is a piece of content hidden in various media as a joke by the creators.

Since the 'creator' 'hides' it as a 'joke', it may or may not be related to the content of the game. If you find it, you're lucky, and if you don't, it doesn't affect the game's progress.

“Isn’t this a rare and fun event that only happens once in a while?”

“It would be difficult to call this a ‘fun event’ given the obvious missing person.”

“It looks like he’s some kind of trash… If everyone just lived well, there wouldn’t be a problem.”

“It is the job of the Association and the government to create good people and punish evil people, so we should not rely on an unidentified source.”

“Yes, I will refrain from doing so. I admit that my remarks were reckless.”

“And at this point, the question that arises again is….”

One of the elders continued speaking.

“What happened to the hunter who was dragged into the frame?”

Accordingly, it would be possible to understand the dangers of the 'Black Cloak'.

The painter who draws dungeons

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (99)

Episode 99

It was a world where even human life was treated as a resource. Even if the evil seed that was muddying the waters of society was taken away by something that was neither a monster nor anything else, no one was truly concerned about the missing person.

I'm just curious.

“Could he be dead by now?”

“What time did the information processing team confirm the disappearance?”

“It was around 4pm on the 22nd.”

“Today is the 24th. About two days have passed… I think it could be considered death.”

“Then how they killed him would also be a topic of interest.”

“They might not have killed it, but just used it as a toy.”

“It’s considered to have considerable intelligence, so it could be possible.”

Because the exact identity of the 'Black Cloak' was unknown, the association's staff had no choice but to compare him to a humanoid monster and make assumptions about him.

And when you think about how humanoid monsters treat humans who break their rules, it's natural to make wild guesses.

“If they had just killed him cleanly, I think we could reconsider the meaning of ‘punishment.’ Doesn’t that mean there’s no supervisor?”

“It may have been intended as ‘organization’ rather than ‘punishment.’ It’s only natural to want to get rid of people who break my rules, so I can’t say there’s no supervision.”

“We need to know the results for sure so we can adjust the response level of ‘Black Cloak’… There was also advice from the former research team leader, Hunter Yoo Seong-un.”

The black cloak wasn't that important when you met a polite and kind person and did them a favor. For an association that had to consider all sorts of dangerous variables, what mattered was how this monster or whatever could harm humans.

“Is there any way to locate the missing person?”

“According to eyewitness testimony, he did not possess a separate location tracking device.”

“Even if such an item existed, I don’t know if it would have worked.”

“However, simply processing the missing person and closing the case is not enough.”

“Is there no way to summon the ‘Black Cloak’ separately?”

“I haven’t been able to find any information on that part yet.”

Amid the organized commotion, the association president opened his mouth.

“Let’s try asking for cooperation from the three major guilds.”

“…Are you talking about all three major guilds?”

“Yes, please contact the leader of each guild.”

"All right."

Only the executives gathered here knew that the other name for the 'Black Cloak' was 'Geo's Portrait'. The person who bought it at the auction was none other than the collector Bisabal. He was the head of the collectors' guild.

So, asking for cooperation from the three major guilds here was no different from asking Black Cloak directly about the results of the disappearance of Hunter Park Eun-gyeom.

A direct and explicit request might make the Bisabal or ‘Portrait of Geo’ uncomfortable… .

“As long as the collector shows no intention of touching the artwork, they will be more than happy to help. I don’t know how the ‘Black Cloak’ will react, but the curators of the collection will directly manage and monitor the situation, so if things get really dangerous, they will voluntarily restrain themselves.”

Above all, judging from the direction in which the collection was moving, the curator currently in charge of 'Portrait of Geo' was most likely gardener Yoo Seong-un.

Since he was a very serious person when it came to dealing with the existence of the source, there was no harm in trying either way.

“We will conclude this agenda here.”

“Yes, Mr. Chairman.”

“Then the next agenda is….”

The association was always busy.

So, getting help from friends was often necessary.

* * *

Meanwhile, the peaceful cabin in the portrait.

“Today’s content is.”

Geo declared.

“It was decided to be Gambas.”

“Gurrrr.”

Honey howled with joy.

“Gulp, gurgling, gurgling.”

“Calm down, son, Gambas don’t fly like you when you rush them.”

Although the name of 'Black Cloak' was widely known in the world, especially in Korea, the details were not known to Geo.

The owner of the ultimate positive mindset, who accepted the life of a portrait artist because he didn't want to pay rent, was just thinking about eating peacefully today.

“I did say gambas, but… hmm.”

For Sergio, a great gourmet and big eater, the biggest content in his life was deciding what to eat.

Living in a dream cabin with ample time, energy, and capital, Geo devoted himself to preparing meals.

“Gambas al Ajillo is actually the official name.”

“Kur?”

“Gambas is shrimp, ajillo is garlic.”

“Gurr…?”

“Yes, the direct translation is stir-fried shrimp and garlic.”

In fact, he said, 'I'm going to make gambas,' but what Geo made today was completely different from the original.

“In the first place, I wasn’t planning on adding shrimp.”

The only thing they had in common was that they would use olive oil with a sour aroma and garlic. But since the method of making them would be quite similar, Geo decided not to change his words.

“Honey, you know that club or trumpet I saw last time? If you go to the warehouse, there’s a club or trumpet that Daddy has been taking care of.”

“Crunch.”

“Come down with Dana and take as much as you want to eat, including what Dad and Grandpa have. If there’s anything you want in the pantry, take it out together.”

“Gurrrr.”

Honey nodded vigorously and flew down to land on Dana's head.

A spring breeze blew gently, and Dana, who was lying on the slightly warm floor like a cat that had spilled, started waving her two front paws.

“Cur.”

“…Mwaaaang….”

Zuuuuk—.

Dana got up from her seat, stretched her legs in an arched posture, and walked briskly.

Geo nodded as the two children disappeared, carrying in their mouths a small basket that had been made to fit Dana's body.

“You two are on good terms.”

“Huh?”

The Sun God asked if he could go into the freezing ice warehouse, but Geo shook his head.

“Dana is not the family I drew, so she might be affected by this forest, but she is so cold and strictly speaking not a normal creature, so she had no problem going to the icehouse. I don’t think she’ll get sick from the cold, unlike other dangerous places.”

Geo, who had calmed the anxiety of the elders in the house, thought to himself.

'You seem to be particularly concerned about Dana.'

Geo also understood that feeling. Honey would come to receive attention and affection on her own, but there were many times when Dana would not know where the child was if she was left alone.

‘I don’t even cry unless it’s time to eat…’

It seemed that he was causing the sun god a lot of worry as he would disappear completely whenever he didn't feel like eating.

I didn't think anything bad would happen to him since he was a child who survived well even in that barren 'vein of jewels', but anyway, I could respect him enough since that's what his grandfather said.

“Then for now I….”

Seafood becomes tough if heated for too long. The clubs and trumpets that Honey and Dana will bring will be added at the very end, so Geo can just do the rest.

“Honey and Dad don’t like spicy food that much, so I’ll put in some spices.”

“Kkuu, kku.”

“Yes, I’ll try to adjust it so that you can enjoy the scent, so don’t worry too much.”

"dream…."

“Spicy food certainly wasn’t that common in Giovanni’s world. It’s understandable that it would feel unfamiliar.”

Geo poured olive oil generously into a shallow, wide square pen.

“But the town of Edlan had a very developed spicy food scene.”

“Huh?”

“I also thought it was unusual. Usually, coastal towns with access to fresh seafood don’t use spicy spices….”

Basically, spices were used to enhance the flavor, but they were also used to cover up unpleasant odors in food.

It was also common on Earth to use strong, pungent-smelling chili powder to mask the gamey smell of meat or seafood.

“It was indeed a hot and humid climate. The annual temperature difference was also large. It was the perfect environment for food ingredients to spoil, so they tried to extend the preservation period by making it spicy… or maybe they aimed for a sterilizing effect.”

Above all, the specialty of the village of Edelland was seafood such as clubs and trumpets, but among the neighboring villages, there was an area where spices were a specialty.

Since it was easy to obtain that type of spice, it may have been a good environment for the development of various spicy foods.

“Among the representative dishes of the town of Edlan, there was spicy fried fish. It was a menu often sold in taverns, and if you asked, you could add dry bread and dip it in red oil.”

“Kuuu…?”

“It was spicy, but the tomato flavor and the rich oiliness of the fish made it a great match for bread. The fish used was particularly fatty and plump, and the oil that flowed out of it was truly divine.”

"dream…."

“Now that I think about it, it would have been nice if we could have added pasta noodles.”

To recall a little from that time, the gambas I was making this time was also going to be served with bread and noodles.

“I have ciabatta and baguette bread that I made last time. I think it would be good to lightly toast them both in the oven. Which would you like better, olive ciabatta or cheese ciabatta? I also have a baguette baked with sun-dried tomatoes.”

“Kukukukuku….”

“Yes, that’s wise. I’ll follow my father’s advice and let everyone have a little bit. Dana may not know, but Honey is a big eater like me, so she’ll enjoy all the food without leaving any behind. It’s a good thing I baked the bread in advance.”

Knowing that Geo was very interested in cooking, Yoo Seong-un often gave him ingredients as gifts.

Geo was happily indebted to Yoo Seong-un, as it included unique items like flour and vegetables that could only be purchased in the current world.

'You should treat him like an older brother.'

He was full of the composure and competence of an adult, and his personality was also gentle, making him very sociable. In order to survive in this hellish Republic of Korea, Geo decided to faithfully cling to Yoo Seong-woon again today.

“Ah, it would be delicious to eat cream cheese and smoked salmon on a baguette….”

Even if it wasn't salmon, it was also a great combination to top it with thinly sliced sausage or ham. Geo brought the dried fish from the 'breathing sea' that was drying in the yard and sliced it thinly and widely.

“Good, it’s dried well.”

“Kukuku.”

“Then I will leave the preparation of the bread to my father.”

I sliced the garlic that I had previously prepared into not too thin slices and poured it onto the pan that was not yet hot.

The teddy bear, who was slicing a baguette covered with sun-dried tomatoes, turned to look at Geo at the sound of something pouring out.

"dream?"

“Yes? No problem.”

"…dream?"

“It is normal for garlic to be this much.”

“…….”

The teddy bear soon gave up and started slicing the baguette. Thanks to the doll having fingers, it seemed that he was able to cut the baguette with some difficulty. Geo felt relieved and continued cooking the gambas.

'You have to put the garlic in at a low temperature so that the oil can infuse its flavor.'

One thing to be careful of is that if you leave the garlic in olive oil for too long, it will burn.

However, the garlic grown in this forest cabin was particularly hard and had large grains, so even if it was left in for a long time to draw out the fragrance, it did not seem like it would suddenly burn out.

"and…."

Geo took out the dried Milky Way Mary.

“Where is the stopper?”

“Kyuuu.”

“Oh, I see. Thanks for letting me know.”

Thanks to the Sun God’s instructions, I was able to take out the pestle that had been shoved in the cupboard. The Milky Way Mary, which had been dried in the sun, was black and transparent and shiny, but its grains were too hard to break with my hands.

Knock knock, knock knock.

“…….”

A spicy and tangy scent rose.

'It's similar to pepper.'

Should I say that it is a pepper with a slight chili flavor?

'It won't be spicy even if you put in a lot, so let's put in a little more.'

The flavor of pepper is very volatile, so if you leave it for too long, the flavor doesn't come out well. However, Milky Way Mary doesn't have that problem, and its strong flavor lasts a long time, so there would be no problem adding it to olive oil by now.

“I also added pepper….”

Next was the crying part.

“I’ll just put a little bit of this in.”

“…….”

“If the spiciness is too weak, it will be oily and you won’t be able to eat much.”

“…Kkuu….”

“Trust this son.”

When cooking with a lot of oil, it's best to use dried spices, because when moisture gets into the hot oil, it creates an environmentally friendly and high-performance bomb.

'And I dried the hems of my tears in advance for this day that will come someday.'

If the weeping willow is dried in the sun for more than a month, it turns

pink and has a very sweet taste. However, if it is dried gently like roasting a rat poison on a slightly heated pen in a house, not in the sun, its spicy scent becomes stronger.

'It feels noticeably different from the red pepper powder, though the color is still blue-green…'

Still, the scent was somewhat similar.

'The sweet smell that made the scent overly complex has also largely disappeared.'

The dried-out hem of the fire was as fluffy as a thin blue-green piece of Korean paper, and the ends were crinkled like lace. As the hem of the fire cut into appropriate sizes was put in, the spicy scent that had been quiet even when the Milky Way Mary was in began to spread out.

“This is it.”

"dream."

“…….”

Geo, who had clenched his fist without realizing it, lowered his arm.

“…It won’t be very spicy.”

Oh really.

I tried to act as a court lady just in case the suspicious gaze wouldn't go away, but it wasn't that spicy.

Even Sergio, who doesn't have a high tolerance for spicy food, thought that even a mild-tasting teddy bear wouldn't have a problem tasting it.

“It’s true.”

“…….”

“If the father does not believe in the son, who will believe in me?”

"dream."

“Abuse of trust? This is the kind of trust that is meant to be used in times like these.”

Unfortunately, Mapjil's suspicions were not easily dispelled.

The adults, who had grown old without any reason, continued their strange standoff until Honey and Dana arrived.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (100)

Episode 100

Koreans say garlic is not a spice.

“I said it’s a vegetable?”

“Kung kung kung….”

“Honey, is that something you hate so much?”

Honey always makes a 'kung' sound when expressing her disapproval, and when she kung-kung like that, her already round body would become even rounder and would bob up and down. She looked like a soft, rolling bouncy ball.

But Geo felt wronged.

“Garlic isn’t spicy when cooked.”

“Kung.”

“Once you taste it, you’ll know it’s just a potato. It’s just a well-mashed, moist potato.”

“Kungkung….”

“The fragrance has all gone into the oil. Dad is really upset.”

I had finally cooked a meal, but two of my family members were distrustful of Geo.

“Dad said he tried it.”

It wasn't Honey but the teddy bear that reacted.

“Kyuu….”

“…Of course, it is true that Koreans are good at spicy food, but, father, that is a prejudice. Not all Koreans are good at spicy food. I was average.”

Although he never said anything, the sun god knew that there was a Korean among the 'Geo' because he was a god. And this confrontation occurred because of the popular belief that Koreans are particularly good at spicy food.

“Why do we have to face such a harsh ordeal in front of this warm and delicious meal…?”

As always, Geo's cooking was amazing.

The soft and ripe clubs and trumpets thrown at the right time boasted a milky white color, and the olive oil infused with the soul of garlic harmonized with the Milky Way Mary and the weeping hem.

Also, the sun god bestowed his protection of warmth, and the bread that Geo had baked in the oven was giving off a rich aroma.

“What a simple and perfect table setting, with the addition of smoked fish fillets gently dried in the gentle spring breeze. Especially, how delicious would it be to put the soft and chewy fish fillets on a crispy baguette, drizzle a drop or two of gambas oil, and top with well-fermented capers?”

Honey and the Bear seemed to hesitate, perhaps because the pig's sincerity in appealing to his appetite had gotten through. Geo didn't miss the opportunity and had Honey and the Bear sit down at their respective tables.

“Let’s eat first. No matter how much I hate spicy food, I shouldn’t be doing this in front of a hot table. That’s an insult to the ingredients and an insult to me as a chef.”

“Crunch….”

“Kyuu….”

“Danado has already gone and taken her seat, so why are you all hesitating like this? Honey, I didn’t raise you to be so weak. Didn’t you say, Father, that you wanted to experience human culture?”

In that way, Geo was barely able to convince the two.

“You’ve thought about it well. Yes, you may feel aversion to spicy food, but if you avoid it without even trying it in the first place, your range of experiences will inevitably be limited.”

“Kyuuu.”

“Of course, it is said that spiciness is closer to pain than taste, but I do not deny that, but I hope you understand that even that is a part of the gastronomic experience. Oral sensation is also a part of eating.”

Soggy dumplings or hard pudding were like things he didn't want to eat. Food had a texture that best suited it, and a taste and aroma that matched its form. Geo couldn't leave these spicy lovers alone.

“No, more than that.”

Geo once again complained of injustice.

“I told you it’s not spicy?”

“…….”

“Dana, you don’t trust this father either?”

Anyway, the meal went on. Although both Honey and the Sun God secretly showed their dislike, they had no intention of not eating at all from the beginning. How could they avoid it when the delicious smell was wafting in the air?

Geo made a salmon baguette for his fearful, picky son.

“Place ripe broccoli and garlic on a baguette… Crush the tomatoes so that they release their juices… Place smoked fish on top… Top with cheese flowers, and voila.”

The GeoPyo salmon baguette is complete.

“It was a good thing I grew the cheese flower.”

This cheese flower was first encountered at a restaurant I visited with Yoo Seong-un. I was able to obtain the seeds thanks to the fact that it was a plant that grew naturally in a dungeon somewhere.

As expected, it evolved from azalea to morning glory, perhaps influenced by the forest, but its deep flavor and aroma remained the same.

“If you eat it like this with cheese, it will be much less spicy.”

“Kung….”

Hot.

The baguette melted away from Honey's body.

“…Kur.”

“It’s delicious.”

“Gurrrr.”

“That’s fortunate.”

The first impression of the food you eat determines your subsequent culinary journey. I didn't want to give my child a bad memory of the 'spicy' food he or she tried for the first time after being born.

“It’s moderately spicy, so is it okay?”

“Gulp, gurgle.”

“Yeah, you have to try anything to find out.”

Geo also made and ate a baguette in the same way as before.

"hmm."

I admit it as the name of a self-proclaimed wild gourmet.

“Good.”

“Kurung.”

It was delicious.

'I think I could have it a little spicier than this.'

Geo knew that although he avoided the spiciness that caused a traffic accident, a spiciness that was just enough to lightly tap his shoulder could be a moderate stimulus.

Smoked fish, cheese flowers, broccoli, they were all mild in taste, so I felt a little bored.

'But this is pretty good.'

The unique spicy and savory flavor of Milky Way Mary passed by the roof of my mouth, but it was not so much that my tongue was tingling, and I was able to pass it by with a pleasant flavor. Honey seemed to have given it a passing grade in this regard.

'The broccoli was cooked just right. If I had cooked it for too long, it

would have been soggy and had a weird texture… Even the tomatoes, which were particularly plump, were mashed up softly thanks to the heating.'

I thought it was a little spicy because the broccoli, garlic, and tomatoes were all soaked in spicy oil.

But at that time, the cheese flower that entered my mouth was much softer than the vegetables and spread like silk, soothing the tingling sensation.

In particular, the smoked fish had a more harmonious taste with the unique, luxurious aroma of the wood it was burned in.

“…even if you put a coffin here….”

“Huh?”

“Oh, yes, the soup won’t be particularly spicy either.”

Even the sun god must have found this level of spiciness delicious, as he slyly handed Geo a baguette with sun-dried tomatoes inside. It was a request to him to make a baguette with scallops.

'You're a great pig, trying to experiment with new ideas as soon as you get them.'

Baguette with sun-dried tomatoes. The sweet and sour taste of sun-dried tomatoes is already there. Instead of adding tomatoes soaked in oil, I made the baguette with only broccoli, garlic, and scallops.

“Try it once, and if you think it’s a little spicy, you can eat it with some cheese.”

"dream…."

Wow.

Half of the baguette disappeared into the teddy bear's large mouth.

“…….”

“…….”

“Kuk kuk kuk….”

Judging by the pleasant smile, it seemed that Geo was satisfied with his choice.

“…….”

“Muang.”

“…You’re talented.”

Danana Honey was a little worried because she didn't have hands, but she managed to assemble the food well using her mouth and feet. Geo nodded in satisfaction and looked at his family who were now starting to assemble the food on their own.

"hmm…."

I'm thinking of making some bread with dried figs later.

“It’s really good to make bread in advance.”

“Kyuuu.”

“That’s right, this was a daily occurrence in the village of Edlan.”

Because it was a region where bread was the staple food, there were many bakeries here and there even in coastal towns.

“Huh?”

“Yes, there were many households without stoves.”

"dream?"

“At such times, they would use the village’s communal oven, or families with a little more money would frequent a bakery. In any case, bread was always included in every meal.”

“Kuk kuk kuk.”

“As you might expect, I prefer to bake my own bread at home.”

In the village of Edlan, bread was similar to rice in Korea, so bakeries only sold the most basic bread. Since dipping it in stew was the norm, there were few places that sold it with dried fruit or nuts.

“Because I could try out different things when I baked my own bread. Sometimes I even baked it with minced sausage or fish. The seafood in Edelland Village is of a high standard, so no matter how I used it, it wasn’t too burdensome to eat.”

When I think back to that time, I feel a surge of motivation.

“It would be better to bake the bread in advance.”

“Gurrrr.”

“Okay, then I can take it out and eat it whenever I think of it.”

Since bread takes a lot of time to knead and bake, the people of Edelland Village would prepare bread in large quantities at once on a certain day and last for nearly a month.

'Of course the bread became hard and dry, but being able to eat warm, moist bread every day was a privilege of the nobility… and hard, dry bread was delicious when dipped in stew anyway.'

Rather, the combination of hard, crusty bread and soupy stew was a good match. Since everyone ate like that, the stew we ordered at restaurants came out a little salty for the soup alone, and instead, they

gave us bread to go with it.

But the advantage of this forest was that fully grown vegetables and cooked food did not spoil.

Even if you bake a lot of bread, it will always stay as if it was freshly baked, so if you bake bread diligently and stockpile it, you will be able to eat it whenever you have time.

“If you bake other types of bread besides meal bread, they’re also pretty good….”

“Wow.”

“Small, round bread? Munchkin donuts would be nice too.”

Add a little milk to the sugar powder and cover the bread with it to make a wonderful glazed donut. Geo thought he should make some sweet breads too.

“Okay, here we use pasta noodles.”

When he felt that he had consumed a moderate amount of bread, Geo took out the pasta noodles he had prepared in advance.

I placed the chewy, cooked pasta noodles on my plate, then added various vegetables, a few spoons of oil, and the sausages that Dana had brought.

“If you add cheese, this will taste good on its own.”

“Crunch.”

“I’ll give you some too, so wait a moment. This one has a lot of oil in it, so it might be a little spicy.”

“Kkuk.”

“You’ve become brave. As expected, children grow up at some point….”

I tasted the geoga, which was made by rubbing the noodles in hot oil to bring them to the right temperature.

“Good.”

I really liked it.

“This might be a little spicier, since the bread doesn’t cut the spiciness of the oil as well. Just in case, put some cheese flowers on it and eat it.”

“Gurrrr.”

“Do you need your father too?”

The teddy bear shook its head at Geo's question. It seemed that although it had never eaten noodles, it still liked bread and had no intention of changing to another type. Geo confirmed his belief.

Geo, who had served some pasta to Dana, who was curious about what Honey was eating, ate some of his own again.

“…….”

well.

It was good as expected.

‘The oil scent is stronger and it feels cold…’

Geo sprinkled a little more of the ground Milky Way Mary on top of his portion of pasta. The strong, distinctive aroma spread, and when he ate it with the spicy sausage, the taste, including the meat juice, was excellent.

'The sausage was well cooked once.'

The moist flesh inside the crispy shell was chewable, and the smooth noodles soaked in oil added flavor and texture, piquing my appetite.

I never got tired of it because it tasted so different even when eaten with clubs or trumpets that were treated like meat rather than sausages.

Geo opened his mouth after drinking the sweet goji berry tea he had prepared in advance.

"…ha…."

A sigh of satisfaction escaped me.

This is happiness.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (101)

Episode 101

B-class hunter.

“…….”

It is said that in a world where anyone can become a hunter by simply awakening, even a dog or a cow, that does not mean that a B rank is low.

Above all, he was a first-class citizen from birth.

“…….”

Not only do they live in the city, they are also rated as top-notch in protecting the city.

So basically, wherever I went, I was treated with favor and respect. That was what it meant to be a first-class citizen in this world.

“…….”

That was something to be very confident about.

"…uh…."

To the extent that I would try to deal with a third-class citizen as I pleased.

“…What, what is this… Where am I?”

Beatle… .

I barely managed to get up with my body feeling weak.

“What the…?”

Park Eun-gyeom, a first-class citizen and B-class hunter, looked around.

“…Is it a dungeon?”

There was a reason why he, who could not say that he had little experience as a hunter, had such an obvious and stupid question.

“There’s a dungeon like this?”

It was completely colorless.

Bright white. Black as a charcoal black. Light gray. Slightly dark gray. Gray close to black.

A gray that's almost white. A gray that shimmers like glass. A gray that ripples as if it were alive and breathing. Gray. Gray.

The man was left stranded in the middle of a gray city.

“…….”

The man unconsciously felt his chest, feeling out of breath as if his lungs were filled with cotton.

I knew rationally that there was nothing wrong with my body, but no, it wasn't a cold feeling. This was… .

“…What, what is this….”

A creepy feeling of weakness. I couldn't exert any strength anywhere. It felt like every muscle in my body had disappeared.

“Where is this place?”

It was as if the lungs themselves had disappeared. Even though I was speaking, it was as if my tongue had disappeared, I couldn't tell if my vocal cords were vibrating, and I couldn't even hear my own voice.

“…What the heck….”

This emptiness gradually consumed my whole body to the point where I felt a sense of discomfort. It was a natural change, as if someone was whispering next to my ear, “It should be that way.”

It started with a sudden gasp of breath as if I was about to die, then it felt like my breathing holes had disappeared, and my heart that had been pounding became incomprehensibly quiet even in this strange fear.

Even the warmth of my fingertips is disappearing.

“Nonsense, nonsense, nonsense….”

The man hesitated and quickly looked around.

Gray here. Gray there. Gray here. Gray there.

The buildings are plain and simple rectangular shapes, made to reflect Seoul's unique curves, and are also made to be very long or very short.

'Make it?'

Who made this?

'This is… this is a dungeon. Yes, it's a dungeon.'

But something was strange. So much was empty.

This damned grey city looked so vast and dirty, with so many

buildings, yet no sign of anything. Which dungeon in the world could be this quiet?

'I don't even feel any hostility.'

I thought the fear was that monsters would rush at me to kill me, but no. The fear was that this vast dungeon, with no end in sight, was just staring at me without doing anything.

It was just staring at the man.

“…….”

scared.

scared?

Are you scared?

‘… I can’t even tell the difference between one emotion and another… .’

At first it was just an exhalation.

Next came the organs extending from the lungs and the warmth that came from them. Next came emotions.

“Ugh, ugh….”

Where to next?

The existence of 'Park Eun-gyeom' was gradually disappearing.

“…Ugh!”

The man who quickly shook his head grabbed my hand.

'Don't think strangely, what disappears? It's obvious that there's a hand

and it's not cold.'

All of this was just an illusion. This dungeon was also a brainwashing device designed to kill the man.

Since this was my first time in a quiet dungeon of this type, I panicked for a moment, but he wasn't someone who would be taken advantage of so easily.

“If this is a dungeon, what kind of dungeon is it?”

Is it mobile or fixed? Is it virtual, is it a cottage, is it an entry?

The man rolled his eyes around, consciously taking deep, calm breaths.

“I was definitely led by that… that hand…”

He didn't remember the exact details, but he did remember that he came across a picture frame in the 'Jewel Vein' and was forcibly dragged in by transparent hands crawling out from within it.

The expression on the man's face, who had been trying to survive while keeping his composure, quickly turned pitiful.

It wasn't anger, it was despair and fear.

“…….”

It reminded me of the moment I was dragged into the frame.

“…Sigh….”

The feeling was vivid, as if my body was becoming paint and flowing down.

'... T, you shouldn't think like this. If you panic even more in a situation like this, your survival rate will only decrease... Yes, you have to come

to your senses. Come to your senses... .'

I tried to pull myself together, even if it was by force, but it wasn't easy.

It was a really strange feeling. Was it painful? I guess it was. Was it peaceful? No, it wasn't.

The feeling of being caught by transparent hands and being eaten by the frame first, starting with my feet, slowly melting away like wax. That pain.

How could I ever forget the feeling of becoming a living, thinking liquid?

“…….”

I lost my mind from the pain and came all the way here without being able to resist… .

“…….”

so.

“…….”

What were you trying to do?

“…Ah, ah, ah.”

dump-!!

The staggering man fell backwards.

“Ugh….”

Now even my thoughts were disappearing into this emptiness.

'This can't go on.'

I don't know exactly what kind of dungeon this is.

Although the structure may have been similar to the dungeons he knew, it was completely different. Still, as a B-class hunter, the man instinctively realized that this dungeon was like a mutation.

So, the chances of surviving were even lower, but it didn't matter. To be exact, it was closer to not thinking about it.

The man, who realized that he was becoming so incapable of even thinking due to the pain and fear, tried to struggle somehow.

“Get up, get up. Get up….”

For some reason, I had no strength in my body since a while ago. It was a similar feeling to when I had not yet awakened, had just woken up from sleep, or had collapsed under the weight of too strong an emotion.

But even that was creepy.

'Isn't this dungeon sucking away the strength I should be able to muster?'

That's why I had such doubts.

A man who had been flailing around on the floor like an insect for several times barely managed to get up from his seat.

I couldn't understand it, but my whole body was covered in soot, perhaps because I had rubbed my body against the dark gray asphalt floor so many times.

No, it was more like the paint was seeping out.

'dyestuffs?'

Only then, and very late, did the man realize whose dungeon he was

in.

“…Black Cloak….”

Wasn't that a very famous topic of conversation recently?

“…Black, black cloak…!! Yes, that bastard…!! That monster bastard!!”

Even in this dungeon, the deep arrogance and overflowing anger that had become ingrained in him could not be hidden.

It was that dog-like monster bastard who had created the image of himself being dragged around like a stray dog and struggling miserably like this.

A monster as lowly as a beast can do this to a human!

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!! You’re a lowly monster who just keeps throwing out worthless gifts…!!!”

He didn't even know what I was yelling at.

Perhaps, if he had been a hunter with a little more knowledge and ability, he would have realized that this was the stomach of the 'Black Cloak' and would have shown the utmost humility and reflection.

But if he was that kind of person, why did the 'City of Emptiness' bring in a person named Park Eun-gyeom in the first place?

Geo's children knew exactly what their father hated: beings who didn't even know the subject.

“Ugh, gasp… huh….”

The man who had been struggling for a long time slowly moved away from the place with trembling feet.

Even though they all looked the same, there was always an entrance

to every dungeon. There was no dungeon that had no way out.

That couldn't be called a dungeon. So it must exist, of course it must exist. But the question still remained.

'Why the black cloak?'

Although the response level of the Korean Constitutional Court website has been adjusted quite high, the people who manage that information are all human, so they may have been a bit overly cautious.

The explanation was to be careful and such, but in reality, the black cloak has never harmed humans.

'There are a few idiots who died because they left their seats right away…'

The man, who had been thinking of the 'Deep Sea Country' for a moment, shook his head.

'I've never heard of an attack like this.'

The 'Black Cloak' he knew was a crippled monster that would suddenly pop out, greet you gloomily, give you a gift, and then disappear.

I even heard some nonsense that some people would gather together and spend time talking about the 'Black Cloak' because it was so trivial...

'Why on earth would a monster like that come at me?'

It was when I was moving my feet one by one with difficulty.

“…….”

Stop—.

The man's body froze.

“…….”

I ignored the creaking jaw, like an unoiled hinge, and turned my head to look behind me.

“…….”

“…….”

The suit was standing.

"…what…."

“…….”

“What is it?”

It was a very black suit.

The colors were like the shadows of a dark basement where not a single ray of light enters. Even the shirt was black, and each and every button was buttoned up so carefully that it looked stuffy. The black shoes that didn't shine somehow looked sturdy.

It just stared at the man, still with its back to the ground.

'…stare?'

What on earth are you talking about when you're looking at that thing that doesn't even have a face?

‘No, in the first place… why me… .’

Did you know that was behind you?

“…….”

Even though he didn't feel any movement, the man knew that there

was a 'suit' behind him.

"…ah…."

I couldn't figure out what kind of ink was flowing into my empty brain. I couldn't figure out what I was becoming.

“…Hey, go over there.”

“…….”

“Get out of here, you little monster. This, this is just… I….”

“…….”

“I just….”

With the suit in his sight, the man hesitated and stepped back. He checked his rear frequently, fearing that he might bump into another suit behind him without even noticing, but there was no such thing.

As I stepped back, the suit I had seen for the first time did not even come close.

“…….”

“…….”

Even after moving for a while, the suit still remained still.

The man who had made up his mind quickly ran away from that place.

“Ugh…!!”

I fell down on the rough asphalt several times because my legs were weak, but it was not the time to worry about that.

“Ugh, gasp, huff…!!”

Let's keep running like that.

"evil…!!!"

“…….”

“Ah, ahh. ugh…!!”

Once again, a pitch-black suit caught my eye.

It was walking slowly along the road with its back to the ground, but it was clear that it was staring at the man from the direction of its twisted body. The man tried to suppress a scream as the moderate pace of walking, like someone going to work, gave him an unbearable sense of discomfort.

Still, he ran. He fell, his skin was torn, and he ran again. He didn’t even have time to analyze why he, a B-class hunter, felt pain on such asphalt.

'crazy…!!'

The man continued to encounter suits after that.

Looking to the left, there was a man in a black suit. He was sitting on a bench, staring at the man running.

Looking to the right, there was a suit running a little slower. It turned its body towards the man and stared at him.

Looking ahead, there were two suits. They stopped and stared at the man as he moved.

Then look back.

“…….”

Right behind me, behind them, a little further away, and in alleys,

inside buildings, beyond windows, on rooftops, under streetlights, next to benches, at bus stops, inside convenience stores, in cars, on buses, there were black suits walking, running, stopping and staring at me.

"……."

And then.

If you look ahead…?

"……."

Looking ahead.

What happens?

"……."

The man felt the black suit breathing on his body.

"Ugh…."

I couldn't turn my head forward again.

It was silent, but it had a presence. It was just clothes moving, but it felt like a living person was inside.

No, of course, it can never be called a person and should not be called that… but still.

"…Sigh…."

The man slowly turned his body and sat down lazily.

"Ugh, ugh…."

I squatted down in an unsightly manner and saw my own appearance.

"Ugh… Aaaah… Ugh…."

On the skin that had been rubbed and torn, black paint instead of blood came out.

“Ahh….”

The man caressed my face roughly with his trembling, pitch-black hands. It was damp.

“…….”

I turned my head and looked at the glass of the building, and saw my own appearance, stained black and dirty, as if I had rotted away, like holes in my flesh.

“…….”

I groped around hastily, but there was no hole. But this was a shadow.

The man lowered his head and kept feeling my body, then looked at my pants, which were pitch black as if they were covered in wet tar, then looked at my legs inside them, and then… .

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

Raise your head.

“Wow, look at this guy.”

Creepy.

A familiar voice was heard.

“Why is it so spotty?”

“It’s not perfect.”

“So you could say it’s an unfinished work.”

That was Park Eun-gyeom's own voice.

He suddenly saw a group of people in black suits surrounding him and looking down at him.

“…….”

They weren't so tightly packed that there was no gap to be seen, but they weren't small in number either. They looked like citizens watching someone having a heart attack.

My teeth chattered with a terrible sense of discomfort.

“Wow, look at this guy.”

Exactly the same voice.

“Why is it so spotty?”

“It’s not perfect.”

“So you could say it’s an unfinished work.”

Exactly the same line.

“…….”

and.

Park Eun-gyeom touched my neck.

"and."

“…—”

“Look at this guy.”

… couldn't say.

“Why is it so spotty?”

“…….”

“It’s not perfect.”

“…….”

“So you could say it’s an unfinished work.”

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (102)

Episode 102

“Meteor Cloud Curator.”

It's just a meteor cloud.

“I am very sorry to say this, but….”

“Are you working overtime?”

“…….”

“You’re working overtime.”

I thought it was coming.

Bisabal, who had been quietly looking at the face of Yoo Seong-un, who had escaped resignation and reached a state of liberation, immediately raised his thumb. He gave a refreshing wink that made it hard to believe he was an old gentleman of that age.

“How much will it cost?”

“It’s like a dirty capitalist society.”

In this day and age, things like legally mandated working hours are of no use.

Even those laws were all based on civilian standards, so it wouldn't have been strange for an openly public hunter, not even a regular

awakened person, to die from overwork.

“Phew….”

And Yoo Seong-un was a member of society who knew very well that he was a cog in the wheel of this society.

“Yes, that’s fine.”

He nodded.

“I’m looking forward to receiving my paycheck this month.”

“Oh my goodness, that meteor hunter is so cool! He’s so trustworthy!”

“Please don’t bother me any longer and get to the point.”

“Is that so?”

Bisabal, with his characteristically sagging smile, continued speaking.

“Geo had an accident.”

“…….”

Horok… .

Yoo Seong-un asked while drinking sweet fruit tea.

“Is it cute or is it horrible?”

“It was so cute.”

“If it’s terrible by the guild leader’s standards, then there’s no way I wouldn’t know.”

“Then before you even wonder why I’m asking, Mr. Yoo Seong-un? What on earth do you think I am? A forerunner who foresees the end of the world?”

“It’s amazing how you can enjoy life so much.”

“What remains is what you enjoy. You can respect it.”

“Oh, yes….”

Yoo Seong-un rubbed his sore neck and asked again.

“What exactly happened?”

“They say that a first-class citizen was dragged away by Geo’s frame.”

“If they were first-class citizens, there would be a few classists who would rise up….”

“What can I do? Since it wasn’t done by a human but by a monster, I guess I should be a little more careful.”

“That's true.”

It is true that in the human world, first-class citizens receive considerable preferential treatment.

But on the contrary, there were few people who felt sympathy for a first-class citizen when he was attacked by a monster. Most first-class citizens gained power and honor in return for fighting monsters and protecting other citizens.

“Well, Geo isn’t a monster.”

“Wouldn’t it be better for it to be known that way anyway?”

“The guild leader is right.”

There was no need to inform those who could not even see of the existence of the source.

'It'll just add to the unnecessary confusion.'

If the source was to be officially known, it would have been at least 100 years later. With only 31 years having passed since the catastrophe, there were many things that were particularly lacking in the public's awareness.

Anyway, this isn't what's important.

“Who is the person that Geo took away?”

In response to Yoo Seong-un's question, Bisabal answered by rubbing his chin.

“My name is Hunter Park Eun-gyeom, a B-class.”

“…I’ve never heard of it….”

“Please memorize the names of the hunters. They are among the top hunters.”

“Overall ranking?”

“Domestic.”

“How would I know that?”

Although he was an A-class hunter, Yoo Seong-un's occupation was as a curator of a collection store and the manager of a secret garden.

Unless it was a widely known subject or something that required special attention, all of his attention was directed to the source.

“Where can I find out the domestic hunter rankings and use them?”

In short, if it is not the source or the basic qualification of an A-class hunter, there is no need to know it.

“Could it be used to pretend to know?”

“I roughly remember the important Class A.”

“Please pay attention to even the lowest ranks. Even if you are an unofficial hunter, you will get cursed at if you do that.”

“I’m doing well in social life too. I don’t show off my ignorance in front of people, right?”

“I guess I should say that it’s fortunate….”

Is it because the world treats hunters like some kind of celebrity? Unless they have some sort of character, people always want hunters in the media to look humble and perfect.

The image of knowing and respecting the names of all the hunters was one of that kind of 'perfection'.

Of course, since Yoo Seong-un is a collection of Bisabyeol and a gardener who has a lot of time to work privately, he doesn't appear in the media often of his own volition. If he was doing well on his own, Bisabyeol wouldn't have to worry about it.

“Actually, he wasn’t a hunter with that much recognition.”

“Are you talking about that hunter named Park Eun-gyeom?”

“I guess I had a strong desire to rise up, but I don’t know. People these days don’t like arrogant and self-righteous hunters that much.”

For hunters these days, image management is essential. In order to not need such an image, you need to be S-class, but even in the current generation where hunters are produced without difficulty, it is hard to find a hunter of that level.

And of course, the hunter who was kidnapped by Geo this time wasn't that good of an ability.

“A typical B-class. He was born with pretty decent aptitude skills and achieved a decent grade, but he didn’t have any particular external

charm or sociability.”

“…You memorized it all. You weren’t a hunter who paid special attention.”

“If you’re a hunter in South Korea, you all remember this. Even though I look like a punk, I’m still the leader of the third-largest guild in the country. If you want to win with your head instead of your body, this is the basics.”

“Hmm.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“What exactly happened?”

“I just received an official document from the Hunter Association today….”

Visabal explained what had happened. How the Hunter Association had reacted to Geo's accident and how passively they had asked for help. And what exactly was the accident Geo had caused.

“…So, it is said that the hunter named Park Eun-gyeom has not been found until now.”

“If I was dragged into Geo’s frame, that would be understandable. I don’t even know what the situation is like inside.”

Yoo Seong-un groaned, holding his chin.

“If anything, it’s fortunate that it wasn’t something that would make such a big fuss.”

First of all, it's also big because Geo caused the accident without making a sound.

“More than anything, the Hunter Association’s attitude is impressive.”

“I thought so too.”

Visaval also agreed.

“I have no intention of causing a fuss or offending the spirit of our portrait, but I still want to show how seriously I am taking the recent incident involving the ‘Black Cloak’.”

He vaguely 'requested' an 'investigation' without directly mentioning anyone. If the president of the association knew that Geo was a collection of Bisabul, he could have been more forceful, but he didn't.

So is it just passive? No, it wasn't.

“Why are you asking for help from all three major guilds, not just any other place?”

There were three guilds representing South Korea, and Bisabal's 'Collection' ranked third among them.

"then…."

“Including the president of the association, all the ‘symbols of eternity’ are gathered together.”

“That's it.”

A symbol of eternity.

This is a term that refers to the number 1 and 2 guild leaders in South Korea, centered around Dan Hae-ra, the president of the Korean Hunter Association. It is a word that literally describes three great people who symbolize eternity.

If the Visabal is responsible for Korea's capital, the second-ranking guild leader is responsible for public sentiment, the first-ranking guild leader is responsible for safety, and the Hunter Association leader is

responsible for overall administration and management. With these as the mainstays, the Republic of Korea has shown a high level of stability on a global scale.

“Well, of course I’m not the ‘Symbol of Eternity’?”

Although some people sometimes make the mistake, Bisabal's aging is slowed down because of his high level of skill, and he did not make an eternal promise like them. Even if he had been given one, he would not have done so.

“But it does play a big role in this capitalist society. It seems that he contacted all three major guild leaders in South Korea, including me. This alone shows how important the association president thinks ‘Portrait of Geo’ is.”

At those words from the bachelor, Yoo Seong-un opened his mouth with a slightly trembling expression.

“…I’ve been curious about this for a long time.”

“Why are you asking now?”

“I didn’t want to get involved, but I feel like I’ve already gotten involved, so I’m asking now.”

“You’re smart, you’re the meteor curator I personally brought in.”

“You brought everything yourself, so what… Anyway, what is this?”

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking.

“Why did the president want ‘Geo’s Portrait’ in the first place?”

As far as he knew, the main skill of the president of the Danhae Association, one of the few S-class people in the country, was not something like 'emotion'.

Why did you put in so much effort to compete with Bisabal, which is in charge of Korean capital, when you couldn't even feel the essence of that unfamiliar portrait as much as Bisabal?

“I know that the chairman of the association visits the auction house often. He buys a lot of things. But he has rarely shown as much passion and sincerity as he did for this portrait, right?”

“There wasn’t any at all.”

“That’s what I mean.”

“But I don’t know much about that part either.”

But the only thing that Visabal could know was.

“…….”

In those eyes, there was a rare hint of emotion.

‘… I’m not sure, though.’

The current head of the Danhae Association, who can be said to be the center of Korea, was a person who gave up a lot to maintain that balance.

'That kind of person showed even a faint emotion towards one of the auction items.'

To be honest, even Bisabal himself doubted his own judgment.

“Well, I’m not sure.”

“Don't you know?”

“I can’t know everything.”

“You live as if it’s not true.”

“It also helps me sell my image.”

“Oh, my head hurts.”

“That may happen as you live.”

Anyway, it wasn't that important why the association president was after 'Geo's Portrait'. At least to Bisabal, it was.

“I don’t know for sure, but there might have been something that only the president of the association could see.”

“…….”

“The story has gone off on a tangent.”

Isn't the most important thing now 'Geo's Portrait'?

“As you might expect, the Hunter Association has recognized the importance of the ‘Black Cloak’ and is approaching it cautiously. They will likely maintain a coexistence-friendly attitude as much as possible until they are certain that they are enemies.”

“…First of all, Geo will be less likely to get angry if you take an aggressive approach. I was worried that the image of the ‘Black Cloak’ has become too familiar lately, so I was worried that there would be more nonsense in the future, but I’m glad that the Association has taken notice.”

“Even the three major guild leaders in South Korea all received the official document. Since it was the request of the association president, of all people, the other two symbols will also make their stance on the ‘Black Cloak’ clear and make efforts to inform others about it.”

“There are also symbols that are specialized in that area, so I won’t worry about that anymore. Now, the only thing that remains is how cooperative our collection will be.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was once the research team leader of the association, was not so indifferent to the affairs of the country.

Even if you twist it 30 times, he has the talent to understand, but if you give him hints like this, Yoo Seong-un can't help but do something.

"……."

And anyway.

"…Geo is my responsibility."

If it weren't for Yoo Seong-un, there was no one else who could take on this task.

"Let's take a look around for now."

"Why don't you ask Geo right away?"

"…It is true that Geo is a being of origin and is friendly to humans, but this time the situation is a bit different."

"This is the first time that he has shown hostility rather than goodwill. He said in the official document that he did not show up, so he may be feeling uncomfortable."

"If we try to save a human that Geo has judged to be a 'villain,' he may reveal even greater hostility. So rather than asking him directly, I'm going to first look for a frame that says the victim was taken away."

Yoo Seong-un asked, rubbing his sore neck once more.

"Do you have any clues about that frame? A photograph, a painting, or something… I'd like to know its features."

"It was first discovered in a dungeon called 'Jewel Vein', and…."

The visa officer showed the association's official document.

“It is said to be a work depicting a gray city.”

“…….”

The official document stated that the witness testified that the picture frame was so empty that it made one feel empty just by looking at it.

Yoo Seong-un, who was staring at it intently, pursed his lips.

“…Even now, in the ‘Deep Sea Country’, the frame called the ‘Breathing Sea’ is often seen. It must be true, as it has been confirmed by a Hunter with the Appraisal skill.”

“That must have been created by Geo, too?”

“Yes, that’s right. By the way, I’m a painter who draws dungeons as I please….”

I was feeling a little bored.

“It’s scary.”

And then I wondered.

It was a meteor-like thought.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (103)

Episode 103

I wonder if it really matters, but the 'Jewel Vein' was one of the dungeons that Yoo Seong-un told Geo about.

“Was it considered as if I passed on the information for nothing?”

It was a 'Portrait of Geo' that could move freely anywhere.

Giving him information about several interesting and uninhabited dungeons connected to Earth might have been similar to telling a hungry tiger the location of a village.

“…It was only a matter of time, I guess.”

Yoo Seong-un did not regret his actions.

'This is something that even the Visa Authority agreed to.'

Above all, he was human, but he was not on the side of complete humanity.

It has been said that the best gardeners are bystanders. It is true that they should not just be bystanders, but their mission is to bring balance to the Source and their world.

Chosen as a gardener from a very young age, Yoo Seong-un knew how to be indifferent to the events of life and death.

'Besides, Geo knows Earth well.'

The meteor cloud only brought forward the period of Geo's activities, but the portrait's movements to appear all over the Earth and surprise people were planned.

“The investigation into Gyeongbokgung Palace hasn’t even been completed yet, and before we can finish anything, another incident has occurred. This is….”

Yoo Seong-un sat on a bench covered in snow and scratched his chin.

“…Is today Christmas?”

Originally, I was going to go to Geo and ask him if he wanted to enjoy the end of the year.

“It must be hard right now.”

It was a sad sight for modern people to have to work overtime on a holiday like this. Yoo Seong-un slowly sighed as he rubbed his sore neck.

According to the will of the garden he was serving, no breath came out.

"good."

The first thing to check was the interview with the witness.

* * *

F-class hunter.

A level of awakening slightly stronger than that of a healthy adult male civilian.

Those who received a hunter's license, even though they knew there was a high chance of death when entering a dungeon, often took on the position of 'porter'.

“Oh, hello.”

“Nice to meet you, Hunter Lee Seon-hoo.”

“I received a call saying you would come today.”

The 'witness' that Yoo Seong-un found was a porter with a good impression.

“I think you said you wanted to hear about the black cloak.”

“Yes, to be exact, I came here to hear more about the situation you witnessed that day.”

“I told you over the phone, but I also relayed the situation that day to the association staff.”

“Strictly speaking, what I’m curious about is the information about the frame that Hunter Lee Seon-hoo saw.”

“…Okay, I understand.”

He brought Yoo Seong-un into the house, although he was embarrassed.

“It’s a little shabby, isn’t it? Sorry.”

“No, what are you talking about? I’m the one who came looking for you.”

Yoo Seong-un understood the shallow aversion shown by the witness. In general, third-class citizens tended to feel awkward or burdened when seeing citizens of a higher class than themselves.

'It's also an era of great class conflict.'

Nevertheless, the witness treated Yoo Seong-un to warm green tea.

'That's an impression Geo would like.'

A portrait of a polite and kind person came to mind. The reason he committed this incident must have been because he liked the character of Lee Seon-hu.

“It’s warm, thank you.”

“I’m sorry, I have nothing else to offer you.”

“I am so grateful that you even agreed to talk to me.”

Yoo Seong-un continued the light conversation and helped ease the tension of the witnesses.

Fortunately, the witness didn't seem to be the type to harbor ill feelings toward a first-class citizen, so he quickly let his guard down toward Yoo Seong-un and continued the conversation.

It wasn't until the green tea had almost cooled that we got to the main topic.

“You were curious about the picture frame I saw then?”

“Because it’s a new work by Black Cloak following ‘The Breathing Sea’.”

“Oh, I was surprised by that part too. I didn’t know you could draw a new work like that….”

“While working as a curator and researching various things, I became interested in it.”

Yoo Seong-un didn't necessarily say that he was looking for the missing Park Eun-gyeom.

'My goal is to confirm how the Black Cloak showed its hostility rather than to save the human named Park Eun-gyeom… but either way, it won't sound very good to the person involved.'

If Park Hunter was alive, it was one of Yoo Seong-un's duties to rescue him.

It would be no good to hear about Yoo Seong-un's duty to rescue the person who was abandoned and even abused by the missing person this time or to recover the body.

‘… But what’s interesting is that he seems to have a rather friendly attitude towards Black Cloak.’

The witness smiled and said, "I didn't know you would create a new work." It was like the expression of someone who heard that their favorite artist had opened a gallery.

“…….”

I never thought I would realize that 'Portrait of Geo' was painted by a painter.

'Geo, you have a fan.'

I knew that there was a group of people who strangely idolized the Black Cloak. I had no intention of meeting them or talking to them, but it felt strange to see it for myself.

A witness who did not know Yoo Seong-un's thoughts asked.

“Will Black Cloak continue to draw like that?”

“…As of now, I think that is highly likely.”

“That’s amazing.”

The witness nodded and continued speaking.

“The work I saw that day was a painting of a gray city. Judging from the fact that the colors were very transparent, I thought it was probably a watercolor painting.”

He really seemed to be talking about some author's work.

“Actually, when I first saw it, I judged it to be gray, but it wasn’t completely gray.”

“Well then?”

“Rather, I think it was a completely colorless work. It was amazing, the shapes of the buildings in the drawn city were colorful, and the glass windows and such… It was a very vivid description.”

“It’s amazing how vivid the depiction can be with watercolors, which are easily blurred and have dull colors.”

“There were some that were completely black, and some that were completely white. There were no strong colors like red or yellow, so I don’t know how they caught my eye.”

The witness seemed to be someone with some knowledge of art. I would say he was definitely not an expert, but he was at least able to look at the work and enjoy it in his own way.

'So maybe I'm more sympathetic to Black Cloak.'

Yoo Seong-un asked, gathering his thoughts.

“I envy you for seeing such a work. Have you ever seen it anywhere other than ‘The Vein of Jewels’?”

“Ah… That, unfortunately, is not there. I only encountered it once in the dungeon that day. And even that disappeared quickly.”

"okay."

I didn't feel any lies.

“I wanted to see it with my own eyes, but it’s too bad.”

Yoo Seong-un had to find the frame and see what Hunter Park Eun-gyeom had become.

“I guess I have no choice but to go around the dungeon myself….”

“That, that place.”

The witness hesitated for a moment and then continued speaking.

“Among my friends… there’s one who is an Awakened, but he’s an F-class like me and hasn’t received a Hunter’s ID.”

“Oh, yes.”

“I heard that he also saw a picture frame just like mine.”

“…the same frame?”

“Actually, he was the one who saw the picture frame before I did. At first, I was so out of it that I didn’t notice it, but when I was left alone in front of the picture frame… I realized that it was the picture frame he had been talking about.”

“…….”

Even if you are an Awakened Person, if you do not receive a Hunter's ID, you are just a civilian.

'Especially if it's an F-class.'

Unlike Hunters who were required to write reports and thus had easy access to information, this also explained why the Association did not know about this fact if they were civilians.

But there was something curious. I wondered why this fact was not reported to the association, but more than anything… .

“Civilians won’t be able to enter the dungeon?”

“Yes, that’s right. He said he saw it near Gyeongbokgung Palace, not in the dungeon….”

“Gyeongbokgung Palace?”

“So I guess it doesn’t only appear in dungeons.”

"oh…."

If what I say is true, then there is no pattern to the appearance of the 'empty city'.

'I'm screwed.'

Now it seemed like I really had no choice but to run.

* * *

"yes?"

Geo was startled, a look that didn't match his gloomy and calm face at all.

“Are you saying that my child has been running away from home without me knowing?”

“I think it’s a bit much to call it running away, mainly because of the word choice.”

Aria continued speaking, wearing a large doctor's gown and waving the flowing sleeves.

“Since the teacher has so much love for the Earth, what can we do? We studied in various ways. Last time, we just thought about making the Earth chaotic and leaving, so we didn’t really know anything.”

“Considering that, you’ve done a pretty good job of cleaning it up, Aria. I’ve heard that the Seoul branch of the Temple of the Sun is still in the

process of being cleaned up. I think that means that our mermaid students have caused quite a bit of chaos."

"That is a very honorable testimony, gentleman. As a child of the deep who hates the sun and its children, I could not be happier. Anyway, that is what I found out while studying the situation on Earth…."

Aria shrugged.

"It seems that the 'Empty City' has been sighted very rarely in an area called Seoul recently."

"This father has never heard such words from the void…."

"Void? Is that the nickname for your dungeon? You have very unique tastes, sir."

"I don't know what's so special about calling my child by his/her name."

"It's okay if you don't know. After all, what I wanted to tell you was that without you knowing, your dungeon was roaming the planet called Earth."

"It's still such embarrassing news to hear again."

I felt guilty, as if I had lost my sense of responsibility as a parent.

"This is probably because I haven't paid enough attention to him for so long, and he's become twisted. Parents don't even realize that their child is born, and they're busy enjoying their own lives. So even if they've only recently started paying a little attention to him, his lonely heart won't go away."

"……."

"That's why I should have treated him well since he was little…. Since home is not a stable and peaceful place for a emptiness, isn't that why he goes outside? But even so, I never imagined that a picture frame

that was so well kept in the warehouse would go out on its own.”

Why couldn't he have imagined that even the dungeon would be like a child and escape the frame on its own?

'I think it's possible with that level of creativity and inclusiveness.'

Aria was momentarily skeptical, but soon answered Geo's words.

“…It’s definitely not the appearance of a normal dungeon. It’s not like a normal item or artifact. It’s like the dungeon’s owner is no longer inside, so it feels like they’re just wandering around feeling light.”

Geo lamented.

“It’s because Dad isn’t home.”

“When did you say this was home?”

“But I confirmed that there was a lot of emptiness in my warehouse….”

“Then it would be a clone or another entrance.”

Since the dungeon is a single world, it does not have only one entrance.

“There’s more than just one way to invade Earth. If the dungeon owner wants to, they can create as many entrances as they want.”

“I never intended to.”

“That’s why I came to ask you this. Are you finally planning to destroy the humans and have the entrance open?”

“I’ve never had such a horrible thought. After all, who will talk to me when humans are destroyed? Who will roast sweet potatoes for me?”

“We can do it.”

“I refuse. As I told Isser, you need to develop your independence. Anything more than this much attention and affection will make things difficult for you, Master.”

“I try to control myself.”

Aria nodded.

“Even if the teacher didn’t intend to do that, it’s still not hard to understand why the ‘Empty City’ is like this.”

“Is it because I’m going through puberty…? Because I have a bad father…? Because I had a miserable childhood…?”

“You keep saying that the dungeon is a world. Anywhere can be the entrance and exit, and even you, the owner, are always in this portrait and at the same time, you are very interested in Earth.”

Moreover, the place he frequently appears is Seoul.

“If you say Seoul, isn’t it an area you visit often these days?”

“I’m trying to find a pen pal.”

“Since dungeons and their owners have the nature of becoming one, it wouldn’t be strange for them to visit the dimension with the most traces of their owner.”

“You’re wandering around this vast and harsh Seoul alone, looking for this worthless father…?”

“…Yeah, if you understand it that way, the context is roughly correct.”

Of course, it was a lighter situation than that. If you really assume that the dungeon has self-awareness, it is closer to the appearance of 'a mischievous child who goes to his father's workplace without any reason and begs him to play' rather than 'a boy who leaves to find his father who rarely comes home'.

'But if the teacher puts effort into the dungeon like this, it's better for us.'

After all, a dungeon is a dungeon. It was a game board for catching and eating something.

As long as Geo was interested in Earth, humans would continue to be eaten, so the more the dungeon was managed, the more reassured the mermaids would be.

'Because the teacher's work and this cabin are connected.'

However, there was one thing that was questionable.

“That ‘empty city’.”

"yes."

“Have you ever been connected to Earth separately?”

"…yes?"

“There isn’t any.”

Aria felt that the 'Deep Sea Country' and the 'Breathing Sea' had somehow become connected on the day Geo risked his life to talk to the mermaids. Since then, picture frames connected to the 'Breathing Sea' have started to float in the 'Deep Sea Country'.

Well, it's not that strange since the 'Breathing Sea' was originally a part of the 'Deep Sea Country'. At least that day, it was certain that the mermaid temple and Geo's 'picture frame' were connected.

'But even without such measures, the teacher's picture frame is floating around in Seoul, an area on Earth.'

What is the reason?

“…I guess the teacher really likes the Earth?”

“There was no need to hate my hometown without any particular reason.”

“Aha, this is my hometown.”

Then I understand.

“It was connected from the beginning.”

Since the roots of the soul are on that planet, it was natural that there was no need for a separate connection like the 'Deep Sea Country' and the 'Breathing Sea'. To that 'Empty City', Earth is like the hometown where my father was born.

“But then I feel a little jealous….”

“Oh, Sun, the mermaid’s jealousy. Can I refuse?”

“What can I do if you reject me? It’s just my one-sided feelings.”

Somehow, Geo's roots are in the same dimension where those humans are running around.

'Strictly speaking, the deep sea country is also our hometown.'

What on earth had happened in the meantime that Geo's roots had migrated to that narrow and barren dimension? Aria clicked her tongue and pondered, holding her chin.

“…Can’t the roots be moved?”

“You’re moving the roots? Are you thinking of making a bonsai tree?”

“Well, maybe.”

“I’m good at that. Do you need help?”

“I’ll take care of it for now.”

“That kind of independence is really admirable.”

“It is an honor, Master.”

I felt I had to think about how I could move the roots of my soul to my sea. Giovanni was the most beautiful human being when he was at sea.

'Of course, before that, I have to think about how I can take responsibility for that and be fully accepted by the teacher…'

Aria continued speaking calmly, as if she hadn't thought about anything.

“Anyway, pay some attention to the ‘Empty City’.”

“It seems that simply creating residents wasn’t enough.”

“That’s not bad, but whatever.”

Aria knew instinctively.

'The world that the teacher drew with the Earth as the subject has a door that opens there.'

So, the more Geo's drawings are of Earth, or the more his works are complete and do not belong to another dimension, the more their roots are embedded in Earth and end up tormenting humans.

‘I don’t have any hostility towards the dungeon’s owner, so I’m not sure if the speed will be that leisurely…’

When have natural disasters been hostile and afflicted humans?

“When are you going to draw the next picture?”

“…And on the day you want to?”

“I see.”

Aria smiled with satisfaction.

'I guess it's just a matter of time.'

I hoped that the dimension where humans teemed would one day enter Geo's stomach.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (104)

Episode 104

It's late to say this, but.

Strictly speaking, 'The City of Emptiness' could be seen as closer to an entry dungeon.

“In that there is a clear entrance and exit.”

It is different from a virtual dungeon where you don't even know where the entrance or exit is, and a villa dungeon where the physical reality is completely exposed without being obscured.

Geo's frame, which only had a passageway, could also be considered an entry dungeon.

“There are also mobile ones in the dungeons you enter, so the frame itself is similar.”

Apart from the three types above, dungeons can also be divided into mobile and fixed types. If we summarize them by saying that they do not stay in one place but continue to move, they can be roughly defined as 'mobile entry dungeons'.

“It’s the first time I’ve seen that form as a frame….”

Originally, the entrance to the dungeon did not have a fixed shape.

'It could be a book, a pit, or a curtain.'

However, most entrances to dungeons are shaped like doors. It's to the point where anyone can tell, "Oh, that's the entrance over there."

If it looked like it would be easy to get into, it was definitely an entry dungeon.

"……."

Even so, we don't usually think of a picture frame as an entrance.

"…If no one had been dragged there in the first place, I wouldn't have even thought of it as a dungeon."

I knew that Geo could enter and leave through the portrait in the gallery. However, the portrait gave off a strong impression of Geo's 'house', so I thought of it as a building that I couldn't enter without his permission.

'It was the same when Hunter Chaara was invited to Geo's cabin.'

Compared to the dungeon that shows the cruel and harsh capital of modern society, 'Portrait of Geo', which has a calm and heavy atmosphere, was different in many ways.

That may be why I didn't realize that the two were similar concepts. It's all just an excuse, though.

'I thought Geo was more like an object all this time.'

Although it was said that there was a possibility of it being a monster, it did not take into account the 'dungeon' that naturally follows such a monster. Even according to the source, Geo is clearly a 'portrait'.

"Then should we treat that portrait as a dungeon…?"

Geo had already created a dungeon by drawing pictures. It is not known whether he drew 'Portrait of Geo' himself, but after 'Breathing Sea', wasn't 'Empty City' also witnessed by people?

“…Well, now it’s harder to say that it’s not a dungeon.”

Yoo Seong-un thought of the black portrait sleeping in the gallery of Bisabal.

It was my will to pour black ink over my face, and with it I was erased from the minds of the world. Only a very few people who had seen the face before knew what the 'Portrait of Geo' looked like.

'I even forget that often.'

It's like erasing history without any sense of discomfort.

“…….”

Isn't that an incredible influence?

“I hope you don’t turn against us.”

It was the 'Portrait of Geo' that posed a threat to humanity by its very existence. If he had the will to turn against humanity, it would be difficult to find a greater disaster.

Why is Yoo Seong-un suddenly talking about this?

“…Phew….”

This was because there was an 'empty city' in front of it.

“You really appeared out of nowhere.”

The place where Yoo Seong-un found this gray picture frame was none other than the subway station.

It was a place that Geo had been to before while exploring Seoul, and thanks to that, Yoo Seong-un was able to come up with a hypothesis.

“This frame appears mainly in the places that Geo, the dungeon master, visited.”

Or somewhere that guy might be interested in.

If you listen to people's accounts, it doesn't only appear in places Geo knows. Sometimes it appears in slums, sometimes it appears on the road, and sometimes it pops out of abandoned buildings.

'People who aren't hunters probably didn't know that this was Geo's painting, so no rumors spread.'

Surprisingly, these frames appeared more frequently in everyday spaces frequented by civilians than in dungeons. Of these, the ones with the highest frequency were spaces that Geo had personally visited.

Yoo Seong-un, who suddenly became very tired, sat down at the subway station.

“Oh my….”

My whole body ached.

“Fortunately, there are no people.”

The current time is 4:16 AM.

It was natural that there would be no people at the subway station, where one had to pay an expensive ticket, as it was a time when modern people, exhausted from fatigue, were all asleep.

'But it's only the 26th, so there might still be some aftereffects of Christmas. And since the subway runs 24 hours a day, I thought there might be at least one drunk person who returns home late after playing for a while... .'

Yoo Seong-un, who was thinking like that, soon nodded.

“…It wasn’t long ago that people gathered like that and started dying at

the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’.”

It was an event that took place at the Temple of the Sun, of all places. Even in that place, a virtual dungeon appeared and swallowed up all the people watching the initiation ceremony.

Thinking back then, I can understand why many people are still anxious about gathering together.

“Thanks to that, there were fewer people gathered this Christmas.”

When the number of people increased, everyone moved to a different seat, perhaps recalling the tragedy of the initiation ceremony.

“Anyway….”

It was a good thing for Yoo Seong-un, who didn't want to make a big deal out of it.

'... I'm really touched by this, seeing the citizens living in fear. I hope I don't become so narrow-minded that I can't take care of the garden...'

In his vision, the 'city of emptiness' was captured.

“…….”

It's a little creepy.

‘… I feel like I’m starting to feel disillusioned with the city.’

Having lived for several years as a curator, I could feel the imagery contained in the work.

The city, with its gray buildings that were so dreary they seemed to portray a noisy and chaotic atmosphere, yet also a silence among the crowd where no one seemed to open their mouths.

'But the crowd isn't even visible.'

Yoo Seong-un muttered quietly while looking at the gray frame that made people feel dazed somewhere.

“…They definitely don’t arrest people just because they see the picture frame.”

As I went around selling things myself, I found a total of 4 witnesses. They were all ordinary citizens, not even the Awakened in Seoul, and none of them suffered any damage due to the 'Empty City'.

'Everyone just thought it was a painting hanging in an odd place.'

Among the four witnesses, there was an alcoholic who was hardly a good person. I heard from the neighbors that he lived alone and occasionally did some silly things in front of a convenience store.

'Is that not enough to be considered a villain?'

Or do you have to commit an evil deed directly in front of the frame for it to attack you?

“…I can’t be sure because there aren’t many comparison groups.”

Yoo Seong-un had a history of murder.

'It's not that uncommon a career these days.'

Of course, he didn't just catch and kill anyone, but it happened when he stopped a 5th class citizen or a criminal of a similar level who was clearly causing harm to society.

It is more advantageous to fight with the intention of killing rather than simply subduing.

'But that doesn't mean it was a good thing.'

In such a fierce and harsh era, where would a hunter be who has never killed a single person? But in the end, a mistake was a mistake.

Morally speaking, Yoo Seong-un committed a crime.

Still, the 'Empty City' was quiet.

“…….”

There were many cases.

“…This frame doesn’t feel like it has Geo, the dungeon’s master.”

In that case, this frame could simply be moving according to Geo's commands.

'So, he doesn't have as many emotional abilities as Geo.'

Geo could tell good or evil from someone just by looking at them for a moment.

However, this frame, which simply receives and executes orders, does not have the ability to do so, and may only be able to distinguish between good and evil based on the situation unfolding in front of it. It is a deteriorated version of ‘Portrait of Geo’.

“…If not that….”

He might have judged that Yoo Seong-un or the alcoholics he saw were 'not bad people'.

Strictly speaking, Yoo Seong-un did what he had to do, and the alcoholic was just a nuisance that was annoying enough. Considering that, he may not be a villain worthy of attack by Geo's standards.

'It would be much easier to judge if the drunk had committed a crime beyond that level.'

If he had done anything more than a simple nuisance, then the 'Empty City' was likely only collecting villains who had been confirmed to have

committed direct evil deeds.

“…….”

But one thing was certain.

“…Geo’s good and evil are concluded based on his taste.”

If Geo had decided that 'murder' itself was an evil act, Yoo Seong-un should have already been kidnapped by Geo and disappeared.

But the fact that he hadn't done so until now meant that Geo was distinguishing between good and evil depending on the situation.

“I don’t know if this will be a good thing or a bad thing for humans….”

Anyway, it was clear what Yoo Seong-un had to do now.

“…I’m so tired I could die.”

I need to go into that 'Empty City' and check on the condition of the hunter named Park Eun-gyeom.

Yoo Seong-un approached the artwork hanging on the transparent wall.

“How can I get in here?”

A typical entry dungeon didn't require any special conditions to enter. From the dungeon's perspective, the prey would just roll in, so there was no reason to block it in the first place.

'But if Geo is still friendly to humans, then there's definitely a reason to block that part.'

At least I don't want people to just randomly fall into my dungeon and die.

Yoo Seong-un looked at the painting that seemed to make him feel

more and more depressed the more he looked at it, and confirmed something in that empty city.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un, who noticed the abnormality, looked at the painting more closely.

“…That’s….”

The long street, the buildings lined up on both sides of it, and the alleys they create.

Something black and whitish caught Yoo Seong-un's eye.

"…person?"

It also looked like a person crouching.

'It's so small that it's hard to see.'

But the black dot sticking out in the clean city that seemed to have no dust was definitely strange.

It was natural enough that it didn't feel particularly out of place, but after looking at it for a long time, I realized that it wasn't a picture that fit the 'Empty City'.

The black dot seemed to be faintly fluttering.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un felt goosebumps for a moment.

“…Is this Hunter Park Eun-gyeom?”

If you don't look for it, you won't even notice it.

Because anyone who saw it could tell it was a ‘painting.’

* * *

“Crunch?”

“Dad, I’m busy.”

“Gurr?”

“I’m looking after your little brother.”

“Kung?”

Honey kept tilting her head, but Geo remained steadfast.

“We must comfort our emptiness even now.”

He was now wrapping the 'Empty City' in a blanket and shaking it affectionately.

Isser, who had visited briefly, nodded with his characteristically affectionate smile and left, but Geo instinctively felt that the 'Empty City' was quite pleased with his care.

“If we had a mouth for our empty stomach, we could have given it food. What on earth do we eat to live?”

“Curr….”

“People? People? Unfortunately, that’s not something you can eat.”

“Khuuuung?”

“I don’t know why my kids always tell scary stories.”

While talking to his eldest son, Geo suddenly noticed that the picture of the 'Empty City' had changed.

"what."

It was in the shape of none other than a meteor cloud.

“…….”

“Gurrrr….”

“I don’t know why you’re getting a bad taste in your mouth, but anyway, it’s not what you think, so calm down, and what on earth is going on? If you’re watching Father Day, tell me the answer….”

The sun god gave the answer.

“Kkuu, kkuu.”

“Are you saying that Mr. Yoo Seong-un is actually in front of our void right now?”

Is this the new generation intercom?

'Has the trend become so popular that it's now back to portraits?'

Of course that couldn't be the case.

Anyway, since the 'Empty City' could be considered one of Geo's home bases, he was grateful that it had an intercom function that he had never put in a frame.

“I almost couldn’t even greet my guests.”

I don't know why that guest was in front of the 'Empty City', but it didn't matter. On the birthday of the sacred Jesus, Geo, who had maintained his purity today, was just happy to see this happy face.

It's been a while, Seongwoon hyung, right?

“Emptiness, open the door. This is Daddy’s friend.”

“ ”

“I think my child just answered. Am I hallucinating?”

“ ”

“My precious baby even babbles well.”

Is there any need to think deeply about life? To Geo, the variables in life were nothing more than the emergence of new content.

He was ready to become an extrovert, despite this sudden situation.

“It’s been a while since I’ve seen your face, hyung.”

Anyway, as long as it's fun, that's fine.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (105)

Episode 105

The moment I came to my senses.

“…….”

The meteor cloud was inside the 'City of Emptiness'.

“…I don’t remember the moment I entered the painting very well.”

At one point, Geo had a record of turning people he encountered in the 'Deep Sea Country' into paint and helping them escape.

I think I went through a similar process this time, but I don't remember much about the time when the meteor cloud turned into paint, just like those people testified.

'I guess it felt like I was a living, inanimate object.'

It was not a very clear impression as it was a very contradictory expression.

“By the way, did Geo check on me?”

Yoo Seong-un remembered the situation just before entering the 'Empty City'.

'A transparent hand reached out to me.'

Something that could be recognized as a 'transparent hand', not

particularly visible but with a prominent black suit sleeve, greeted Yoo Seong-un. Unlike the Park Eun-gyeom Hunter incident that was mentioned in the official document, it was a very polite gesture.

‘It was a gesture that somehow resembled Geo’s actions… .’

Geo's demeanor was that of someone who had received strong education or training. His movements were similar to those of a nobleman or a soldier, and the gesture made by the 'Empty City' was exactly like that.

“…It won’t be Geo himself.”

It didn't feel familiar.

“Did the ‘Empty City’ reach out directly?”

I thought about that for a moment, but it seemed more reasonable to think that it was the hand of a monster belonging to the 'City of Emptiness'. In the official document, many of the hands that had kidnapped Park Eun-gyeom looked like that.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un exhaled once.

“…It’s more bearable than I thought.”

The pressure from the 'Empty City' wasn't as great as I had imagined.

“Considering that I’m a Class A Hunter, it’s a pretty comfortable level.”

There was a bit of a stuffy feeling. It felt like someone was pressing down on my forehead, and there was definitely a creepy part, like someone was tracing my spine with a finger.

'But that's about it.'

The kidnapped hunter was a B-class. I don't know exactly what level of B-class he was, but he was quite strong. Considering that such a hunter was taken to a dungeon without warning and that all contact was lost, the burden felt by Yoo Seong-un, who was an A-class, was less than expected.

“Are you being taken care of?”

The route taken to enter the 'Empty City' was different from the beginning.

'That guy was dragged in, and I was escorted here.'

Since the treatment itself is like heaven and earth, there may be a difference in the burden felt.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un muttered without realizing it.

“How is that possible…?”

People often say that they are the 'lords of the dungeon', but in reality, there are few lords who can control the dungeon as they wish. In Yoo Seong-un's view, even the mermaid siblings, who are humanoid monsters, cannot completely control the 'Deep Sea Country'.

In particular, the dungeon owner, the monsters in the dungeon, and the environment were completely separate entities.

The greater the master's ability, the greater the authority, but I have never heard of a master who can control a monster's actions and even regulate its pressure to this extent.

'I guess it's hard to call it a monster.'

Then I wondered how I should explain this dungeon.

'Unless they are evil gods who are treated as monsters, no matter how powerful they are, they cannot create dungeons. They are beings that do not have emotions great enough to create dungeons.'

It was the same for the children of the origin who could not create dungeons.

'They are just children who can exist anywhere, but they don't have the ability to create a dungeon. Those who are almost incapable of physical events and can't even think properly would be able to create such a huge game board.'

As expected, Geo was an out-of-the-ordinary being.

"……."

A meteor cloud with a scratchy neck looked around.

"…It's just like the picture."

A wide open street and buildings of various shapes lined up on both sides. Although it didn't seem like they were limited to a single color, the colorless objects gathered together to create a gray world.

"The fog was so thick that I didn't notice it when I looked through the frame."

It wasn't bad enough to block my vision, but if it got any worse, I could have major issues with my vision. I sniffed around, but there wasn't any smoke that you usually get in the city.

"Just steam…?"

Maybe it was because of my mood, but it felt like I could feel the phytoncide unique to the forest.

'Is it because Geo lives in the forest?'

I wasn't sure.

'It's ironic anyway.'

It looks like a definite city, but the scent coming from the fog reminds me of a forest. It was a harmony that didn't feel out of place at all, and instead, it felt uncomfortable.

“…Are there any monsters?”

Thump… .

Yoo Seong-un moved his feet slowly.

“I thought there would at least be a monster to escort me in here.”

Besides, basically, there are monsters in a dungeon.

Even though there may not be any traps or additional elements, monsters that rush to kill intruding humans are an essential part of the dungeon.

'Well, it would be difficult to compare the dungeons Geo drew with normal dungeons.'

The fact that the monster invited Yoo Seong-un himself in the first place was far from ‘normal.’

“Aren’t there any other rules…?”

Some scholars have defined dungeons as monsters, and gardener Yoo Seong-un agrees with this to some extent. Just as there are no monsters without rules, the same should be said of dungeons.

“I’m sure you all have different tastes.”

Virtual dungeons. Entry dungeons. Villa dungeons. All of these guys swallowed humans under certain conditions.

In addition to virtual dungeons that mainly have specific conditions, there were also examples of entry dungeons that had the condition that 'you must find the entrance' and villa dungeons that had the condition that 'you must be in the location where the villa is located'.

'Other detailed conditions vary from dungeon to dungeon.'

So, if this had the form of a dungeon, there would definitely be such conditions and preferences.

"……."

Well, the dungeon owner did have his own tastes.

'Affirm good and deny evil.'

If that's a rule, then you could call it a rule.

"…Then what happens when a villain comes in?"

For a moment, I thought of the black dot that seemed to have become completely one with the picture, presumably Hunter Park Eun-gyeom.

Yoo Seong-un seemed to have a rough idea of how this 'city of emptiness' would deny the wicked.

'… Are you denying that I am a living human being?'

By making humans into pictures.

"It's creepy."

I found myself whistling without realizing it. It was an attempt to relieve the chills by doing something light.

'It is certain that those who belong to the source will form and break ties.'

Humanoid monsters with advanced thinking abilities and the ability to

feel intense emotions might be a little different, but for most beings without such abilities, the rules were simple and clear.

As a gardener, Yoo Seong-un was able to appreciate the appearance of such a source with satisfaction.

'If I hadn't met Geo, when would I have encountered a dungeon like this again?'

If you didn't enjoy the thrill, you weren't worthy of gardening.

"……."

However, even such a gardener felt his life was in danger.

"…Oh, this is it."

Yoo Seong-un turned around.

"I guess I'm not the only one."

"……."

"Should we call this an invisible man…?"

What caught his eye was a black suit standing in the form of an adult male.

Long limbs that matched his body type, which was neither too thick nor too thin. The detailed shape of the suit was a little different from what Geo was wearing, and the shoes he was wearing were the same.

However, Yoo Seong-woon felt a sense of awkwardness at the sight of the man carrying a backpack in his suit.

"…He really does look a bit like Geo."

"……."

The empty suit bowed with a noble gesture. Yoo Seong-woon could sense the gratitude in the gesture, and for a moment he pondered over what part he was grateful for.

'Is it because he looks like Geo?'

They were guys who were full of true love and respect for their master.

“Is… communication possible? I’ve never met a monster with which I could communicate peacefully, other than Geo, so I’m not sure, but is it possible to have a conversation?”

“…….”

The man in the black suit took a pose as if he was resting his chin on his hand, and then formed a triangle with his arms.

“…So it could be and it might not be. Is that correct?”

“…….”

“Yeah, that’s right. I feel like I’m going through twenty questions.”

If it was a monster in a normal dungeon, I wouldn’t have even thought about trying to communicate with it, but this was a very abnormal dungeon. Yoo Seong-un tried to communicate with the black suit with as open an mind as possible.

“Why not? Are you suddenly going to rush at me?”

“…….”

“That’s not it. If not… Are you saying that another entity other than you could attack?”

“…….”

“Oh, that’s good to hear. So are there a lot of those aggressive

entities?”

This time, the suit drew a circle with its arms and answered 'yes'.

Perhaps because his fingers were not visible, he bent his arms high above his head as if he were making a crude heart sign. Seeing this, Yoo Seong-un silently handed over the gloves he had in his hands to him.

“Could you please put this on and mark it with your finger?”

“…….”

The black suit made an X with his arms, meaning 'no.'

"…ah."

In his eyes, Yoo Seong-un could tell that this wasn't something transparent inside, but rather just a living, moving black suit itself.

As if to show the evidence, the man in the black suit tapped the glove on Yoo Seong-un's hand with the sleeve of his clothes. If he had a real hand, it would not be visible.

'Then how do I explain the transparent hand I felt?'

It was a bit rude to say that to someone in such a nice suit, but honestly, it gave me goosebumps.

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking, trying hard not to reveal his true feelings.

“I see, excuse me.”

“…….”

“I’m glad you don’t mind.”

“…….”

“Then, are there any other non-aggressive entities besides you? Suits that can communicate peacefully with me like this?”

“…….”

“I see… That’s fortunate.”

Some individuals seemed aggressive, while others seemed peaceful.

'... Let's think about how that's possible later.'

It was obvious that the conclusion would be, ‘It’ll work out because it’s Geo.’ Through repeated learning up until now, Yoo Seong-un had already anticipated the end of his agony.

He put his gloves back on and looked around.

“…….”

Before I knew it, the number of black suits had increased to three.

“…Are those two suits non-aggressive entities to me?”

“…….”

“Oh, no. But they’re not attacking right now. Are they the type that aim for a time-lag attack?”

“…….”

“Triangle… Yes, thank you for your kind reply.”

It seemed like they were going to attack in some way.

'It's dangerous.'

Perhaps the suit that kindly reached out from the 'Empty City' frame was this guy in front of me, or a similar peaceful entity.

But, it seemed that the number of black suits was gradually increasing, making it difficult to rely on them.

'The longer you stay in the dungeon, the more black suits you wear.'

Although the speed was quite slow, Yoo Seong-un gradually felt a strange restlessness.

“…….”

“…….”

Everyone in black suits was staring at the meteor cloud.

‘… It’s not just those two suits that are out in India.’

A gaze that had not been felt before was felt even inside the building.

I felt it in the alleys, and I felt gazes from cars rolling down roads where there had been nothing just a moment ago.

Yoo Seong-un instinctively felt it.

'These are not guys I can deal with by fighting with my skills.'

It felt like a child of the root, a situation that could not be resolved through simple killing, and that reconciliation had to be achieved only in accordance with the opponent's rules and habits.

But he had no idea how much these would grow, or what effect they would have on Yoo Seong-un at that time. And that 'not knowing' aroused fear in Yoo Seong-un, who had a calm personality.

‘… the fear of the unknown is quite dangerous when dealing with the source… .’

As a gardener, I could tell.

'This is a dungeon, but it's also not.'

I wonder if the ability of a hunter that the source kindly gives to anyone can actually have any effect. Even such a basic thing felt like a kind of 'garden' where I couldn't guarantee my life or death.

And you shouldn't enter someone else's garden unless you are the owner.

"…this…."

I was thinking that I should run away before it got any worse.

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“…….”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“…Uh, Geo.”

Yoo Seong-un really almost ran away.

'He looks scarier from here.'

My heart, which had almost fallen, began to pound strongly at the appearance of the black cloak.

Since he was doing something against Geo's will, he wanted to resolve it without seeing him if possible. Unfortunately, the situation had come to this because he had failed to rob an empty house, so Yoo Seong-woon quickly gave up.

“Please save me.”

He tried a custom deal.

“I’ll bring you some seedlings next time.”

“Nobody kills Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“That’s really solid.”

What could be safer in a dungeon than the protection of the dungeon master?

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (106)

Episode 106

“I like the honey pot I saw last time.”

“Honey pot? You mean that one with the honey-filled, ball-shaped flowers?”

“Yes, that’s right. I heard that they only sell seedlings because it’s difficult to sprout.”

“Is there anything else you want?”

“I use salt a lot, so if possible I would like limestone.”

“It’s a sagebrush plant, it was in the catalog last time. What else do you need?”

“That’s enough, thank you for your help.”

“Rather, I should be thankful.”

This is a deal that guarantees your life in this abnormal dungeon.

'It's a business with too much left over.'

Yoo Seong-un was a typical hunter of this era who valued his health and life. It was a truly difficult ending to accept that he was swayed by capitalist society and ended up dying during a mission.

‘I wonder if it’s okay to conclude the deal like this…’

He examined the details of the portrait.

“…….”

“Is there a problem?”

“…No, there isn’t any.”

It's something that gardeners always have to think about, but human standards are meaningless to the being of the origin.

If you borrow 3 and pay back 4, but end up paying back 5, then the being of the origin will get angry. Even if it is incomprehensible to humans, Yoo Seong-un knew well that catering to their tastes was the shortcut to longevity.

“Then let’s end the deal here.”

The transaction with the source of existence had to have a clear beginning and end. Yoo Seong-un asked after clearly concluding.

“I don’t know if it’s rude to ask this, but how did you know I was here?”

“The City of Emptiness” informed us that Mr. Yoo Seong-un had visited this place.

“I thought so.”

It would have been even stranger if Geo, the owner of this dungeon, didn't know the state of the dungeon's interior.

'But the more that happens, the more disadvantageous it becomes for me to take out Hunter Park Eun-gyeom.'

It became increasingly clear that Geo had intentionally brought humans here. It was a difficult situation for Yoo Seong-un, who had to do all his assigned work.

'Get angry.'

This portrait has come to take out the human who has shown direct hostility. It will be quite unpleasant for the being of origin who cannot change the choice he has made.

"……."

"Mr. Yoo Seong-un, why did you come here?"

"…I came to work."

Rather, it was better to tell it now.

'Because deceiving Geo may also fall into the category of evil acts.'

Besides, didn't Geo 'promise' that he would save Yoo Seong-un?

"As far as I know, today is Christmas."

"Huh? No, in Korea it's the 26th, so it's not Christmas. Most companies guarantee a holiday, so many people have the day off until today."

"Then everyone is resting, but Mr. Yoo Seong-woon is working."

"When have hunters ever had a holiday? It's a common occurrence."

"Can't people with the job of hunters take a break even on public holidays?"

"Not really, but… well… I guess I guess so."

No matter how angry he was, the source of existence never went back on his words. The atmosphere was not bad at the time, so Yoo Seong-un cautiously opened his mouth, believing that.

"…The reason I came here was to take one person out of here."

"Is it your job to get people out of here?"

“Yes, Hunter Park Eun-gyeom… I’m not sure if you even know his name.”

“Park Eun-gyeom.”

The portrait retrace the three characters of the name.

“…….”

“…….”

And then silence flowed.

It was an eerie silence for a meteor cloud that had been stabbed.

‘… Are you still in a bad mood?’

The original child, who simply imitated stories without the ability to think, and the 'Portrait of Geo' were completely different beings. Geo had clear emotions, and because of that, he sometimes appeared as a monster or even a human.

'That means I've declared that I'm going to do something against that guy's will.'

Besides, since he said, 'I will save Yoo Seong-un,' I couldn't kill him.

'Of course, there are many ways to punish him without killing him, but that's something I have to handle. Anyway, Geo can't be in a good mood all the time.'

Yoo Seong-un had mentally prepared himself to withstand Geo's attack. That was something he had already prepared himself for when he had unintentionally encountered the master of this gray city.

“…….”

The portrait, which had been silent, gestured to the man in black suit.

“……?”

Although it was a difficult action to understand, Yoo Seong-un watched the situation silently.

The black suits, which had been increasing one by one at the master's beckoning, approached him. Then, like servants serving their masters, they bowed slightly respectfully and showed an attitude of listening.

'what?'

Ignoring him, Geo asked the man in black suit.

“Do you know the position of the person named Park Eun-gyeom?”

“Yes, I know.”

Yoo Seong-un was a little surprised. It wasn't simply because something transparent without hands or mouth was imitating human speech. It wasn't because the guy who had only been using awkward sign language until just now was suddenly speaking.

What Yoo Seong-un focused on was the voice of the man in the black suit.

‘… that voice… .’

It was a voice that reminded me of a man in his 30s.

'But that's not a voice that suits that monster.'

The voice of a human being who has been with one self for a long time usually takes on a tone that represents that self.

The voice that the man in the black suit spoke in contrast to his polite and noble gestures, and there was something frivolous and nervous about it.

There was no way that Geo, who had the identity of a painter, would have chosen the voice of his work, Black Suit, carelessly. Even so, if the voice was so incongruous, then this was… .

'…no way?'

Is that Hunter Park Eun-gyeom's voice?

Despite Yoo Seong-un's suspicions, their conversation continued.

“Why did he come here?”

“Yes, I have bullied and neglected weak humans.”

“Then you are an evil person.”

“Yes, he is an evil person.”

It was a strange conversation.

“Is there a problem with getting that human out?”

“No, there is no problem.”

“Then I will do as you wish.”

“Yes, that is also our wish.”

“I understand.”

After finishing the conversation, the portrait looked at Yoo Seong-un.

“I will take it out for you if you want, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

"…okay?"

Although he tried not to show it, he was extremely surprised.

'You're reacting so nonchalantly?'

That was actually creepy.

'We've definitely confirmed that Geo is a being that can feel emotions…?'

If I had emotions, I couldn't help but get angry at someone who broke my rules. If that's the case even among humans, then how much more so with the being of the origin?

'And yet you respond so coolly?'

The gardener's bad habit arose from the indelible doubt.

"……."

It was interesting.

"…Isn't it unpleasant?"

In the end, Yoo Seong-un couldn't hold back his questions.

"I don't know exactly what the situation is, but your subordinates brought him here. And on top of that, Park Eun-gyeom is already a human who belongs here."

"That could be the case."

"But I wonder if it's right for me to just take it like this. If you don't want it, I won't take it. I don't want to treat a guy who doesn't know how precious his comrades are and throws them away as a fellow hunter."

This was the truth. Park Eun-gyeom was not a person worth risking his life to save or recover his body.

'Besides, the request from the association wasn't to save Park Hunter.'

What they wanted was information about the process, cause, and result of the 'Black Cloak' attacking humans. In other words, there was

no reason for Yoo Seong-un to save Hunter Park Eun-gyeom.

Geo asked him.

“But didn’t Mr. Yoo Seong-un say that was something he had to do?”

“I did say that, but….”

“Then I can do whatever you want, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“Are you sure there’s no problem…? Are you not offended?”

“It doesn’t matter since it’s something I haven’t paid much attention to from the beginning.”

Geo really didn't know anything. The void had never told him about such a person.

I almost felt sorry for a moment that someone was wandering around in the house I built, but then I was like, 'What if I do this?' when I heard that he was a human abuser and neglecter.

'Even Mr. Yoo Seong-un is said to be a human not worth saving.'

Then it wasn't Geo's part-time job anymore.

But just like I've given gifts to many passersby over the years, if the person wanted it and I had the means, there was no reason not to grant it.

'Above all, this is Yoo Seong-woon's work, so even if the situation is difficult, I have to help him.'

If an office worker goes on a business trip and fails to achieve his goal, how much more will he be criticized at work? As a former upstanding member of society, Geo really wanted to give Yoo Seong-woon what he wanted.

“So, Mr. Yoo Seong-un, you don’t have to worry at all.”

“These are truly kind words.”

And those were eerie words.

‘…I didn’t know that this kind of indifferent attitude would be scarier than being angry.’

He was a being who knew how to show affection to the young and weak, and admire things that were splendid and wonderful.

The fact that such a 'portrait of Geo' responded to this situation with indifference rather than anger was a bit creepy for Yoo Seong-un, who was a human.

'If you were going to tolerate it so easily, why did you take Hunter Park with you in the first place?'

From the conversation between the black cloak and the black suit just now, you might have thought, 'Geo didn't even know that Park Eun-gyeom was here!'

But because the atmosphere of the conversation was so strange, Yoo Seong-un thought it was some kind of show-off theater. Like many children of the origin.

“…….”

That's why Yoo Seong-un had no choice but to come to a strange conclusion.

‘… It was a kind of isolation… .’

Geo is friendly towards humans. In other words, 'Portrait of Geo' could be interpreted as liking the human race, but this portrait also dislikes rude and evil humans.

So Yoo Seong-un thought.

'I don't know if this is consideration for humans from Geo's perspective, or simple self-satisfaction... but this behavior of attacking evil humans could be a way to weed out impure seeds like Park Eun-gyeom so that the average human race value can be polite and good.'

Just as humans slaughter livestock that attack their own kind.

'When I think about it that way, I can see Geo's point of view.'

It was a little creepy, but I felt relieved once I found out.

"…hmm…."

If you feel fear about each of these things, you can't do gardening work.

“Then when can we take Hunter Park Eun-gyeom with us?”

“There is a price to pay to get him out of the Void City.”

"cost?"

The meteor cloud stopped.

“I don’t mind, but do I need to pay that kind of price when I leave…?”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un, you can leave as is.”

“Then what about Hunter Park Eun-gyeom?”

“There is a price to pay to get him out.”

“…….”

“That’s what they say.”

Geo was speaking with absolute purity and honesty.

'I don't know either, but that's what the system said.'

And it was Yoo Seong-un's job to interpret it.

"…aha…."

I remembered when Hunter Chaara visited 'Geo's Portrait' before.

'The tea hunter at that time said he didn't offer any price.'

And this time Geo said that the meteor shower didn't require a price.

'Perhaps those who entered the frame upon Geo's invitation do not need to pay a price. Assuming that it is certain that they will eventually leave the frame, the 1:1 rule of once in this world and once in the other world is also maintained.'

However, if you are forcibly dragged into the frame.

'It looks like it's being treated as one picture.'

The only time Geo received payment from Yoo Seong-un was when he drew something for him. In order to bring that into reality and give it to Yoo Seong-un, Geo had to receive something in return as well.

It didn't seem that different from the current situation.

“Then what price should I give you this time?”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un, you don’t have to pay me anything.”

“Oh, are you okay?”

“Yes, this time I will receive the payment from a human named Park Eun-gyeom.”

"oh…."

Curiosity arose.

'What on earth do you want in return?'

Geo asked him in a still soft voice, not knowing whether he knew Yoo Seong-un's feelings or not.

“Is it time to leave work?”

“Huh? No, hunters like me don’t really have set quitting times….”

“Do you want to leave work?”

“Of course I want to do that. I just can’t go home because I haven’t finished my work.”

“Then I will send you out.”

Before he knew it, Geo was holding a picture frame in his hands.

"…uh?"

It was the living room of Yoo Seong-un's house.

“Wait a minute, over here….”

“Good night.”

And when I came to my senses.

“…….”

I felt relieved.

The heating is good, so you can feel the warm air on your skin, and the furniture is covered in dust because it hasn't been touched for a while.

A dark house with no lights on, showing that no one was home.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un was standing in the living room of my house.

"…oh my…."

Thanks, but it was really creepy.

'What beat should I match this to?'

Is there such a creepy consideration in the world?

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly for a while.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (107)

Episode 107

“One thing is certain.”

Yoo Seong-un made a decision.

“There was no ill will towards Geo.”

“Is that the narrow-minded remark of a guardian who protects my young child, Curator Yoo Seong-un?”

“Please don’t say that, it’s creepy.”

Yoo Seong-un's teeth chattered at Bisabal's insensitive nonsense.

“If you had Geo in front of you, you wouldn’t be saying such nonsense.”

It wasn't easy to act friendly in front of that vast and vast landscape.

Since Yoo Seong-un was a gardener who was familiar with the source, he could treat him so calmly, but there were still many employees who couldn't even say a word to Geo when they ran into him.

At the sight of Yoo Seong-un, Bisabal asked in a secretive tone.

“Would I really not do this in front of him?”

“…Fuck, just don’t even think about Geo for the rest of your life. Do you understand?”

“Oh, that’s too bad. I bought ‘Portrait of Geo.’ I emptied my own wallet and bought it.”

“Then I think you should fix that personality.”

That was the best way for peace for mankind.

“Geo hates the guild leader.”

“What did I do…?”

“You have so much energy, really.”

“Is that a sin?”

“It doesn’t seem like a crime since you haven’t been taken away yet.”

I wish I could drag that snout out a little, but it would be a shame to pass such terrible responsibility on to Geo. Yu Seong-un, who had gathered his wits, returned to the main topic.

“I really didn’t have any ill intentions toward Geo. If that guy really had any hostility or ill will when he dragged Park Eun-gyeom Hunter away, he would have felt a little uncomfortable when I tried to take him away. It would have been like ignoring his feelings.”

But 'Portrait of Geo' showed no regrets.

“Rather, he showed an inclusive attitude, as if he was telling me to do whatever I wanted.”

“Isn’t it possible that he made up his appearance like that?”

“Why would I go to such lengths to make something happen? Of all places, of all places, inside Geo’s stomach….”

I don't know what the limits of Geo's abilities are, but at least I know that the dungeon master can display miraculous powers in his

dungeon.

“But the fact that he treated me so kindly shows that he really had no ill feelings.”

“Our Sergio Hunter has a kind heart.”

“It’s a warm smile, as if you’re talking to your grandson… but I hope you don’t do that in front of Geo.”

Even as he said that, Yoo Seong-un half gave up.

“I can’t say for sure since I’m the only one who checked it, but when I looked at it, the reason why ‘Portrait of Geo’ attacked humans was because he was evil and rude.”

and.

“Its ultimate goal was to maintain the quality of the human race.”

“In order to maintain the quality of the human race, ramen….”

“I don’t know if this is a clear metaphor, but there is a way to do it. Sick chickens are culled before they can spread germs… Overly violent animals are kept in quarantine in zoos…”

“Oh, that sounds like a very accurate metaphor to me. It’s a perfect metaphor for me to understand. Does it mean that we look like cattle or beasts to Geo?”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“…I don’t know.”

When we were touring Seoul together, Geo was extremely humane, kind, and respectful of others. However, I was confused because I

couldn't tell if that appearance was completely different from his appearance when he was in 'Black Cloak'.

“It would be much easier for us to understand if the way we treat people changes according to the change in personality… but I didn’t see a clear distinction.”

Yoo Seong-un showed an embarrassed expression.

“If there is one thing that is certain, it is that it is friendly to the human race.”

“That’s something I knew all along, but it’s become a little clearer now.”

“Yes, it is clear.”

Through this incident, Yoo Seong-un was able to learn one of Geo's habits.

“Geo treats evil and rude humans as if they were a different species from other humans.”

It is not known whether 'Portrait of Geo' regards all humans as livestock, but at least it can be seen that it regards the wicked and rude as livestock. It was such an indifferent and merciless attitude.

“He talked to the invisible man in the black suit in front of me and showed me that he didn’t care about this person named Park Eun-gyeom. I don’t know if he really didn’t know or if he knew and just acted like that….”

Yoo Seong-un recalled the black cloak he had seen in the 'City of Emptiness'.

“It really seemed like he didn’t value anything.”

“So you’re saying there’s no malice? Literally, there’s no murderous

intent or hostility.”

“It didn’t seem to matter to Geo whether the human he brought in would be trapped and die, or run away, or go crazy.”

“It’s literally isolation or disposal. And it’s an attitude close to indifference. Geo’s interest is only focused on good or ordinary people.”

“That doesn’t mean that he puts in all his effort to eliminate all the evildoers. It just seems like he deals with those who he sees as they don’t meet the standards of ‘humanity’.”

“That’s really scary.”

The visa holder smiled faintly.

“And that’s it.”

“…What the guild leader said is correct.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“It is not an action that is greatly harmful to humanity.”

If he had been trying to eliminate all the evil on Earth, or if he had been openly influential and showed unconditional favoritism towards the good, it would have been a different story.

However, the actions of these 'Portraits of Geo' do not cause much confusion to humanity.

“I think they just perceived it as a pastime to kill time, like playing with peanuts.”

“It doesn’t seem like they get much enjoyment out of playing, but it doesn’t seem like they have any sense of responsibility or duty either.”

“To begin with, I don’t feel any enthusiasm to the extent that it could be called play or punishment.”

“There is no disaster that threatens humanity as much as the enthusiasm shown by the source.”

“In that sense, Geo’s habits cannot be said to be a great disaster to Earth.”

This was more of an event that just popped up every once in a while.

“At least if you’re careful about how you behave in front of the picture frame, no one will get dragged away. So, this is enough….”

“They can coexist quite well.”

Visabal continued speaking in a definitive tone.

“This is truly fortunate news at a time when humanity has no other choice but to coexist. It will not be a problem for Geo, but for humans as well, so the Association will be able to reduce its burden.”

Even though he did not deny the words of such a traitor, Yoo Seong-un did not let his guard down at all.

“It’s too early to say anything definitively. It hasn’t been that long since we started analyzing ‘Portrait of Geo’.”

“Curator Yoo Seong-un is right. There is nothing more foolish than thinking you have ‘all figured out’ the existence of the source. Especially when it comes to someone like Geo whose identity you don’t even know yet.”

“…That’s the part that bothers me the most. If I could just find out the exact information, I would feel a little better, but it’s because things I don’t know keep popping up like this….”

It was possible to believe that Geo's current behavior would not cause

much harm to humanity, but beyond that, it was unknown. It was possible that 'Portrait of Geo' would show another aggressive behavior at some point.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“…It’s been dragging on for too long.”

“Wouldn’t it be better to approach it cautiously and cautiously?”

“That’s if you know the identity.”

He is a curator in name, and he is also a gardener in name.

“I still don’t know what Geo is.”

Even at this point when the year is changing.

“The newly introduced frame, that gray city, was an abnormal dungeon. It felt even more out of place because the basic foundation was similar to that of a normal dungeon. It felt like it was imitating a dungeon.”

and.

“It’s closer to the garden.”

“I think you know what that means.”

“Yes, I know. The garden is also the pulse of the source.”

The 'garden' that gardeners literally put their life into and cultivated to be beautiful and healthy was, in a word, the 'organ of the root'. It was the gardener's duty to take care of the blood vessels, heart, lungs, muscles, bones, and such of the root.

“I’ve never heard of a non-human being tending a garden….”

“We don’t know enough about the source to be that picky.”

“That’s the problem. Every gardener I know is human, but it’s only been 31 years since I learned that.”

“It is only natural that there are things we do not know about the source, where we cannot know the limits.”

“But it is also unreasonable for us to judge Geo as a gardener rather than a human.”

Even if there were monsters that managed the garden, even if there were such a sincere god, it would be impossible for them to create a garden themselves. It was an impossible task that could not be expected of anyone.

“…a gardener can’t do that.”

Yeah, the 'gardener' couldn't do that.

then….

“…….”

“I've thought about this.”

Instead of Yoo Seong-un, who kept his mouth shut, Bisabal continued speaking.

“What if the source is a person?”

Yoo Seong-un did not reprimand him, saying that it was nonsense.

* * *

“My babies.”

After Yoo Seong-un left, Geo was left alone, enjoying the life of a portrait while holding the black suits in his arms.

“I can’t tell you how happy I am that you’ve grown up so well even though your father didn’t take care of you.”

“Yes, thank you for liking it, Father.”

“How could he have grown up to be such a wonderful gentleman? I’m blessed with children, of course.”

The combination of the black cloaks and the faceless black suits was creepy to anyone who saw it, but there was no one here to point that out.

Geo kept mumbling, "My wonderful baby," as he held his new offspring in his arms.

“How can you be this cute?”

My father, or to be exact, he was a monster inside the 'City of Void', so he was more like a grandfather, but anyway, I loved the children who recognized their family and came to me obediently. There was no other sweet and sour vitamin in this harsh world.

“I didn’t really mean to, but you look a lot like me.”

“Yes, we wanted to be like our father.”

“Is this what it means to say, ‘When I grow up, I’ll be an adult like my dad?’ It resonates well.”

“Yes, thank you for creating me in the image that pleases my father.”

“I don’t know how these kids can be so honest and smart.”

Even Geo, who said that, knew that these 'black-suited' people had an objectively quite scary appearance.

Perhaps because they were clumsily imitating Geo, who was originally blunt, their actions were natural like humans, but they also gave off a sense of awkwardness.

Park Eun-gyeom felt a suffocating fear just by looking at them, and even Yoo Seong-un, an experienced gardener, felt an unbearable creepiness. Geo was not completely unaware that others would feel the same way.

'But that's none of my business.'

I can't help but feel personal, but my kids tried their best to look like their dad, so there shouldn't be anyone who says anything about that.

“This sensitive father is moved to tears by the wonders of his children.”

“Please pat me, Father.”

“Father, I love you.”

"father."

“My precious babies.”

Geo's eyes were already covered with thick, sturdy bean pods.

“I hope you don’t mind what people say about you being scared.”

“Yes, if our Father loves us, nothing will be a problem.”

“Even though it doesn’t look very human-friendly, it’s cute to my eyes.”

“Thank you, Father. Hug me.”

“I’m lucky to have children at this age….”

Like these darlings.

It was a truly warm family where everyone cared for each other.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (108)

Episode 108

A few days later.

“Geo, are you awake?”

Yoo Seong-un found 'Geo's Portrait'.

“I brought the seedlings I told you about last time.”

“I am awake.”

“Okay, check to see if it’s the kind you want.”

In the frame, what Geo asked for in exchange for guaranteeing Yoo Seong-un's life was one flower and one tree.

They were the 'honey pot' and the 'salt tree', and as the names suggest, one could obtain honey and salt, respectively.

'Geo prefers such pastoral things, huh?'

Actually, he said that his house was a cabin in the forest. He even asked for various seeds for farming.

'You have a definite taste.'

Yoo Seong-un entered the frame and saw a picture of a honey pot and a seedling of a zelkova tree.

“…….”

“…….”

Geo was petting it as if it were a newborn animal.

‘… or having the skill to communicate with plants… .’

I thought so, since it's not a skill that humans don't have at all.

I don't know exactly what it was, but Geo definitely liked things that were rewarding to take care of, like plants and animals or children.

Soon the portrait gave the answer.

“This is exactly what I wanted. Thank you for accepting my request, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“I’m glad you’re satisfied with that. I’ll organize the edible plants on Earth and in the dungeon later and hand them over to you, so if there’s anything you want, just tell me.”

“I will also prepare a gift that will be helpful to Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

Geo asked, holding the still fragile seedling in his arms.

“Is that all for today?”

“Well, I just wanted to chat about this and that.”

“Okay. I wonder how student Chaisol is doing.”

“Mr. Chaisol? You have now entered the temple.”

Yoo Seong-un brought a nearby folding chair and sat down in front of the portrait as he continued speaking.

“It’s quite late. Originally, I was supposed to go in and prepare to become a priest right after the initiation ceremony, but Father Kang

Seo-dam said he was tired because of the ‘Deep Sea Country’ incident and time was very limited.”

“I apologize for causing trouble to our disciples. I tried to persuade them several times, but they still hate humans. I will let you know if there are any results soon.”

“It doesn’t matter because there is no monster that doesn’t hate humans. There is no way to deny that the emotions that form the basis of their power and reason are being used. Still, I feel reassured that Geo-ni is by the side of those mermaids.”

As he said that, Yoo Seong-un thought of the story of the mermaids that were being seen in the 'Deep Sea Country'.

'They say it's incredibly brutal.'

The exact cause is unknown, but it has been reported that the recent sightings of mermaids are more dangerous than the earlier sightings. They say that they are in a state of uncontrolled anger and hatred.

'Is it because Geo told him not to hate humans that his ill feelings grew? But even though I haven't seen it myself, I've heard that his expression of despair and sadness is even greater.'

Judging from Geo's reaction, he seems to be normal when meeting him.

‘I don’t know what the hell is going on… .’

However, it was not uncommon for monsters to display a creepy duality. There was no need for Yoo Seong-un to be concerned about the affairs of monsters that were not even children of the Origin.

“…and Mr. Chaisol….”

Yoo Seong-un soon recalled the cheerful child's recent situation.

“The partner you decided on at the temple was the Galaxy Army, right? I mean, Isser in his younger form.”

“Yes, I remember. Now that Isser is gone, Chaisol will be without a partner.”

“So there was a bit of confusion, but it looks like we’ve finally found a partner.”

This 'Deep Sea Temple' incident had a huge impact.

“I guess there were a few kids who left the temple because they thought they couldn’t do something so dangerous after going through such a terrible experience as a novice priest. Since there happened to be an even number of novice priests left, they had to re-assign their partners from the beginning.”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“I guess it can’t be helped since priests are basically two people per group.”

“I heard that a priest’s partner lasts a lifetime. Does that mean he never changes?”

“When you are a trainee priest, you can change partners several times, but when you become a full-fledged priest registered in the temple, your partner is yours for life.”

“I wonder what happens if the other party is no longer able to perform the duties of a priest due to unavoidable circumstances.”

“I wonder if priests who lost their partners can form a new team by mutual agreement, but I know that they usually work alone.”

A representative example was Father Kang Seo-dam, who even appeared alone at the initiation ceremony.

'It's not a common thing.'

Priests in their 40s usually did not seek out new partners. It would be quite tiring to collaborate with someone other than the one they had worked with all their lives.

“From the perspective of an ordinary office worker, one wonders why such a tiring structure was created….”

“I wonder why it is standard for priests to be in pairs. Is there a reason other than tradition?”

“First of all, the traditional part is big. What is it? In the first place, the religious world doesn’t change easily.”

But that wasn't the only reason.

“It is said that the power that a priest can use is most effective when he cooperates with others.”

“Are all priests’ powers like that?”

“At least as far as I know. There are exceptions, but priests who serve evil spirits are strongest when they are alone.”

No priest knew the exact reason.

“But if I were to guess, it would probably be because each god they worship pursues different virtues. Most gods value friendship and peace, while evil gods require destruction and suffering.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“In particular, the Solar Church refers to each priest as a ‘small light.’ Even if it is a faint light, if they all gather together, it becomes a large light, and if they gather together like that, it will become hot, so they especially value cooperation.”

“I guess that’s why the power increases when we cooperate. The more we gather together, the hotter we become. The Sun Church’s temple was warm and pleasant, and now I understand why.”

Although it was a 'Portrait of Geo' painted in black paint and the eyes were invisible, Yoo Seong-un could tell that it was staring at him. Soon, the portrait continued to speak.

“What kind of child is Chaisol’s partner?”

“I don’t know the details, but I do know that he’s a first-class citizen.”

“You are a first-class citizen.”

“Considering that he is a young child, he must be quite wealthy.”

The biggest difference between 1st and 2nd class citizens, even when living together in the city, was economic power. If I was a young child who had just joined the army, I was a 1st class citizen, so my parents were likely to have been 1st class citizens for generations.

“That’s not how they are paired up originally. In order for priests to become partners, they have to share a dormitory room, so they have to be of the same sex. Also, to make it easier for them to understand and rely on each other, they are grouped into similar ranks… This is rare.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“Chaisol’s partner is of a different gender and rank. Well, if he becomes a full-fledged priest, Chaisol will also become a second-class citizen….”

“Is that okay?”

“Why wouldn’t there be any? But I think the number has decreased significantly due to the escape of many prospective priests in this

incident.”

“It must have been difficult for the priests to find partners for the children.”

“So this time, they took a lot of consideration into the opinions of prospective priests.”

This was the result.

“I heard that kid was causing a fuss by saying he wanted to be partners with Chaisol.”

“I see, you are a very courageous student. I think it will be fun to meet you and Chaisol later.”

“I haven’t even seen your face, but you’ve already given me such a good evaluation. You’re going to be a great kid.”

It was not that there were no boys among the remaining novice priests, nor were there no third-class citizens. Nevertheless, it would have been difficult to force children of different genders and classes to stick together without their strong expression of their will.

“Eunhyuk Cha, whom I met to buy bungeoppang, said this with a very tired face.”

“That’s really unusual. So, are the two students satisfied with being partners?”

“Chae Sol-kun says he doesn’t have any particular thoughts, but… wouldn’t the other side like it anyway?”

That's because what I claimed came true.

“Of course, we each have separate rooms, but it seems like the Taeyanggyo decided to combine the dorm rooms after this incident. They’ll be divided into separate rooms for men and women. Chaisol

won’t be lonely.”

Yoo Seong-un rubbed his tired eyes as he said that there was no need to worry.

“…Oh my, I’m sleepy….”

“You couldn’t get off work?”

“I couldn’t sleep because I was looking into this and that.”

I mainly went around looking into things related to the 'Empty City'.

“…….”

The atmosphere was considerably lightened thanks to the story about Chae Sol, whom Geo particularly cherished.

Yoo Seong-un, who had been observing the situation, then carefully opened his mouth.

“…Thank you for releasing Hunter Park Eun-gyeom.”

Among those he found out was Park Eun-gyeom, who was at the center of this disappearance case.

“I heard that he returned home safely.”

“That’s fortunate.”

“I knew it, but you still act so indifferent.”

Geo really didn't care what happened to the sinner who entered his stomach.

'It might just have been an isolation to make the average human being good.'

Yoo Seong-un understood Geo's indifference.

But no matter how much I thought about it, I couldn't understand how he viewed humans or how he viewed himself.

It was difficult to get to the main point, so he brought up Park Eun-gyeom's story for no reason and continued talking.

“Of course, he was arrested by the Association as soon as he returned home. There is solid evidence that he abused and abandoned his comrades, and what happened in the ‘Empty City’ is also important data to the Association.”

Yoo Seong-un also played a big part in that 'important data'.

“Eun-gyeom Park, that guy, seems to be careful these days because he found out why he was taken away.”

“That’s great, but I don’t have high hopes.”

“Well, humans don’t change that easily. But since the people from the Association are watching, I don’t think there will be any problems.”

“If they do something bad again while the association is watching, that in itself is truly amazing.”

“I think so too.”

Yoo Seong-un chose his words again.

“…You know what? Your name has become really famous these days.”

“How did you become famous?”

“First of all, congratulations, you’ve got a fan. I guess he likes your drawings.”

“I am grateful that you love my imperfect work.”

“Is that too humble of a response?”

Geo's 'work' had great artistic value.

There are two works by 'Black Cloak' known so far: 'The Breathing Sea' and 'The City of Emptiness'.

The former had many stories about how they felt the gaze and breath of people even though they only drew the sea, while the latter said that just looking at it made them feel lonely and sad and made them want to go back to their family and friends.

“Did you make the paint yourself?”

“That’s right. There are many materials in this forest that help me with my work. I get help from them.”

“He said he liked that color because it was so unique. It’s your own color that’s hard to imitate. I heard some people even try to imitate it….”

“I think it would be difficult if there were no materials where I am.”

“Anyway, I was just saying that your work is popular.”

Some people were so fascinated by Geo's work that they felt as if a real artist had appeared. They spent a whole day just appreciating it, and they even said they were ecstatic that there was a world inside it.

It's not just Bisabal who is blinded by his work.

'I hope this doesn't turn into a dangerous atmosphere.'

Geo had an extraordinary ability to charm and sway people.

'There was a time when I thought it was just Giovanni's ability, but

even when it was just a portrait, it had a tremendous ripple effect… .'

I thought about this when I was first taken to the 'Temple of the Deep Sea', but if a cult were to form targeting this guy, it would be a real headache.

“Anyway, it seems like everyone is just enjoying the city’s new event.”

“Is that so….”

“Oh, you didn’t like it? Well, I did tell you that it was a story that was actually happening.”

“I don’t like crowds.”

“That’s… yeah, if you cover your face while walking around, it’ll be covered to some extent.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been smiling slightly as if it was okay, soon couldn't hold back the question that came to his mind and asked.

“That’s why I became curious.”

“…….”

“Who are you?”

I should have known that.

“…What should we do?”

Only then was coexistence possible.

I was able to survive.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (109)

Episode 109

“Who are you?”

yes?

“…What should we do?”

“…….”

What?

Geo thought.

'What did I do wrong?'

I couldn't understand what the heck was going on.

'Weren't we just talking about how the world is going?'

I was feeling burdened by myself for becoming famous without my permission, and then this suddenly happened.

Geo, who was suddenly asked the philosophical question of 'Who am I?', fell into an unexpected self-reflection. Even though he was the most thoughtless person in the world, Geo knew that the question just now was quite serious.

'But that makes me even more incomprehensible.'

It was as if parents were sitting across from their children, lamenting, "Son, how should we treat you?" And Yoo Seong-woon was not Geo's parent. Geo was a grown man who had a job and then lost it.

'Why? Why me? Suddenly needing career counseling?'

I couldn't figure out at what point Yu Seong-un became serious.

“…….”

“…….”

As the silence grew longer, Geo's confusion and anxiety grew.

'... Since you asked me seriously and with all your might, I should answer with all your might and with all your seriousness. That's the right thing to do as a human being, but since I don't know anything, I have nothing to say. To think that I, Sergio, who is synonymous with the evils of spoon-fed education during my school days, have come to know that my crisis management skills are lacking.'

Wouldn't it be possible to give an answer only if you understand the situation?

‘Who am I…?’

Is that so?

'If we really have to be specific, is it a portrait possessed by a ghost…?'

It would be the word that could most clearly express Geo's identity at the moment.

Geo, who felt hesitant to call himself a 'ghost' even though he wasn't even dead, answered after a moment of thought.

“I am a portrait.”

“…It’s a portrait.”

“I know what you are worried about, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“…….”

“But I can’t understand.”

I was sincere.

'Where can you find a haunted portrait as harmless as mine?'

Recently, Geo has been doing some image management because of a sense of crisis that 'if he looks easy, he'll be taken to the lab.'

Geo didn't think that he had ever achieved anything great enough to pose a threat to Yoo Seong-un.

'But looking at Yoo Seong-un's reaction now, he is clearly afraid of me.'

To be exact, it seemed that he was not afraid of Geo himself, but rather worried about the accident he might cause someday.

It was embarrassing for Geo, who only knew how to stay home, draw, and eat. He revealed his own idle nature.

“I am just an ordinary person who likes to draw, cook for myself and enjoy meals with my family, and sleep in a bed filled with the spring breeze.”

Do you know Pokemon?

'I'm going to sleep. Just sleep.'

It is a lazy, healthy, and harmless beast that repeats the cycle of eating, sleeping, and pooping.

“That is a fact that does not change even if I am a portrait.”

"…okay?"

“I think Mr. Yoo Seong-un knows that well.”

How could my brother, of all people, have such a misunderstanding?

'You know that no matter how the world knows me, I'm just a talking portrait, bro. Trust me in my insignificance.'

It was Yoo Seong-un who had been with him since the beginning, but it seemed that he had momentarily confused Geo's level of danger due to the noise of the world. It meant that his image management had been successful, but he was not happy about this situation.

By the way, his risk level converged to 0. It was a figure that was even worse than that of fire ants. If you compare fire ants that can cause blindness with Geo who can't even bite for fear of his teeth, let alone the acid, he was clearly defeated.

“I understand why you might be concerned.”

Geo thought that this problem was caused by a lack of communication.

“We didn’t have enough time to understand each other.”

If Yoo Seong-un had known how much of a loafer he was at home, exchanging fake messages with Geo himself, he would not have had such ridiculous worries, like a tiger worrying about a rabbit's violence.

“Like many people who struggle and explore their own identity, I am one of them. I also do not know exactly what I am.”

“…….”

“So why don’t you check it out for yourself?”

Geo said it with pure intentions, really wanting to clear up the

misunderstanding.

'Mr. Yoo Seong-woon ran barefoot and found an emptiness that was somewhere in Seoul. He even worked on Christmas to save a person named Park Eun-gyeom, who I didn't even know existed. This means that he is a truly pitiful and capable office worker.'

And such people had to be fed to their fullest until they were fat. Originally, a well-fed person did not think nonsense or talk nonsense. These were all the evils brought about by a society that was exhausted.

so.

“I would like to invite Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

There was no reason for Geo not to feed Yoo Seong-un his fill.

* * *

A meteor cloud was drawn in 'Portrait of Geo'.

* * *

“…….”

The first thing I felt was.

'ah.'

It's warm.

It was a gentle spring breeze.

“…….”

A meteor raised its head and looked at the sky.

“…It’s blue.”

It was a clear sky, a rare sight these days.

Above that sky, large, hanging clouds floated as if they were sleeping, and above them was a transparent atmosphere that looked as if dew might fall at any moment.

Here was a sky that was both calm and peaceful.

“It’s a sight you don’t see on Earth.”

“The air in Seoul was definitely pungent.”

“…Even if it’s not Seoul, well….”

Yoo Seong-un found himself staring blankly at the sky.

“Where can you see a sky this blue?”

It is said that a long, long time ago, the Earth had such a transparent sky. This was quite unfamiliar information to Yoo Seong-un, who was born just before the great disaster. It was strange that the Earth had ever been like that, even if it was a dungeon.

'If you look closely, this place is also a dungeon.'

Yoo Seong-un tilted his head.

‘…Why doesn’t it feel familiar?’

It was not normal to yearn for a sky I had never seen before.

“…What a beautiful sky….”

“Do you like it?”

“Do the stars appear in the evening?”

“It’s high enough to see the Milky Way.”

“The Milky Way, it’s amazing.”

Now, you can enjoy the Milky Way, which you cannot see on Earth even if you go to the desert, to your heart's content from this cabin.

The head of the meteor that had been looking up at the sky as if possessed slowly lowered.

“…….”

His eyes contained a forest of soft colors.

“This is the forest you were talking about.”

“If you go a little deeper, you can meet my friends.”

“You mean forest beasts?”

Just then, a deer with a long neck revealed its face between the bushes.

"oh."

It was a fairytale-like, beautiful deer with eyes that sparkled like jewels.

When I listened closely, I heard birds chirping. When I turned my gaze, I saw several birds sitting on tree branches, looking down at me.

As we followed the fluttering feathers of the swans, we saw a narrow, shallow waterway flowing gently along the bottom.

When I took a deep breath, it smelled sweet and fragrant, like flowers or nuts.

“…….”

The stream, bathed in sunlight, rippled like a jewel, and the fish swimming through it occasionally swished their tails, adding to the sound.

The pebbles lying beneath the glass-clear water sparkled like shiny marble.

“…This is really….”

It's peaceful.

“I guess I don’t want to come out.”

It was a peace like the tomb of a wise old man.

“I’ve always seen you in portraits, but I never knew you were this great.”

“Are you enjoying the view?”

“It’s really fun. I wonder what’s inside the forest, and what it would be like to take a nap.”

There was a tranquility here that made people lazy.

“It might be dangerous.”

There wasn't much of a sense of oppression, but the sense of comfort was so strong that the feeling was like a swamp.

If a spineless person were to be brought in, he would forget his own self and wish to become a sculpture in this forest.

'That doesn't mean I have any ill will toward Geo.'

This forest, too, had no malice, not even kindness.

'It just exists like this.'

That was nature.

This was nature, which held a longing that humans could not handle. It was like a banquet of the gods that humans could not handle.

If I enjoyed this peace without being prepared, I would lose everything.

“…….”

… Cha Ara, a F-class hunter, has managed to endure this place.

'I guess his love for his family on Earth was so great that he didn't turn a blind eye.'

With each exhalation, my eyes would tingle with longing and my fingertips would tingle with happiness.

It was a peace that was difficult to endure for those who were foolish, lacked courage, and had a weak ego.

“…What should I find out here?”

“I didn’t invite you here because I wanted you to find out something about this place.”

“Then why did you invite me?”

“I just wanted to have fun together, without any major meaning. As we get to know each other, we won’t be scared.”

As he spoke, Geo had already taken off his cloak. The young man with a strangely expressionless face continued speaking.

“There was no reason not to share what I had with my friends.”

“…Because we’re friends….”

The portrait called Meteor Cloud his friend.

“…Do I look like a friend to you?”

“…Was it my mistake?”

“No, if it’s okay with you, I wish I had a friend like you.”

I wanted to communicate with the source.

“Because I’m a gardener.”

Here was a source of conversation.

“I am entranced when I see such a beautiful garden.”

“…If you like it that much, it’s difficult.”

“I just meant that I really like places like this.”

“If that’s the case, then that’s good.”

“You live here, right?”

Yoo Seong-un looked at the portrait.

“Did you make this place?”

“I drew it.”

“What happened?”

“What happened?”

“That’s unusual.”

“I think so too.”

“…….”

Soon, Yoo Seong-un asked.

“You know what? Here, it’s connected to you.”

“Because I am the owner of this place.”

“I know you are the owner of this place.”

But that's not what Yoo Seong-un was saying.

'This garden is soon to be Geo's portrait.'

This frighteningly peaceful world and ‘Portrait of Geo’ are not separate entities.

But that was natural. Geo is a portrait, and this world exists within that portrait. Everything in the portrait centered around Geo's ego cannot help but be him.

“Can only the things you draw exist here?”

“No, even things that aren’t like that happen spontaneously without me knowing.”

“I see. I knew it. Can you take it out of the frame?”

“Yes, I can take it out of the frame. Do you need anything?”

“No, I’m just… looking into this and that.”

Dalgrak.

“…….”

Transparent water birds sat on the branches. Among them was Honey, whom Geo called his son.

“…Because there are a lot of interesting things here.”

Yoo Seong-un couldn't read their gaze.

It seemed like a warning not to disturb this peace, or a welcoming of the meteor cloud invited by their parents, Geo, or just a camera watching without any emotion.

They had neither ill will nor good will, or perhaps both.

“…….”

Where does this shameful, crying longing come from?

“…That must be your cabin.”

“That’s right. Student Cha Ara came straight inside, so I couldn’t show her the forest.”

“Can I take a look?”

“Excuse me, I forgot to tell you that you could enjoy it as much as you wanted.”

“Okay, thanks.”

With Geo's kind permission, Yoo Seong-un swept the cabin's walls with his hands.

‘… It’s warm.’

And I felt a faint vibration.

It was the sound of a dead tree's heart beating.

“…Here I am.”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“You are breathing.”

This was a living thing.

“I don’t think so.”

It was also inanimate.

“Am I saying something weird?”

“That’s what I heard.”

“Thank you for inviting me though, I really like it.”

“I think you’re saying this because you’ve been very tired lately.”

“If I were to die, I would want to die in a place like this.”

A gardener is buried in his garden.

“What a wonderful garden this is.”

This is the source.

That was a definitive answer to my question.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (110)

Episode 110: Geo's cabin was designed to be a comfortable environment for anyone. "The air is very mild." "I think it's because it's always spring weather." "That could be true, but…" There was a sense of stability, as if he were in his parents' arms. "…I think I'll sleep well if I sleep here." "That's true, too." Geo nodded and soon asked. "Is there a meal you'd like?" "…Oh, to treat you to a meal?" "That's why I invited Yoo Seong-woon." "That was the purpose." For Yoo Seong-woon, who had accepted the invitation in order to analyze Geo's identity, it was a bit embarrassing. 'Well, there's no way a guy like this old lady would treat guests carelessly.' Regardless of the purpose, Geo had accepted Yoo Seong-woon here as a guest. Since Geo already gave gifts to everyone he met, there was no way he wouldn't treat Yoo Seong-woon. "Anything would be fine, but if I said that, you'd hate it." "There's no such thing as 'anything' in the world." "But I really don't have any preferences. I don't have any preferences." "Then I'll prepare whatever I want. Is there anything you can't eat?" "No, I don't have any allergies, so it's fine." "Understood." As Geo nodded, something approached the kitchen, making a plop-plop-plop sound. What could it be? Yoo Seong-un's eyes were drawn to the white cotton ball. "Thank you for helping me greet our guests, Father." "Kku." A teddy bear holding a teacup… ? "……." No, a teddy bear? '… The teddy bear brought a welcome drink?' Yoo Seong-un was confused. Yoo Seong-un, who often encountered the existence of the source, was particularly sensitive to the energy of non-humans. To that extent, he could easily figure out what kind of being they were, and in his opinion, the teddy bear in front of him held an energy close to divinity. '… Wait a minute, if it's a divine

power that resembles this sun… .' After making his judgment, Yoo Seong-un looked back at Geo. "… Your father?" "Yes, that's right." "Then you are the previous sun god?" "Yes." "Thanks to you, I understood." Although he did not have divinity itself, he had an energy similar to it, and the unique tingling warmth of the sun that he had felt from Geo many times. Perhaps this teddy bear was the sun god who had inherited his divinity and had the remaining power. "No matter what, he usually enters a teddy bear…?" "You said you were used to this body, so I couldn't change it." "I don't understand that either. How could a god be used to a doll's body?" "I got used to eating in this body…." "You are the cause in the end." "Yes." "……." Yoo Seong-un awkwardly accepted the teacup that the sun god had handed him. "… Thank you." "Kuk-kuk." Did he just laugh? 'I guess I get to see gods laugh as I live.' Of course, the fact that the sun god was inside an old teddy bear was surprising in itself. "How strange. Usually, previous and later gods don't get along." "Is there a reason you don't get along with your father? We're family." "Hmm…." There are many reasons. "…I'm guessing that it's because their way of thinking is so different. Gods who have to govern the life, death, and dimensions of living things have different scopes of thought even if they inherited the same divinity." It takes a very long time for one era of gods to end, so it was similar to how primitive people and modern people have difficulty getting along. "It's especially so when a person becomes a god after being human." "……." Geo asked. "Then am I a god?" "…Oh… That… Hmm…" "There are gods who don't do things like that. There's not much to gods." "…I think you can think whatever you want." "I guess I'm a human after all. There's not much that's different." "Then that must be it." Geo seemed to think of himself as a 'human who inherited the qualification of divinity.' If that's not a god, then what is? But since he himself is, Yoo Seong-un kept his mouth shut. 'It's true that Geo's ego wasn't consumed by divinity.' Becoming a god meant taking on the qualifications of nature and destiny, and giving up the thought of being a living being. Nevertheless, Geo still enjoyed eating, was good at

cooking, and found satisfaction in sharing with others, so it was definitely problematic to call him a god. No matter what happened, that 'Geo' would not change. "……." Because he was the source? '… How could such a being exist?' Yoo Seong-woon watched Geo enter the kitchen, saying he was going to prepare a meal. 'I don't think he's not the source. There's no way I, a gardener, would be confused about that. This portrait is the source in a form that humans can recognize, and a form close to a person.' However, he couldn't understand the process. 'It's not simply living on the source. If that were the case, this space and Geo should have been separate entities. However, if they're not, and they're attached like bones and flesh…' As Yoo Seong-woon was pondering, a teddy bear approached him with soft steps. "Huh?" "Kkuu?" "… I'm sorry, but I don't know what you're talking about." "Kuu, kukuku. Kku," "……." Yoo Seong-woon felt embarrassed at the sight of the teddy bear swinging its cotton ball in front of him. 'Is it blasphemy to find God cute? Religion isn't my specialty.' Even though he didn't have the divinity that could be called the heart of God, it was true that he was still a being close to God. Yoo Seong-woon watched him closely, worried that he might make a mistake with the teddy bear filled with cotton. "…Ah." Soon, Yoo Seong-woon picked up the teacup. "Drink?" "Ku." "Thank you." Yoo Seong-woon was momentarily surprised by the teacup that fit comfortably in his hand. "…Oh…." This feels good. 'It's smooth, but soft.' Should I say it feels like touching silky fur? It was definitely a solid teacup, but it was soft enough that it felt like it would soak into my hand, and it was considerably light compared to its stable thickness, making it comfortable to hold. 'The grip is also good.' It was shaped to be easy to hold, even though it wasn't made for Yoo Seong-un's hand. "It feels soft somehow…" It was like a teacup made of clouds or whipped cream. "As expected, Geo doesn't waste even one teacup." "Kuuuku." "I'm sorry, but I really don't know. What did you say?" The white teddy bear with a golden color like lightly toasted rice immediately pointed at something. "…Ah." It was Honey. "Kurur?" "…Didn't we see that before? I was invited? A

guest?” “Kunguk.” “It feels like they’re looking out for me.” He wondered why the teddy bear was pointing at Honey, but it seemed to be trying to tell him that Geo had also drawn and made this teacup. Yoo Seong-un understood without realizing it. “Somehow, it felt different.” The light pink tea inside also smelled good. “…This is…” A refreshing sweetness that was similar to vanilla bean, yet completely different. There is a sharp part somewhere, and a rich side like honeyed milk, but the lightness unique to plants adds to the flavor, making it not burdensome. Yoo Seong-un narrowed his eyes. 'Is this really a tea that people can drink?' He used his emotion skill without realizing it. [Tearful Silk] [Rank: -] Flower tea made by maturing the weeping buds that grow in the veins of destiny. The unique sharp flavor of unripe weeping buds lingers faintly, adding variation to the sweetness. It is processed directly by Geo, the master of the forest, so even the human body can accept it. The moment you drink it, heat gathers in your eyes and your optic nerves recover. It is effective in nullifying mental skills. "....." I don't know. 'It's edible, you know.' Yoo Seong-un poured the small amount of tea into his mouth. "...It's sweet." Usually, tea is just about sweet, but this tea, which didn't even seem to have sugar in it, was sweet enough to make you dizzy for a moment. It seemed to have filled the sweetness limit just right. 'It also has a pungent scent like pepper.' Sweetness and pepper, it's a bit strange, but when I drank it myself, I could feel that the two scents were well-blended without being separate. My head felt full of the clear sweetness and the tingling scent that stabbed my brain. It was a pleasure that was hard to take my time with, like a course meal that was served nonstop. 'This will be hard to enjoy leisurely...' At that moment, Yoo Seong-un frowned. "Ugh." I felt my eyes burning like my tongue had eaten something spicy. It was a strange sensation that was hard to call painful, but it felt like putting in a mint-scented eye cleanser. After waiting for about three seconds, the sensation that had been burning my eyes disappeared in an instant. "...I guess that's why it's called 'Silk That Makes You Blossom Tears.'" My sensitive organs

were getting hot, so I shed a few tears. 'I definitely feel like my vision has become clearer.' Yoo Seong-woon thought again that it would be difficult to enjoy it comfortably. How could he comfortably drink tea that had a rich flavor and aroma that would make his mouth swollen, that would make his eyes water after drinking, and that even had the effect of improving his eyesight? "……." He was getting free eyesight with just one cup of tea. "I feel so refreshed..." "Gurur?" "…Have you tried this too?" "Kung." "It was delicious." Yoo Seong-woon licked his lips. 'It feels like I've come to a place where I shouldn't be.' The favor of the source was too much. There were many stories on Earth of 'people who set foot in the world of gods and had their human identity threatened.' 'For example, in the East, there's the story of Dowonhyang.' It would be difficult to say that it was exactly the same situation, but he couldn't help feeling that sense of crisis. 'It's burdensome..' He felt like he would become immortal if he stayed here for three days. * * * Meanwhile, the landlord was completely unaware of Yoo Seong-woon's feelings. "Hmm." Geo was thinking about what to serve to Yoo Seong-un. "Koreans are all about rice." He said. "All we need is rice, side dishes, and soup." There was rice freshly cooked at dawn, and the rice had a very good flavor because it was made with various vegetables and herbs boiled in water. The faintly greenish grains of rice were especially sweet and savory. "Next, side dishes…." There was a salmon caught from the "breathing sea," and there were hams and sausages stored in the basement storage, and various vegetables were growing well in the garden behind the cabin. "I'll grill the fish, steam the meat, and stir-fry the vegetables." Yoo Seong-un spoke to him from the living room, perhaps hearing his strangely determined muttering. "Geo, can I walk out as a human?" "You'll walk out healthy on two feet." He had to be prepared to become a pig, though. "I'll send that skinny office worker home full." Geo decided to stake his honor on his grandmother, who was the village's big boss. He prepared a bone soup that he had made a while ago. The soup made by boiling the bones of a deer was incredibly savory, and adding some

chopped green onions would be enough to make a soup. 'It doesn't take that long to cook, though...' Geo called Dana, who was lying in the kitchen. "Daughter." "Meow." "Are you just crying because it's annoying?" "Mwah." "You're back to normal." Geo handed Dana a basket. "Could you go to the garden and pick some eggplants and green onions?" "Mwahhhh..." Fortunately, Dana didn't refuse the errand. "What a wonderful thing." Dana, who had grown to the size of a regular cat, stretched her legs like an arch and went out the back door with the basket in her mouth. Honey, who confirmed her appearance, followed her younger brother's errand. 'I'm sure you'll do well since you've come all the way to Honey.' Geo ate rice with relief. It was a rice ball generously filled with the kindness of country grandmas. The light and deep scent unique to Chaesu stimulated the taste buds from a thousand miles away. And it would stimulate Yoo Seong-un's taste buds too. 'Become a pig, yuck...' Geo, who spent his childhood in the arms of his grandmothers, was taught to share a lot when he had something to eat. Oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (111)

Episode 111

Yoo Seong-un was terrified that the feast of the gods would be served, with the legs of the Kraken fried in the blood of the Phoenix and decorated with the heads of hatchets, but contrary to his worries, the meal Geo prepared was simple.

‘… No, it’s ordinary.’

And it was abundant.

A large grilled fish in the middle of the table, steaming meat in brown sauce. Stir-fried vegetables that seem to include tomatoes, onions, and bok choy. Rice balls rising up to the top of the bowl, and bone soup with green onions and seafood.

‘It looks like a table made up of whatever is available, but the combinations are subtle… .’

For some reason, the table was made up of creatures that had never been found on Earth before.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un didn't use his emotional skills. It wasn't a wise decision, but after reading the exact contents and effects, he didn't think he'd be able to eat in his right mind.

“…It looks delicious.”

“It will be delicious.”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

He gave up.

'Surely Geo wouldn't lock me in this cabin.'

It wasn't that he didn't worry. Didn't the hunter Park Eun-gyeom pay the price for staying in the 'City of Void' for a few days and becoming a complete painting? Strictly speaking, this place was also a painting.

In Greek mythology, Persephone was linked to the underworld with Hades for nothing more than a few pomegranate seeds. In a world where gods exist, Meteor Cloud couldn't help but feel even more uneasy.

'But even if Hunter Cha-ara ate here, it's not like she couldn't go home.'

I had already heard that Geo had personally invited him and even fed him. It didn’t look like a very different meal than it is now, so I didn’t think there would be a big problem if Yoo Seong-un ate it.

“…You’re really good at cooking.”

However, what Yoo Seong-un was worried about was whether he could leave the painting in the same condition he entered it in.

Seeing that my already good eyesight had become clearer, I thought I was wrong. Soon, I would be able to observe the cells of living things with my naked eyes.

“And the hands are big.”

“Is the fish a bit big?”

“Does the fish look big?”

Of course, he was surprised by the fish that was placed in the middle of the table. First of all, it was not an aquatic creature that Yoo Seong-un knew, and its size was almost the size of a plump winter seasonal mackerel.

“Of course the fish is a bit big.”

Yoo Seong-un saw the stewed meat.

“That guy is no pushover either.”

“It’s Dongpa Pork.”

“Are the Dongpa Pork we are thinking of now different?”

“I made it with the thought of Dongpa pork, which is often found in Korea.”

“What kind of Korea have you been to?”

Even Chinese restaurants don't serve it like that.

“I’m not lying, I just make wedding cakes.”

“3-stage frozen pork….”

“It’s a word I’ve never encountered before in my life.”

I also wondered how they managed to make Dongpa Pork in such a short period of time.

“Honestly, I don’t know much about cooking, but doesn’t Dongpa Pork take a long time to make?”

Simply put, Dongpo Pork is a Chinese dish made by stewing pork for a long time. It is usually cut into cubes and stewed in a soy sauce-based sauce, and is characterized by a soft texture that can be chewed with the gums.

“I asked a Chinese restaurant before and they said I would have to wait a day.”

“Since it wasn’t prepared in advance, it must have been fresh and warm Dongpa pork.”

“If you want, let’s go together next time. No, so what the heck is this….”

“Thanks to Honey and Dad’s help, the time was shortened.”

“Ah, I see. I understand. So, can I eat this?”

I guess it's not something humans can eat?

'A three-stage Dongpa meat created by the combined power of the children of the origin and the sun god?'

I don't know what it is, but I felt like if I ate it I would have to stop being human.

“…Just in case Hunter Chaara stops by.”

“Yes, there was a time like that.”

“Did that friend of yours also… help you prepare the meal?”

“I was in charge back then.”

“Why me?”

"yes?"

“No, that came out wrong.”

Why on earth are you doing this to me?

'If this continues, I won't be able to feel at ease.'

Until just a moment ago, I had been patting myself on the back, thinking, "Hey, Hunter Cha-ara was fine, so I should be fine too." But when I heard that the meal preparation process was different back then, I couldn't help but worry.

'This is why the authors who call themselves gods have no consideration for humans.'

Yoo Seong-un swallowed his sigh with difficulty.

“…I’ll eat well.”

“I hope you enjoyed it.”

“I don’t know why I see greed in your eyes.”

You're a guy who can show greed too.

“I learned a lot today.”

If you think about Geo's habits, it's probably close to him imitating human emotions to communicate according to the situation, but anyway.

“What kind of greed are you?”

“I know this may sound rude, but I wish you would gain some weight….”

“I don’t know if it’s rude, but am I really going to walk out like a pig?”

“…….”

“Geoya?”

Anyway, around the time the meal started.

“Haaa ...

“Oh my.”

There was an incident where Anticat Dana was jaw-dropping when she saw a human, Yoo Seong-un.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Yoo Seong-un. My child is very shy, so I caused him trouble. I will make him reflect on his actions.”

“No, it’s natural for monsters to hate humans. It’s also a rare experience to see the jaws of an anti-cat that would run away at the sight of a human….”

Yoo Seong-un rather liked it. Through the mandibles of that jewel cat, Yoo Seong-un was able to prove that he was still human.

Anyway, now the meal really began.

"…oh."

It was delicious.

“This is the heavenly table.”

“You are too kind.”

“It was a rather objective statement.”

Although I was a little worried about the aftereffects after eating, the food Geo prepared was really delicious. I could feel my tongue being happy even if I just ate the food without adding a single lie.

“The color of the rice is unusual.”

“I added vegetables and made it.”

“Oh, you can cook rice like that too?”

“It’s also delicious when made with bone broth or seafood broth.”

“It’s strange.”

I thought rice was made with just water. It might be a strange thing to say to someone who is the source, but Geo was indeed multi-talented.

“…….”

Even this strangely friendly appearance was probably close to a camouflage to get along with humans.

'... There is no other way to ease a living creature's guard as easily as eating. It is especially intimate because you cook for them yourself.'

I thought there must be a reason why Geo enjoys cooking and giving gifts. He is the only one who looks scary and loud.

'It certainly worked. Quite a few of the citizens who are out looking for Black Cloak these days are out to get a taste of the snacks he's handing out.'

In that sense, this kind of cooking skill could be said to be bait to lure humans. Yoo Seong-un nodded inwardly.

“It’s really grainy, not a single grain is crushed.”

“This is a meal I prepared with care. I’m glad you complimented me.”

“I don’t know how they make this kind of food.”

The texture was chewy enough to be similar to the chewy rice made by a famous sushi artisan, but not so chewy that it was unpleasant. Honestly, it was enjoyable on its own.

“It tastes good too.”

It didn't seem to be seasoned in any way, but the strange bitterness unique to vegetables, the savory flavor that seemed to flow from them,

and the deep aroma that came out of it, like drinking hot fish cake soup on a winter day, were fantastic.

“What are we going to do?”

“I went into this and that.”

“…….”

It had been a while since he had enjoyed the taste of food, but soon, Yoo Seong-un became ominous. He realized once again that it was impossible to enjoy a comfortable meal in the stomach of the origin.

“…Is it just my mood? Why do I feel healthier now?”

“It was worth adding herbs.”

“Herbs? What herbs?”

No, wait a minute.

Herbs from the source?

“You used that to cook rice?”

“Isn’t it delicious?”

“Do you usually use herbs to make food taste better?”

“There is no reason not to use it.”

“That’s… true.”

Yoo Seong-un was convinced.

“There is no reason….”

To Geo, the source.

'It feels like eating bread baked with 500-year-old elixir.'

It is certainly true that there is no reason why it should not be done, but the thought of it being extravagant did not disappear. If the pharmacists of Earth found out about this, they would shed tears of blood.

“…I guess it would be okay to think of the medicine as something that tastes good.”

“It seems like you don’t necessarily need to take medicine that is good for your body.”

“Yeah, I think that’s a good idea.”

If you think about it, it's not that you make delicious rice with medicine, but that you make delicious medicine with rice.

‘… No matter what, I still feel like something is stuck inside. I just learned that even eating can go beyond the realm of humans… .’

Perhaps he considers himself an ordinary person, but for Yoo Seong-un, who personally experienced this meal, it was burdensome. However, it was so damn delicious that he didn't want to put down his spoon.

"under…."

I know this is just bait to lure humans and various creatures, but I still think Geo could have been a little less good at cooking. Humanity was in danger.

“If I make rice balls with this, it will be delicious.”

“It’s really delicious. If you ever go on a business trip, I’ll pack it for you.”

“No, that… okay. Thank you.”

It's delicious, so I won't turn it down.

'I don't feel like my body has changed dramatically just because I ate it.'

Compared to the tea that improved my eyesight that I had at first, this meal that made my body feel a little more refreshed was ordinary. This was enough to blow away the fatigue that had built up from working overtime for several days.

'Actually, that's a great thing, but I've been through so much that I'm able to keep my composure.'

To be honest, I was quite scared of just the rice, but I couldn't just sit there because the person who had prepared the meal was watching me closely. Yoo Seong-un slowly turned his eyes to the fish.

"……."

"Shall I put it on?"

"No, it's okay."

Even when I look at it again, I am still amazed by its sturdy appearance.

"What kind of fish is this…?"

"It is a fish that lives in the 'deep sea country.'"

"I see, that could be possible."

There were quite a few guilds that used a dungeon as a farm or a breeding ground. Thinking about that, it was understandable why Geo would go to the 'Deep Sea Country' to get food ingredients.

"It's the first time I've seen this species…."

"In Earth terms, it's a fish that's a mix of salmon and halibut."

“What kind of fish is that?”

“It’s a fish with a strong salmon flavor and a halibut texture.”

“The universe is truly vast.”

Yoo Seong-un took a piece of flesh from a crispy fried fish.

“…It’s definitely an oily orange color.”

But it didn't look as oily as salmon.

“Oh, it’s moist.”

“I tried changing the firewood in the stove. How does it smell?”

“This was baked in an oven. It’s really good.”

I wondered how they cooked this large fish, but it seemed they used a stove. Just as Geo said, a sour smoky scent rose up, covering up the fishy smell of seafood.

The texture was also very soft, as if they had done something to the fish. The skin, which clearly showed that it had been baked in an oven, was crispy like a thin cookie, but the meat inside was soft and crumbled, as if you were eating a thick piece of well-cooked saury.

“It’s a little sour? It even has a spicy flavor. It’s not just roasted, is it?”

“Grilled fish marinated in tangerine, lemongrass, and chili juice.”

“Are you a chef?”

I don't know how many people he plans to seduce with this cooking skill. No, it looks easy because the subject is a dinner table, but it's not a joke, it's really dangerous.

'Humans who don't even know the existence of the source should not feel friendly towards this guy.'

Geo continued explaining the dish, seemingly not caring what Yoo Seong-un was thinking.

“Lemon is good, but I think this kind of oily fish needs something bitter….”

“…….”

The calm face of the young man who spoke like that showed excitement. He looked quite happy.

I understand that Geo himself has a passion for cooking. I also understand that it is purely out of kindness, but kindness from such a great source can be poisonous to humans.

‘This is a favor that I can’t handle right now… .’

What on earth should I do with this?

“…I have a lot to say about your expertise, but what is that bowl of sauce next to the fish?”

“A fish-specific sauce made with lemon, soy sauce, and chili pepper.”

“It can be this serious.”

Even now, when I'm wondering how to prepare for Geo's kindness, it just fits so well that I can't help but chuckle.

The disguise of the origin would not be intended to harm humans. At the same time, it would be contradictory to call it a ‘disguise’, so it seemed impossible to criticize Geo, who enjoys cooking and sharing gifts, as a lie.

“I really….”

Yoo Seong-un tried hard to hold back his sigh and said with his characteristically indifferent smile.

“I thought I could just eat it like that because it was so delicious.”

“Is there a problem?”

“It feels like a waste that I ate it without dipping it in sauce.”

“Thank you for your passionate compliments.”

“Why don’t you open a restaurant on Earth? I think it’ll be popular.”

“I don’t think I’m suited for sales due to my physical constitution.”

“That’s true too.”

Geo's egos that have been revealed so far have mostly been painters, priests, doctors, and teachers. He seems to be either a very free spirit or prefers to be under some kind of organized system, making it difficult to force sales.

'It would be quite magical if the restaurant where the source is operating is open. All the gardeners on Earth would gather there. The disaster that breaks out like that would be interesting… .'

Yoo Seong-un was slowly losing his senses.

‘…Yeah, whoever made the food, as long as it tastes good, that’s fine.’

It was really delicious.

“This stir-fried vegetable….”

“It’s a stir-fry made with tomatoes, green onions, garlic, etc.”

“What I’ve been eating until now wasn’t real vegetables.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded after tasting the crunchy onions.

“Yes.”

“It’s sweet.”

“A little spicy.”

“Is it appropriate?”

“Yeah, that’s about right.”

Onions that retain the characteristic spicy flavor of onions, but are fried over a hot fire and are full of sweet juice. These guys are so juicy and crunchy that they almost feel like fruits rather than vegetables.

“At this point, it would be delicious even if I just fried the onions.”

“How about tomatoes?”

“…Why is it so sweet?”

If these tomatoes were exported, the tomato vegetable and fruit markets could be unified. These tomatoes that Geo had stir-fried were definitely fruits. At this point, it felt like eating a warm fruit salad.

“This is the first time that stir-fried vegetables don’t taste greasy.”

“Is there anything about stir-fried vegetables that makes you feel rich?”

“Because you put in too much oil.”

“Then you feel it.”

“I definitely think this feels good.”

This vegetable stir-fry, which used minimal oil, was crunchy rather than mushy, and had a stronger fire flavor than oily flavor. The spicy vegetable stir-fry, which had a sour, fiery aroma as if it had been burned with a torch, boasted a refreshing flavor that was completely different from other vegetable stir-fries that became mushy from the heat.

It wasn't even seasoned. It was a stir-fried side dish with the original flavor of the ingredients, with a hint of salt and pepper, and a hint of the luxurious soy sauce that seemed to have been lightly burnt.

“It’s almost like a salad.”

Yoo Seong-un picked up the long-awaited Dongpa Yuk.

“…….”

“Kyuu.”

The teddy bear was looking at the meteor cloud with anticipation.

'... What exactly are you expecting? How should I react, and how can I live like an average human being?'

For some reason, it seemed like the old man who had finally discovered his talent for cooking was waiting for the reaction of the first meal he was served.

While deluding himself with his own metaphor, Yoo Seong-un dutifully took the frozen pork and placed it on his rice bowl. It was so soft that he had to use a spoon instead of chopsticks.

'This is really close to pudding.'

Let's have a meal together like that.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un hesitated for a moment whether he should spit this out.

‘… I don’t think this is the kind of food I can handle. What should I do?’

If you hear it wrong, it might sound like a trivial remark, but it wasn't. He was feeling a real sense of crisis. For the first time, Yoo Seong-woon realized that something too delicious could be a problem.

Fortunately, there was no disaster where Yoo Seong-un spit out the food. Not only would that be rude to those who prepared the food, but it was too delicious for that to happen.

“…They say that humans are animals that cannot help but be swayed by their instincts….”

“Why on earth would you say something like that while you were eating?”

“I don’t think there’s much of a difference either.”

So that's why so many people in legends and myths have made such foolish choices.

'Because I can't let go of human greed.'

Even the gardener, who knew the dangers of mysterious stories, nodded his head in agreement.

"hmm…."

Anyway, even after finishing the meal, Yoo Seong-un did not become immortal.

“You’re really good at cooking.”

“You’ve been saying the same thing all along.”

“You’re so good.”

"thank you?"

“It’s okay to do moderately well.”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un, you are good at giving compliments.”

“…….”

No, I just meant to do less well.

'I don't know if you're doing this knowingly or not, but your cooking threatens human identity.'

Yoo Seong-un, who had enjoyed a delicious meal, couldn't bring himself to say that.

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (112)

Episode 112 Hmm, well. 'I was being playful like this.' In any case, Yoo Seong-woon's words, 'I felt a threat to my identity as a human,' were sincere. 'I thought this is what it means to be in a realm that humans cannot handle.' Yoo Seong-woon had repeatedly gotten a feel for the 'realm beyond the limit' while managing the garden. However, even for him, this meal was a little creepy. 'Just one meal... .' It would be hard to think, 'I'm going to get eaten.' '... This situation is absurd, where I can't call this a joke.' Geo treated Yoo Seong-woon to a meal with truly pure intentions. It didn't seem to mean much to him. He was originally a guy who enjoyed giving gifts, so treating him to a meal wasn't a big deal. However, when peace is too much, it's close to death, and when pleasure is too much, it turns into pain. From Geo's perspective, it was probably just a way to treat a guest, but from a human's perspective, it was a favor that was hard to handle. "...." There was at least one silver lining. “Haaa ... “Mr. Yoo Seong-woon, you’ve given me so much praise.” “That…” Yeah, if that’s what you think, then that’s fine. Yoo Seong-woon decided to just give up. “…It was really delicious, huh.” “Thank goodness.” Geo said as he sat down across from Yoo Seong-woon. “We couldn’t prepare the dessert in advance, so we’re having it solidified in the ice storage.” “Ice storage?” “Yes, it’ll act as a refrigerator. Instead, should I serve you some tea first?” “Ahhh… No, just give me a glass of water.” He asked for the most ordinary thing, not knowing what kind of evil blessing would come down. “Here it is.” [Source of the Spring] Water drawn from the Source of the Spring. “…….” The most unusual thing appeared. “……?” The emotional status window suddenly popped up without him even using a skill.

Before suspecting, ‘Is my skill broken?’, Yoo Seong-woon felt gratitude for the formless thing that had shown him this explanation window. ‘It’s as if someone had quietly helped me to live as a human.’ Yoo Seong-woon asked cautiously. “…Is this water?” “…Isn’t it?” “It is water.” Damn, no matter what I ate, it made me shiver. ‘All the water used in the food I ate came from the source.’ Indeed, it was natural to feel a sense of crisis. Yoo Seong-un quietly tightened his tightly shut lips. ‘How dare you still be human. Is there such a miracle?’ One of the basic requirements for gardeners was ‘not to consume anything from the garden.’ They were merely labor and managers who managed the garden, not owners. The moment such a gardener consumed anything from the garden, they could never leave the garden again. This was because they were also treated as part of the garden. “I… I can go home, right? Am I okay?” “I don’t know why you’re doing this, but I’m not a thug who detains guests…” “Are you flustered? I guess so. I guess so. I’m sorry for making you flustered, but I’m really scared.” “What did I do wrong? I’m sorry for making you scared.” “You did nothing wrong… but…” “Mr. Yoo Seong-woon?” “…….” What on earth was I thinking coming here? ‘… Well, I didn’t know this was the source until I came in, so I had no choice but to figure out the identity… .’ Even considering that, it was an overly bold choice. You could say that it was the words of someone who approached ‘Geo’s Portrait’ as if it were another gardener’s garden. Yoo Seong-woon admitted that it was an overly hasty approach. ‘I needed to prepare as much as I would when entering an immeasurable dungeon.’ Yoo Seong-woon was terrified and anxious, but anyway, it didn’t matter as long as he could return to Earth as a human. He decided to believe Geo’s words that he could return home at any time. “…….” He desperately needed the cigarettes he had quit, but he decided to hold back for now because Geo seemed to be giving him ‘something’ in the form of a cigarette. Yoo Seong-woon managed to regain his senses. “… Sorry, I think I panicked a lot because this is my first time experiencing something like this.” “If you have trouble adapting to unfamiliar environments, that

could be quite possible.” “Thank you for saying that...” Yoo Seong-woon looked at the water in the glass with a strange look. [Spring of the Origin] Water from the spring of the origin. “…….” It was something in the form of water. The description was strangely short, so I don’t know the details, but at least I know that it’s not water for humans to drink. Yoo Seong-woon was lost in thought. ‘… Come to think of it, all the gifts Geo had given me so far had the same sentence in them.’ It was the phrase, ‘Geo, the master of the forest, is fair and can accept human bodies.’ All the gifts Geo had given me so far, that is, food, had the same explanation. ‘But there’s no such explanation here.’ Yoo Seong-woon quietly put down his glass. “… I’m sorry for changing my mind, but...” After a while, Yoo Seong-woon asked. “Can I have some tea?” “I don’t have much tea left, but is the flower tea I gave you before okay?” “It’s the light blue tea, right? That’s good.” Yoo Seong-woon realized. 'You must not eat anything unless Geo himself makes it fair.' His spine tingled. 'It's only natural when you think about the garden we manage as part of the source. I don't know exactly what process it goes through to become safe, but you must not indiscriminately consume the raw food from this garden.' Yoo Seong-un calmed his mind as he thought about the previous gardeners who had become part of the garden and lived on without being able to die. Even this place was the source itself. It might not end with just losing his human identity. Yoo Seong-un, who had collected his thoughts, emphasized again. "Anything you make yourself is fine." He was sincere. "I'm sorry to just receive and eat it, but can you help me?" "It's my pleasure to serve guests. Please sit down." "T-that's right..." Geo soon brought out the 'Forest Butterfly Flower Tea.' "It's Baibamnil tea." "... Baibamnil? Is that the name of this flower?" "Yes, it's delicious if you boil it in water and eat it." "What an amazing way to take it." "It's a snack with a nice texture like a vegetable." "Is it a vegetable?" After drinking the tea, Yoo Seong-un’s already healthy blood vessels were regenerated, his cells were reconstructed, and he was in a situation where his immunity to minor diseases had to last for 6 months. “…….” This is right, if you stay

and eat for 3 days, you will become immortal. ‘I feel like my lifespan has been extended.’ About 50 years. ‘The Forest Butterfly Flower Tea doesn’t have that much effect, so of course it’s just my feeling, but I still feel uneasy. Is it because Geo made it himself? The effect shouldn’t vary depending on the person drinking it… That shouldn’t be the case.’ Yoo Seong-un wanted to live as a human and die as a human. That was the biggest desire any gardener could dream of. “… Who else has received such hospitality besides me? Cha Ara Hunter?” “Except for you two, I’ve never received guests from Earth.” “Oh, then maybe it was the mermaid siblings? I heard they come to the house often.” “They stop by for a meal once every two or three days.” “That happened.” Indeed, it meant that those monsters were of a certain level. 'How can they accept such a meal so easily?' It meant that they were at least of the level of evil gods. "....." "....." "...Uh, wait a minute." Yoo Seong-un stopped Geo from pouring more tea. "I think you drank too much." "I think the glass was small, did you feel that way?" "I wanted to digest it. How about we take a break?" "Weren't you resting?" "Yeah, how about we take a walk to digest it." It seemed that eating something meant the same thing as taking a break to Geo. Yoo Seong-un, who had been anxious that eating this would make him leave the human realm, couldn't do that at all. "Can you at least show me around the house?" "A house tour." "Oh, I'm sorry if I was rude. I just..." "No, that's not true." Geo nodded. "After we're done looking around this house, let's go out into the forest and spend some time." “…Can I enter that forest?” “I have no intention of treating this vast forest as my private property.” “…….” I didn’t ask for permission. ‘I meant, ‘Wouldn’t I die if I entered that forest?’ Anyway, Geo had already gotten up. “It’ll take a little more time for the dessert to harden. Can I introduce this house to you?” “…I would be honored if you were to show me around.” As expected, Yoo Seong-un got up and asked. “But can I leave my cat friend like this?” A translucent cat monster with a lot of jewel fur. It had stopped yawning, but Dana was still wary of Yoo Seong-un. “When our eyes met, it would open its mouth wide

without making a sound.” “It won’t get eaten.” “I don’t know about that, Geo. Monsters are really scary these days.” “Dana is a hermit, so you don’t have to worry.” “You didn’t say you wouldn’t eat it, did you?” “Because it’s a monster.” Geo continued with his signature calm expression. “But he’s a good kid, and I’m with him, so he won’t do that.” “I’ll really trust you.” Honey, who Geo drew himself, looked at Yoo Seong-un with neither hostility nor favor, resembling her parents, but the monster was different. Since Anti-Cats are also monsters, it wasn’t strange for Yoo Seong-un to be anxious. After all. “Anti-Cats aren’t that big to begin with.” “They gained some weight after being fed this and that.” “I wonder if they really gained weight?” Just imagining how the monster that received so much love from the source would evolve gave me goosebumps. Seeing Yoo Seong-un still anxious, a teddy bear with the sun god stepped forward. For some reason, Dana, who had been irritated by Yoo Seong-un, was soon held in the teddy bear’s arms and petted. “Oh...” Dana put down her noticeable irritation and calmed down. “You two get along well.” “That’s how it is.” Then, Yoo Seong-un was guided to the cabin. The first was the ice storage. Yoo Seong-un, who had not known that the refrigerator-like warehouse that Geo had mentioned would be located so deep, was taken aback, but soon he expressed interest at the sight of the ice warehouse, which was not strange even if it was a growing cave. “So this was the ice pearl I gave you last time.” “That’s right. It’s not something that happens often in this ice warehouse.” “It’s unusual that water is pooled in this cold.” Next was the studio. For some reason, he was taken aback by the sight of blank canvases scattered around, but soon regained his composure when he remembered Geo’s characteristics. Since the paintings he painted became real, there was no reason for the canvases to be full. “Oh, is there a storage connected to the studio?” “Yes, it’s where I mainly store my completed landscape paintings.” “What’s that black cloth covering the canvas?” “If I don’t cover it, the entrance opens without me knowing, so I’m careful.” “Um… um, yes? Oh, right. That’s right.” Next was the vegetable

garden behind the cabin. “Garden?” “I would appreciate it if you could tell me so.” “…This is the result of planting the seeds I gave you?” “Yes.” “…….” Yoo Seong-un swallowed his breath as he looked at the crops that had grown to be so strong that they had egos. The shock and fear he was feeling right now was because he was faced with such a vast nature. ‘These guys must have grown up drinking the spring water of the source.’ Even humans with egos can become part of the garden when they consume things from the garden, and these seeds were even growing from the source. Something from the Earth would not have been able to resist this overwhelming evolution. What should I call this? Yoo Seong-un muttered, feeling a strange sense of regret stemming from fear. “I think it’s already been digested.” “Then would you like to explore the forest after you eat dessert?” “Oh, right… the forest. Yes, I guess so.” Right after returning to the cabin. “…….” “Wow, this is amazing.” Yoo Seong-un encountered a mermaid wearing a dress. “Why is there a human here?” Murderous intent dripped from her. “…….” “…….” Yoo Seong-un nodded. “I’ll go home.” Save me. Oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (113)

Episode 113

The meteor came out of the frame.

“I came back to this land alive.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“Wow, this was so much fun I couldn’t even describe it.”

When I first encountered the Little Mermaid, I couldn't even open my mouth.

“Please tell the princess that I’m sorry for making her uncomfortable….”

“It’s not Yoo Seong-un’s fault. That’s just Aria’s usual tantrum. You don’t have to worry about it.”

“I don’t think I did anything wrong, but I don’t want to build up ill feelings with the mermaids. There’s no need to incur the resentment of humanoid monsters, right?”

“Thank you for understanding my foolish behavior. You are an adult. I hope your students will learn from that aspect of you, Mr. Yoo Seong-woon.”

“A monster that resembles a human would be scary in its own way, wouldn’t it?”

Yoo Seong-un, who smiled slightly, checked the clock in the gallery.

“It’s… 4:41 AM now.”

Then I checked my cell phone.

“…….”

“Did I take up a lot of your time?”

“No, not really.”

Only about 20 minutes had passed.

“It’s true that time inside the frame and time on Earth flow differently.”

“Time inside the painting passes quickly or slowly depending on my mood.”

“Oh… sometimes it’s fast and sometimes it’s slow?”

“When you’re having fun, go fast. When you’re relaxing, go slow.”

“Hmm.”

Then, this time, it could be interpreted as feeling good. It was an honorable story both as a gardener and as a curator.

“When you feel bad?”

“I don’t know because I’ve never tried it.”

“It’s nice to see such a positive attitude, please continue to live like that.”

I don't even know if he can feel offended since he is the source.

'... Geo certainly has a self that is close to a person, so even if he is the source, there may come a day when he gets angry. It is better not

to let your guard down when dealing with the source.'

Yoo Seong-un lifted a small white box containing dessert.

“Can I just take this as is?”

“If you had eaten it and left, it wouldn’t have been a problem….”

“Bungeoppang tomorrow?”

"great."

“It’s a shame I couldn’t go back to the forest.”

I was out of my mind inside, but when I actually went outside, I was left with a deep regret. It was my greed as a gardener.

“I also wanted to go to the spring you told me about.”

Yoo Seong-un recalled that the water that Geo had given him was defined as [the source of the spring].

“I hear it seems like a pretty cool place.”

“We welcome you to visit us next time.”

“Then I’ll stop by when I have time.”

That would be after more preparations had been made.

'I went in without any preparation.'

The source, of all places.

'To be exact, it felt more like a form that was easier for humans to perceive than the source itself… like a part of the source or a dish that was easily prepared to be eaten… .'

In the first place, humans do not recognize the existence of the source.

Its size, which is too great to even be described as huge, is something that humans simply cannot contain or analyze. In that sense, Geo felt like a part of the source.

'So that's why you thought it was similar to a garden?'

If so.

“…….”

“Is there a problem?”

“…That’s not it.”

Isn't Geo in charge of 'eyes'?

“I thought it was a bit of a shame that my eyes were covered with paint.”

Although Geo has a lot to talk about, if I had to pick his most distinctive feature, it would be his 'eyes'.

Those eyes that seem to contain everything that exists and does not exist in the world.

“I asked you to do that, right?”

“Do you want to go back to the original state?”

“No, but from a convenience standpoint, it’s better to have it covered.”

"okay."

“It was just a curator’s complaint.”

It was also a complaint as a gardener.

'If Geo is truly the Eye of Origin, then the reason he takes on a human form is….'

For a moment, my emotions became so complicated that I couldn't breathe.

“…….”

He hadn't originally intended to do so, but now Yoo Seong-un couldn't avoid or detest Geo.

All that remained for the man named Yoo Seong-un was an unfathomable awe and sense of distance, and the relief that came from it.

"okay…."

As a gardener, he knew how close the source was to nature and how fair it was.

“Thank you for your kind treatment.”

“It is my pleasure.”

“Well, you’ve always been a gentleman.”

This may have been a disaster, but it wasn't a disaster.

“Do we have to be more careful?”

“Who are you talking about?”

“No, I was just… thinking about what I need to do next.”

“As expected, people who work are busy.”

“If you don’t work, you don’t eat.”

After letting out a sigh-like laugh, Yoo Seong-woon asked.

“Can I ask you one thing?”

“Do as you wish.”

"that…."

There were many questions he wanted to ask, but Yoo Seong-un held back.

'It's too early to ask about the source.'

Since Geo knows himself as an ordinary human being, or knows himself but is disguising himself to make it seem closer to the truth, the day to question this part is far away.

Instead, he brought up the most effective topic he could at the time.

“I’m talking about Hunter Park Eun-gyeom.”

I've been wondering since I heard he came out.

“What price did you pay?”

“What is the price?”

“We don’t know what has changed.”

It was Yoo Seong-un who received the request from the association to investigate the attack method and results of the 'Black Cloak'. He reported everything that happened in the 'City of Void', and based on that report, the association analyzed Hunter Park Eun-gyeom who escaped from the frame.

But other than being a bit scared, it was no different than before.

“Is that fear a price to pay? Like it took away your peace?”

“I left the disposal of Park Eun-gyeom up to my children.”

“To your children… I see.”

Now even the word 'children' sounded meaningful.

'The children of the origin come to mind.'

No, actually that's not wrong.

'… A living story that resembles a monster but is not a monster… that cannot be completely dealt with by the Hunter's skills and appears anywhere regardless of the dimension… .'

All of them were the same descriptions of the children that Geo had drawn with watercolors.

Of course, there were some differences. Like Honey, the jeweled water bird that Geo kept by his side and called his son, and the 'black suits' that grew in the 'empty city'. They had the ability to think.

“…What….”

Since I have a lot to think about here and there, the topic keeps straying to other topics.

“Sorry, I was just thinking about something else.”

“You seem very tired. Are you okay?”

“I’m always okay.”

The meteor cloud returned to its original topic.

“Then you can ask your children what kind of price they paid?”

“If you wish, please do so.”

“…Do you already know the price?”

“Of course.”

“Can I ask you something?”

“There is no problem.”

Geo answered from beyond the black paint.

“Park Eun-gyeom was taken away in exchange for ‘evilness’.”

“…….”

“My children wanted it.”

“…That’s amazing.”

How on earth did they take away 'evil' from humans?

“Humans are creatures that can be evil at any time.”

“Since it is Park Eun-gyeom who has to pay the price, I cannot know the outcome.”

“I understand for now.”

It may sound like a strangely abstract price, but how many sources of existence have taken away such abstract things? Memories, love, happiness, friendship, sadness, recollection…

'This isn't much different either.'

The exact answer wasn't something you could get by digging into Geo.

'That won't work either.'

Don't expect anything from God.

Although Geo cannot be said to be a complete god, the word 'god' also refers to beings of a higher level that are difficult for humans to perceive.

Humans are beings who analyze nature and destiny, not beings who can demand something from them.

'It's not polite to treat them like that.'

If they had heard this much of a hint, it was up to Yoo Seong-un and other humans to find further answers. That was the manners for everyone in this era where humans, gods, and nature coexisted.

“Then I’ll buy you some bungeoppang tomorrow in return for this dessert.”

“Please say hello to Eunhyuk Cha.”

“Don’t worry, we talk often.”

Before leaving the gallery, Yoo Seong-un looked back at Geo again.

“…You’re not fighting the Mermaid Princess because of me, are you?”

“As I said before, it was just a tantrum.”

The black portrait was resolute.

“She can’t be angry with me.”

It was an answer like a prophet speaking of fate.

* * *

"teacher."

Let's go back to the cabin, Aria called Geo.

“Did I see you off well?”

“I confirmed that he left safely.”

“How sweet of you.”

“You’re angry.”

But Geo knew.

“That person is not me.”

Aria couldn't be angry at Giovanni.

“We’ve been apart for too long for that.”

“…If that weren’t the case, I wouldn’t have been angry at you.”

“If you have a lot of anger, your life won’t be enjoyable.”

“Is there any reason why my life should be enjoyable?”

The mermaid smiled softly. It was a smile that was clearly different from her younger days when she could not hide her sensitive and keen nature.

“I hate humans.”

“I understand.”

“I know how much you embrace humans.”

“It’s not about protecting them, it’s about treating them the way they deserve.”

“It’s an excessive treatment, for those living such short lives….”

Geo sat down next to Aria, who was leaning on the sofa as if lying down.

"aria."

“Yes, teacher.”

“Were you scared?”

“…….”

“So you’re angry?”

“…Teacher….”

Aria muttered as a hand caressed her cheek.

“…Sometimes it’s a bit excessive.”

Yeah, I couldn't deny it.

“You’re right, I was really scared.”

“Why did you do that?”

“I don’t think that human could harm us.”

The entity called Yoo Seong-un was not a creature capable of such a thing.

“Perhaps because I am deeply connected to the source, I am thoughtful and cautious. Sometimes I take risks, but most of the time I find a way for everyone to coexist. Although I am strong for a human, I will win if we fight.”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un doesn’t look that weak.”

“That’s why I said he’s strong for a human. If we fight, I’ll win, but I’ll probably take a big hit. Since he’ll have the power of a gardener… it’ll be hard to interfere.”

But I wasn't afraid of meteors.

“I am, teacher.”

Aria rested her head on Geo's hand.

“I was terrified that there were humans here.”

“…….”

“…because I don’t know when that wicked tribe will set fire to this place.”

Humans were fickle.

“I’m scared that day will repeat itself.”

There was a lightness to them that was difficult to understand for a mermaid whose ego hardly ever changes, living her entire life with one memory and emotion.

Humans have been as benevolent as the traditional gods who value peace, and as miserable rascals who wish for the destruction of the world.

So, right now, one person's beliefs and personality were not important.

“…….”

“Humans are untrustworthy.”

Regardless of the hatred the mermaid harbored, that was an unchanging fact for the mermaid.

“We can’t help it because we live so long. Compared to us, who are inherently unchanging, humans live short lives and change dozens or hundreds of times during that time….”

“That’s called growth.”

“Yes, growth. It is as innate to human nature to grow as it is to not change. I know that. I know that. So I curse it.”

Mermaids and humans had such difficulty understanding and reconciling with each other.

“How did you know that a human named Yoo Seong-un would ‘grow’ and bring him here?”

Humans are easily corrupted.

“The standards for good and evil are different in each dimension. Even in this narrow dimension, with just one invisible national border, it can vary depending on the environment in which humans live. So, sir, our peace could be a disaster for them.”

When faced with disaster, humans will resist.

“…Mermaids too.”

Who among us has never rebelled against fate?

“If the breath you breathe becomes a disaster for them, then the human named Yoo Seong-un will side with his own species. He is human, and he is not evil, and he has his own beliefs.”

“…….”

“They keep changing.”

Humans do not make promises.

“…….”

“…….”

Aria hugged her teacher.

“…I know you haven’t forgiven us. So I know you’ll never accept us. You, the merciful One, won’t be my god.”

"okay."

“I also know that you are ready to accept your fate at any time. I also know that you will not listen to us if we try to stop you, since we have

not received your forgiveness.”

You know what? Geo didn't rebel against fate.

He was a person who could enjoy everything and affirm everything. It was because he had such a large vessel that Aria was able to embrace him like this now.

“Thanks to that great tolerance, the teacher accepted us as his disciples, but on the other hand, there are times when I feel uneasy. It’s the anxiety that this peaceful and comfortable cabin might disappear at any moment.”

The mermaid felt fear for the first time in thousands of years.

“If I’m too scared, I get angry.”

“That’s the proof that we are all the same human beings.”

“What is the teacher always trying to teach us?”

“You guys really worry a lot.”

“That’s right.”

I used to think that there was nothing more foolish than fearing a future that had not yet arrived.

“We have so many worries….”

People say that it is fate because it cannot be avoided. In the end, the fact that I am no different made Aria miserable.

Because I guess I'm human too.

“…….”

“…….”

So I did that because I was afraid of repeating the same thing and causing the same tragedy.

Regardless of my protests, once again… .

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (114)

Episode 114

What would happen if a person who had a habit of doing evil were to be fried in the fires of hell and come out alive?

“…Fuck….”

The answer was that it didn't change much.

“What the fuck… Seriously, why on earth would I….”

Park Eun-gyeom's daily life changed overnight.

A first-class citizen and a B-class hunter. His appearance is also okay, and since his job is based on his body, his physique is also good. It seems like only yesterday that I was feeling sorry for the idiots who would stick to me without me knowing, but I was also enjoying the sweetness of it.

'But after falling into that dungeon…'

The atmosphere has changed.

“That person….”

“They say it’s very habitual.”

“It’s the end of the world, it’s the end of the world.”

People were looking at him and gossiping.

“Park Hunter, you said you were dragged into the Black Cloak’s dungeon.”

“…Yes, well, that’s true.”

“The aftereffects will be severe, so why didn’t you just get some rest? Why did you come out?”

It was the same with the hunters I knew.

“I heard there are rumors going around that you might be tired these days because of the association’s requests for cooperation.”

The B-class hunter who said that glanced around with a strange sense of anxiety and irritation. Although he didn’t know the exact reason, his expression seemed to indicate that he knew that he had been taken to the association and interrogated several times.

'I guess you're still wondering if you're under surveillance.'

But it wasn't a completely wrong suspicion.

‘Damn, why am I being treated like this…!’

In reality, he was under surveillance by the association.

I couldn't understand it at all. If a precious first-class citizen, a capable B-class hunter, had survived an unknown dungeon, shouldn't he have been praised and encouraged, and then given compensation for the damages? I don't understand why the people around him are so critical.

“That, the Hunter… has to do his job. If I don’t do my job, who will protect the citizens?”

“… Really? Then just figure it out and do your best.”

The other person clicked his tongue and walked away.

“…….”

It was a reaction of clear contempt and disappointment.

'... What kind of reaction is that just now? Even if he's a B-class hunter, isn't this too much? I knew that guy was a bit territorial, but to think he'd act this blatantly... .'

Suddenly, I ground my teeth.

'He was a third-class person until recently. He's so shallow that I can't get along with him.'

It was truly horrible to see a country bumpkin who lived off of monster meat bragging about how well he had awakened.

He tried to ignore the mutterings and went out to find work. There were many people looking for B-class hunters. He wasn't the type of person to collapse like this.

but.

"sorry."

“…Look, I don’t know what kind of rumors are going around these days….”

“I’m sorry, Hunter Park Eun-gyeom. Our agency cannot help you with any arrangements.”

“You believe that fucking rumor and you’re lying around like this? Hey! How much money did I make here?!”

“Sorry, please visit another agency.”

I was ignored by ordinary employees who weren't even hunters.

“Ha, you’re so ridiculous. Seeing all the hunters working hard in this

dirty little agency makes you think you're some kind of person…? You'd kill me if I hit you, so how can you think of hunters as food, damn it!!"

"…Calm down…."

"Do you think I'll just leave you alone? Do you think I'll leave you alone? Don't be a jerk, you little shit… I said I'd come and do the work myself. Huh? What rank are you? What rank are you that you have to act like this!!"

For a moment, I felt satisfaction and joy at the look on the frightened employee's face.

"Hunter Park Eun-gyeom, please get out."

"Huh? No, you're telling me to leave? Are you crazy?"

"Get out, now."

The brokerage guards came out and threw him out of the building.

Since it was a brokerage where even hunters who were first-class citizens frequented, most of the guards were C-class hunters. Even if I was of a higher rank, it was natural that I would have to back down if I was persecuted by the majority.

"No, you, you, you crazy kids…!! Are you crazy?! Don't you know me?! Don't you know me!!"

"Oh, I know. You said earlier that I'm Hunter Park Eun-gyeom."

One of the guards clicked his tongue and said,

"Aren't you the kind of hunter who doesn't know how to be stingy with his porters and just throws them at monsters to be eaten? Huh?"

“That, that’s…!!”

What the hell is wrong with that?

“…I, I’m not the only one who does this. Huh? Am I the only one? No. Not just me, no. No? Hey, come on. Do you think that F-class thing, that porter thing, looks human? Do you fucking think that thing looks human!!”

Yeah, that was the fucking rumor.

When things were not going well, it was common for everyone to abandon their porters in the dungeon. It was annoying enough that all they did was carry the load, and now they had to feed them too. It was only natural to want to abandon such a carnivorous creature.

Of course, I was in a difficult situation. In an already dangerous situation, it can't be helped that you don't have the luxury of taking care of porters.

“Of course I know that’s bad. But, huh? Think about it, do people cross the street while obeying the traffic lights? No. No, I know that’s bad, too, so I… I know…!”

“In my own way? Well, I guess I hid it pretty well?”

“…….”

“Man, this guy is seriously crazy.”

The guard chuckled at his fellow comrades.

“He’s not a murderer who doesn’t know he’s a murderer.”

“That’s true. These guys are the real deal. Man, I’m sick of them.”

“Even a 5th-grade citizen would be better at objectifying himself than this.”

I was moved.

“Who are you comparing to a 5th class citizen now…!!”

But no one listened.

“Since it’s to this extent, wouldn’t the association be monitoring it?”

“There are no habitual criminals like this one. It’s funny how they come out looking for work when the rumor has spread.”

“This is a real joke. Even first-class citizens are struggling financially, and stuff like that?”

“Hey, you, our first-class citizen, are really pissed. Let’s go back too.”

“Oh my, that’s scary. If you get angry, you’ll kick us too, right? Like this, slap!!”

“Oh, you crazy kid. Don’t make me laugh so hard. It’s work time, so stop.”

I was speechless at the way he treated me like a peanut to relieve boredom.

“…What, what….”

I really wanted to cry.

Eventually he was left alone before the murmuring crowd.

“…….”

I don't know how many times this has happened.

When a hunter says he wants to do some hunter work, the brokerage staff only say that he ate something wrong and that it won't work. It was all because the association blatantly called me in.

“…I, I… I’m not being watched, I’m being protected….”

The association staff clearly said that it was a protective measure, not surveillance. They just had to wait and see how things went, because they didn't know when the black cloak would show up again and try to harm them. How many times did they beg that they not take offense?

Even though he was uncomfortable with being played by a monster cub, he thought the association staff were brave and accepted their protection. It was ridiculous that a civil servant would dare to protect a B-class hunter, but he tolerated it all.

“…What a dangerous monster that Black Cloak is, that, that….”

To personally inform the world of the dangers of the Black Cloak, which is known to be a somewhat unusual event.

“I suffered so much to get out of here….”

That's what happened.

“…….”

“…….”

“…Is that person that person?”

The rookie hunters who were going from brokerage to brokerage were making a fuss.

“Why, the porter was dragged away by the black cloak….”

“He didn’t just give up, he was going to leave it in the dungeon.”

“He’s really crazy.”

Someone muttered.

“It looks like I might get dragged away by the black cloak.”

He cried out again, crying.

“What are you going to be dragged?

“Oh, no, we just….”

“Do you know how dangerous a monster that Black Cloak is? Huh? You don’t know!”

"that…."

“They take a normal person and turn him into a crippled person…!!”

The hunter, who looked like a young child, crumpled his face.

“What, you sound like a normal person… Hey, isn’t the rumor already spreading?”

He made the subject laugh out loud at the sight of someone so scared.

“The black cloak only catches bad people.”

“That’s right, they said they wouldn’t arrest you unless it was something as bad as murder or abuse.”

“It’s not like there’s a monster that’s going to catch you for jaywalking. What are you talking about?”

When a bunch of idiots get together, they can't communicate.

“Well, he’s a scary monster because he’s a bad guy. How could he be scared of people like us?”

“Well… They’re monsters, so they might be dangerous, but I heard they don’t cause much harm….”

“Did you hear that you get a gift if you meet? Wow, hearing that makes

me want to meet you too.”

“Arthur, even so, it’s not a dangerous monster recognized by the association. Anyway, we just have to be careful.”

“Hey, you’re being too careful. The gifts that monster gives you are so delicious.”

“That’s right, they say it’s effective. It’s almost like a medicine.”

They confirmed this strange ghost story that was currently spreading through the city, not the rumored bastard.

“They say that if you’re unlucky, you won’t receive the Black Cloak’s gift.”

“But I’m still a little scared. What if I get arrested for a crime I don’t even know about…?”

“It’s a monster, so you have to be careful, but don’t worry.”

“Yeah, if you weren’t that ruined in character, I don’t think you’d be dragged in.”

“I heard that Black Cloak’s work is so amazing. I want to go see it.”

The Black Cloak, which gave gifts to good people and punishment to bad people, was popular among the citizens. The polite humanoid monster, which rarely harmed people, filled the romanticism of the city dwellers to the max.

There were people who feared him, but no one who hated him.

“But why is that kid giving us shit?”

“I don’t know, I guess it’s easy… That’s why people who are rank-oriented….”

“You’re the only one who’s insulting all the first-class citizens, tsk tsk.”

In contrast, there were many people who hated criminals recognized by the association for no reason.

“I heard that hunter’s ID wasn’t canceled?”

“What confidence do you have when you made the Hunter do all the work…?”

So in the end.

“…….”

A person named Park Eun-gyeom was isolated.

“…this, this, this….”

The injustice of no one knowing their pain. The anger at being treated for the first time in their life and the fear hidden behind it. The bewilderment of being embarrassed in front of so many people.

He had held back, not wanting to be dragged back to the 'Empty City' again, but now he had picked up the hammer.

“You little piece of trash!!!”

“Whoa!!”

“Stop that guy!”

“Stop talking nonsense, you little shits, you, you dog…!!”

And that appearance.

“…….”

The gray city was watching.

* * *

Identification Number

0S-328-D-01

Response level

B(avoidance)

Object Type

Humanoid(-)

Object name

Black suit(-)

warrant

seizure(-)

A humanoid entity first discovered by Park Eun-gyeom, a B-class hunter affiliated with the Korean Hunter Association. Created by the identification number 『0S-328-D (Black Cloak)』, it resides in the 'Empty City', which is identified as the entity's main dungeon.

It is a black suit with a shape that feels like a person is wearing it. The shape of the suit varies slightly from individual to individual. There was some noise in the process of naming the individual. There was a proposal to name the individual 'Invisible Man', but it was found that the body is not transparent, but does not exist, so it was discarded.

For convenience, it was named a humanoid entity, but this may be revised in the future. It seems necessary to adjust the entity name after obtaining additional information.

According to the testimony of a Class A Hunter (Yoo Seong-un)

belonging to the collection agency, it is said to have intelligence that allows communication, but it is also possible that this is a characteristic unique to certain individuals. Its height is estimated to be around 185~189cm.

As can be seen from the identification number, it has similar characteristics to 『0S-328-D (Black Cloak)』. Its height and behavior are similar to Black Cloak.

It recognizes evil humans as harmful entities that have a negative impact on the race. The moment it encounters them, it forcibly transfers them to the dungeon 'City of Void' to isolate and dispose of them. It is possible to escape if it receives permission from the dungeon's owner, 『0S-328-D (Black Cloak)』, but if it stays for a long time, it seems that it will become part of the 'work'.

If it becomes a work of 『0S-328-D (Black Cloak)』, a 'price' is required when escaping.

In the case of the first witness, B-class hunter Park Eun-gyeom, he paid in 'evilness'. However, immediately after showing the 'evilness' that was taken in return, he was judged to have violated the deal, and his body's external characteristics were stolen by 『0S-328-D-01 (Black Suit)』, and his body was turned into paint.

『0S-328-D-01 (Black Suit)』's method is careful and clever. If the target violates the deal, he will rob them in the following order: voice, eyes, muscles, and skin. After completing the deal, 『0S-328-D-01 (Black Suit)』 committed suicide in the form of Park Eun-gyeom.

The people around him testified that they did not notice any discomfort. Judging from the fact that Park Eun-gyeom complained of hysterical pain and fear during the 7-day robbery period, it seems that the transaction target was able to confirm the robbery process.

『0S-328-D-01 (Black Suit)』 disappeared after it was proven that it

was not Park Eun-gyeom. Park Eun-gyeom's body was turned into black paint and is stored in the association's research facility. Some researchers analyzed that it was a living paint with vital activities.

Thoughts on how to cope

Evil deeds are prohibited within the visible range of the dungeon 'City of Void' of 『0S-328-D (Black Cloak)』. After talking directly with 『0S-328-D (Black Cloak)』, you can escape with or without paying the price.

Regardless of the type of attack, 『0S-328-D (Black Cloak)』 and 『0S-328-D-01 (Black Suit)』 cannot be hit. The two entities above and the dungeon 'City of Void' set evasion as the default response method.

We welcome your requests and additional information.

* * *

Today's status_'Empty City'

“Is the void working hard for dad(?˙∀˙)?”

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (115)

Episode 115

Park Eun-gyeom wasn't the only one who was dragged into the 'Empty City'.

“Huh…? Uh, uh, where am I….”

A C-class hunter who tried to kill teammates and take their items.

“Huh? Huh? What is it? Some kid… Huh?”

A civilian who committed violence against a drunk passerby without asking questions.

“…Is this the ‘City of Emptiness’?”

A B-class hunter who was moving forward while throwing out his companions as bait.

It didn't matter whether they were hunters or civilians. They all went through the same process as Park Eun-gyeom and floundered around in the 'City of Void', and since they never met the master of this dungeon, Black Cloak, they just became a picture.

“I, I was invited and went to the ‘Empty City’!!”

And some people came back alive, having been gifted with a thrilling experience.

“I was walking down the street at dawn when I met a black cloak. I was

throwing trash into a trash can….”

“You did such a small and nice thing? You’re someone who doesn’t usually do that?”

“Fuck, yeah, honestly, I’ve been doing that a lot lately because I wanted the snacks Black Cloak gave me.”

“You crazy bastard, you made it back alive. Should I report this to the association or not…. So?”

“I went there because they asked if I could get an invitation to the ‘Empty City’ instead of a snack.”

With the help of the black cloak, the pedestrian was able to safely enjoy the 'City of Void' and escape. It was an extremely brave challenge for a pedestrian who was not a hunter, but thanks to it, he gained something to brag about for the rest of his life.

“It was really cool. Sometimes a guy in a black suit would pop out and stare at me… Do you know Hunter Lee Sung-jin?”

“You know, you’re the B-class hunter who was supposedly taken to the ‘City of Emptiness’ this time. You wouldn’t….”

“I saw that hunter there? No, he was covered in black spots… I couldn’t even tell if he was human.”

At that time, the man in the black suit with the voice of Lee Seong-jin Hunter spoke.

“He said that was him.”

Unless it was necessary, the black suit did not imitate the human he had robbed. He simply requested communication in the form of a stylish black suit, with a gentlemanly, heavy and respectful gesture, and with a human voice and face.

“I was seriously freaking out. This was crazy, this is awesome…!”

“You, you… You did something completely crazy. Who would crawl into a dungeon on their own two feet, you brat?”

“But you said it was worth risking your life for? It’s almost a work of art!”

Cases like this pop up every now and then, causing people to murmur.

Some were taken away by force. Some escaped from the painting at the behest of their families. Some returned to committing evil deeds and became paint. Others reflected on their actions and lived honest lives.

“I also want to go to the ‘Empty City’ sometime.”

“I told you not to do anything that would hurt you. Are you innocent?”

“No, I’m just average, average.”

The safest way to get an invitation was to ask the Black Cloak for an invitation instead of a gift. If you asked for an invitation in front of the 'City of the Void', you could enter, but if you were judged to be a villain, you would be forcibly dragged out of the place.

This wasn't something that just happened among those who enjoyed taking risks.

“It’s amazing that it’s a work of art that you can not only look at but also enter.”

“They say that there is so much to feel just by appreciating Black Cloak’s work. They say that it is small but enormous.”

“Have you heard of the safest way to get invited to the 'Empty City'?”

“If you meet Black Cloak after doing good deeds, you can exchange

the gift for an invitation….”

Even decent people who enjoy art talk about it.

“Who can enter the interior of the work and appreciate it?”

If you could enter Vincent van Gogh's masterpiece, 'Starry Night', and see the world of the work, who would refuse it? Those who pride themselves on enjoying art were excited by the work of the black cloak.

“I heard that the painting style changes depending on the subject matter of the work.”

“Isn’t that just plain stupid? Every writer should have his or her own style.”

“No, if there is a lot to appreciate when looking at a work of art, can we say that the person who drew it is not an artist?”

“Black Cloak is a good artist. The moment you see his work, you can tell what Black Cloak is trying to say.”

“It could simply be because he’s a monster.”

“In an age where countless gallery painters use their skills to create works of art, who cares?”

“That’s right, that could actually be an advantage.”

“If Black Cloak has a style, it would be that his paintings are worlds that exist in reality.”

“If you think about it that way, it is definitely a work that has a clear message.”

As the 'Empty City' was fully revealed to the world, a few changes

occurred in that world as well.

“Uh… What are you doing now?”

“I’m looking for trash.”

“Why are you looking for trash with such bloodshot eyes?”

“This is the place where the ‘Black Cloak’ appears frequently.”

“Ah, Black Cloak.”

In places where the black cloak was frequently seen, it was difficult to find trash. This was because street cleaning was the easiest and most frequent good deed that could be done without much effort.

“I came out today because I didn’t know when the black cloak would come out….”

“Well, what, do your best.”

“Yes, thank you. It’s cold outside, so be careful on your way home.”

Some people did small acts of kindness to get a taste of the snacks offered by the Black Cloak. Some people did small acts of kindness to be invited to the work called 'The City of the Void'. And some people did small acts of kindness to interact with the famous monsters of the time.

Just as it was getting tiresome, someone was bragging and cheering.

“Hey, look at this! It’s a gift from Black Cloak?”

“Black Cloak? Are you crazy? This isn’t a snack? What is it? It smells really good.”

“Flower car, flower car. Am I the first person to receive something like this?”

A woman who secretly bought a bungeoppang for a carnation child out of pity ended up receiving a 'flower car' as a gift.

“What, it wasn’t just snacks?”

“So even the Black Cloak’s gift had tiers….”

“They said it was almost like a potion.”

“It’s too good a gift for a civilian to receive.”

“Fuck, I’m so jealous.”

Even some who heard the news that the flower tea was so good that it made their eyes dizzy approached women with bad intentions, but they soon stopped after being watched by the 'Empty City' for a month. In particular, those who almost harmed women were dragged into a frame.

“The post-processing is also neat.”

Whether you are a civilian or an awakened person, the situation has been created where there is no reason not to take on the challenge.

Of course, on the other hand, some people who habitually do evil things are discouraged. They are constantly checking their own actions as they worry about the 'empty city' that can appear anywhere.

“…Fuck, what the hell is a monster….”

“I can’t eat it because my pride is hurt. It’s like a dog.”

However, I couldn't act as I pleased. It was because of the habit engraved in my bones of being strong with the weak and weak with the strong.

They knew how dire the situation was for several people, starting with Park Eun-gyeom.

The association, sensing this trend, exhibited something.

“Huh? Hey, that’s in front of the association….”

“What is it? Is it paint? Is it food?”

“No, the color is a bit strange.”

The first villain to become the 'Empty City' was Park Eun-gyeom.

“…Why does it look alive?”

“Dog, don’t be a dog. Are you saying that thing is alive?”

“Is the association really crazy? Isn’t this a violation of human rights?”

“If you want to end up like that, just keep being a jerk.”

“…Wow… Creepy….”

Those who hadn't read the association's post wouldn't know the exact circumstances, but it was clear that it was living paint. For some reason, you could tell that just by looking at it.

This was a blatant demonstration of how horrible a life one would have to lead if one were to be branded a villain in the 'City of Hollows'.

“Can the Association use the power of monsters to do this?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. We just wanted to warn you about the dangers of the ‘Empty City’.”

Anyone who looked at it could clearly see that the intention was to "keep the current trend created by Black Cloak as it is, as it is not bad." However, the association evaded the claim, saying, "We just wanted to be on the lookout for the increasing number of people who are rashly approaching Black Cloak these days."

The few who knew of the existence of the Source and the Gardeners realized that this was the Society's intention to limit the 'story' of the Black Cloak to something beneficial to human conscience and rules.

“I wonder what they’re going to do if the story of the Black Cloak becomes too big because the Association has approved it.”

“It’s not a monster that’s stuck in a corner, but rather, it’s a being that’s quite close to the source for a simple monster. This is better.”

“Yeah, if it’s a being that keeps appearing in the gaps between people, the story will become bigger anyway.”

“So, should we try to create an image so that the black cloak can move in a direction that is beneficial to humans?”

“If we can use this gap to restrict the direction of the active Black Cloak, it would be beneficial. I understand.”

“Even for something like that, it’s a bold move. I guess he was anxious because he’s a rare being that has a direct influence on humans.”

“It’s better to prepare before something happens than to try to deal with it after it happens. Especially when it comes to storytelling.”

“This might be a strong stimulant for monster haters. It might cause some strong backlash.”

“Well, wouldn’t the association handle that well? There are a lot of capable people there.”

Even if that weren't the case, there was no one who could strongly oppose the association.

“If you have any complaints about the operation of the association, please contact me.”

This was because the president of the association, Dan Hae-ra,

personally stepped forward.

In a world where human rights were treated as empty words, citizens who were living a safe life in the city with the help of the association could not think of rebelling against them.

Only a few people who had been secretly doing things that could be called criminals were making a fuss.

“…….”

There were others who benefited from that flow.

“What the hell.”

It was F-class hunter Cha Ara.

“Brother, I just earned money.”

“What the hell are you talking about.”

“The people who abandoned me in the dungeon last time gave me compensation.”

"how much?"

“Uh… First of all, can you change the electric blanket?”

“It’s almost spring, so it sounds like an electric blanket.”

Although it wasn't very common, there were times when Black Cloak would judge the good and evil of a human based on the victim's plea. As a result, there were a couple of instances where bad things would happen if Black Cloak judged the perpetrator to be evil.

This was the reason why Cha Ara was only now receiving compensation for something that happened a long time ago.

“Then should I fix the ceiling? It’s leaking.”

“Save some. I won’t be selling bungeoppang anymore, so I need to save some money for the time being.”

“That would be better. Oppa, you’ll stay home for a while? What are you going to do?”

“I should start taking care of the garden soon. The weather is getting warmer….”

“If my brother says he wants to make money through farming, I’ll help him with the farm work for a while.”

“Okay, a hunter should do his job as a hunter. Why are you touching dirt?”

“What are you going to plant?”

“Um… I’m thinking about potatoes and lettuce.”

While we were chatting away, the topic changed to the youngest.

“What is Chaisol doing?”

“I hope you’re eating well.”

“Does he have a girlfriend these days?”

“No… we were really close friends.”

“Kkabi, I think even the youngest one learned love.”

“How can something the size of a palm learn love?”

Cha Eun-hyuk clicked his tongue.

“I heard that you’re going on an internship soon.”

“Huh? Why can’t I hear it?”

“I got a call the day before yesterday, but you weren’t home.”

“Ah, I also have the youngest’s voice… I also have the youngest on the phone….”

“You have to stay home whether you talk or not.”

“Our youngest, Cotton Candy, is already going to do an internship.”

“That’s just a bean pod, not cotton candy.”

“It dissolves in water.”

“That’s true for us too.”

The Cha family has been known to melt when they enter stagnant water for generations. They are a family that has difficulty staying immersed for long periods of time.

“Anyway, I told you to summon Black Cloak if you feel like you’re going to fail.”

“Is this guy crazy, ruining a child’s life? Is this like summoning the devil?”

“It’s better to be moderate than evil… Hey. But it’s better to have a messed up life than to die.”

“Honestly, it’s hard to tell the difference between a clean death and a really messed up life.”

“No, last time I saw it, Black Cloak was taking care of our youngest.”

“That… that’s true, but….”

“I know you might be annoyed that I called you for personal reasons, but it’s better than actually losing, right?”

“…….”

Cha Ara, who had been keeping her mouth shut, asked.

“…So what does that gentleman do?”

“From what I see on the news, it seems like you’re having a fun time.”

“Haven’t you been appearing less frequently lately?”

“I’ve heard that there are definitely fewer sightings than in the winter.”

“It feels like everyone is slowly calming down.”

“Rather than that, it was creepy because it felt like I was settling in.”

“What is that, like mandatory national vaccinations….”

“That’s right, that’s it. That’s exactly the feeling.”

The city, which had been noisy all along because of the story of the black cloak, was gradually returning to its usual appearance.

There were still people running around trying to meet the black cloak, and there were those who held back so as not to be labeled as villains by him, but it felt like things had calmed down and returned to normal life.

“This planet will be with Black Cloak until it dies….”

“Fuck, when you say it like that, it makes me twice as scared.”

“It just feels like everyone has adapted, and even the Black Cloaks are becoming less active.”

Eunhyuk Cha, who had even had a meal with him, asked.

“But I heard that ‘Mr. Sergio’ isn’t active?”

“I don’t know why you’re asking me that, Sergio?”

“Black… That… That person’s… identity. He came from the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’…”

“Ah, ahh….”

Cha Ara nodded.

"…I know?"

Did Black Cloak ever intend to use his human identity?

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (116)

Episode 116

There are usually two routes for new recruits to enter the collection business.

“I saw a new face today.”

“Really? Who else did the guild leader seduce?”

First, the guild leader, Bisabal, picks up someone on the street.

“No, there were several people.”

“Then I guess you’ve been robbing somewhere again.”

“You look so happy….”

“It’s the guild leader’s long-standing hobby.”

Second, raid illegal guilds and recruit talented people.

“I didn’t see it on the news.”

“I guess it wasn’t that big of a guild.”

The collection shop was usually filled with new members through the collector's talent for collecting people. It was a natural story, considering that the guild itself was like a display case for the collection of the Bisabal.

When there was only one new face, there was a high probability that the Victim had tricked someone on the street, but if there were multiple faces at the same time, it was more likely the latter. In this case, it was as if they had blatantly raided a guild.

“You’re still an intern, right? I’d love for you to join our team.”

“I thought it would go towards the gallery since it looks sturdy.”

“No, is that something that can be done just by being strong?”

“I think I’ll try curator work as a taster.”

“These days, the company has grown so much that it’s a bit tough….”

“What can I do, the gallery is like the body of our company?”

The first thing a collector does is manage the gallery, the second is manage funds, and the third is explore dungeons. The collector's biggest business, which has a strong image of being a company that handles numbers and moves money, is undoubtedly the gallery.

A world full of beautiful and bizarre works. Those who know its essence are captivated by its rare power, and those intoxicated by romance praise the gallery's splendor. The gallery of Bisabal is the face of the collector.

“It seems like there’s a good chance that I’ll become a full-time employee.”

“But if that happens….”

The appearance of new faces caused the existing employees to murmur.

“Do new recruits also receive that document?”

The 'official document' mentioned here refers to the 'Black Cloak

Safety Rules'.

“…….”

“…….”

“…No, no matter what, this is a bit….”

“…If the new recruits don’t become regular employees, they might spread outside.”

“Honestly, this is a story about a black cloak, but are you telling me this?”

“But if it’s placed in the gallery, I think we should at least inform them of it humanely.”

“I still don’t think this is right. If we’re not careful, it won’t end with just one or two people dying.”

“It’s cheaper to let a few new recruits die than to have South Korea shaken up by monsters.”

“No, the new recruits might be provoked by ‘Mr. Sergio’ and it could even harm us.”

People who don't know the style or feel friendly towards 'Black Cloak', but those who think a little, have a wary feeling that 'they are ultimately monsters'. In this day and age, humanoid monsters are an undeniable object of fear.

This was especially true for the staff of the collection, who knew a little more about the Black Cloak than the average citizen. Only the curators would suck and suck on those crazy works, calling them 'their babies', while the ordinary staff were still wary and fearful of the Black Cloak.

“I heard the level is quite high.”

“I heard that evil spirits are also considered monsters. Is that possible…?”

“He seems pretty docile, but I can’t be sure.”

“Anyway, it’s hard to know the insides of monsters.”

“What’s the big deal? It’s probably just that you hate humans.”

“There hasn’t been much damage yet, but it can’t hurt to be cautious.”

The more this happens, the more important it becomes to recruit curators.

“I think the reason I brought in new recruits this time is because of the black cloak.”

“It would be difficult for one person to handle such a huge being. Mr. Yoo Seong-un is trying to die.”

“Our curators don’t risk their lives to make money.”

The gallery of the collectors has accidents and incidents that occur several times a month, with some people dying, others getting injured, and others becoming permanently disabled. Since the job involves managing beings that are difficult for ordinary people to handle, it is said that the mental power is greatly drained.

“They say the association’s research institute is a bit more controlled, so shouldn’t we go in that direction too?”

“There’s a gallery image of the collectors. The guild leader himself has set up a household with the works, so are you going to just sit by and watch that go by?”

“I can clearly see a future where people will make a fuss about how they can be so cruel. Actually, I don’t think this kind of atmosphere is

bad.”

“Well, our gallery’s colors are very stimulating. We benefit a lot from that… We’re well-known.”

“There will be a parade in the spring, but that’s definitely not something you can do in a boring place like a research institute. It’s something that only our curators can do.”

“I think it has pros and cons. It is unstable because it relies on social interaction and trust rather than control, but it increases usability.”

The employees' awareness of the significance of the existence of the Bisabal Gallery was once again passed on to the new, fresh staff who joined the company.

“Looking at the state of curators these days, it’s about time for a change.”

“When new people come in, the original people also have to take a vacation.”

“I’m telling you, you can’t do something like that unless you’re crazy about money or art. Poor people, they work overtime all the time. They can’t even get off work.”

“It’s probably more work than having a newborn baby, so where would you have time to rest?”

“Newborns don’t kill people just because they’re a little less hands-on. Every time a new person comes in, someone gets hurt in the gallery. It’s going to happen again.”

“For the time being, it would be best to keep a close eye on the gallery. It’s inevitable that people will die or get hurt, but we can’t let any damage be done to the entire company.”

“You’re new, why are you sending me to the 5th floor? It won’t be a problem. Hey, I thought someone from our team was coming in….”

“Let’s give it a try. The curators need a break too. Anyway, new recruits who don’t fit in with the gallery will be coming to the office.”

As the staff had guessed, these new recruits were indeed chosen to manage the gallery.

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

They were looking very awkward.

“Oh, there are new faces. Are you curators?”

“…Ah, yes, I’m in charge of the gallery side of things….”

“Since you’re new, I’ll just focus on the first floor, but take care.”

"thank you."

The new employees were hesitant as the existing employees greeted them casually as they came and went.

‘This is the collection… the building is really nice.’

'Can I stay here?'

'Curator? I've never done anything like that.'

'I have to seize this opportunity somehow.'

‘I don’t want to go back to that guild… .’

This was the kind of behavior that was often seen in new recruits

brought in by the illegal guilds. They had the conscience and will to advance enough to work in a proper guild, but they were bewildered by the opportunity that had suddenly fallen upon them.

One person approached those new recruits.

“Hello, interns.”

It was Yoo Seong-un who gave the first curator training at the request of Bisabal.

“My name is Yoo Seong-un and I’d like to give you some brief information about the Collector’s Gallery.”

“Oh, hello.”

"hello…."

“You must have received basic training, so let’s move right away.”

The new curators, led by Yoo Seong-un, took the elevator down. The elevator for curators was only big enough to fit six people, but since there were exactly six people, including Yoo Seong-un, it felt very crowded.

Despite the cramped space, Yoo Seong-un explained.

“Today is the first day, so we’ll all be moving together, so it’ll be a bit cramped, but starting tomorrow, each person will have a curator in charge. They’ll be assigned different times, so it won’t be as cramped as it is today, so don’t worry.”

A newcomer asked him.

“Excuse me, is there a reason why it’s narrower than the regular employee elevator? Shouldn’t it be a little bigger to move things in the gallery?”

“Good question. If there are disadvantages, such as being in the company of a dangerous work or being cursed by the work, the maximum number of people is kept low, keeping in mind that everyone inside the elevator will die.”

Yoo Seong-un answered coolly.

“For the same reason, the curator-only elevator usually only holds two to four people. For works that are too large to be transported by elevator, freight elevators or moving skills are used, but this part is handled by more experienced curators, so you don’t have to worry about it yet.”

“…Considering that everyone will die, this small…?”

“It’s not common, but it does happen. Most of the time, accidents happen because people don’t follow the gallery’s instructions and act rashly. If you just follow the curator’s instructions, the chances of that happening are low. Above all, artworks that you have built a good rapport with tend to be safe.”

“Oh, yes, I will be careful. Thank you.”

“Because it is a gallery located deep underground, it takes a long time to go down. We are headed to the first basement floor, which is the safest place among the collection’s galleries. There are also works that play tricks on the elevator, so it is better to get a sense of the time it takes to go down each floor.”

The elevator arrived, and Yoo Seong-un, who had come down to the basement level, looked around at the new recruits.

“Welcome to the Collector's Gallery.”

The voice was still indifferent, but none of the new recruits opened their mouths.

“…….”

“…….”

I was out of breath.

They were brought in because they were thought to have the qualities of a curator, and they had a high fear of danger and tolerance for pain, but they still felt intimidated.

A sense of chaos, heaviness and enormity that made it difficult to breathe enveloped the gallery.

Yoo Seong-un spoke to the new recruits who were looking around the completely white space with pale faces.

“I think everyone is at least C-class or higher.”

The new recruits who had come to their senses answered one by one.

“I am a C-class.”

"me too…."

“I’m a B-class.”

“It’s a B-class.”

“…A-class.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“There are exceptions, but generally, the higher the rank, the deeper underground the gallery you’ll be placed in. I don’t know about B-rank hunters, but I think it’s good to keep in mind the hunter who said A-rank.”

“…Yes, thank you for the advice. I will work hard.”

“The lower you go underground, the more benefits you receive. If you don’t want to, you can adjust your placement after consulting with the HR team, so you don’t have to worry about being forced to take risks.”

Yoo Seong-un led the newcomers forward slowly and explained the gallery.

“You don’t need to remember all the works in every gallery, but it’s a good idea to at least memorize the basic locations and characteristics of the works on the first floor and the floor you’re on. You should be able to deal with basic issues if they arise.”

“Yes, I understand.”

“In the case of works that are actively being worked on, they are often stored separately, and although they are usually not managed by new employees, they may be in the future. Please remember that there are sections that require identification… You should also become familiar with the rescue request devices installed in the gallery.”

In addition, Yoo Seong-un continued his most basic education.

The gallery's structure, where the dangerous works are displayed, the tasks that new curators must do, etc... Because the gallery is so large, it took quite a while to tour just one floor.

Yoo Seong-un, who had returned to the elevator again, opened his mouth.

“You don’t need to remember the works I’ve explained in detail. Of course, remembering them will help ensure your survival and safety, but the most important thing is how to deal with the works that show activity.”

“Yes, Curator Yoo Seong-un.”

“Your curator will let you know about works that you have a deep

understanding of or need to build rapport with. If your abilities are recognized, you may be assigned to one or more works, but keep in mind that you may have difficulty exercising your veto power in this regard.”

A newbie asked.

“Why is it difficult to make suggestions for the artwork when the floor layout is acceptable?”

“Because the gallery is short on management staff.”

“Ah… Are they all dying by any chance…?”

“That too.”

It couldn't be said that it wasn't. This gallery, which, while not as controlled as the association's research institute, pushed the usability and intimacy of the works to the limit, usually paid for its glamor by sacrificing the life and health of the curators.

It was a gallery that literally forced people into working, but it was a system that could be maintained because the value of the artwork was much higher than the amount of manpower. It was also a structure that was commonly seen in the world these days.

“Because the work of a curator requires considerable mental and physical fatigue, even if you are in charge of one work, you need to take regular breaks. You need to rotate frequently, but if you don’t, as I just mentioned, the number of works you are in charge of increases.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed innocently.

“But we don’t assign curators tasks that they can’t handle at all, or tasks that are so blatantly life-threatening, like human sacrifice.”

It's a world where you can never say that their lives are more valuable

than the artwork here, but that doesn't mean that Bisabal neglects the safety of its curators.

There were only the numbers of injuries and deaths, but Bisabal cherished what was his. He wanted the end to be noble and artistic if his employees had to die.

“You must remember that this is a collector’s country.”

“…….”

“You have come here because you have shown the potential to become a part of the guild master’s collection. The guild master cherishes his collection quite a bit, so if you are promoted to a full-time employee, you will have no problems.”

"ah…."

“As long as you don’t slacken off or do stupid things. Our guild leader likes honest and capable people. You can use it as a reference for your personal development.”

As he said that, Yoo Seong-un narrowed his eyes.

“Always remember that what you are about to face is the most dangerous and sensitive being on Earth. This gallery requires the attitude of thinking about it dozens or hundreds of times and making careful choices, but also making bold choices based on your intuition at some point.”

It was contradictory advice, but that was the reality. Curators, who had to care for their own work with love and devotion, could not survive by simply following the manual.

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“If both the curator and the company decide that the curator’s job is not

suitable for him or her, he or she will be assigned to another job. Since the gallery is short on manpower, everyone is receiving this training as a priority, but it is not mandatory.”

“Oh, then, what other jobs do you have?”

“It would be something like processing company documents or going on expeditions to find artwork to display at auction houses or galleries. If you want a stable life, an office job would be good, and if you want to work to the best of your ability and get paid accordingly, a field job would be good.”

Curators are also paid according to their abilities and results, but this is out of the question because it is much more dangerous than general field work. If I were worried about my life, I would rather take on general company work.

“This concludes the essential training I will give you today. If you have a strong desire to work as a curator or if you have any questions left, you can look around a little more.”

“…….”

“Well, there isn’t. In that case, I’ll make sure to record everyone leaving the gallery with me on the list. The curator in charge will let you know, but let’s make it a habit to fill out the gallery entry list every time we get on the elevator.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded and asked.

“I will now take your questions.”

“…Is there anything different if you become a full-time employee?”

“Whether you’re a curator or do something else, the benefits will increase.”

“I wonder if he classified the information that he could tell the intern. He thought about something for a moment and then continued speaking.

“In addition, you will have your own identity on a portal that only regular employees can access.”

The 'own identity' mentioned here meant that their citizenship level would rise. If they were officially employed, they would be issued a second-class citizenship card instead of the current fourth or fifth class.

If you're lucky, and if you work hard enough, a first-class citizen's license is not a dream but a reality. The new recruits' eyes were filled with impatience and desperation.

“What is this portal that only regular employees can check?”

“You can think of it as similar to a general company portal. There is information and a community that only the company’s employees can see.”

“Is there a possibility that the intern will be disadvantaged due to such information gaps…?”

“To be honest, I can’t say that there are no disadvantages. However, I can say that it’s not as big of a disadvantage as you think, and there is definitely a difference in treatment.”

Yoo Seong-un paused for a moment after saying that.

“…….”

“…Curator?”

“And let me give you one piece of advice.”

He continued speaking with the same innocent smile as before.

“Our company has a person who works the early morning shift named Sergio.”

“…Dawn shift? What is that? Is it like part-time?”

“A similar concept, a sort of special force. An unofficial hunter who has not even debuted in the media. He often shows up at the company, so you might run into him.”

“Who is this Sergio? Since he speaks so clearly like this, is there anything we should be careful about?”

“He is a kind and polite person. He won’t be angry if you don’t do anything rude first, so I hope you won’t be too surprised when you meet him.”

“…Do you look a little scary…?”

“Well, kind of.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“He’s wearing a black cloak.”

“…Black cloak?”

“I’m having trouble because my image overlaps with the famous black cloak these days. I’m someone who usually enjoys wearing black cloaks, but I’ve heard that I resemble a dangerous monster….”

“Oh, I see. Similar images….”

“…….”

After a moment of silence, Yoo Seong-un soon opened his mouth.

“…This is an unofficial special force of the collectors. I’m checking the overall atmosphere of this company and going around, so you might

run into me in the hallways or galleries. I'm telling you this in advance so that you don't mistake me for an intruder."

The expressions of the two new recruits hardened at Yoo Seong-un's words. It seemed like he had guessed something, but Yoo Seong-un did not say anything more and ended his explanation here.

"It was nice meeting you."

"Yes, Curator Yoo Seong-un."

"I hope we can meet again as a family without any problems."

He smiled faintly.

The purpose of the collector's gallery was management, sales, and exhibition. It was created solely to cherish the collection of the Bisabul, and in this place, social interaction, not control of the works, was necessary.

Will these new recruits be able to develop an irrational affection for these crazy works?

"I hope you adapt well."

The first training session for new recruits has been completed.

* * *

"……."

"hello."

And so the day ended.

"Are you okay?"

"…ah…?"

“I’m glad you don’t seem to be hurt.”

A new recruit encountered a blond man.

He said.

“My name is Sergio.”

“…….”

“What is your name?”

“…….”

“I wonder what your name is.”

The eyes that contained the sea smiled.

“Would you like to talk to me?”

It happened at 5:13 in the morning.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (117)

Episode 117

The woman had trouble sleeping at night.

Even when all the new recruits who had just received their first day of training at the collection center were asleep, the woman couldn't fall asleep.

In recent years, she has had many sleepless nights due to the anxiety that she might fall behind. The resulting insomnia has been tormenting her terribly. She couldn't help it.

“…I have time like this. I need to study more….”

She didn't have any ambitions, but she had a sense of desperation that stemmed from a not-so-good situation. She didn't want to be a great person or be noticed, but she was one of those people who longed for 'ordinary happiness.'

“I have read all the leaflets the collector gave me.”

The girl was from Carnation Eye, and grew up working under a hunter from an illegal guild. For her, who had always been looking for a moment to step out into the light, the hand extended by the collector, Bisabal, was a golden opportunity.

“I’m not the only newbie, and more than anything, I’m the lowest C-rank among my peers… I don’t know if I’ll get hired or not. I can’t just let this opportunity to receive protection from one of the top three

guilds in South Korea go to waste.”

The place where the girl is currently is the collector's dormitory.

“…The company itself was clearly open 24 hours a day….”

The woman gathered her clothes one by one and headed to the collection center.

It was a little past 4 in the morning. The security guard guarding the entrance opened his eyes wide at the sight of a woman visiting during a rare hour when there were no employees.

He was in charge of the entrance and knew the faces of all the employees. That was no different when dealing with new employees.

“Are you new here?”

“Oh, yes, yes. That’s right.”

“I heard you were assigned to the gallery. Do you already have work to do?”

“Well… I don’t know if this is okay, but I want to try to adapt…”

“So you’re saying there’s no separate work?”

“…Wouldn’t that be okay?”

“Everything that happens from now on is your responsibility, so there’s nothing you can’t do.”

As the guard pointed to the entrance gate, the woman hurriedly scanned her employee ID. After safely entering, she bowed to the guard.

“Thank you.”

“My employees are coming to work, so what do I have to thank them

for?”

The friendly-looking security guard, who seemed to be quite witty, spoke to me naturally.

“If you’re going to the gallery, it would be best not to go below the basement level. There are still two people working in the gallery on the first floor, so if you have any questions, ask them.”

“Is that okay? I’m worried I’m bothering you….”

“They are people who come to guard the place even at a time when you are already sleepy. They would rather have someone to talk to. They are kind of on night watch.”

“…Thank you for letting me know.”

“I hope you’ll be hired as a full-time employee soon after working so hard. I know you’re busy, but please take the elevator with some time to spare.”

“…….”

The woman nodded and went deep into the building.

'It's dawn, but the lights are still on so brightly.'

There was no place with the lights off, perhaps for the employees working the night shift.

Even so, the silence of not seeing a single person suddenly gave her chills, but the woman headed straight for the gallery elevator. The sound of her shoes walking down the hallway was particularly loud.

The elevator that the meteor curator had told me about during the day was quite a complicated way to get there.

“…….”

The woman, who had already verified her identity with her employee ID card, pressed the gold button. The elevator door opened a long time later, as if no one had left work.

“…Ah, the attendance list.”

My eyes fell on the paper list hanging on the elevator wall.

“I think I told you to make it a part of your daily life.”

Does that apply to you as a non-regular employee?

"hmm…."

The woman thought for a moment and then wrote her name on the list.

The woman, a non-combat hunter, had no ability to retrieve special items from dungeons, and was born poor and grew up in an illegal guild without any education, so her clerical skills were poor.

'But the most important thing in a collector's gallery is the love for the artwork. They said they wouldn't assign artwork beyond my ability, so if I just put my heart and soul into it, I think I can do well in this gallery.'

The woman wrote down her words one by one, expressing her desire to remain in her current position if possible.

“Destination… Basement, 1st floor….”

The woman, who had simply stated her purpose, put the gold fountain pen back in its original place.

“…If you don’t tie this up, won’t someone steal it?”

Well, it's one of the top three guilds in South Korea, so it seems difficult for them to do something so bold.

An elevator with a harmonious blend of ivory and gold. The woman

unconsciously took in its elegance before pressing the button.

The elevator, which was bright and clean and kept spotless, had an old-fashioned feel to it.

'... If you think about it, it's strange that these elevators in a large company have metal buttons. And the list is made of paper. Is this a design to preserve the classic image of the gallery?'

Then, suddenly, the woman felt a chill.

“…….”

The atmosphere was much more eerie than when I saw it during the day.

“…Is it because I’m riding alone? It’s definitely scary….”

When there were a lot of people, it was a bit cramped, but it wasn't scary.

It is a gallery of collectors that exhibits the most bizarre and dangerous works in the world. If I finish the training period and become a regular employee, I will have to ride alone from then on, so I had to get used to this kind of creepiness in advance.

'Yeah, if I get assigned my work, I have to build a proper rapport with them. If I get scared from the elevator like this, what am I going to do later?'

It was when I was about to press the elevator button with that determination in mind.

“…….”

The woman tilted her head.

“…the button…?”

It had four floors in total.

“…Why is this happening? Isn’t this not how it should be?”

Then the woman thought back to the collector's leaflet that she had memorized in her dorm room. To be exact, it contained instructions for using the gallery.

"ah."

At 4:44 a.m., we asked people to refrain from using the elevator to the gallery if possible.

He said that there is a work of art on the 4th floor of the gallery that plays with numbers that are considered particularly unlucky in the East. He said that he likes the number 4 so much that even if he moves to a different floor, he continues to appear on the 4th floor.

“Exactly what kind of work was it….”

I remembered what the security guard had said earlier, "Take your time in the elevator." I thought it was just a saying to calm my mind, but I felt ashamed of myself for not having thought of this reason earlier.

‘Then please stop me…!’

I felt resentful for a moment, but she was none other than a 5th class citizen. In a world where even 1st class citizens die for no reason, no one would feel sorry for her death.

'But if I have an accident and something goes wrong with the works, isn't that a bigger problem? No, I need to think about how to deal with it instead of thinking about that.'

But I couldn't remember it well because I was so anxious.

“What, it was a work that symbolized an elevator button… I thought….”

Blink… .

The lights flashed.

“…….”

Blink, blink.

The blinking speed gradually increased.

"…uh…."

what?

'What should I do?'

The woman was so panicked that she couldn't even lean against the wall.

It's true that I memorized all the leaflets the company gave me, but when I was in an urgent situation, it was difficult to get the right information out.

The description of this work is like the story of that work, this is like that, that is like this….

“Ugh….”

Why do I always do stupid things when it matters?

“Father, there must be a device here… that can call for help from the elevator…”

Ki-ki-ki-ki.

The elevator rattles with an ominous sound. It lurches downwards and the elevator doors close and close repeatedly.

It was so noisy inside and outside my body at the same time, thumping loudly. It was a noisy situation that made me feel like crying and I couldn't do anything about it.

“Please….”

I was suffocating from the feeling of being suffocated.

This elevator had an emergency call button in case of an emergency.

If you just press the button, a rescue team waiting will come and help you, said Curator Yoo Seong-un, who was in charge of the training during the day.

“…….”

A creaking sound.

I was about to press the button to request rescue as the elevator started to vibrate strangely, as if it was going to crash at any moment.

But it stopped just before reaching it.

“…….”

It wasn't the monster's work.

“…Me, me….”

It was because of the woman's own selfishness.

“Is it getting cut?”

It was quite possible.

He crawled into a dangerous place even though it wasn't the designated time, bothered the morning guards, and caused an accident that didn't have to happen by doing something that was clearly written not to do.

What could have gone wrong with this expensive looking elevator?

'Besides, I'm a C-class hunter.'

C-rank hunters are common in today's world. Most of my peers are higher rank than me, and those of the same rank have sturdy bodies that clearly show that they are combat-type.

'I have the worst conditions.'

But if you cause an accident like this and bother people again… .

“…….”

It couldn't have caused a bigger accident.

It was at that moment that the woman reached for the button.

"…uh?"

Blink… .

The lights that had been flickering eerily came back on.

“Uh, uh…?”

I haven't pressed the button yet.

For some reason, the air felt light as if she had returned from a ghost story to reality, and the woman unconsciously checked the buttons on the elevator. The five buttons, which were supposed to be for only four floors, were also in order from the first to the fifth floor.

And let's check the floor the elevator stopped on.

“…5th floor?”

Ding-.

The elevator door opened.

“…Ah? 5th floor? No, wait, wait…!!”

The woman fell backwards with a thud, startled by the thought that she had crawled into the worst den without even coming to her senses.

Before I could even groan in excruciating pain, the elevator doors opened completely, revealing a long figure.

“…….”

“…….”

A blond man wearing a black cloak.

"hello."

It was 'Sergio', taking the form of Giovanni.

* * *

“…It was something like a reporting ceremony.”

“It would have the feel of an annual event, to be exact.”

The blond man nodded at the woman's empty question.

“It’s a work that only scares without actually causing any harm, but I heard that new curators who don’t properly understand the rules tend to get hurt when they forget.”

"ah…."

“I think it’s a pretty safe way to tell people that it can be really dangerous if you don’t get the manual down, so I guess not everyone is very proactive about giving advice.”

At those words, the woman remembered the guard at the entrance.

“Well, he just told me to ‘take your time and ride the elevator.’ I thought he was telling me to take my time, but oh… that’s what it was.”

Anyway, fortunately it wasn't really dangerous.

“I thought it was an unmanageable accident because it was a four-story work.”

“It wasn’t a very dangerous piece, so we tried to move it to the first floor several times, but because it liked the number 4 so much, it kept going back to that spot, so it ended up on the fourth floor.”

“…I was so out of it that I didn’t even think about it….”

There was an explanation that the work was intended to be moved to a different location, not the 4th floor, in a gallery with only 5 underground floors. It is more likely that the work was intended to be moved to a floor above the 5th floor.

“I still can’t remember, what was your coping mechanism?”

“If someone outside the elevator calls the elevator from outside, the abnormal phenomenon will stop.”

“…All I had to do was press the rescue request button or hold out until morning? It really wasn’t dangerous at all.”

“You don’t have to blame yourself. Even though it was just a joke, it was clearly a mentally draining phenomenon, so if it had stayed that way until the morning, it could have caused trauma.”

“Thank you for your comfort….”

The woman let out a small breath.

“Actually, I… I thought Sergio was one of the strange phenomena at

first.”

The first thing he said was a sudden greeting. He said that calm 'hello' to a person who was rolling around in a cold sweat.

I can't tell you how strange it felt, even in the most panicked state, to see such thoughtless consideration, as if exchanging morning greetings with a neighbor.

It was similar to monsters that didn't care what happened to humans.

‘… I can’t say such rude things to you in front of you… .’

The woman wiped away the cold sweat.

“So right after that, you asked for my name… I thought I had really fallen for the right piece of work. I thought you were forcing me into a terrible and evil contract.”

“This is embarrassing. I thought you were very surprised, so I tried to ease your tension by greeting you and exchanging your name, but I think it ended up scaring you more. I apologize, even though it’s a little late.”

Sergio, who had said so, bowed his head very politely. Although his words and actions were humble, he looked so old-fashioned as if he were from a high place, and the woman blushed. It was too much of a compliment.

“T-Tha… you don’t have to say that. In fact, I was the one who received help.”

I was just a little surprised. The atmosphere was so heavy and the speech was so strangely stiff that I think the woman who had just come out of the play was dizzy.

“Mr. Sergio, you are very polite.”

“I always wanted to be a polite person.”

The man wearing the black cloak laughed.

“That makes me happy.”

“…….”

“You are a polite and kind person.”

“…Ah, that….”

“Thank you for affirming me.”

There was no lie in those words.

“…….”

He is a good person.

Her blond hair, warm as if soaked in sunlight, flows down softly. Her smooth, porcelain-like face carries a gentle smile.

Those mysterious eyes, as if they contained the sea of spring, are beautiful. Everything about him is made of kindness.

‘… He’s such a sweet and kind person, but why… .’

…Why is it so creepy?

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (118)

Episode 118

The next day, the woman's senior in charge asked.

“Did you enjoy your time at the gallery yesterday?”

"yes…?"

“Because my name is on the list.”

“Oh, yes.”

The woman nodded.

“I think I got beat up a lot during the ceremony, but I had a good time.”

“Huh? An initiation ceremony?”

The curator in charge tilted his head.

“What, you got on the elevator at 4:44?”

“…Yes, I’m sorry. I should have studied it properly….”

“Ah, don’t worry, I’m not saying anything.”

The curator in charge who said that smiled slightly and continued speaking.

“I’m a curator on the first floor. I asked the people who were working overtime yesterday, and they said they never took it out. They also

said they didn’t press the rescue request button.”

"ah…."

“I didn’t hear that he was found breathing in the elevator this morning, so someone on another floor must have taken him out. Which floor was the curator? I should be grateful.”

“Hey, you were on the 5th floor. Thanks to that, I was able to see the gallery, which is said to be the most dangerous.”

“…5th floor?”

"…yes yes."

“…….”

The curator in charge had the same expression as before, a faint smile like a smiling merchant, but something about his reaction was strange.

The curator in charge said as he watched the woman waiting for an answer.

“But you know what?”

“What, what is it?”

“There were no curators working overtime on the 5th floor yesterday.”

“…….”

I got goosebumps.

"…yes?"

“Hey, kidding kidding!”

A refreshing laugh. The curator in charge laughed with a face full of laughter.

“If you want to survive in this gallery, you have to be able to take a joke like this.”

“…No, just kidding…right?”

“No, to be honest, my name wasn’t on the attendance list?”

“Then it’s not a joke…!”

“But there’s someone in our guild who walks around without his name on the roster.”

"…ah…."

“Didn’t you hear what Mr. Yoo Seong-un said yesterday? He said he told you something.”

The woman nodded to him.

“I, I heard. It’s Sergio.”

“Yes, Sergio.”

The curator in charge smiled brightly.

“Hey, you’re lucky. I haven’t seen Sergio much lately.”

“Ah… You don’t come here often? Isn’t that person a curator?”

“You can think of me as a special force of our guild, not a curator.”

“I heard it from Mr. Yoo Seong-un too… So, you don’t have any set work to do?”

“The most important job for the guild members is collecting the guild master’s items.”

“…Why all of a sudden?”

“I meant that it is fulfilling its role as a collectible, Sergio.”

“…That, is that okay? Shouldn’t it be eaten raw…?”

“That's true.”

The curator whispered, his voice deliberately lowered.

“There’s a story that that person is a hidden S-class hunter.”

“…S, S-class? There aren’t many of them in the country…?”

“He’s lying and saying he’s an A-class because he hates being noisy.”

“Isn’t that illegal??”

“Hey, why are you worrying about that? This is a collection store.”

“Uh… uh, no… that…”

“Our guild leader can do this much for the guild members. Doesn’t that make you feel proud?”

The curator shrugged. She pointed to the stuffed rabbit she was in charge of.

“Come on, pat our caregiver’s head. He’s so fluffy and cute.”

“…Is it okay if I stroke it like this?”

“Yes, very well done. This will give you a piece with a very low probability.”

“You said that it was like a gift that the works gave you?”

“It can be a curse sometimes… but the caregiver is a gentle piece of work, so that’s not the case, and yes, it’s a gift.”

“What gift does this doll give?”

“Oh my, a doll for a caregiver. Please be careful what you say.”

“Oh, yes. What kind of gifts does the caregiver give?”

“Give me some nice-smelling flowers, or a sewing kit that can fix any piece of clothing.”

"oh…."

“Isn’t it cute?”

“It’s cute.”

After a brief briefing, the curator returned to the previous topic.

“I see, Sergio opened the door for our junior. That’s amazing.”

“But still, they’re the same employees, so is there anything to be surprised about…?”

“Employees are like employees. Sergio doesn’t like crowds, so he usually wanders around in the early morning when there are no people around.”

“You’re really kind for something like that.”

“…….”

The curator asked back.

“Was it kind?”

“Huh? Oh, yes, yes. You were very kind.”

“Um… Mr. Geo, aren’t you such a handsome guy?”

"ah…."

The woman nodded.

“Now that I think about it, that’s true. He was quite a handsome man.”

I felt a little strange.

“I guess I was so surprised and scared at dawn that I didn’t even think he was handsome.”

“Everyone who meets Mr. Sergio says the same thing. They think he’s handsome even though it’s late.”

The curator's eyes sparkled.

“But how handsome is he? I haven’t even seen his face, but you say he’s a statuesque handsome man with blond hair and blue eyes. He looks like he smells like sunshine.”

“You’ve never even seen the face, but you describe it in such detail… I think that’s right. You must have some Western blood, because your nose is really high. Your eyes are also big.”

“Oh….”

The curator, who had been expressing admiration, soon muttered quietly.

“Is that how it is these days?”

“……?”

“Hmm, not bad.”

“…No matter how handsome you are, it’s rude to judge someone like that….”

“Oh my, am I really that rude?”

The curator burst into laughter.

“I heard that sometimes Mr. Geo gets depressed.”

“…I can’t even imagine it?”

“Because he has such a heavy aura, many people say he’s scary.”

“Ah… definitely….”

He was a person who fit in well with the all-white gallery, but there was something strange about him.

“…Is it because he’s so handsome? He doesn’t seem like he’s from this world. I feel distant from him.”

“Mr. Geo is very friendly, but the reactions are like this?”

“I know you treated me kindly. You even gave me chocolate so I wouldn’t have to take a different route when I was tired.”

“Yeah, yeah. That’s Geo. He carries snacks in his pocket like a squirrel.”

"squirrel…."

“I guess you think it doesn’t suit you.”

The curator then asked, placing a pink bag in the hands of a fluffy stuffed animal.

“How did it feel?”

“…….”

“I’m talking about a guy named Sergio.”

A calm voice, a little lower in tone than before. The woman thought of the man she had seen at dawn.

“…It may sound strange, but my first thought was that it was perfect.”

The moment he came into view, the world felt full.

Just as it is difficult to disparage the sunshine of a spring day, or to find fault with the cool waves of summer, it would be the same feeling as when one simply listens absentmindedly to a lullaby sung by a mother of a child or to a superstition passed down from generation to generation in a village.

A being that you can find fault with if you want to, and criticize if you want to, but you don't necessarily feel like doing so. A being that you can call complete even if you tear its skin, bleed, or have any kind of flaw. A being that makes you think you're just observing the flow of history.

It was a presence that made me feel rich and tight just by itself.

“It would be a bit strange to think that way the moment we met, right?”

“…I think it might be possible if it was the first time you saw someone of S-class rank.”

“I'm glad I'm not weird.”

He smiled awkwardly and continued speaking.

“His speech was also a bit peculiar. Should I say it was old-fashioned? Or should I say it had a certain elegance to it? To be honest, I found it a bit difficult because he spoke so politely that it was hard to handle.”

There was something halting about Sergio's speech.

“Should I say it was like someone who had a translation machine mess up? It’s not that I find it strange, but it was a little scary because I was really scared at the time.”

“Well… he could really be a Western hunter. He definitely looks like he has a lot of that blood in him. We don’t know exactly where the guild

leader recruited him either.”

“Then maybe I’m just not used to Korean yet. But it’s not that it’s really strange, it’s just that it suits me well… That’s a little bit…”

I was scared.

“Is it because he’s handsome like no human being?”

I felt something was off.

“Yeah, well, that’s what happened.”

“Aren’t there any other stories?”

“Just… you’re saying that you’re being incredibly friendly?”

But even in that part, I felt distant. Something was strange.

“A favor is a favor, but rather than doing it out of personal feelings….”

“What, what, you wanted to develop a personal relationship?”

“No, that’s not what I meant. You know that.”

“If favor is not a personal feeling, then what is it?”

“…Is that so?”

I realized it was strange even after I said it.

“Oh, I mean, of course I didn’t mean to imply that he was being hypocritical or that his kindness was fake. Really.”

“I didn’t understand it like that.”

“So what I was trying to say is… the kindness Sergio shows is a bit off-putting, um… not like a normal give and take… this is…”

It sounds really weird though.

“I just felt like it was a favor I received because I was human.”

A favor given without any conditions, simply because you were born human.

So, rather, it felt like indifference… .

“…No, it’s not that I felt bad. Rather, I think it felt good. I think it was the first time in my life that I met someone who showed me kindness without any consideration, so I was a bit taken aback….”

I should say that I was embarrassed because it felt like I had received something so huge without doing anything.

“Mr. Sergio, you’re a first-class citizen, right? Oh, did I ask something so obvious?”

“I don’t know for sure, but I think so.”

“Somehow, I felt a sense of nobility in his actions. It didn’t feel Korean, though….”

There was an atmosphere that naturally made me yearn for it.

“He was very easygoing, but his words and actions had a sense of weight. He was definitely sociable, even though he didn’t have a friendly vibe. He also had a mysterious vibe, like a prince from a fairy tale.”

The curator in charge smiled sinisterly at the woman's words.

“Hey, honey. Are you going to confess to me like this?”

“…Senior, you asked for a review….”

“Hey, I didn’t expect it to go that far.”

The curator smiled cheerfully.

“Anyway, I’m glad that my junior is doing well.”

“Can I consider this as a possibility of being converted to a full-time employee…?”

“The gallery is so short on manpower that if you don’t cause any major accidents, you’ll be considered a full-time employee.”

“That would be really great, but I’m worried because I have many shortcomings.”

“What are you worried about? You were the one who spoke well in front of Mr. Sergio.”

“Ah… Is that how the standard is measured?”

“People must be so creepy.”

The curator smiled with wide eyes.

“Take care of yourself, and your staff too….”

“…….”

“And with the works.”

It was a tone that had a strange resonance.

'…ah.'

The woman suddenly remembered that the curator of meteor showers she had seen yesterday had the same smile.

Those eyes that curve strangely, containing emotions that may or may not be goodwill or malice.

“…….”

Then I realized that the curators here had a gallery-like atmosphere.

“…I will work hard.”

Should I say it is mysterious or bizarre?

I wasn't sure.

* * *

"honey."

“Cur.”

“Dad gained confidence.”

If there was a problem with the haunted portrait, it was the resolution. When the portrait went beyond the frame, there was a resolution problem, and people complained about the burden in recognizing it.

And now that I have completely become one with 'Giovanni', who has been solving my problems up until now, I went out to walk around wondering, 'Will I still be able to walk around without any resolution problems?'

“I had a conversation with the staff without any friction.”

I was so touched that I even gave her the chocolate I had been saving up like pocket money.

After giving it to him, I thought, 'Huh? If I do this, won't they find out that Black Cloak and I are the same person?' but I brushed it off. Geo, who grew up in the mountains of Gangwon-do, was not good at thinking deeply.

“I hope I can make new friends like this.”

“Gurr.”

“My own pen pal….”

“…Kkuk.”

Honey didn't tackle him because he seemed quite happy.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (119)

Episode 119

After some time, the initial training of new curators was over.

“You worked with the curator in charge, encountered various works, and learned the attitude that a curator of a collection should have toward works and customers. Thank you for your hard work for three weeks.”

However, that doesn't mean I was hired as a full-time employee right away.

“From now on, each of you will be in charge of a piece of work. Based on what you have shown us over the past three weeks, we have selected the piece that we believe is the most suitable. If we determine that the piece is difficult to manage, you will be removed.”

“…….”

“Even if you are being kicked out, it is just being kicked out of the gallery. You will be assigned to an office or field position at the collection store unless you cause any serious trouble. We are literally just selecting people who can show a stable presence at the gallery, so you don’t have to worry too much.”

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking in front of five new curators.

“I gave you a three-week period, but since you have not raised any objections or expressed any intention to change, I think you will agree

to become a curator of the collection. If you wish to continue working at the gallery, please fill out the consent form in front of you.”

All five new recruits signed a consent form, which stated that they would do their best on the work assigned to them at the gallery and take some responsibility for any problems that might arise as a result.

It was similar to a body waiver, but the new recruits weren't afraid of such things anymore. It was enough to know that they weren't responsible for all the problems that occurred.

Having seen the bottom of the illegal guilds, they wanted to work in one of the three major guilds in South Korea with minimal safety measures, and among them, the position of curator of the collection was highly prestigious.

“Everyone agrees.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“As some of you may have already checked, on the back of the consent form there is information about the work you will be working on.”

"…ah…."

“The Collector’s Office is a warehouse and laboratory where the most dangerous and sensitive items on Earth come in. Naturally, there are many unidentified items whose identities and methods of dealing with them are unknown….”

“…….”

“The newbies have been assigned works that have almost all the information about them. If you do them as you have learned and according to the manual, there will be no problems.”

As curators work longer at a gallery and are given more and more work to work with, they are given more risky pieces to work with. But this is not something that newcomers who are just starting to adapt to the gallery need to worry about.

“One year from now.”

Yoo Seong-un said.

“We will give you a period of one year. During that time, there will be people who can’t stand it and want to leave, and there will also be people who find a piece that suits them. I hope you will work as a curator of the collection for a long but short period of time.”

“… In that case… is it possible for the work I’m assigned to change in the middle of the project?”

“Because there are many works with strong intentions, even if we arrange them with the utmost care, there will be parts that don’t fit. If it is judged to be detrimental to both the work and the curator, the work in charge can change even during the year.”

It may not be just the curator's problem. No matter how much the curator cares, the state of the work sometimes changes.

“Then I will ask for your help.”

With Yoo Seong-un's words, the basic training of curators was concluded.

“I’d like to say hello when I see you, but I’m usually in charge of the 5th floor works and I travel a lot for business, so it wouldn’t be easy to meet you.”

“Thank you for everything.”

“I am the one who is grateful for following the training well. Please,

everyone, don’t cause accidents. As you probably heard throughout the training, if you cause an accident, not only you but many other people will die.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had said those creepy words, smiled his characteristically innocent smile.

“Once again, welcome to the Collector’s Gallery.”

So the new curators were thrown into the wild.

“…….”

“…….”

In a somewhat creepy wilderness.

* * *

The work the man was assigned to do was a set of porcelain dolls.

“…….”

The official name was "Sweet Tea Party," and it consisted of three porcelain dolls smaller than an adult male's hand.

'The risk level is 6.'

The works in the collection gallery were classified into risk levels from 1 to 10, with higher numbers indicating greater safety. Among them, the work that the man who had just completed basic training was assigned to was a level 6 work on the third floor.

'Higher risk compared to other new recruits who were assigned works rated 8 out of 10.'

I couldn't tell whether I should be happy that this was acknowledged, or scared that it had become dangerous.

Curator Yoo Seong-yoon also passed by and said, "If it doesn't work out, ask them to assign a different piece."

but.

“…There’s no need to do that from now on.”

The porcelain doll set, “Sweet Tea Party,” depicts three girls in elaborate dresses.

All you had to do was give them the snacks they requested at the exact time, and then prepare the snacks they asked for after they finished eating them.

'There is no difficult way to deal with it, other than having to be careful with time.'

The margin of error is within 5 seconds. If you give them a snack too quickly or too slowly, they will turn into porcelain humans.

It was a terrible penalty that could result in death with one mistake, but it was the same when I was active in the field as a combat-type A-class hunter.

“In the first place, 5 seconds is a lot of time for a hunter….”

In particular, as a Class A Hunter, he was able to make decisions and take action within 0.01 seconds. Rather, it was a much safer situation than a dungeon where you had to exert a lot of strength and be prepared to get injured.

“…….”

"Sweet Tea Party" was displayed in the 28th hallway on the 3rd floor. The man's face relaxed a little when he saw it displayed in plain sight in a public place.

The safety of the artifacts could be confirmed simply by the fact that

they were not stored separately and were in a hallway that any curator could walk through.

'It's quite dangerous to call it safe, considering it's a three-story work, but still... .'

I feel reassured.

“…So cute and adorable.”

A porcelain doll wearing a dress with many rich frills, so white that it looked like it would ooze out if touched. Her cheeks were painted the color of a ripe peach, her eyes were yellowish-brown, and her eyelashes were long and finely grown.

Their eyes were each sparkling purple, yellow, and green, as if they were made of jewels.

'Since the entire eyeball is made of a jewel, the sclera and cornea are not separated. If this were the case, it would be difficult to tell even if someone were looking at me.'

If it weren't for the strange atmosphere that came with the sense of discomfort of not being able to confirm the gaze, it would have been well-received by collectors who have a hobby of collecting such dolls.

“Today’s snack was star candy.”

Each of them asked for a purple, yellow, and green star candy.

“…….”

After waiting for 4:00 AM, the appointed tea party time, I placed the star candies that the porcelain dolls wanted on a small bowl. The star candies on the small bowl, which were small enough to fit the dolls' bodies, looked huge.

Then the dolls moved.

"…oh…."

Square, square, round.

The dolls ate the star candies by cutting them into pieces, as if they were dividing them into pieces of cake, using knives that were not sharp at all.

The sight of the star candies being cut so smoothly like a mousse cake felt quite novel.

“It’s a nice sweetness.”

“It’s a nice tea party.”

“It was a good time.”

The dolls that finished the tea party each gave their own evaluations, and the number of bad evaluations they received would determine their fortune for the day. The man sighed in relief as he recalled that.

'Today's fortune will not be bad.'

At that moment, an abnormality was detected.

“It has a nice crunch.”

“It’s a good firmness.”

“It smells good.”

“Good morning.”

“It was a good snack.”

“Good choice.”

“It’s a good gift.”

A total of 7 additional remarks.

“…….”

It was an obvious anomaly.

“…In the manual, there is an explanation like this….”

The dolls opened their mouths again, seemingly out of sight of the man who was hastily rereading the manual.

“Godfather.”

“The godfather is coming.”

“Let’s dress up sweetly.”

The porcelain girls added remarks that were completely different from the manual.

“…There was no such information?”

The porcelain doll set 『Sweet Tea Party』 opens its mouth a total of three times during one tea party. All sentences begin with 'good-' or 'bad-', and there was no one who could be called 'godfather' like now.

“What on earth….”

It was when I picked up the radio to call for help.

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

The dolls were looking at the same place.

“…….”

Let the man look back.

The sea.

The sun.

Deer.

The bird.

Clouds.

Flowers.

Fog.

Spring water.

Sigh.

The touch.

Teeth.

The eyeball.

Eyes.

eye.

“…….”

Human?

"…ah…."

It was seen.

A blond man with a kind smile came into view.

“Who, who are you…?”

The man stood there, looking a little embarrassed, trying to keep the porcelain dolls out of sight, to avoid any possible danger.

'There was definitely no sound?'

It was confusing.

'... If I'm confident enough to detect presences, then I wouldn't be able to detect anything below B-class. I've never heard of a new S-class appearing in Korea. It's my first time seeing this face... Is it an unofficial hunter close to S-class?'

I was already nervous. I was so out of it because I witnessed something strange on the first day I started working alone.

The man looked confused, but gradually collected his thoughts and looked at the person who was silently smiling as if waiting for him to be flustered. He was a person with softly curled, bright blond hair and a matching smile.

Soon the other person opened his mouth.

"hello."

“…Ah, yes.”

The everyday, gentle tone made me lose strength in my body.

“Good morning.”

“My name is Sergio.”

“Sergio….”

The man clenched and unclenched his fist. For some reason, a cold sweat broke out.

“It’s ‘Mr. Sergio’.”

He was also someone who received attention from curator Yoo Seong-un.

One of the new recruits of the C-class encountered a person who the other employees also laughed strangely at and were reluctant to describe in detail. It was Sergio, the unofficial special force of the collector, who was part of the early morning shift.

“I heard the story.”

“What is your name?”

“…….”

“I wonder what your name is.”

Are you listening to my story?

‘… It’s strangely confusing because the tone is so abrupt.’

The man spat out my name.

“…I am Binary.”

"lily?"

“No, it’s a binary without a gender.”

"okay."

“You can call me whatever you want.”

"All right."

The blue eyes curved gently.

“Would you like to talk to me?”

“…….”

The man checked his watch without realizing it.

“…….”

4:51 a.m.

‘… 51 minutes.’

The time when the work was managed was 4 o'clock sharp. And the current time is 4:51.

A gap of about an hour.

“…Yes, if we talk… that would be good.”

The man nodded.

It wasn't like I could go back right away anyway. Even if I did talk, it wouldn't be a problem.

“I don’t think I can go home right away.”

“I think it would be nice to spend some time talking.”

“Yes, that’s right….”

The man sighed and turned around to look at the porcelain dolls again.

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

They sat quietly with a lovely appearance.

“…Excuse me, Sergio?”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“I heard that Mr. Sergio also often takes care of gallery management.”

“Yes, there are many wonderful and beautiful works of art in this gallery.”

"then…."

He should report it separately before any problems arise, but he wanted to hear Mr. Sergio's opinion separately. He thought of the word 'godfather' that the dolls had been whispering.

“Could you please take a look at these dolls?”

The man stepped aside a little to show the dolls, who had innocent and cute faces. They were porcelain dolls that didn't move at all, but they looked quite happy, perhaps because the tea party had just ended.

The man described the strange phenomenon that had just occurred.

“I know that it is a piece where each person uses one sentence at a tea party, a total of three sentences. But just now, for some reason, you used an additional sentence of 10, adding 3 more sentences to 7.”

“Was that a bad thing?”

“That’s not it. They were good words. They seemed to be sufficiently satisfying sentences for this tea party. However, I didn’t expect the speech to become this long….”

“It means that good fortune that cannot be contained in a 24-hour period is coming to you.”

“…….”

The man made a subtle expression.

“Isn’t that just a disaster?”

“That’s a new perspective.”

“I like a little luck.”

“I will keep that in mind.”

“…Oh, yes.”

He was a unique person.

'The tone of the words is quite soft… but the form is stiff.'

However, it was not awkward, like a foreigner who is not familiar with Korean. This soft yet blunt tone suits me very well, but when I think about it rationally, there is a strange sense of incongruity.

“Can I watch those kids for a moment?”

“…Of course, because you’ll be better than me, a newbie at anything.”

“Thank you for your permission.”

Sergio approached quietly and examined the porcelain dolls.

Although the manual said that there was no harm in touching it as long as you didn't destroy it, he was caressing the doll with kind hands like an old man holding his grandson. There was affection in his touch.

It was a noble, fairytale-like scene, as if it came out of a famous painting… .

“…….”

It was a little creepy.

‘… The atmosphere itself is definitely gentle… .’

It was difficult to breathe.

The air was heavy, as if someone had died.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (120)

Episode 120

Sergio was a kind and old-fashioned man.

'I never knew I could feel such an embarrassing feeling when I see someone.'

But it was a thought that came to mind at first glance.

“Today’s snack was star candy.”

“Yes, they were purple, yellow, and green star candies.”

“Isn’t it really sweet?”

“According to the records… they only asked for snacks.”

“Last time I wanted lemon madeleines.”

It wasn't a very meaningful conversation. Although he didn't stop me from reporting it on the radio, Sergio naturally brushed aside the strange phenomenon of the 'Sweet Tea Party' by saying that 'good luck outside the norm will come.'

The conversation we were having now was more like ordinary small talk. Thanks to this, the man was able to feel a little more familiar with 『Sweet Tea Party』.

“I even baked it myself.”

“I guess you’re good at cooking.”

“I have a talent for bringing imaginary food into reality.”

“I’m a little jealous of that.”

Is this the power that good people give? As we talked, my stiff body gradually relaxed.

‘… It’s a conversation that gives a sense of stability.’

Although the conversation didn't have anything special to say, Sergio's attitude toward men gave me a sense of stability.

Even though he didn't do anything particularly noticeable, Sergio's deep kindness was evident.

'You said you had a conversation with another new employee last time. Are you managing employees or something?'

It was a huge favor, hard to understand.

“…Do you often have conversations like this with other employees?”

The man continued to ask.

“I heard you don’t stay at the company long.”

“I’m staying in a place that’s easier to find than you think.”

“Oh, by any chance… in that case… yes, are you living in a dorm?”

“I live in this building.”

“It’s such a big building, I didn’t even know it had such a facility.”

The man understood. It seemed like there was quite a bit of collectors hanging around. That was clear.

‘Well, if it’s an opponent with this kind of atmosphere…’

It was not difficult to understand the psychology of the guild leader, Bisabal.

'It feels like it might just disappear quietly at any moment.'

Sergio seemed somewhat disconnected from reality.

His voice is soft and gentle, like the sunlight that spreads faintly on a spring day. His gaze is clear but its color is soft and blurred, and his attitude toward people is polite but careful, giving off a sense of slow lightness.

The soft speech and the faint smile that appeared on his face and never disappeared seemed like faded memories from children's fairy tales or silent films.

“…….”

Is that too explicit a thought to make to someone you're meeting for the first time?

‘… but you don’t seem like the type of person who would be tied down somewhere.’

It didn't seem like he would enjoy the noisy atmosphere though.

‘The actions are noble and the atmosphere is heavy… .’

It felt a little strange because it felt like such an absurdly romantic being that would suddenly disappear, wander the world, appear in unexpected places, give unexpected gifts, and then disappear.

He had an indescribable aura about him. I couldn't believe that he was there next to me and talking to me.

“…….”

“Do you like sweets?”

“…To some extent.”

“I like sweets too.”

Is this unconditional empathy?

'Part of social activities?'

Without even being able to think about it, the other person handed me a small snack.

“Would you like to eat?”

“…What is this?”

“These are lemon madeleines.”

“…….”

moment.

"…thank you."

I thought it was strange.

‘I don’t know what’s strange, but….’

Didn't we just talk about lemon madeleines a moment ago?

Since you said you enjoy cooking, it's probably a snack you either made yourself or bought somewhere.

But the lemon madeleine that suddenly appeared during the conversation was wrapped in faintly transparent white paper and decorated with a neat, unobtrusive black ribbon.

The madeleines, wrapped in elegant paper and emitting a sweet

fragrance, were more suitable for the porcelain dolls in the Sweet Tea Party than for them. However, the black ribbon, which was merely used to organize the entrance, seemed more bitter than sweet.

“…….”

Rustle.

I took out the madeleine.

“…Did you make it yourself?”

“It is my pleasure.”

“You are really talented.”

To be honest, I couldn't imagine the process of the person in front of me baking and packaging this directly.

'… Rather than that… .'

It literally felt like it was going to be made.

It seemed as if it was in his hands, just because he wanted it.

‘… You’ve been having strange thoughts since a while ago. Ruminations aren’t going to help you at all.’

The madeleines were smaller than I thought, as if they were handmade from scratch. The lemon madeleine crust, which had a white coating like opaque frosting, had a crispy yet crunchy texture.

The madeleine, which had a faint scent of wood on a rainy day, was lighter and softer than I expected.

“…It’s delicious.”

It was just so delicious that the tension that had made my body stiffen for some reason was completely relieved.

“Actually, I couldn’t believe you said you were a good cook.”

“That’s sad. Why did you think that?”

“It doesn’t seem like you’re in a mood to get your hands wet.”

“That’s a story I hear often.”

“That’s the impression you get. But….”

It wasn't that I thought they didn't match at all.

“…He also has the impression that he goes well with anything.”

He seemed like he could do anything.

He seemed to have ascended to the highest of places, the Pope's throne, and he also seemed to have sat as a beggar in the lowest and most humble of places. But the man felt that, wherever he might truly be, he would be able to accept it all.

Even if he is an unimaginable reject, even if he is a carnation child born in the slums on a cold winter day. Yes, you will definitely think that it is possible.

“…The reason is….”

well.

“I don’t know.”

“That’s a strange thing to say.”

“…Is that so.”

But one thing was certain.

“…….”

No matter what his status was, it seemed like no one could catch this guy.

It is natural for time to pass and the world to change.

'…I need to stop thinking about it.'

Stop it now.

The man stared blankly into space.

"……."

With so much to do, it was time to get out of this miserable comfort zone.

"…It's…later than I thought."

Before I knew it, it was 6 am.

"I don't think we really had much of a conversation."

"It was a pleasant conversation."

"…I'm glad you felt that way."

Around that time, I felt something new.

"Geo?"

He was a curator of Yoo Seong-un.

"Were you awake?"

"Yes, Mr. Yoo Seong-un."

The two talked naturally as if they knew each other well.

"I was talking to this person."

“Oh, I was wondering who you are. You’re the Binary Curator.”

When I nodded with nothing to say, Yoo Seong-un didn’t say anything else. As if he was good at dealing with people, he looked back at Sergio again as if he didn’t want to make him uncomfortable.

“What did you talk about?”

“The story was that they couldn’t believe that I was good at cooking.”

“Oh, really? I thought it suited me pretty well… Your cooking is really delicious.”

Curator Yoo Seong-un asked in his characteristically calm tone.

“It’s already past 6am. The staff will be here soon. Are you going to stay in the gallery?”

“No, I’m going to go back before the other staff members arrive.”

Under the falling lights, a man's blue eyes were in focus.

“What will you do, Mr. Binary?”

“I’m going back to the dormitory, which the company supported….”

“Is that Mr. Binary’s house?”

“It seems more like a place to just stay rather than a home.”

“You will soon have a comfortable home.”

He showed his favor again.

“Do you need guidance?”

“…….”

Without me knowing.

“…….”

The man looked around the gallery 'without knowing it'.

I looked at the porcelain doll I was in charge of, Sweet Tea Party. I looked at the glass curtains of the picture frames hanging next to it and in front of it. I looked at the light coming down from the ceiling and the clock hanging between them.

I saw the floor where the light fell. In the vertically falling light, there was a shadow. A blackness that was missing… .

“…….”

I saw it.

"…no."

When I raised my head, my eyes suddenly met with those of curator Yoo Seong-un.

"it's okay."

Those eyes curve sharply and reveal a smile.

“I have memorized the entire structure of this gallery.”

"okay."

“I’ll go out by myself.”

“Thank you for talking with me.”

The man in the black cloak said.

“I remember and affirm you.”

“…….”

“Have a nice day.”

It's a strange sound.

“…….”

The man nodded and left the gallery.

“…….”

I walked through the twisted hallways in case of an unexpected situation.

The lights hanging from the ceiling cast shadows along with my footsteps. After several shadow movements, I finally arrived at the elevator.

The boarding place is the 3rd basement floor. The exit is the 1st floor lobby. When you press the button, the elevator starts to operate.

“…….”

I muttered without realizing it.

“…What a peculiar person.”

Even though I only saw it briefly, time flew by. Even though I only saw it very briefly, it happened. It can happen.

Despite his rather large physique, his presence was very vague, and he didn't seem to be there even though he was right next to me. Nevertheless, I couldn't help but notice his presence, even if I tried to turn my eyes away.

“He seemed like a great person.”

He was affectionate and old-fashioned.

He was as sparkling as a fairy tale prince who had grown up, as pretty

as an old historical relic now buried in the ground, and as special as a miracle of the past that no one remembered.

“A person who gives comfort….”

Why did a rural village I had never seen before come to mind? Why did I hear the sound of dry grass rustling in the quiet wind?

I felt a similar longing as when I admired the crimson color of the sea as the sun set calmly, or when I heard a lullaby sung by a parent to put a child to sleep. It was simple and lyrical.

therefore.

“He's a good person.”

The man knows nothing.

"okay…."

There was also a one-hour gap where it was clear that I was possessed by something else.

The sound of dry grass flowing from bare feet.

The shadows that didn't exist alone under the light, or the huge forest reflected on the glass that coated the frame.

The sun too.

The sea too.

Eyeball too.

Eyes too.

eye.

“…….”

I don't even know the gaze that the eyes reflected in the glass were sending me.

I don't know.

“…He’s a good person.”

Because 'Sergio' is a 'good person'.

It had to be that way.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (121)

Episode 121

“…….”

“…….”

In a place where only the two were left, Yoo Seong-un was the first to speak.

“Geo.”

“Yes, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“Your shadow is gone.”

“…….”

Geo's head slowly lowered at Yoo Seong-un's comment.

“Oh, no.”

It's a very artificial reaction.

'Did you think that kind of reaction was appropriate in the current situation?'

As soon as he thought that, a shadow appeared beneath Geo's feet.

Yoo Seong-un was secretly impressed.

'It feels alive.'

He thought the word 'bloomed' was quite accurate.

It is so vivid and colorful that it cannot be considered as a simple shadow created by an object blocking the light.

Shadows spread across the retina.

‘… A school of fish?’

Schools of tiny fish swam about, waves swayed in the wind, and it seemed as if I saw long-horned deer or thick-clawed beasts walking along the ground, or the large wings of gliding birds.

The colorful shapes that passed by in an instant soon grew into a large forest, then became refined again to form a human being.

“…….”

The long shadow, as if searching for a 'realistic' position, settled darkly and small beneath Geo's feet.

The process of gradually developing a complete form from a crude form like drawing a picture. Considering that Geo has the characteristics of a painter, it was an interesting change.

'Then can we still call Geo outside the frame a painting?'

Soon Geo opened his mouth.

“I should have been more careful, but I showed you my ugly side.”

“That might happen as you live.”

“I thought there wouldn’t be any problems, but there was this loophole….”

Geo stretched out his words.

“I’m embarrassed.”

“With something like that.”

He clearly said, 'I didn't think there would be any problems,' which was no different from saying he had guessed that there might be problems.

'That is, Geo is aware that he is imitating a human.'

Yoo Seong-un, who had organized his thoughts to that point, muttered to himself.

'Surprisingly, it was possible to be objective. I thought Geo would think of himself as a human being, so what kind of attitude should I take if this is the case?'

Could it be that even his previous remarks regarding himself as a human were part of an imitation? If so, Geo was close to imitating at a level that would be difficult to imagine for a human being.

'It's a side that is sometimes seen in gods who enjoy playing. Even things that feel like the truth to us humans are sometimes actually lies. Even Geo's way of thinking about himself as a human could be one of those imitations... .'

If a human truly thinks about it, it becomes a belief, but for beings of a different level like God, even that can be an act. Even though I intentionally left open various possibilities, I felt like I was hit in the back of the head a little.

It was indeed surprising. Yoo Seong-un swallowed an awkward laugh inside.

'The existence of the source cannot be measured by human standards.'

This is especially true if the thing that Yoo Seong-un is dealing with is the source itself.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un, who was quietly catching his breath, asked in a calm voice.

“Unlike before, there are some parts that are a bit awkward now?”

“It would be a great help if you could tell me what part of it was like that.”

“In what part, you say….”

Do you want to know how far humans can perceive?

The scope of the original being and the human's vision were different. Perhaps the flaws in Geo's imitation that he had just seen came from this difference in vision, or perhaps this was also part of the act.

'It may be similar to the way humans put robots in to understand the ecology of monsters.'

In the case of monsters or beasts that are wary of humans, robots shaped like them are sometimes deployed to observe the daily lives of those entities.

From a human's perspective, they would know it was a robot, but to a monster, it would feel like a kindred spirit with a slightly strange side.

'Geo and our human situation probably isn't that different from that.'

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“It’s not difficult.”

As a curator and as a gardener, I could easily tell you about that difference in perspective.

“As I said before, I was a little surprised that there was no shadow.”

“It should have been there, but I forgot for a moment.”

“First of all, the lights are falling on our heads.”

The gallery in Bisabal was brightly lit and had a particularly clean white color.

This was done not only to help visitors fully appreciate the work, but also to ensure that curators could quickly spot unusual phenomena like the one just now.

“There was a shadow beneath Nana, the new curator’s feet.”

Only Geo didn't have it.

“The next strange thing would be the weight.”

“It’s a feeling of weight.”

“I can’t hear you when you move.”

“Can't you hear me?”

“If I had to put my finger on it, it would be something like the sound of dry grass swaying?”

In fact, this was a chronic problem with Geo's human imitation.

“When I toured Seoul before, it was pretty light.”

“I thought it was a bit heavy.”

“But that doesn’t mean that a normal person will fly away just because the wind is blowing a little strong.”

“I remember it didn’t fly away.”

“Yeah, my body floated.”

“Wasn’t the wind particularly strong?”

“The winds of the Earth do not blow people away.”

The meteor cloud right next to it was fine, but didn't Geo almost fly away?

“Similarly, the sound is still very light.”

“It’s light.”

“When I walk like that, I don’t make any sound.”

“That was definitely something I didn’t pay attention to.”

Bam… .

Geo, who was hitting the floor with his bare feet, tilted his head.

“This is hard to fix.”

“Don’t be too hasty, it’ll be hard to fix everything at once.”

From a human perspective, the more detailed Geo is, the faster it is possible to grasp the situation.

“And let me tell you one more thing….”

“Is there more?”

“I don’t know if this will be interpreted well, though.”

What Yoo Seong-un was pointing to was a piece of art hanging on the wall in the hallway where they were standing.

It was large enough to embrace a standing person, and like most of the paintings on display, it faced people as if it were a mirror.

“You look a little weird.”

A mass that could be called nature is reflected on the cleanly maintained glass.

“Is it because the gallery lights are so bright? We can be seen a little bit through that glass.”

“Why does that look strange?”

“Do you appear human enough in your eyes?”

“Yes, that’s right. It sounds like you’re saying that it doesn’t look like that to Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“It’s embarrassing to say that, but it’s true.”

The 'Portrait of Geo' reflected in the glass was not a human figure.

“I can see the forest.”

Actually, you couldn't say it was a forest.

The abundant trees, grass, and flowers that symbolize the forest. Living creatures such as wolves and rabbits that run around inside. And the ecosystem in which they are eaten and live. It is not simply a symbol of nature, but a gigantic figure with a will and destiny… .

It was similar to what we saw in Geo's 'shadow' just now.

'You can't just call this a forest.'

It was clearly staring at the meteor and the world. It was the 'eye' of something very large.

'I can feel your gaze.'

However, Geo, who is standing next to him, is not looking at the meteor cloud through the glass of the picture frame.

'Is this something Geo doesn't know about?'

Or is it that they know but are pretending not to know in order to 'imitate' it?

From a human standpoint, his truth and lies cannot be distinguished, so in reality there was not much difference either way. There was no point in distinguishing between them.

Yoo Seong-un spoke indifferently, as if he had never seen that huge thing.

“I should say that it feels like it’s on a different level.”

“I don’t quite understand what Mr. Yoo Seong-un is saying.”

The blonde portrait smiled gently.

“To me, my reflection in the glass looks sufficiently human.”

"…okay?"

“Do you still see me that way, Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

“…….”

When Yoo Seong-un checked the glass again, he was able to confirm the shape of 'Giovanni'.

There was no 'forest' anywhere.

"…oh."

Is this how it comes out?

“Yes, I can definitely see a person reflected in it.”

“Could it be that the paintings stored behind the glass were confusing my image?”

“That could be the case. The works here are all very assertive.”

Yoo Seong-un didn't bother to convince her by saying, 'You are not human.'

'If you say this even though you already know it well, it probably means that you shouldn't bother to dig into it any further.'

He had no intention of incurring the resentment of the works I managed.

'If Geo wants to look human, it's better to leave him that way.'

Isn't that what the source wants?

There was no reason not to accommodate Geo, who was trying to act like a human and wanted to. Geo could be human, but he just wasn't human.

"hmm…."

Yoo Seong-un asked, rubbing his cold neck.

“I asked the same question earlier, but when you were touring Seoul before, weren’t there less abnormalities than this? Did you have any change of heart when you noticed some vulnerabilities while you were away?”

“I don’t know if I can really put it that way, but there was definitely something similar to a change of heart. It was about me becoming perfect as Giovanni, and I think these ideals came from that.”

Geo continued with a smile.

“I can’t ask for any more help from Giovanni.”

I should say that his speaking style is truly unique.

'Speaking like this makes it seem like you really have no intention of

imitating a human being.'

It could be that he hadn't realized that his way of speaking was strange, or it could be that he was just revealing his true feelings because Yoo Seong-un was a comfortable partner. Either way, it wasn't such a bad situation.

Then Yoo Seong-un asked.

“What do you mean it would be difficult to expect Giovanni’s help?”

“It’s true. All this time, Giovanni was not a portrait, so we could count on him for help, but now we can’t.”

“Because the Giovanni in front of me now has become a complete portrait?”

Is that what it means to 'become perfect as Giovanni'?

“So Geo could receive that kind of help when it wasn’t a perfect portrait.”

It is giving things that should be natural to a human being to a ‘portrait’ that cannot be called human.

‘… In the past, it was speculated that the identity of this portrait was countless deaths and lives.’

This portrait was constantly replaying the life and death of 'Geo' somewhere in countless dimensions. Now that he knew that he was the source, Yoo Seong-un was certain.

This entity called 'Geo' was originally an 'eye' that experienced, understood, and ultimately applied humans.

'Then, we can explain how the great being called the Source gives us a system that meets human standards.'

That's why there are so many 'geos' that Yoo Seong-un doesn't know about yet.

“…….”

When he, whose essence is the source, acts as a human being on one level, I think he also plays a role in helping other humans adapt and function smoothly. That's what I mean when I hear the usage of this personality called 'Giovanni'.

‘… But it seems that as time passes, it eventually takes on the character of a portrait.’

Just as a piece of Korean paper gradually turns black when placed face down in an ink bowl, the self called 'Giovanni', who could be called human, was eventually swept away by the status of the origin. Having thus lost his reference point, Geo will not be able to be certain of his condition as a human being.

This was how the gigantic being known as the Source imitated tiny humans.

"…then…."

Yoo Seong-un asked.

“What are you going to do from now on? Are you going to give up your current status as an A-class Hunter?”

“No, I find it very appealing to be active as a proper citizen of this world.”

“But it’s hard to live comfortably with so many creepy loopholes like this.”

“So I guess we’ll need help from another ‘Geo’.”

The portrait was still smiling.

“If there are any results, I will send you a letter.”

“Yeah, that sounds good.”

Yoo Seong-un suddenly noticed another vulnerability.

‘…the expression is the same.’

Like a portrait that was already drawn and could not be changed, Geo always had the same smiling expression.

'It's like being stuffed alive.'

It was a very romantic thing.

* * *

“Crunch.”

“…….”

“Gurr?”

“…I thought there was no problem.”

“Gurrrr.”

“There were more loopholes than I thought.”

Back at the cabin, Geo was munching on the squishy honey.

The plump, plump water bird tumbled around softly in Geo's large hands. Feeling the bouncy texture of his son's body, which was flexibly and freely twisted, Geo confessed his mistake frankly.

“If Mr. Yoo Seong-un hadn’t told me, I really wouldn’t have known until the end.”

He thought it was fortunate that the new curator he met today didn't

notice his ideals.

The new curator was aware of Geo's 'weaknesses' but he almost gritted his teeth and pretended not to know, but Geo did it anyway. He thought the previous conversations had been successful.

“I was too complacent, thinking that I would have no problem functioning as a fully-integrated Geo.”

“Kung?”

“No, this dad won’t give up. No matter how scared I become, in the end, my home is Earth.”

“Gurrrr.”

“You should sleep in a portrait, but sometimes you should also feel the stimulation of your hometown.”

Moderate brain stimulation is good for preventing dementia.

“I will live a long and healthy life.”

“Kuruk.”

“Then I guess I’ll have to find another Geo….”

As it turned out, I had a friend who was a good fit.

List of suitable candidates

Animal Kingdom_Argio

Fairy tale rate 0%

“…Is it time to take out the ‘Animal Kingdom’ that has been stuck in storage?”

It was when I was combining with the second suitable person, 'Argio'.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (122)

Episode 122

Argio is not a name.

"beautiful"

cruel.

『Geo』

beast.

“Am I a monster?”

It meant 'cruel beast'.

* * *

“There are evil spirits in quite a few dungeons.”

Inside the dungeon, which was heavily colored with the colors of primitive religion, the priest of the Solar Church, Kang Seo-dam, explained.

“There are so many of them compared to the traditional gods who value peace and mercy. Does any of you know the reason for this?”

“Because, unlike traditional gods, evil gods can be easily created artificially.”

“That was a good answer, Sister Iruda.”

Bam.

“I put my wand on the mossy marble floor,” said Kang Seo-dam.

“It is not difficult to make a white garment that has been stained with black paint even blacker. You can smear it with charcoal, you can crush it with dirty shoes, you can put it in a mud pit. However, from the moment a white garment is stained with black paint, it can no longer be called a ‘white garment.’”

The corpses of monsters were burning around Kang Seo-dam and the prospective priests.

“It is much easier to make a garment black than to keep it white. It is much easier to degrade than to maintain a noble mystery. There are more ways to become dirty than ways to become pure.”

As the monsters' corpses completely turned to ash, Kang Seo-dam looked around.

“I’m sure this place is safe. Let’s take a short break and continue our conversation. All prospective priests, please take your seats.”

“Yes, Father.”

A group of young priests, about ten years old, sat huddled together near an old altar. There was blood and bones here and there, as if it was a place for offering sacrifices, but there were no children here who would be frightened by such things.

Kang Seo-dam continued speaking while standing after confirming that all the priests were seated.

“Similarly, there are many ways in which evil gods can be created compared to traditional gods. For example, the dungeon we visited

was a place where living sacrifices were made to evil gods."

"Isn't that what happened on Earth?"

"Yes, the Sun Cult understands it to be a history from another dimension. The name of this cult is Sankalut, and they torture newborns and the elderly in creative ways, tying them to altars and leaving them there until they die."

It was a terrible story for children to hear, but while some children were horrified by it, none were afraid. It was proof that people on Earth today are living lives very close to death and suffering.

Kang Seo-dam also continued his explanation gently.

"The interesting thing is that the evil spirits worshipped by the Sankaluts were created beings."

He looked over the prospective priests.

"Is there any brother who can explain to me how God came into being?"

"There is a monotheistic god who has existed since the beginning of a dimension, and there are traditional gods who are not monotheistic but were born in nature and destiny after the existence of the dimension."

"What other gods?"

"You can escape your mortal fate and gain divinity, becoming a being called a god. I heard that you can either become a descendant of an existing god or walk the path of an evil god."

"Thank you for your answer, Sister Iruda."

Kang Seo-dam nodded.

"We call the gods who maintain the providence of dimensions and

pursue coexistence ‘traditional gods.’ The one and only god who has existed since the beginning is one of them. All gods who are not mortal but born from nature and fate can be called ‘traditional gods.’”

He said, looking at the girl with her hair tied low.

“Also, as Sister Iruda said, there are cases where people escaped their mortal fate and attained divinity. More than 99% of those who twisted their fate and attained divinity in this way become evil spirits.”

“Why do beings who gain divinity from mortality become evil gods?”

“First, beings who have attained divinity by going against the natural order are likely to have wild and rebellious wills. Considering that most traditional gods value obedience and harmony, it is easy to see why they become evil gods.”

There was another reason.

“Second, mortals cannot understand immortals. Unlike traditional gods who are born immortal because they do not change and are eternal, those born mortal are prone to corruption by negative emotions because they change and think.”

That is why in this vast dimension there were more evil gods than good gods.

“Third, as Sister Iruda said, it is possible to create evil spirits artificially. What kind of artificial process is being referred to here?”

“It refers to the gathering of faiths of thinking creatures in one place.”

“That’s right. There are beings that are not worshipped as gods because they originally existed that way, but who acquired divinity or were born because they were worshipped as gods. This is the case with the Sankalut religion.”

Kang Seo-dam pointed to an old but splendidly decorated marble hall.

“If you look at the murals, you can read that the Sankaluts worshipped the red jewel that they could not even think of as a god, and praised the redness of the jewel, offering the blood of newborns and the elderly to maintain it.”

“Did that jewel really become an evil spirit?”

“Because it was a religion of the nation and its beliefs were also dark, the jewels truly became evil spirits. This dungeon was discovered and conquered early in the Great Calamity, and now remains as a resource for learning about the origins of the existence of gods and their influence.”

The girl with the low tail asked him again.

“If the conquest is complete, where is the evil spirit in the form of a jewel?”

“The level of risk has been determined and is currently stored in the Hunter Association Research Institute in Korea.”

The prospective priests were in an uproar at the Gangseo Dam.

“Association Research Institute…?”

“There was a place like that.”

“I thought it was in the collector’s gallery.”

“Isn’t the lab a warehouse?”

Kang Seo-dam explained as if he was familiar with the reactions of such prospective priests.

“The collector’s gallery is open to outsiders who meet certain conditions, and even allows for purchases, but the association’s

research center is not like that. Only the association's staff manage the items, and sales are prohibited, and even information leaks to the outside are strictly prohibited."

Kang Seo-dam said as if he understood.

"The gallery of the collectors will be familiar to you, the prospective priests."

"Yes, and when spring comes, there's a parade… isn't it great?"

"If you become a full-fledged priest and belong to a denomination, you will become more familiar with the Association's research institute."

"Why is that so?"

"Because dangerous and sensitive items related to God require strict management and storage."

It was difficult to expect such seriousness from the collection in the 'Gallery', since the guild leader himself was talking about 'loving the work'.

"Do you have any other questions regarding the storage of evil spirits?"

"……."

"Yes, there isn't. That's good."

Kang Seodam moved his body and stepped back to get a better view of the marble altar.

"It was here that the sacredness of the Sankalut religion was created. Do you feel it?"

"I felt that I should not have faith lightly."

"Thank you for your proactive attitude, Sister Iruda."

Kang Seo-dam nodded as if he had done well.

“I don’t know what kind of god you will worship in the future, or what religion you will join. But you must never forget that even gods are ultimately swayed by faith.”

The novice priest who was to be renamed raised his hand again.

“I have a question, Father.”

“Please speak.”

“Have there been instances where a human, rather than a jewel, was worshipped as an evil spirit?”

“It is not uncommon for this to be confirmed.”

Kang Seo-dam rolled his eyes as if remembering something.

“As I said before, there are evil spirits in quite a few dungeons. This is why evil spirits are classified as a type of monster, unlike traditional gods. They are easy to create, but they are also easy to seal and destroy.”

Unlike traditional gods, who were difficult to destroy because they were nature and destiny itself.

“Most of those who have become evil spirits in human form have physical forms. Beings born immortal and beings born mortal have different roots, and because they can think as humans, they face various limitations.”

“…….”

“That is why those who have become evil spirits in human form are all subdued or sealed and are kept on Earth. Most of them have vague thoughts, feelings, and desire to eat and drink something. This is also a limitation that holds them back.”

A bound person cannot become a true god.

“We call them gods because they can encompass anything. If they don’t have the capacity to encompass at least one dimension, they are nothing more than monsters that have been subdued at some point. So in reality, the distinction between evil gods and monsters is blurred.”

“…Then what if you could become a god with a mortal body and embrace everything?”

“There are only two cases discovered so far, but they are of course real. Both of them gave up their rationality as living beings and wished to become a single system that coordinates nature and destiny.”

“Then there is no God with will and self?”

“There is. There is a God with will and self, so even now on Earth, we often find gods enjoying play. Just remember that they are just ‘will’ and ‘self’ in human terms.”

God was nature and fate.

“What we see as will may have been but a single breath to God, and what we think of as the affectionate personality as self may have been but a single hair to God.”

“I don’t understand.”

“This is a very dangerous statement. As a person who has entered the bosom of God, there are some things that we must bear in mind. We must not understand God, we must not calculate, and we must not expect anything from Him.”

That was God.

“Don’t try to measure them.”

Even analyzing it didn't work.

“If that’s possible, then it means you’ve already become something other than human.”

“…Was I rude?”

“There is no problem as a prospective priest. However, please keep in mind that even if you simply look at and follow the gaze to understand, you can suffer a disaster like divine punishment.”

“Am I being punished by heaven just for looking at it to try to understand?”

“It is not a punishment from heaven, but a disaster of that kind. Even though God had no intention of punishing you, it will come to pass in the end.”

“Thank you for your advice.”

“I’m glad you accepted.”

Kang Seo-dam continued speaking.

“There is a saying that says not to look into the eyes of God.”

“If you look at it, you’ll go crazy, so don’t do it….”

“It is a problem beyond the realm of human perception.”

There are photographs that capture the entire landscape of the Earth without any omission. It is impossible to capture all of them at once, which easily exceeds hundreds or thousands, and if you try to do so, your eyes will burst and your brain will rot.

That was what it meant to see God.

“Do you have any other questions?”

At Kang Seo-dam's words, a boy with curly hair, Chae Sol, raised his hand.

“Are evil spirits that harbor pure evil treated as monsters?”

“…pure evil….”

He spoke at length.

“In our Solar Church, we do not treat pure beings as monsters.”

However, this was interpreted differently depending on the religion. This is because it is still an era where the distinction between gods and monsters is vague.

“Some religions say that the results of evil cannot be pure.”

"ah…."

“The standards of justice and nobility are similar for everyone, but the standards of evil are different for everyone.”

“…….”

“I wonder if there can be such a thing as pure evil in the first place.”

It was a difference of perspective.

“That is why there are so many evil spirits.”

It may be an obvious 'evil' to the vast majority, but it may be a 'good' to a small minority.

Who can set absolute standards for good and evil?

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (123)

Episode 123

“I don’t worry about good and evil.”

The man wearing the beast's bones said.

“I’m not the type of person who thinks about such boring things. I’m somewhat aware that I’m capricious and self-willed. I always do things that I can enjoy.”

“…….”

“If a thinking person has no desires, isn’t he a corpse? I am true to my instincts. I become greedy for what I want, I become angry at those who make me angry, and I do nothing that would prevent me from defending my beliefs.”

The clothes he wore were primitive, made of bones and feathers, but they were also adorned with rich fabrics that only noble people could use, giving them an antique look. The man wearing a mask made of a sheep skull smiled.

“What do you think?”

“I think it’s a fun life.”

“Oh, yeah, we can talk.”

“Life should be enjoyable.”

Geo, wearing a black cloak, nodded.

“Have you ever killed a person?”

“I must have killed quite a few, there were so many people who were angry at me.”

“Why are those people angry with you, Argio?”

Then Geo's second suitable candidate, 'Argio', answered.

“They say I am the root of all evil in the world.”

Deep, curved golden eyes were visible beyond the bone mask.

“Am I a monster?”

“…….”

Geo muttered inside the palace made of bones and blood.

“That’s a very abstract metaphor.”

“I think so too, buddy.”

When 'Argio' laughed, a tiger growled and roared.

“Isn’t this really difficult? If you’re angry, I want you to tell me exactly what you’re angry about. What I did to them, and what part of myself you’re angry about.”

“Why is that?”

“Then I can get angry too. I can confront with all my might, exchange emotions, and create a better situation. Isn’t that the most powerful force anger has?”

Argios, sitting on a splendid throne adorned with all sorts of silks, feathers, and leather, pretended to look tired. He spoke as if he was

troubled.

“But most people can’t do that. They’re just stupid people who can’t control their anger and end up being eaten up in return. If they’re swayed by emotions that are part of me, how can they be considered human?”

Then he smiled again.

“Honey, so all those people were beasts.”

"oh…."

“Isn’t that right?”

“It’s a new idea, but I respect it.”

“It’s nice to be respected.”

'Argio' rested his chin on his hand with a bright smile. His long, sharp claws, like those of a cat or a bird of prey such as an eagle, caught my eye.

Geo bravely couldn't hold back his curiosity.

“Do you grow your fingernails?”

“…Ahahahahahahaha!!”

The bursting 'Argio' answered with a voice full of laughter.

“No, well. I guess I’ll raise it if I have to, but it’s not really for the purpose of beauty.”

“I thought it was intentional because it goes very well with current fashion.”

“It’s not that I trimmed my nails after wearing these clothes, I just dressed up because that’s the way my body is.”

“I have no fashion sense and only wear black clothes. I’m really jealous.”

“…Hey, don’t you know how to dress yourself up? Are Earthlings usually like that?”

“Seeing that people who want to decorate know how to decorate well, I think it’s my personal problem.”

“…….”

'Argio', whose smile had disappeared, looked at the other person with pity.

“…I believe that if you come with me, even that shy personality will improve a little.”

“Do you not like my current outfit?”

“No matter what beast I bring in, it will have a more colorful taste than you.”

“They said that if you wear neutral colors, you’ll look flat.”

“It’s not like there’s a ritual or anything, unless there’s a cultural reason for it, so why is it all black?”

“I couldn’t help it because I like black.”

“The black one that was used will cry, it’s a shame.”

'Argio', who clicked his tongue, returned to the topic just now.

“My claws are one of the abilities I was born with. If you stay with me, you will eventually have to use them, so it would be best if you listen carefully to my explanation.”

“I will concentrate.”

“Good posture. To put it simply, the power I possess is the power to mimic beasts. Like now, I can avoid danger by mimicking the claws of a predator, the large wings of a bird flying in the sky, or the quick wit of a prey.”

“How can you be this greedy?”

“I too truly cherish this power, but strangely enough, my family feared it very much. They called me a curse and drove me into the forest filled with dangerous beasts.”

“…….”

Geo shut his mouth tightly. 'Argio' asked.

“You look dissatisfied?”

“I don’t understand why people called ‘Geo’ always bring up heavy personal issues when we first meet.”

“That’s a unique idea, isn’t that what this place was created for in the first place?”

'Argio' laughed as if it was funny.

“Or do you wish to become one with me without any explanation?”

“Now that you mention it, I think it would be better to hear an explanation.”

“That’s right. Looking at what you’re doing, I don’t think you’ll act stupid and meet a foolish death.”

'Argio' nodded and introduced.

“So what I’m saying is, I am a curse with no name. I am a descendant of a royal family that once ruled a great nation, a natural born who grew up with intelligent and dangerous beasts as family, and

eventually died after being struck by the hammer of humans. I am ‘Geo.’”

He added.

“In the end, ‘Argio’ is a name that is not my name.”

“Does the word 'Argio' have any meaning?”

“In the ancient, primitive language, it means Ar, cruel. Geo, beast. In a word, a cruel beast.”

"beast…."

Geo looked at his opponent seriously.

“You certainly look strong.”

“I guess it was more of a contempt than a pure admiration.”

“You look like you have a lot of muscle. If you come with me, can I use that strength too?”

“If you want a body like this, why don’t you start exercising already?”

“I didn’t want to sweat anything other than farming.”

“…….”

Then, 'Argio' nodded.

“If you become a fairy, can I take care of your body?”

“Are we perhaps becoming one with another self?”

“No, that’s not the case. I’m worried that I won’t be conformed to that lazy spirit.”

“I don’t think he’s that lazy, he just doesn’t exercise.”

“Then what are you devoted to? Farming? Well, I don’t really like that kind of thing….”

Even though he was covered by a mask with only eye holes, you could feel Argio's brow furrowed.

“Do you enjoy fighting?”

“There are so many things to enjoy in the world, so why choose that?”

“I had a feeling it would be like this since I was called here, but I really don’t feel well.”

“Why should I buy it and go through the conflict?”

“Shouldn’t we at least know how to be justifiably angry at the conflict that arises?”

“I get angry too.”

“Have you ever harvested the tongue and teeth of someone who was talking nonsense?”

“On Earth, you would be caught if you did that.”

“Hmm, certainly laws and rules are an important part.”

“This is another unexpected answer.”

Geo was impressed.

“I thought you were so aggressive that you weren’t bound by law or morality.”

“You don’t seem to be that concerned about morality.”

"ah?"

“But that doesn’t mean we deny the need for goodness and rules.”

'Argio' continued speaking in a cool tone.

“I’m quite fickle. Some days I want to get drunk in a town full of smiles, and other days I want to head to hell with a clear mind and screams.”

“…….”

“Have you ever wanted to act like a ruthless beast? Have you ever wanted to throw off all your cumbersome clothes? Have you ever wanted to fight until your whole body falls apart, cheering and screaming and smelling the sweet smell of blood?”

"doesn't exist."

“I understand your way of life. What I wanted to say was that in order for me, a capricious person like you, to be satisfied with everything, the world must have good and evil, peace and chaos.”

To do that.

“In the end, what we need is people who believe in good and people who follow the rules.”

So that I can enjoy what I want at that time on that day.

“It can’t be helped that I am called an evil spirit.”

“Have I come here to become one with the evil spirit?”

“Surprisingly enough, that’s true.”

“Can I go out?”

“You cannot leave unless I permit you, my kind source.”

“This is unreasonable. I think I should have a choice.”

“It’s really pitiful, but your authority only extends to entering this place.”

'Argio' continued, laughing happily.

“So, how about listening to my story a little more?”

It's going to be quite exciting.

* * *

There was one great family that ruled over mankind.

There was a curse passed down through generations in this family: when one of the children in the family turned ten, he or she would turn into an evil beast.

“That’s why my family encouraged having as many children as possible. If you only have one child and that child turns out to be an evil beast, you have to kill him, so we have other countermeasures.”

At the age of ten, the child, whose true nature was revealed to be horrific, was abandoned in the most filthy and horrific hell a human could ever reach: a gigantic rainforest called the 'Black Forest'.

“I was praised for my beauty and my outstanding drawing skills, but when I was ten, a horn grew on my forehead. That was the cause. It was famous for the story of a monster living in the ‘Black Forest,’ but I never thought that the monster there would come from my family… I was abandoned without even knowing what was going on.”

As rumored, such an abandoned place was a dangerous place.

“In the darkness where the sun never rises, dangerous beasts and insects await their chance to devour flesh. Each one contains a poison so strong that it cannot be easily consumed or eaten, and from time to time, ear-piercing screams, as if ghosts were screaming, can be heard.”

But he didn't die.

“Aren’t I also a beast? When I realized that I wasn’t human, I acted instinctively and greedily like an animal, and fought for food on equal footing with my forest family. I was able to create a new family without much difficulty.”

And then I discovered something surprising.

“Deep in that forest, there were traces of an old dynasty. I learned that the power I possessed was not a curse but a blessing, and that the monsters that had been abandoned here were actually saints who could prevent the dangerous disaster of the Black Forest.”

There was too much remaining evidence to suggest that it was just a fabrication by ancestors who had gone mad in the dark forest.

“But as time went by, people forgot about it. They forgot that the reason they sacrificed children was to prevent disaster, so they thought our alien powers were curses, and the ominousness of the Black Forest was not caused by the disaster, but by us.”

Of course, it didn't matter.

“What difference would it make if I knew?”

Although he was not angry at the family that had abandoned him, 'Argio' had a new family. He painted on the walls of the great old dynasty, got what he wanted like an animal, and sometimes shared and spent time with them.

“In the process, I sometimes ran out into the forest….”

well?

“I swear by my warrior’s soul that I have never harmed an innocent person. Of course, I wouldn’t say I have harmed anyone. How could I

leave those who attack me alone?”

The problem came next.

“Rumors started going around that I was the cause of some epidemic.”

The humans were angry.

“I had to see my house burning before I knew it. Yes, they didn’t have the courage to fight me directly, so they decided to burn down the entire forest. I suffered severe burns in the process, but I survived for a little while and eventually died in the arms of my family….”

It's not that I wasn't angry at 'Argio' for his indiscriminate display of anger.

“Listen, do you remember? The Black Forest originally existed to prevent a disaster that would destroy the world. The evil beasts that appear at least once every generation are the forest keepers who help with that… and are also like the last barrier.”

Now the forest was burnt down and there was no forest guard to protect it.

“In the end, the disaster that had been hidden since long ago revealed itself. The beasts acquired human-like intelligence, they began to speak, and their emotions became more detailed and more intense.”

Among them, the 'Argio' family also burned with a desire for revenge against humans.

“What would the world have become?”

For countless years, humans have raised and slaughtered animals for food. But as if the food supply was gone, they began to speak to humans, curse them, and engage in horrific 'interactions' with them.

There was no way the human world could survive.

“In the process, I became an evil spirit. To be exact, I could say that it is a collection of all the evil beasts that were abandoned in the Black Forest, saints who were not recognized for their worth and suffered horrible deaths.”

It was truly a pity.

“Almost all humans were unaware that ‘Argio’ was a crowd. However, people began to gossip about the source of all evil, and created a nation.”

An evil spirit that causes disasters and leads massacres from the Black Forest.

“A cruel beast.”

It was 'Argio'.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (124)

Episode 124

“…….”

"…hmm…."

Geo nodded.

“Can I leave when everything is finished?”

“Why don’t you listen more?”

“It’s heavy enough. It’s suffocating.”

“Is there such a joke in the world?”

“The limits of my violence are friendship quarrels and lover’s quarrels.”

“Please wait, the main topic is not over yet.”

“I’m good at that.”

“You are truly sincere.”

Delighted with the special listener, 'Argio' continued his explanation related to himself.

“In this way, the evil spirit called ‘Argio’ was born, and the world quickly approached destruction. The souls of countless saints gained divinity… How could they be docile?”

Humans said that evil spirits used evil demons to torment them, and it really happened.

“If I were to give you an analogy that’s easy for you to understand, I would say he’s like the Demon King.”

“I would understand it as a demon king from a fairy tale with a kidnapped princess or a brave warrior.”

“It’s not that different, it’s just a rough expression.”

In a peaceful world, there was only one ominous area. There, the Demon King began to spread an epidemic and use monsters to torment humans.

This continued for a very long time, long enough to be recorded in history books. Humans began to live in silence under the tyranny of the Demon King, and the world was ruled by terrible monsters.

“The Demon King’s tyranny has reached its peak, so what should appear now?”

“Hero?”

“As time passed and the evil spirits appeared, those who would seal this evil beast began to appear.”

“I guess this is a very typical response….”

“They eventually succeeded in sealing this ‘Argio’.”

In the process, the warriors learned the truth about the Black Forest, but...

“That’s not that important.”

In the end, they hid the secret story of the evil god's birth.

“Perhaps it was simply that I could not accept the foolish mistakes of my ancestors, whom I believed to be good. How shocking would it be to find out that the beings I believed to be the evils of the world were actually created by humans?”

“Do you have any complaints?”

“No, in the first place, they are not the lunatics who burned down my house and family. They are not the ones I should be angry at. More than anything, I cannot welcome the life of being oppressed by countless vengeful spirits and having to continue to endure unwanted anger…”

'Argio' said calmly.

“I am grateful.”

The anger had to be entirely mine.

“Do you know how horrible it is to express anger that is not yours? Do you know how stupid it feels to express anger that is worthless? Now I know why the devil is called the devil, that I have to enjoy killing people I never wanted.”

It was an absurd act.

“I know I have not lived well enough to deserve God’s mercy and grace, but isn’t this a bit much? It is not my pleasure to slaughter innocent people. What is the point of killing an innocent child who is terrified and unaware?”

“Surprisingly normal words….”

“Anger must be equal to feel its value and joy. However, the suffering and despair of the saints were too great for me alone to stop. The anger of those who had to die horribly in the darkness without even knowing what was happening was too great.”

But to him, anger was not something so frivolous.

“I affirm myself. I affirm everything about myself, so life is enjoyable and free of hesitation. So the anger I feel should also have its own value….”

In that sense, I am grateful.

“They may sound like warriors, but they were nothing more than sacrificial lambs. Just because they were strong and talented, they were dragged into a battlefield where they had no responsibility, sealed the Demon King, and suffered much pain and sorrow in the process.”

“…….”

“They didn’t want to fight. They were just human beings, not warriors, someone’s family, someone’s friend. And in order to get back their happy daily lives with them, they had to suffer so much to fix a mistake that wasn’t even their fault.”

How absurd this is.

“But in the end, the world was destroyed. Isn’t that natural? This evil spirit was created by humans in the first place, and sealing him away would not make the remaining beasts’ anger disappear.”

“Then how did Mr. Argio’s world come to an end?”

“They fought so miserably and vulgarly that there was no point in distinguishing between humans and beasts, and then they perished. It was a very childish fight. Those who remained must have long since degenerated into monsters….”

Tsk, 'Argio' clicked his tongue.

“Humans have done many evil deeds using me as an excuse. When

my lover cheated on me, I said that it was an evil spirit that tempted me. When I killed someone, I said that it was an evil spirit that led me to that evil path. When I fought with my neighbors and fought with the neighboring villages, I blamed it all on this cruel beast.”

Ultimately, their shifting of responsibility gave birth to the evil spirit and made him even stronger.

“They did not seem to think that such indolence would also incite the ferocity of the evil spirit. As a result, the story of ‘Argio’ was recorded in history in an even more horrific form, and in keeping with those records and memories, ‘Argio’ became an extremely cruel monster.”

“I guess I got it back.”

“So, my excuses should be small. Isn’t that right? They have inflated and enlarged our bodies, and even made us feel uncomfortable. If they had not been ashamed of the beast they had conceived, and had revealed the secret of the saint, everything might have been okay.”

That's what 'Argio' asked for.

“Hey, Geo. He’s a friend who looks just like me.”

“I'm listening.”

“I just want to vent my anger.”

That's what 'Argio' wanted.

“Those who want to fight can fight me, and those who have sinned against me can offer their blood to me. I am an honorable warrior with my family, and I am a greedy person who needs to get what I want.”

That was his wish.

“I will give you mine, so take care of my family’s descendants.”

“These ‘Geo’ people keep talking about their families.”

“The guy named Giovanni in front of me wanted to support his father, right? I’m the same way.”

“How can I take care of you?”

“You just have to go to the ‘Animal Kingdom’ you drew and show mercy to the poor beasts.”

“I don’t think I am a person worthy of mercy.”

“No, you are more than qualified.”

and.

“Above all, please stop this mad demon’s wrath.”

“Yes? Me?”

“I believe you can do it.”

“Oh, God of Heaven and Earth.”

“Is that the source? Very believable.”

“There is a misunderstanding, I don’t know how to deal with a dangerous being like an evil spirit.”

“I’ll pass this off as another very clever joke.”

“You really only hear what you want to hear. You are definitely a ‘Geo’ too.”

“This narrow hearing is one of the talents that helped me survive in the Black Forest.”

"Argio" said, smiling as if it was nothing.

“Don’t worry, your vessel is bigger than this ‘Argio’ vessel, so there’s no way you can’t handle it. I, the last personality to die, am just here. If you want to become one with ‘Argio’, you’ll end up becoming one with those countless lunatics.”

“Is it really not okay to be soft? I’m not confident.”

“Didn’t I tell you, it’s just venting? After all, the ghosts of the Black Forest are just kids a little over ten years old. No matter how long they live, they won’t live past thirty. I just want you to accept the venting of their childish anger with an adult mind.”

“…….”

Geo asked, momentarily puzzled.

“So how old are you?”

“He died at the age of 24.”

“I didn’t realize you were that young because you were covered by a mask.”

So, does that mean he died while he was a college student?

“For your age, you’re quite… mature.”

“Isn’t the culture of the Earthlings you remember much slower?”

'Argio' tilted his head.

“In Sergio’s memories, the Earthlings were still childish and threw tantrums even after they turned 20. It’s a different culture from mine, where people are considered adults who take responsibility for their families from the age of 15.”

“If you’re 15, you’re a middle school student, Mr. Argio.”

“You can think of it as a cultural difference. It’s something on a completely different level, so it can’t be helped that the brain structure itself is different. Anyway, since you’re older than me, I believe you’ll be able to handle it well.”

He laughed.

“In the end, I will be with you.”

“…I don’t want to become an anti-social person.”

“I think you already have a fairly antisocial personality.”

“Where can you find a model student like me who says such things?”

“There’s a saying that even illusions are abundant on Earth.”

“…….”

The haunted portrait was eerie.

“…Mr. Argio is right.”

“I’m so happy I won this.”

* * *

“…….”

Animal Kingdom_Argio

“I don’t feel… very good.”

Argio's Quest

“There is such a quiet world.”

“Kur?”

“Yeah, not really.”

Demon's Control (0/1)

Rain in the dry forest (0/2)

“I feel like I’ve just drank some bad alcohol….”

Fairy tale rate 1%

"yes."

“Kkuk.”

“This might be fun too.”

“Gurrrr?”

“You also have a cute son.”

Geo, who was lying on the bed, hugged the small water bird tightly.

“Peace isn’t as bad as I thought.”

There were no more screams of rage in his ears.

Control of the Evil Spirit (1/1)

Fairness rate 21.1%

“…….”

“…….”

“Is there no place to fight?”

“Kung kung kung kung kung!!!”

“Ouch….”

I got scolded by my son for not coming to my senses.

* * *

Around the time when Geo was fully concentrating on his spirit as 'Argio'.

"What are you doing?"

“Draw a picture.”

“Do you know how to draw?”

“Want to see?”

"huh."

The youngest of the Cha family, Chaisol, was chatting with my partner.

“Ta-da.”

“…Well, you said you draw, but I don’t think you ever said you draw well.”

“Isn’t it so well drawn that you can run everything you want to run?”

“So I don’t know what’s wrong.”

“Look, this is a cloak….”

"ah."

Chaisol's partner, Iru Da, nodded.

“Did you draw a black cloak by any chance?”

“Yeah, now that I think about it, it makes sense, right?”

“It certainly makes sense that it’s black.”

“Luda, please tell me that I drew it well, even if it’s just an empty promise.”

“Okay, I drew it.”

“This is the first time I’ve met a friend who can’t say empty words like this.”

Chaisol laughed heartily.

“Now, look again.”

“I don’t think I can look at it.”

“This is the arm. This is the leg. This is the torso….”

“Oh, yeah. I see.”

“This is snow.”

“…….”

Then he tilted his head.

"…eye?"

“Yeah, eyes.”

“…Are you talking about a person’s eye?”

“I’m not that good at drawing?”

“That’s not the problem….”

The eyes were too big.

“…….”

So much so that the human face is drawn far behind the body.

“…I thought it was just a halo.”

“Huh? Does it look like that?”

“Usually when you say eyes, they mean the ones attached to a person’s face, like ours.”

“There were some people who weren’t like that.”

“Not that person….”

Then I saw the picture stained black again.

“…Is that person right?”

“Even black cloaks are people.”

“I don’t think so.”

The black cloak in the rumor, and the black cloak in this picture.

"…hmm."

Until just now, I thought it was just a bad drawing.

Looking at the large, intricately intertwined eyes, I felt a little creeped out.

“Chaisol, you… said that you don’t have any gods you serve right now.”

“No, nothing. I don’t know what to do yet, so I’m not confident.”

"okay?"

For something like that.

"I see."

I felt a 'gaze' in that ugly picture.

It was an ominous gaze, of a lower temperature than the one she was receiving.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (125)

Episode 125

Iruda was already a priest chosen by God.

She was blessed by the gods since birth. Quite a few gods coveted Iruda's vessel, and she chose the most gentle and articulate god to make a contract with. In other words, she was a career god.

Perhaps among the priests of this class, there was no one who knew the presence of God better than Iruda.

“…….”

Looking at it that way, there was something eerie about Chae Sol's paintings.

‘Surely not the evil god… .’

She thought to herself.

'I've never heard of a black cloak having any divine powers.'

Wasn't it a normal monster?

Iruda had also heard rumors about the Black Cloak. It was a humanoid monster wearing a black cloak from head to toe, and it was said that it drew a dungeon that could be called a 'work of art' and dragged bad guys there.

'I've always wondered why the damage from monsters isn't that great.'

The citizens were clamoring, "Are we seeing new native monsters?" but if you think about it a little, you'll realize that it's nonsense. Didn't the current native monsters on Earth go through a 32-year process of appeasement?

In comparison, the Black Cloak had only been on Earth for a short time, and there were few casualties as a result. This was an action that a monster that could not hold back its hatred for humans would not show.

Iruda's parents said that there was a possibility that it was not a monster.

'The association said that this is a method often used to prevent confusion. Since the citizens still lack awareness of monsters, they are easily fooled even if you make it up. That's why there are still quite a few truths hidden.'

In that case, we really had to consider the possibility that the black cloak was an evil spirit.

Compared to monsters who are busy expressing their hatred without being able to control it, beings like evil gods know how to act cleverly even if they have negative images inside them. This means that they have the ability to be called a 'god'.

“…Chaisol.”

"huh?"

“Do you like black cloaks?”

“Oh, that’s kind.”

“You sound like we’ve met before.”

“I met you!”

“…….”

Chae Sol's sunny friendliness has caused another accident.

'I never thought it would apply to beings that are treated as monsters.'

He asked a beat later.

“…when, how, in what way?”

“Did I do something wrong?”

“I think I’ll know once I hear it.”

“I just see you sometimes.”

“If you see it sometimes, doesn’t that mean you encounter it quite often?”

“He stopped by my house once.”

“That’s… a truly amazing story.”

Iruda nodded.

“It would be best not to tell anyone else.”

“I told you because you are Ruda.”

“I want to live next to you because you keep acting like that.”

“Because we are partners!”

“I didn’t mean it that way, but I guess it’s similar.”

You are like the light and salt of my tough life.

'Live like that for the rest of your life.'

In this dirty and deadly world, we need shiny fools like Chaisol.

“You must be sensitive to the aura of the gods, but I think the black cloak is more dangerous than you think.”

“But he was so kind… He’s such an affectionate older brother.”

“I meant that I might have made you think that way. I wish Black Cloak were a good person like you think, but well, the world doesn’t run on such wishes alone.”

“I think Ruda makes it too difficult to speak.”

“I wish you would tell me that I’m mature. Anyway, I think that meeting or interacting with such a being without any sense of caution is an overly careless act.”

Then I saw Chae Sol's painting.

“How about trying to avoid meeting him as much as possible?”

She knew the talent that Chaisol possessed. Like Iruda herself, he was fit to contain a god, and was born with an aura that many gods would desire.

Whether traditional gods or evil gods, they coveted the qualities of a foolish hero like Chaisol.

“You never know.”

Such people are especially often entangled with evil spirits.

“Is there any evidence that Black Cloak is a good being?”

“There isn’t any.”

“That’s why I’m telling you to exercise self-restraint.”

If a person makes a pact with an evil mystery in a moment of carelessness, then from that moment on, that person's life becomes

more terrible than hell. It is something that can be decided in an instant with just a breath or a glance from God.

“There’s no harm in being careful.”

“That’s true.”

Fortunately, Chae Sol, who was not possessed, obediently agreed with Iru Da's words.

“I’ll be careful too.”

“…Okay, if you see me again, tell me.”

“Yeah, but is the black cloak an evil spirit?”

“It seems… not impossible.”

“It was so warm, I guess that could happen.”

“…….”

Is it warm?

'I would understand if you said it was hot.'

It didn't feel like such a gentle existence. If it's a mystery that can be felt to the extent that the essence beyond can be felt just by this kind of awkward drawing, doesn't that mean that it's of considerable rank?

'Those beings don't care about humans.'

To be exact, it is closer to not being considerate. It is not easy for great mysteries to grasp the imagery according to the narrow human vessel. It becomes even more difficult as the level increases.

Of course, Chaisol's vessel was so large that it could withstand even the most gigantic god, but it was not without worry. Chaisol was a fool of this era, as Iruda had admitted.

“…No matter what you feel, humans should not completely trust God. That is not a matter of trust. Trust is something that proceeds based on the minimum mutual understanding. God cannot understand humans, and humans cannot understand God.”

That is not possible. If God and humans could understand each other, how could we distinguish between the two in this world?

Above all, human beings were happy beings when they did not know many things and could not do many things. Incompetence in accordance with the topic enriched life.

“So, whatever you feel, you shouldn’t believe that it’s the other person’s true feelings.”

“Then it’s not okay to make a contract with an evil spirit?”

“…Usually… wouldn’t that not work? Especially with a personality like yours….”

There were officially recognized religions of evil spirits: death, disease, fear, anger, sorrow. They were usually quiet disasters whose value and significance were recognized by humans.

But that doesn't mean that evil spirits aren't dangerous. Even traditional gods consider humans as mere toys, not even their long-term partners, and those with violent temperaments like evil spirits are even more so.

“You really better be careful.”

“If I make a contract with Black Cloak….”

“Let’s think about it some more, I think that would be wise.”

“Luda, I think what you said is right.”

“That’s how you should be my partner.”

Fortunately, Chaisol wasn't a fool who would insist on meaningless things.

“I will burn that painting.”

“Wouldn’t it hurt if I burned it?”

“Who is sick?”

“The black cloak.”

“Sometimes I learn a lot from your way of thinking.”

“Then I’ll burn it, since I drew it.”

Chaisol burned the painting neatly.

“But I don’t think he was really a bad guy.”

“Priest Kang Seo-dam said the same thing. How can you judge the good and evil of God?”

“That’s true too.”

Chaisol, who had been lying on the bed for a while, said with a smile.

“Next time, Ruda, do you want to meet up with me too?”

“…Okay, let’s do that.”

Iruda did not refuse.

'If there's one thing I've learned since coming to church, it's that not all evil spirits are evil.'

In the end, distinguishing between gods was also nothing more than human arrogance. How can we divide the disasters and mysteries that exist into right and wrong? Rather, there were times when the behavior

of traditional gods was even worse than that of evil gods.

'I guess we shouldn't be prejudiced when looking at the world through the eyes of a mere human being.'

In the end, it was clear that the most proper form of god and priest was the master and his tool. The master seeks a useful tool, and the tool seeks a master who is satisfied with its treatment. As long as they are well-matched, that is all that matters.

So, if the Black Cloak was truly an evil spirit, he might surprisingly fit in well with Chaisol.

“Next time you see Black Cloak, you must call me, Chaisol.”

I was just worried.

“You don’t know much about God yet.”

“Yeah, so thanks to Ruda, I’m learning a lot.”

“…….”

I feel my heart warming up.

“I have to live next to you.”

“I will do that too.”

“Does Black Cloak really give out snacks?”

“Something like cookies or chocolate?”

“It’s interesting.”

“If I see you again, I’ll ask for a snack.”

“That would be a good experience too.”

Ruda recalled the image that still seemed to linger before her eyes.

What on earth would the snacks offered by that distant and eerie essence taste like?

* * *

“…….”

“…….”

Geo muttered, holding a bloody knife.

“I think student Chaisol called me for a moment.”

I didn't really go out because it seemed like there was someone else next to me.

“John Ryu?”

“Wait, Dana. Your father is still dismantling.”

“Ryujonjonjonjon?”

“Seeing someone with such a good appetite, I don’t think I’ll starve to death no matter where I go.”

A wonderful thing.

“You are my daughter.”

Geo laughed contentedly as he peeled off the golden sheep's skin. Unlike Giovanni's, his smile had a fierce and experienced quality to it.

“Why do intruders keep coming into my comfortable sweet home?”

“Gurr?”

“Yeah, this time even the golden sheep showed up. Is there a time

when you get so embarrassed?”

Argio was currently slaughtering a huge sheep hanging from the ceiling. He didn't really hunt it himself, he just went out to the garden to think about what to eat and there was another sacrifice.

“If you think about it, that monster field could probably be used as a security force.”

It really beat any trap.

“The meat quality is also very good, as it was killed by piercing the forehead.”

“Kung?”

“They say that a living thing must die without knowing anything for its flesh to become tender, Honey.”

“Gurr.”

“Yeah, you should learn how to slaughter, it’ll be useful.”

Argio had lived like an animal, but perhaps because of the manners he learned as a child, he would sometimes enjoy eating while imitating humans. In the process, his butchering skills naturally improved.

“I can tell this sheep is definitely from my homeland. It has a golden coat that glides smoothly and a body as big as a ploughing ox. Sharp teeth and two pairs of eyes. Thick claws….”

It was clear.

“It’s a type of sheep that lives in the Black Forest.”

Golden step sheep

A carnivore that camouflages itself as a gentle prey or hunts its prey by

being charmed by its golden glow. The plants that the golden steppe steps on turn into gold, and this gold emits a sweet scent that impairs the judgment of living things. Unlike ordinary gold, its strong teeth easily suffocate its prey.

“Yeah, you’re being diligent today too.”

Geo nodded.

“It has a cute appearance, a scent, a feel, and everything about it. However, if you are fooled by its gentle appearance or are seduced by the gold it creates, you will end up having your throat bitten.”

“Kururu?”

“Just like you said, it’s a story of experience. They are really good at acting coy, but you have no idea how thick and sharp their teeth are. Thanks to them, I almost got my throat ripped off, but in the end, I was the winner.”

Elixir: The bones of a golden step ram can be boiled to produce a powerful painkiller or drug. The blood inside the horn can be used as a painless death elixir for females, or as a painful resurrection elixir for males.

“Oh, right. That’s how I was able to survive.”

Geo looked at the system and smiled broadly.

“It just so happened that the one I killed was a male. Their horns aren’t as strong as they look, so they break quite easily, and inside they have golden blood pooling. I liked the shiny thing, so I drank it, and my dying heart started beating again.”

Since then, I've been carrying it with me all the time.

“The male’s horns are curved towards his back like this, and the

female’s horns are curved towards the front. Looking at the horns that are curved towards his back, this guy looks like he’s a male. Right?”

“Gurrrr.”

“I’ll cut off the horns last, so eat as much as you want. You shouldn’t drink the blood from a female horn if you don’t have a strong tolerance, but you can drink the blood from a male horn if you’re healthy. The effect is small unless you’re on the verge of death.”

I can just feel my body getting a little hot.

“The leather is in good condition too.”

When the sheep's skin was completely removed, a black lump of flesh could be seen inside.

“Hmm….”

“Gurrrr!!”

“Yeah, I think you guys should have the fur.”

The golden sheep's fur was so exquisite that it was perfect for bedding, but the golden sheep's sparkle attracted many water birds that coveted its jewels, including honey.

“As a father, there is no way I wouldn’t give up even a single skin for my children.”

At those words, the water birds that were loitering around the slaughterhouse came over and pecked at the golden sheep’s hide. The power of their tiny beaks was so great that the hairs were pulled out of the hide, and the sight of those jewel water birds was truly like living gold and silver treasures.

“As expected of my children, they know how to take care of themselves.”

“John Ryu?”

“Yes, our Dana. This dad will cut off the flesh right away.”

Dana, who was a little bigger than the average cat, had fluffy fur and was nice to hug. It was truly ecstatic to have Dana cling to my leg and lean against me.

When I cut off the sheep's cheek, Dana bit into it.

“That’s right, you have to chew it thoroughly. The best delicacy of this sheep is the cheek meat. The cheek meat of the golden sheep, which has almost no facial muscles and cannot make expressions, has a chewy yet very soft texture that is exquisite.”

However, if you eat it too quickly, it can get stuck in your throat.

“Isn’t it really tasty?”

"baby?"

“I’m glad you like it.”

What could be more joyful than having my beloved family enjoy the same things I do?

Argio, who had let Dana savor it for a long time, soon turned his head again and looked at the black flesh of the sheep hanging from the hook.

“The bones can be used for drawing later….”

What should I do with this overflowing fat?

“…….”

He muttered.

“…The meat of the golden lamb is quite elastic, so let’s try steaming it.”

All meats in the world become delicious when boiled for a long time with alcohol and seasoning.

Yes, Argio was not without his gluttony.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (126)

Episode 126

Since ancient times, meat boiled or steamed in alcohol could not be tasteless.

“The savory aroma of alcohol removes the meat’s gamey smell, and the mild heat softens the chewy texture.”

There just so happened to be just the right ingredients.

"therefore…."

candy trap tree

A tree with a round, swollen base like a candy. It is a monoecious plant, with leaves on the outside, but the fruit grows inside the swollen trunk. If the fruit of the candy trap tree, which has a strong sweet and bitter taste, is not removed in time, it will start to rot from the inside, and depending on various conditions, this fruit mixes with the tree's sap to become vinegar, juice, or fruit wine.

“Yeah, this.”

Geo took a small piece of ceramic from the basket in Dana's mouth. When Dana, who had run an errand to the icehouse, spat out the basket, Argio put a piece of golden-stepped sheep's flesh in her mouth.

The omnivorous cat, who is not a picky eater, did not refuse raw meat.

Unlike regular cats, Dana, an anti-cat with teeth lined up in a single row, enjoyed the flesh with gusto.

“John Ryu?”

“What a wonderful thing.”

I heard that you grow up so fast these days. I wish you could eat a lot and grow up like a pig. Then you have to poop five more times instead of just once. Geo was happy.

“The good thing about these candy trap trees is that each tree has matured to a different degree. That’s why the taste is slightly different. This one… has a strong woody scent.”

The heaviness unique to alcohol that makes your tongue burn as soon as you touch it was strong, and the bitter taste unique to plants that seemed to roll around in your mouth. The scent of the sugar trap tree itself was added, giving it a somewhat smoky feeling.

This liquor was delicious even when drunk on its own. It was to the point where I thought people who enjoyed drinking wouldn't understand why it was used in cooking.

“Naturally produced alcohol did not exist even in the Avilas rainforest.”

“…….”

“Honey, would you like to try it?”

“Gurrrr.”

“It’s nice to see all the children eating well. They’ll grow up well.”

Geo tried to pour the fruit wine into a small dish, but Honey didn't care and squeezed her way into the narrow ceramic entrance. He watched quietly for a while, and soon Honey's chubby face suddenly popped out.

“…….”

“…….”

The water bird hanging slightly at the entrance tilted its head.

“B-kung?”

“Oh, like that.”

“…Kungkungkung….”

“It didn’t taste good, did it?”

“Gulp.”

“They say that some people are better suited to drinking alcohol. I may have told the child about that too.”

“Kung….”

“Would you like to try it deliciously?”

Argio, who enjoys drinking as much as fighting, was happy to give advice.

“There are several ways to enjoy fruit wine. You can hold it in your mouth and feel its weight and texture, analyze the unique bitterness of the plant, or appreciate the aroma of the fruit itself or the aroma that comes afterward.”

“Kuruk.”

“It’s probably hard for a young child like you to enjoy alcohol. I’ve always enjoyed this kind of texture and smell since I was little, so I’ve kept alcohol close to me, but if it doesn’t suit you, you can use it in cooking. I just happened to win the perfect alcohol.”

Whether it was the cat's keen sense of smell or simply the one she

brought with her that looked the best, Dana brought the one that went best with meat among the fruit wines she had been collecting whenever she was bored.

“If it’s regular alcohol, its flavor and taste will almost disappear during the cooking process, but the alcohol here is special, so that won’t happen. The meat stew I’m making this time will be quite delicious.”

Geoda always felt sorry that when cooking with alcohol, the flavor and aroma almost disappeared during the boiling and stir-frying process. However, the things that grew in this forest did not disappear so easily.

“I should say that it truly has strong vitality.”

“Gurrrr?”

“Yeah, just like you.”

Geo, who was caressing his son sitting on his shoulder, soon turned to look at the teddy bear.

"so…."

“…….”

“Why is our father so distant?”

“Kyuu….”

“Is your new son so unfamiliar?”

Geo's hair, which was a deep red like wine, soon faded and became platinum blonde.

“So how is it now?”

"…dream."

“Yes, it’s the same person. It’s no different at all.”

“Kuk kuk kuk.”

The traditional god who once ruled over a dimension smiled and applauded. It wasn't exactly a situation worthy of applause, but no one was there to point it out.

Giovanni smiled, gave his father a hug, and stood up again.

“Hmm.”

His hair turned dark red again.

“But if we do this, I’m worried about how our mermaid siblings will react.”

“Huh?”

“Yes, it’s almost time for those kids to come. This is….”

Argio laughed.

“That sounds fun.”

It was going to be a very enjoyable meal.

* * *

“…….”

“Our princess has arrived.”

"Shit."

The Little Mermaid Aria stabbed me in the eye.

“My geo has been contaminated with impurities.”

Aria was whining, blood streaming from her eyes. She looked just like

a crying child, and Argio burst out laughing. He whined as he led Aria, who was not coming down from the second floor, to the table.

“If you say it’s an impurity, wouldn’t this teacher’s heart hurt too much?”

“How did this personality of someone so unlike Giovanni come into being? Aren’t there only ‘Geos’ with similar characteristics?”

“Oh, my student. My disciple. Why don’t you understand that in the end, we are all the same Geo?”

“I know.”

Aria, who had regained her sight, clicked her tongue and looked at Argio’s clear golden eyes. Rather than a calm sea bathed in sunlight, they reminded her of a cold lump of gold covered in blood.

Yet there was a familiar affection inside me. It was a love that I could never forget, a love that could not be confused.

“…That gaze cannot be imitated.”

“Be honest too.”

“You know that in the end, you are my teacher.”

That wasn't a lie.

“It’s not that I didn’t expect it would turn out like this someday.”

The 'Gio' in this portrait was varied. In fact, even 'Sergio' and 'Giovanni' were very different.

First of all, their ages were different, and although they were not visible because of their clothes, their physiques were different. Their bone structures and colors were different, and even the expressions they could make and the types of expressions they could make were

different. So it was not strange that such a bright red Geo was added now.

The teacher asked him.

"then?"

“…….”

Before sitting down at the table, Aria carefully held the hand of Giovanni, who had escorted her.

“Geo.”

It was a soft voice.

“I want to have a meal with you.”

“…Me too.”

Giovanni also smiled as usual.

“I want to brag about this recipe that I made this time.”

“Then why were you making that face instead of just bragging about the recipe?”

“I don’t think you like Argio’s face. I think I should explain it to you….”

"…ha…."

Aria, who was quietly looking at Giovanni's awkward smile, let out a small sigh and said.

“I can explain it well enough with words.”

“But what explanation could be more certain than showing?”

“You have such a shameless side.”

Only then did Aria sit down in the seat that Geo had shown her.

“Is this something new that was made this time?”

“Yes. It smells really good, doesn’t it?”

“It smells a bit like alcohol. It looks like it will be a delicacy.”

“I don’t think it will be bad.”

Geo, who had returned to his black hair, sat across from him. Honey and Dana climbed onto the table as if they were used to it, and the teddy bear with the sun god also took its place on the chair.

and….

“…….”

Aria looked around.

“What are those water birds?”

“They’re just watching to see if there’s anything they can take.”

“Why do you have to take it?”

“I think it’s because of the kids who took the golden wool, which is a sheep accessory, earlier.”

“Golden fur?”

“The meat placed in front of Aria now is the skin that was exposed.”

"aha…."

Aria nodded as she looked at the water birds by the window, their eyes sparkling and watching us.

“Now, the golden sheep appears and things are really strange.”

“There was no such thing in our hometown.”

“If there was something like that, it might have been possible to turn people’s attention in that direction.”

“It was such beautiful fur that even the most discerning person would be unable to overcome their greed.”

“So I think it would be better not to put it out there. Well, that’s just my extremely personal desire.”

The mermaid still didn't trust humans.

“I was worried because the teacher had no sense of caution in some strange areas.”

“Aria has really grown into a wonderful adult.”

Geo was impressed by the way his disciple took care of him. He naturally smiled like Giovanni, even though he was Sergio with black hair. It was because they were completely in sync.

“I used to be really prickly and hot-tempered.”

“Oh… How long ago are you talking about?”

But Aria also acknowledged that part.

“I know that I had many shortcomings back then.”

Aria, who was just born into the world, had a sensitive and prickly side. She was suspicious of everything that approached her, had a hard time acknowledging anyone, and felt annoyed and disgusted by anything that got in her way.

“I’ve become a lot more mature than I was as a child.”

“Actually, I don’t think it’s much different now.”

“Ha, I can just be comfortable in front of the teacher.”

“Suddenly such a touching story?”

“I didn’t say that to be moved, though.”

Aria didn't even look at the food, just fiddling with the glass of water.

“Who could I be so honest with? Not even in front of my younger brother Isser, because I had to lead him.”

“…….”

“I’ve become quite skilled. I’ve become more skilled, and I’ve learned to smile in front of anyone, regardless of whether I like it or not. As the teacher said, this has helped me a lot in communication.”

She looked at Geo with pearly eyes.

“Is this the kind of ‘growth’ you like?”

“Maybe so, maybe not. It doesn’t matter what I like.”

“He’s still an ambiguous person.”

As Aria let out a forced sigh, Geo smiled slightly. It was a small, gentle smile directed at his cute student.

“So you’re not planning on eating?”

“I feel sick to my stomach when I think about the meal that some unknown idiot made.”

“That unknown mold could be your teacher.”

“It gets even stranger because it’s clear that he’s my teacher. In an instant like this….”

I felt really strange.

“…….”

But I just wasn't used to it, it wasn't to the point where I wanted to reject it.

“…As I said before, the scent is nice.”

“It’s because the aroma of the newly brewed liquor remains intact.”

“The meat is very tender.”

“It’s boiled once, then baked, steamed, and then topped with sauce.”

“I don’t know why cooking can be so troublesome.”

And as cumbersome as it was, the dish was delicious.

“You said you put the sauce on separately, so isn’t it a little different from making stew?”

“It will definitely make a difference, doesn’t it make the meat taste better?”

“You said it was the flesh of the golden lamb? Yes, it is a great delicacy.”

The deep black flesh, like squid ink, cuts smoothly when chewed and tears easily. However, the unique, plump, chewy texture adds to the chewiness, making it enjoyable to chew.

In particular, the aroma felt from the meat itself was very impressive. The aroma that came up on the tongue was similar to spices such as garlic or onion. The oily flavor and richness of the meat coming from the juice was indescribable.

“It’s strange how, when you spend time with a teacher, you feel like

you’ve become a gourmet without even realizing it.”

“I will take that as a compliment.”

“You end up eating food while thinking about it for no reason.”

“I thought it was a compliment.”

“There’s no one like you, Geo, who thinks positively.”

The sauce was pretty good too.

“My tongue hurts a little.”

“I didn’t add any spicy spices, but it’s probably because the alcohol I used this time is strong.”

“Usually, doesn’t all the alcohol evaporate during the cooking process?”

“Isn’t it because the alcohol itself has largely died out, but the scent itself still remains intact?”

“I can’t understand how a scent alone can be this strong.”

“Mermaids are particularly bad at eating strongly stimulating foods.”

"no…."

Aria muttered to herself.

'Isn't it a miracle that someone like me can feel this way?'

It was Aria who had accumulated power to the point of being close to an evil spirit. It was impossible for Aria, who had 'grew' over a long period of time, to be like an ordinary mermaid.

And yet, I can enjoy Geo's cooking like an ordinary person.

'Did you cook it differently to suit my level?'

or not.

'Can anyone just enjoy Geo's cooking as he intended?'

Arya thought it was probably Huzairi. Didn't even the Sun God, who had no appetite, make Geo wait for his cooking? It was truly a strangely great ability.

He did so simply because he wanted to share his cooking with everyone, whether it be a monster who had surpassed the limits of a mermaid or a teddy bear who was once a god but was blind.

"……."

Aria asked.

"…Is there any bread to go with it?"

"I made something in advance. Would you like to eat it?"

"The sauce is so delicious that I want to dip it in it."

"Then I will cook it for you right away."

Geo got up from his seat and put the bread he had baked in advance into the oven.

A golden water bird flies over and lands on the shoulder of the black mantle, as if it wants to eat something. The water birds sitting by the window also come over, splashing, and a large human hand caresses my little ones.

"Yeah, the smell of baking is nice, right?"

"Gulp."

"Let's wait a little longer."

The sound of the firewood crackling, the scent of the already baked bread becoming even more golden brown, the warmth radiating from it, and the sound of the teddy bear's utensils clanking…

"……."

Aria noticed it all.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (127)

Episode 127

It was a peaceful world.

“…….”

Isn't that so?

My benefactor, who had died a horrible death, is alive and well, and he always prepares meals for Aria when she comes. He consoles her with the same voice as before, and he laughs, chats, and enjoys himself with his new children… .

I had no intention of undermining this terrible peace.

“…Giovanni.”

No matter what happens in the future, Aria is determined to cherish this peace.

“My teacher.”

“Yes, Aria.”

After the short meal, Geo returned to his blunt face. With a calm face that seemed to have never smiled before, but with a familiar affection, the teacher asked.

“Do you want dessert?”

“Is that a dessert loaded with sugar?”

“Yes, it’s very sweet.”

“The cake I ate last time was really delicious.”

“Just what Aria wants is right here.”

“This is where I always found what I wanted.”

“You’re smart too.”

He brought a small cake.

“Is this what you wanted?”

“That’s right. You also gave it to a human named Yoo Seong-un who visited here before?”

“That’s right, I got a fish-shaped bread in return.”

“That’s quite a modest price to pay….”

The 'price' coming out of my mouth was like a child's play.

“I’m talking about such a delicious cake.”

It resembled a small round cake and had a very light texture.

First of all, the sheet was like that. It had a soft texture that was like chewing on a well-baked meringue cookie, with a soft crunch and a smooth texture that soaked right in. The outside was smooth and had a sweet sugar powder sprinkled on top.

The layers are divided into four: vanilla cream, green tea cream, and mascarpone cream cheese. Although it is said to contain a lot of sugar, it feels lighter than expected thanks to the exquisite harmony.

“I didn’t know you had talent for pastry, teacher.”

“Your baking skills are not bad, so I think it might be because of that influence.”

“That could be the case.”

There is a clear crunchiness to the bite, but the weight and texture are so light that you don't even realize it's going down your throat. It was an ecstatic texture that no human could ever create.

“You can’t hide your sense of discomfort just because the taste you feel is human.”

“I don’t know what you want to say. Do you have any advice for me?”

“I was just saying that once. I really don’t know what kind of teacher you want to be….”

The taste was quite familiar. When I spied on the Earth, I saw that this type of sweet and soft cream was popular. Perhaps Sergio wanted to imitate it.

However, Aria, who is a great analyst, knows what kind of an outing this is. She realizes it after just one bite of the cake. It would not be easy for a human to imitate this texture.

“I respect my teacher.”

Geo was a smart person, but he was not one to be caught up in his surroundings. He was even a person who could bestow his own death with loving mercy.

Oh, how arrogant he is.

“You can make a cake like this, can’t you?”

“I feel embarrassed that I am receiving so much praise for just a cake.”

“A dessert this delicious deserves more praise.”

“Would you like a cup of tea?”

“I haven’t had my tea yet?”

It was so delicious that I forgot about it for a moment.

“Would you like me to have a glass of what you’re drinking right now, teacher?”

“Let’s do that.”

A delicate and clear sound like a bead made of cut gems striking each other. The sunlight streaming in through the window shattered into the light blue-colored tea. It seemed as if what was inside should be a gem, not a liquid.

Still, what Aria received was tea of the right temperature.

“…….”

Drink it and look around.

“…I cherish this place.”

“I can tell without even hearing it directly.”

“But if you ask me if I like it, I don’t know.”

“I know that too.”

“…Yes, Giovanni….”

Aria smiled wryly.

“This must be sadness.”

It was different from anger.

“This is what it means to miss something.”

“…….”

“It’s another feeling of regret.”

In this comfortable place, Aria felt such emotions.

“I wondered why I felt that way in such a peaceful and quiet world. A place where I could meet my teacher again at any time, a cabin filled with sweet honey and fruit, and where I could hear the chirping of beautiful birds. A wooden house filled with warm air.”

It's just so good.

“I always feel queasy when I come here.”

Aria asked.

“Why does this place feel like a grave to me?”

“I am alive.”

“I feel like you’re going to go somewhere again.”

“I will continue to be here.”

“It’s so strange to talk about such eternity.”

Giovanni never said 'forever', which was proof that we had come a long way.

The one before his eyes had already died once, and would experience countless more deaths in the future. And he would reveal even more changes to those he loved. That was how it was supposed to be.

“A person who longs for the dead is a failure. He will never be able to bring them back to life, so he will spend his entire life buried in the past. Those who rebel against fate are no longer human, so they become monsters.”

That was the situation now.

“I became that monster.”

“You don’t have to overthink it.”

“Geo, how about you?”

Are you human?

“Can you consider yourself human?”

“I ask you this, how could it not be so?”

"well."

Aria couldn't bring herself to say 'no' to him.

“You are always right.”

The being drinking tea with me in front of me is not a human being.

It may be human, but its very essence cannot be called human. In the end, the only human teacher of Aria is here, but it is not like that.

Giovanni is alive and dead.

'It was stuffed.'

Like a faded portrait of a time at its most beautiful.

'How many more of our most beautiful moments will be stuffed in the future?'

He feels lost in that short and colorful life and the eternal changes. Geo will never remain stagnant for even a moment, and Aria will be anxious to keep up with his changes every time.

I felt hurt even though we were drinking the same tea together. I felt so

distant.

“…Longing is truly a ?鵑贊? emotion.”

Aria continues speaking.

“It looks good, but it’s a mess inside.”

“It’s because I’m not immune to emotions.”

“Have humans become accustomed to these feelings?”

“We all live with a sense of longing, no matter what it is.”

“It’s horrible to think that I’ll be living like this my whole life.”

“It’s not that terrible.”

Geo's voice was quiet, as if there was no sound.

“We can have memories because we miss them.”

“They say that even this is a memory.”

So Aria now.

“I’m lost in that memory right now.”

I felt like I was suffocating.

I felt like a fish in fresh water instead of the ocean. I felt like a human being trapped in a world filled with nitrogen instead of oxygen.

It felt both painful and peaceful. It was a really strange feeling.

“How should we define this peace?”

“Why don’t you just enjoy it without worrying?”

“It’s like a devil’s temptation, a more clever proposal than any devil I’ve

ever seen.”

“Oh, you’ve encountered the devil.”

His blunt voice became warm, as if he was trying to appease his student. He asked with a gentle voice and smile.

“How were they?”

“Well, it’s of much lower quality than yours.”

In many ways.

“To be honest, I don’t have the confidence to accept this peace. I know it’s all true, but I think it’s a lie. I know it’s real, but I think it’s a mirage.”

“Aria thinks too much, it’s a problem.”

“In my opinion, it seems that the teacher is not thinking deeply. I don’t understand what kind of symbol it is that allows him to define himself as a human being without any hesitation.”

“Why wouldn’t my change make me human?”

“There are many reasons. There are many, but I think the teacher would not consider them as valid reasons. I have to say that such stubbornness is really trustworthy….”

Or should I say it is ominous?

“You can achieve anything you want.”

But Geo, despite his ominousness, was something she could neither control nor possess. Even if the peace she longed for now were to suddenly disappear one day, Aria would be able to accept it.

And on that day we will learn despair. The long road we have already walked has proven that it was a predetermined fate.

“I have already learned fear.”

“How did that happen?”

“Because you’re not in my dungeon.”

When I lived as a monster, thinking that it would never exist and that it had already left my hands, I would rather laugh. But it was so scary when my benefactor, who I couldn't even grasp, hovered around me with a smiling face.

Once was enough. I couldn't lose it twice. I couldn't bear that kind of loss again.

“That’s the guy named Giovanni. He comes up with ideas that no ordinary person would ever think of, he gives his all to such things, he understands even the smallest things, and his patience is beyond imagination.”

He was a man who would try anything.

“But now, you’re not just trying, you’ve gained the strength to do it. I’m not sure if it was like that from the beginning or if it became like this later… but you are still my teacher after all.”

“…….”

“It will change over and over again. It will disappear someday. You may die before me, or you may outlive me. If you want it, it will happen. If you don’t want it, you will just enjoy your fate.”

“…….”

“I admit it. But, Geo, don’t you know? We realized our hatred for your death and killed and harmed so many humans. We endured all these years. And what is this?”

Aria looked at Giovanni.

“You are too much to comfort us through all these long years….”

It soon turned black.

“…….”

“…….”

It turned red again.

“…You’re so fickle.”

“You understand me well.”

“That makes me very anxious.”

It's been too long.

“I have lived for such a long time enduring hatred and anger, but the teacher I met again unexpectedly does not respond to my greed. If it were up to me, I would put you in my dungeon, admire you without taking my eyes off you for even a moment, and spend all that time passing by together.”

Argio smiled wryly at the mermaid's greed.

“That’s not fun at all.”

“I knew it wouldn’t be easy to catch, and I didn’t try because I knew I would fail.”

Because Geo didn't forgive them and so he wouldn't accept them.

That couldn't hurt Aria. I think it's natural and obvious. But because of that, the mermaids couldn't completely get their hands on my gift.

“I wonder how the teacher will disappear in the meantime.”

“That’s what makes you anxious.”

“Yes, in that my only variable is to acknowledge and love the only one.”

Aria laughed along with him.

“How can you believe in this peace?”

“I think that’s homework left for you.”

“That’s exactly what you would say.”

The fact that a mere human was invited here, the future in which Geo's color would change countless times, and the great responsibility of the mermaids that could not be fully shouldered even after tens of thousands of years.

All of this was ultimately just a homework assignment that Aria had to take on. A homework assignment to believe in the peace that exists now.

“I wish I were a stupid person.”

Then I would have believed it.

“Isn’t that right?”

“But it’s not a wise choice.”

“…Is that so?”

“Constantly worry and doubt.”

Golden eyes widened with affection.

“That will prove you.”

“As expected, you are….”

Aria smiled weakly.

“…My teacher is right.”

A human being who has no limits in strange places, always has a realistic future in his mouth, and is busy teaching something.

Let us remember that the person in front of us is the only one who loved us, the mermaid… .

"love you."

"so do i."

Only then did I feel at ease.

We are still in our daily lives today.

* * *

Giovanni always said, 'Learn as many emotions as you can while I'm around.'

“It will be a token of your mermaid life.”

“Proof?”

“Emotions are the tokens of memories, of learning, of all memories.”

He said that would make you grow into a mermaid.

“Your current feelings will tell you the way forward.”

“Geo, why don’t you tell me?”

“I am not at all like Aria, so I can be erased and disappear from that life at any time.”

“I won’t erase you or let you disappear.”

“After all, aren’t we still drawing a different future?”

“…….”

“…even if I’m not there, and even if I’m there.”

Geo always said.

“I hope that this sign will help you understand more.”

But before he could understand much of it, Giovanni died.

Death took more than you might think. It meant no one to smile brightly when you woke up in the morning, no one to insist on having a meaningless meal at a set time, and no one to cover you up with a blanket at the end of the night.

Each and every one of them was truly ordinary and big. There were also small and many.

“…….”

We have always learned about death.

So today was not much different from any other day.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (128)

Episode 128

Gallery at 4am.

“Geo.”

Yoo Seong-un called the portrait as usual.

“Are you awake?”

“Yes, I am awake.”

“I sent a letter.”

“…….”

A portrait with its eyes covered in black paint looks at a meteor cloud. A bloodless lower body spits out words.

“Were you able to read it this time?”

“Nothing has changed. It’s the same as what you sent me before.”

"okay."

There was no sign of discouragement.

As usual, the tone of the portrait was dull and empty. The calm tone was certainly pleasant to listen to, but its weight was heavy, making it difficult to ponder for long.

Yoo Seong-un let the voice flow without any meaning being understood. Then the portrait spoke again.

“I can show you something fun.”

“If you say it’s fun….”

Yoo Seong-un nodded as if he had guessed.

“Did you succeed in finding another ‘Geo’?”

The reason why he was able to imitate humans so well despite his huge stature was because he was awakening his old personality, another 'Geo'. It was said that it was easy for 'Geo', the human, to act as a human before he was imbued with the portrait.

Geo answered Yoo Seong-un's question in the affirmative and provided an additional explanation.

“I drew it, I didn’t find it.”

“So that’s a painting after all? Then how is it different from a portrait?”

“To be exact, I am asking Geo beyond the picture.”

“Please….”

That's a pretty mild expression.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un calmed his mind so that he wouldn't show any signs of trouble. He was ready to face the disaster.

“So what kind of person is this ‘Geo’?”

“It is one of the evil spirits.”

“Aha, does that mean it’s time for the Earth to end?”

“I will not destroy the Earth.”

“I’m grateful, but I’m a little scared.”

Why does it have to be an evil spirit?

“…No, if you’re an evil spirit…then you weren’t human in the first place, right? Is it okay to receive help from someone like ‘Geo’?”

“It is possible because he is human after all.”

“You are so compassionate. I always feel that your standards for humans are very broad.”

I knew it when I saw those scary mermaids and started preaching, 'You are humans too.'

‘It’s the same with thinking of yourself as an ordinary human being… .’

Actually, it seems like it's some kind of joke or an act, but anyway, there's no lie in 'believing' like that. It seems that Geo's standards for treating others as human beings are quite... tolerant.

“So that’s why you called me to tell me that story?”

Although Yoo Seong-un still couldn't interpret Geo's letter, he knew that he had something to say. That's why he came to visit him that morning after receiving the letter.

“Or is there something you would like to discuss with me?”

“Rather than that….”

Dalgrak—.

The portrait's ringed hand held the frame.

“…….”

‘Geo’ covered in black paint pops out like a meteor cloud… .

"-peekaboo."

I was playing a prank.

“…….”

“…….”

“Why is there no response?”

"…uh…."

As Yoo Seong-un stepped back, pale bare feet landed in the space. Yoo Seong-un grabbed his heart as 'Geo', who had already completely stepped out of the portrait,

“…Oh, okay.”

“What does that mean?”

“I was scared for a moment.”

“I didn’t mean to scare you.”

"I see."

This time I really thought I was going to die.

'The eyes….'

The moment I met those golden eyes looking down at me, my mind went dizzy.

Yoo Seong-un had previously speculated that the 'Portrait of Geo' was the 'eye' of the source for gathering the human database.

Since then, I tried even harder to avoid eye contact, but when I looked

at him straight on like this, it took my breath away. It was really… .

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un took a deep breath and returned to his usual expression.

“Is this the Geo I knew?”

“I still remember and affirm you, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

"hmm…."

The response was certainly as positive as ever.

“…It seems like things have changed a lot. It was the same with Giovanni, but things have really changed to extremes.”

From the blunt 'Sergio' with no expression whatsoever, he became the priest 'Giovanni', characterized by a bright and affectionate smile.

'And now, he has become an evil spirit who knows how to smile with a dark smile… .'

I thought Geo was basically good-natured, but seeing as he turned into an evil spirit, I wonder if that kind of nature can change?

'It's true that Geo himself can't be said to be kind by human standards. His taste for liking kind and polite things is likely fixed, but his unique politeness and kindness toward humans may change.'

Even after organizing my thoughts like that, there was still not enough information. Unlike the previous 'Geo' who was generally gentle, this guy was flashy from his appearance to his personality.

The first change that can be mentioned is color.

“Is that the color of this ‘Geo’?”

“Isn’t it pretty fancy?”

“It definitely is, it’s really gorgeous.”

The eyes were a cool golden color, and the hair was a deep red like aged blood. Yoo Seong-un could quickly recall a similar color palette.

Geo probably felt the same way.

“The guild leader here seemed to be a similar color to me.”

“Oh, that’s right. He has a keen eye for detection too.”

It wasn't exactly the same color. Bisabal's hair and eyes were a bit more saturated than Geo's now. His hair resembled freshly squeezed blood, and his eyes were closer to lemon than gold.

Even so, that's true.

“They are very similar.”

At first glance, you might think they're relatives.

'If I tell you this much, you'll be offended.'

Since the other person introduced himself as an evil spirit, he had to be careful. If he introduced himself as a mere human, it could be seen as an insult to the god. It was better to avoid that.

But Geo's reaction was quite cool.

“Are we similar enough to be considered family?”

“…Maybe so.”

“Are you good at fighting?”

“Oh no, absolutely not. If you hit it, it will fly away.”

“Oh, like that.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un chewed his tongue inwardly.

'Is this the type of evil spirit?'

Among the evil gods, there were schemers with twisted personalities, and there were berserkers who would wipe out any schemes or anything. It seemed that Geo this time was closer to the latter.

“…So you started enjoying fighting, then?”

“Don’t worry, my friend, I won’t go wild unless you’re worth it.”

“I see….”

First of all, seeing that you call me 'friend', it seems like the goodwill you had built up until now hasn't been deleted.

'You've always thought of me as a friend.'

I was grateful, but it was more of a burden. It was a great honor for a gardener to be considered a friend by a being with the same name as the Eye of Origin, but it was also a position where I would never be able to die as a human.

'I might not be able to live out my lifespan if I'm not careful.'

Anyway, good things are good things. It was obvious that it was better to gain favor than to gain enmity.

“…….”

The meteor cloud, scratching its neck, spoke again.

“…Can we talk comfortably?”

“A good person like Mr. Yoo Seong-un deserves to be treated accordingly.”

“Even though it’s the same honorific, the feeling is definitely different.”

The honorifics of Black Geo were eerily blunt, while Giovanni's were gentle and polite. The honorifics of the gorgeous Geo before his eyes were filled with a sharp smile, making them sound a little sarcastic.

'Is it because of that dignity that I don't feel like a common punk?'

Yoo Seong-un looked inside the black cloak this time. He knew that there was a rare chance that the outfit would change whenever 'Geo' changed.

The black cloak that covers him from head to toe makes it impossible to see inside, but if he reveals himself, the inside can be seen. When he was Sergio, Geo wore a black suit, and when he was Giovanni, Geo wore a white priest's outfit.

'Detailed details like hairstyle and fashion seem to change depending on Geo's mood at the time, but this one definitely stands out.'

This time Geo's attire was full of bones and jewels.

“…….”

If you go out like that, how are you going to handle it?

'The atmosphere is a bit ominous for explaining all of those as artifacts.'

Geo smiled as if he had noticed Yoo Seong-un's thoughts.

“Would I really be walking among people like this?”

“Or maybe I’m really lucky.”

“If necessary, I’ll wear a suit, because it’s neat.”

“Then what are you wearing now?”

“Isn’t this to show Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

The way he speaks really changes quickly.

'A rather capricious type… .'

You had to be careful. Even if you said that, you could still pass people by dressed like that.

These days, there are so many hunters with unique concepts that I wonder if it will be a big problem, but since I introduced myself as an evil spirit, it would be foolish to be complacent.

“…So….”

Feeling a little confused, Yoo Seong-un opened his mouth first.

“I’m starting to get a grasp of the situation.”

“Is that so?”

“Is there anything you want from me?”

“I had something to ask.”

“What do you want to ask? Is that the main point?”

"that's right."

Geo asked.

“Am I still scared?”

“…….”

It was amazing.

‘…Is the current Geo also considerate of humans?’

Although the evil seed was a black cloak that did not treat humans like humans, Geo basically showed fair affection to humans.

It's so fair that it sometimes feels like indifference, but I know that it's the consideration of this portrait.

'But was that possible even for the evil Geo?'

I was prepared for a lot of things when I introduced myself as an evil spirit. It felt like I was seeing something really unfamiliar.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un shook his head after carefully looking over his opponent.

“No, it’s not scary.”

"really?"

“To put it more precisely, there is something about your momentum that is a bit overwhelming.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed innocently.

“But this can’t be helped. You’re considerably taller than other humans, and your color is intense right now, and your gaze itself is intimidating. Your expression… has a ferocious side.”

but.

“But I still think he’s human.”

Of course, it was still difficult to look Geo in the eye directly.

However, the reason that Yoo Seong-un was able to quickly escape even after meeting him at such a close range was because Geo was still clearly in a human state.

Geo's lips twisted ambiguously at Yoo Seong-un's calm reaction. It seemed like he was probably smiling.

“It feels very strange to hear that.”

“Is it really like that?”

“It’s strange to say that you look like a human.”

“Is that… a change due to the current you?”

"okay."

Geo, who seemed to be thinking about something for a moment, opened his eyes.

“Everyone calls me Argio, but Mr. Yoo Seong-un, you can call me whatever you want.”

“Argio? Is that the word that refers to you?”

“In the old language of my hometown, it means a cruel beast. It’s a kind of derogatory term.”

“…Then I’ll just call you like I usually do.”

There was no need to praise an already cruel evil spirit by calling it 'cruel'.

'It's also a shame to call someone who doesn't show any malicious intent a derogatory term.'

As if he knew what Yoo Seong-un was thinking, Geo smiled broadly. Only then did Yoo Seong-un realize that Geo's eyes were sharper than

he had thought.

'When you smile like that, you definitely look more like the guild leader.'

He usually sits calmly and collectedly, so I didn't think he had sharp eyes. It was such a random topic that I didn't say anything, but Geo opened his mouth.

“That’s all for today.”

“Have you checked to see if there are any side effects from becoming one with another Geo?”

“I guess so, I was satisfied.”

He pulled the hood of his cloak down low, and covered his entire body with a dark black cloak. Only his pale bare feet showed the black suit again above them.

Geo spoke from within the pitch-black shadow of the cloak.

“Thank you for responding to my letter.”

“…….”

It was definitely 'Sergio'.

“…Hey….”

This is going to get harder and harder to adapt to as time goes on.

'I guess I'm still human because I find this creepy.'

As the days passed, the erosion of the garden became more severe, but it seemed that even if they came into contact with the source, it would not have any effect. Yoo Seong-un felt a chill and laughed at everything about 'Geo' that was replaced in an instant.

For this portrait, ‘Geo’ is a kind of clothing.

'It's probably an attempt to find clothes that fit the situation and fit in with humans without feeling awkward.'

Yoo Seong-un understood the attempt and consideration. In his own way, ‘Portrait of Geo’ was trying to get along with the other person by using numerous memories and personalities.

'So, did you call me this time to show off to your family and friends that you bought new clothes and want them to look good on you?'

It was a little funny. There was something cute about this behavior in 'Portrait of Geo', like seeing the immature and passionate being of the newborn.

“I will gratefully accept your thanks.”

“Maybe I can help you another day.”

“That would be even more appreciated.”

As a gardener, help from the source can be a lifeline.

'I don't know if it will help in any way since there has been no such case historically.'

The portrait caught the meteor cloud that was about to leave.

“If you are tired, would you like to stay the night in my cabin?”

"hmm…."

It's true that I'm tired, though.

“…It’s not that I’m not interested.”

"yes."

“If I were to visit, I would like to do so in a more respectable manner.”

"okay."

“Wouldn’t it be unpleasant for you to postpone the consideration you showed me now until another time?”

“I always look forward to Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s visit.”

“That’s a really nice invitation.”

It was a ghostly invitation that bewitched a lonely and weary traveler.

“I like that kind of thing.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled with his blue-gray eyes wide open.

* * *

At that time, in an abandoned building in the outskirts.

“…….”

In that place filled with ash and soot, a man who had lost everything sat quietly.

What he held was a sign of an evil spirit called Sankalut.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (129)

Episode 129

Unlike other traditional gods who were difficult to contact and interact with, most evil gods were not difficult to summon and had a high probability of responding.

This was because the evil spirit actively sought out my fallen believers.

“Or, he may intentionally cause misfortune in order to make the human he likes his disciple. Some humans are loved by evil spirits because they are corrupted, while others become corrupt because they are loved.”

There is a way to call upon any god who watches over humans. In the countless dungeons created in the ruined dimensions because of this, there have been many cases where intellectuals with wrong intentions have brought disaster upon themselves.

“The most common purpose is revenge.”

“Revenge?”

“There are rare instances where a demon is summoned simply to bring about destruction.”

Kang Seo-dam continued his explanation in the classroom for prospective priests.

“Do you know about the seven deadly sins?”

“Pride, greed, envy, anger, lust, gluttony, and sloth.”

“Okay, Sister Iruda. This is a concept that existed even before the Great Calamity, when there was no close connection with God.”

Kang Seo-dam nodded.

“There have been many changes in perception on Earth since the Great Disaster. If the concept still exists, it must be because it has shown its worth.”

In religious circles, these were the seven deadly sins.

“The proud do not learn. The greedy do not share. The jealous lose the opportunity to grow. The angry do not tolerate. Lust easily blinds people. Gluttony makes people forget how to respect. Sloth rots away their own worth.”

Kang Seo-dam looked around at the students.

“Humans are social creatures who cannot survive alone. Especially before the catastrophe, humans on Earth were considerably weaker than other creatures on Earth.”

“…….”

“And yet the Seven Deadly Sins still existed at that time. Can any brother guess why they were considered sins regardless of whether they existed before or after the Great Calamity?”

The girl with the low tail raised her hand.

“I can explain.”

“Please explain in front of the brothers.”

“As you said, humans are weak social creatures, so they must form communities, and in order to survive and develop sustainably, they

must not commit such sins.”

“That was an exemplary answer.”

Kang Seodam looked around again.

“Is there anyone who understood what Sister Iruda said?”

“Me.”

“Yes, Brother Chaisol. I would like to hear your opinion.”

“I think we should live well because if we are selfish, we can’t live together.”

“That was an accurate summary.”

He expressed his approval.

“Just as good and evil are, the world is vast and people are diverse, so when someone acts according to their own desires, someone else is bound to be unhappy. This is because resources are limited and not everyone has the same personality and desires.”

This is the method that humans, as social animals, have chosen to survive.

“There may be brothers who would like to say this. When the dungeon is overflowing and monsters are pouring out, is it really right to protect others instead of protecting oneself in such a critical situation?”

Kang Seo-dam shook his head.

“It is not about judging whether human actions are good or evil. Since humans exist, think, and act for themselves, such human actions can easily face evil. It is extremely rare for a choice to satisfy everyone, so in the end, someone will criticize even your good deeds.”

So what was important was not the good or evil of humans.

“If we were faced with a great disaster, I would say this. Let everyone figure out how to survive.”

“Uh… Uh uh….”

“Does it sound strange? But priests are also human beings, and human beings exist for themselves.”

“…….”

“If even self-preservation is considered evil, then humans should not exist in the first place.”

I will not even consider selfishness when life is threatened as a sin. However, acts of generosity when one has the means to do so will contribute to the survival of humanity.

So, okay.

“Good and evil are not important in the subject of this lesson.”

They had to see the world.

“Look at the flow of the world.”

I had to broaden my horizons.

“Is this the great disaster? Are you now in a place where monsters are overflowing? The world is gradually becoming more organized and is running towards peace, and as the speed increases, the average number of people receiving the grace of life also increases.”

“…….”

“For priests who serve traditional gods, the most important thing is the balance of dimensions. This dimension, the world, the country must be

maintained so that they and we can enjoy the grace of life as long as possible. So don't be stupid, but think about good and evil."

Kang Seo-dam rubbed his chin.

"I know how absurd it may sound to say, 'Do good in this world.' But if you want to live and enjoy more, if you are one of those ordinary people, it would be better to become a faithful servant of God's word."

He looked around at the students again.

"Then another question arises. What if you become a priest of an evil god who loves destruction and imbalance, not a traditional god? What if you desire the grace of death rather than the grace of life, and are not an ordinary person who enjoys everyday life, chatting with friends and enjoying a good meal… why not become a faithful servant?"

Kang Seo-dam nodded.

"So we return to our original topic."

He took the students in his eyes.

"In the dungeons of countless fallen dimensions, hunters have witnessed the consequences of the misguided wisdom of the mind, for many gods can be summoned with only the slightest qualifications and simple knowledge."

Even the weakest scholar can summon an evil spirit. If he knows what the evil spirit he wants to summon wants and the procedure for doing so, or if he only wants a disaster that will fulfill his wrong wish, the evil spirit will respond to him.

"Some demons even agree to bargain with humans using very simple materials and rituals. Some are summoned by sacrificing a rat, others are summoned by drawing a simple picture, and still others invite disaster by reciting a short prayer."

Even the faintest groans of a human being are quickly responded to by evil spirits.

“Because hatred and disillusionment reach God faster than gratitude and praise.”

Evil spirits speak to humans when they are at their weakest, and disaster strikes in an instant.

“Traditional gods are born in providence, so they are often immature in dealing with such negative prayers. Most gods do not even recognize the small entity called human beings, so how can they understand their wishes, and is that understanding really correct? The probability of that happening is low.”

“Then how can I receive God’s answer?”

“The easiest way, as I said before, is to summon an evil spirit. Most evil spirits that seek to exploit human negative emotions or blatant greed are experienced and, as a result, skilled at dealing with humans.”

Kang Seo-dam said, pointing to the numerous pieces of data that appeared on the screen.

“This may also explain why most gods who enjoy play are evil gods.”

The demons who have the most experience with humans are more likely to be skilled at understanding and imitating them. That is why they can respond immediately to a human's call.

Kang Seo-dam clicked his tongue.

“First of all, let me say this: in Korea, all evil spirits are subject to punishment, except for those recognized by the government and religious circles.”

“Ah, so that’s why the evil spirit is a monster….”

“Yes. So, even if you see an evil spirit that seems very gentle and kind, you should not easily make a contract with them or rely on them. They are very knowledgeable about humans.”

He especially enjoyed corrupting these young priests.

“Quite a few evil spirits enjoy corrupting humans.”

“Why is that so?”

“I’m guessing it’s because it’s literally fun.”

“…Well, it’s fun….”

“No matter how well you treat humans, never forget that they are just toys to God.”

Even if the grace they bestowed could objectively be called 'love' from the perspective of humans, that 'love' could ultimately be just a glance from God. The standards of God and humans were completely different.

“No matter how much they love and care for you, they won’t cry for you as a family when you die. They won’t build a grave for you, and they won’t prepare a warm meal for you when you’re sad and struggling. You can only expect that from a fellow human being.”

Kang Seo-dam looked at his brothers with slightly tired expressions.

“That doesn’t mean you have to be afraid to serve God.”

“But then, aren’t we just being used in the end?”

“If we are to be exact, we humans are also using God.”

“Isn’t it a little different…?”

“What would you do if a passing ant followed you?”

Then the priests opened their mouths one by one.

“I think I’ll take it and raise it.”

“Should I give you some food?”

“I feel like I’m going to run away because I wonder why you’re following me.”

“Isn’t it so small that you might not be able to see it?”

“I think I’ll look into it to see if there’s a problem.”

Kang Seo-dam asked questions in turn.

“If you take an ant home, how will you raise it?”

“Uh… Should I give you a house? There’s an ant-raising kit, right?”

“What kind of food would you like to give it?”

“…I don’t know, maybe rice grains? Star candies? Something like that?”

“Why did you think I would run away?”

“It’s strange how ants recognize me and follow me. They’re not even human. I think someone is up to something sinister.”

“Do you care if it’s small and you can’t see it?”

“You wouldn’t have known that in the first place, right? You wouldn’t have even known that it existed.”

“How do you check if there is a problem?”

“Just grab it…? Look around the body, or something….”

Kang Seo-dam asked one last time.

“Are you sure you can hold a small ant in your hand and not burst it?”

“…If I’m unlucky, I think it’ll explode.”

“Please express the emotions you feel at that time.”

“Are you… sorry? Is it gross?”

"okay."

He said to the priests.

“This is how the gods feel about you.”

“…….”

The faces of the children who didn't know turned pale, and the children who had guessed what was going on sighed. Kang Seo-dam, who had been looking at their faces, continued speaking.

“If God loves you and takes you in, you will be imprisoned in a safe and peaceful shackle. If God misinterprets your cries and gives you more power and wealth than you can handle, you will easily be ruined.”

“…….”

“Some gods might find it incredibly disgusting and repulsive that humans come to them. Other gods might not even acknowledge them no matter how desperately they are called. That can happen.”

He looked at the child who had answered last.

“If there is a god who tries to understand and care, you can die by his hand. And no god would be sad if a human dies like that.”

If that incident had made him interested in humans, he would have sought out other believers, but if he had developed antipathy towards

them, he would have never even glanced at humans for the rest of his life. That was the existence of God.

“In very rare cases, there are humans who receive the normal affection of God. We call these beings saints and saints, and they serve as mediators connecting humans with the great being of God throughout their lives.”

“I heard that the saint of Dalnim Church communicates with God! She is a living God, the next Dalnim.”

“Yes, she is a very important person. And because of that, the saintess of Dalnim Church will never be able to leave the church for the rest of her life, and will always be locked in the hands and eyes of God. She is the only person whose vessel is so great that she can treat God as an ordinary person.”

“…….”

“That is far from the human happiness we usually talk about.”

Kang Seo-dam said firmly.

“Do not try to understand God. Do not expect anything from God, and do not try to use Him. God’s enmity is a disaster that can be easily understood, but God’s favor is a disaster that can be compared to it.”

“…….”

“God is nature with a will and destiny. Just as we humans find food in nature and do not question our impending destiny, so do it. Then disaster will be avoided.”

He added.

“That’s how you coexist with God.”

“…I’m even more scared….”

“A priest, by his very presence, can open up the possibility of communication with God.”

"but…."

“Someday, a god who is a good fit for you will come to you.”

Kang Seo-dam said with his characteristically blunt face.

“But there is no greater disaster than worshipping the wrong god.”

"…yes."

“So what I’m trying to say is, try to be as kind-hearted as possible.”

"yes?"

“I keep saying that the quickest response to negative human emotions is usually an evil spirit.”

And the evil god is also a god.

“In that case, you will face a disaster you could never have imagined.”

Haven't I been telling you about the dangers of God so many times that my mouth is worn out?

“One day, you may find something you want to devote your life to. It may be gold and silver, or a dream lover, or revenge on someone who has made you miserable. Or you may simply be driven by an impulse and want to ruin everything.”

but.

“If you hear the voice of God then, do not respond.”

It could be that it was the god who brought you into the pit of misery. People who are easily tempted by sin and are ruined by it hold on to it

without even realizing that it is a rotten rope.

In the first place, the god who speaks to humans when they are most distressed and struggling, the god who gives them opportunities, can never be called a god of benevolence and abundance. It is highly likely that he is an evil god who is waiting for the person to completely collapse.

“Rather, let your anger flow out, let someone else use it to create chaos in society, let madness take hold of the hands of men. Kill bystanders, set fire to the houses of those who sleep, and disembowel them alive.”

“…That, that’s too….”

“That’s cheaper than responding to the evil spirit. Those who use the evil spirit to express their greed will not be able to properly resolve their own greed, and they will devastate those around them. It would be better for you to step forward yourself, and it will be a way that will relieve your own feelings and cause less damage to those around you.”

When an evil spirit that is skilled at dealing with humans intervenes, no one can be saved. Whether the instigator or someone else on the side. Whether there is sin or not, such things would not be of much importance to the evil spirit.

“No one can be satisfied or happy when they are caught up in the evil spirit. That is why it has been confirmed that the intellectuals who summoned the evil spirit for revenge wrote words of regret and died. The same goes for the summoners who only wanted destruction.”

That soul would still be left in the clutches of the evil spirit.

“Beware of God, and reject the evil spirits.”

“…….”

“Then you’re halfway there.”

To him.

“…….”

“…….”

Chaisol was sweating profusely.

Kang Seo-dam and Iru looked at that appearance with very subtle eyes.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (130)

Episode 130

“Brother Chaisol.”

In the end, Chae Sol was called to Kang Seo Dam.

“Let me get straight to the point.”

"yep."

“Have you ever had contact with an evil spirit?”

"…yep!"

“I like it when you’re honest.”

“But just a moment, sir.”

“Please speak, I will listen.”

"thank you…!"

Chae Sol took a deep breath and spoke solemnly.

“It might not be an evil spirit!”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam did not necessarily deny it.

“It is certainly ridiculous to distinguish between evil spirits from a

human perspective.”

“He might really be kind.”

“What I can tell you is that most gods are pretty evil by human standards.”

“Yeah… yeah, I remember.”

“You are a sincere student. I am also a believer in God, so I can tell you this clearly.”

He shook his head.

“God is not a being that can be trusted and relied on.”

“I’ve been wondering this for a long time. If you say something like that, won’t the sun god get angry or upset?”

“God doesn’t care about words, but about actions and results. He doesn’t punish you if you don’t do anything that has a real negative impact.”

“Surprisingly, these so-called gods are… a bit….”

“You are indifferent. It is true. It is because of the low level of understanding of the human being.”

Kang Seo-dam searched through the documents in the drawer of my consulting room.

“That’s why there are also aspiring priests who deliberately hope for evil spirits with a high level of human understanding. Once they become full priests and actually serve the god, they won’t be able to say such things… but here they are.”

He placed some documents in front of Chaisol.

“This is information about evil spirits recognized in the country. You can take it with you.”

“Thank you…?”

“But judging from Brother Chaisol’s reaction, it seems like he already has a god in mind.”

“Can I talk?”

“Do you know the name of God? That is a very rare case.”

Kang Seo-dam rubbed his chin.

“Most evil spirits will have separate names so that humans can call them without any burden. Is there no other nickname for the evil spirit that Brother Chaisol knows? In our Seoul branch of the Sun Church, there is a second name called ‘Light of Justice’….”

Then Chae Sol beckoned to Kang Seo Dam. When Kang Seo Dam obediently gave Chae Sol his ear, the child whispered.

“It’s a black cloak.”

"…oh…."

Kang Seo-dam nodded, slowly returning to his original position.

"okay."

"yes."

“…….”

“Did I do something wrong…?”

“…I think I need to think about it a little more to know.”

Kang Seo-dam, who had been worried, asked again.

“Brother Chaisol said that he still doesn’t know whether he is an evil spirit or a traditional god.”

“Yes, how can you tell the difference?”

“You just have to see whether the claims and powers that God puts forth are harmful to humans or not.”

“Then I guess he’s not an evil spirit!”

“But most evil spirits often make false claims.”

Kang Seo-dam called the prospective priest Iruda, who was waiting outside. Iruda, who was about to return to the break room with his partner Chae Sol, quickly came back inside and saw Kang Seo-dam.

“It’s been a while since I’ve seen you, Sister Iruda.”

“I think so.”

“I think it was Sister Iruda who told Brother Chaisol that he was an evil spirit.”

"…you're right."

“I’d like to hear the reason why you thought that way. Is that possible?”

“Yes, I will do that.”

Iruda explained earnestly, even though her face seemed disillusioned with everything in the world.

“I saw a picture of something drawn by Brother Chaisol. It was black….”

“I just heard from Brother Chaisol what we were talking about.”

“Thank goodness. When I saw the drawing of that black figure, I felt a chill and creepy feeling.”

“Could it be that you simply mistook the awe of God?”

“As far as I know, it was the evil divinity of the evil god, even if it wasn’t explicit.”

“It wasn’t explicit….”

Soon, Kang Seo-dam asked.

“Didn’t you feel any warmth?”

“Yes? Yes. Brother Chaisol also said that it would be okay since it was warm.”

Chae Sol muttered to him.

“It’s really warm.”

“I am not optimized to feel the temperature of God.”

“The temperature of God?”

“…….”

As she hesitated, Kang Seo-dam explained on her behalf.

“Do you remember what I said about God being nature with a will and destiny?”

“Yes, I remember.”

“Humans have a very narrow range of perception. Unless they become very devout believers, ordinary people can go their entire lives without feeling God.”

"ah…."

“Thanks to our awakening as priests, we can feel God more easily. That is why each priest has a different way of accepting and interpreting God.”

Kang Seo-dam pointed to Iru-da.

“In the case of Sister Iruda, I feel the volume of God.”

“Volume?”

“You can feel how big God is, where He touches you, how loud His voice is. In short, you can feel the full size of God.”

"I see…."

“In the case of the Chaisol brothers, they seem to be sensitive to the temperature of God. Compared to the Iru sisters, who are easily aware of the pressure and violence of God, the Chaisol brothers are more likely to feel the affection or mercy that God sends.”

Kang Seo-dam, who explained the case of the two priests, pointed to himself.

“But most priests, including myself, do not easily sense God, so we follow the orders of the church. The longer we stay in the temple, the easier it is to grasp the will of God.”

“…….”

“This means that Brother Chaisol and Sister Iruda have great capabilities as priests. When other priests reach their age, they will each find their own way to serve God, but for now.”

Kang Seo-dam saw Chae Sol.

“That’s why I’m even more concerned about which god Brother Chaisol will make a contract with. Especially since it overlaps with Brother

Chaisol's personality… I feel uneasy."

"Am I a very anxious person?"

"To be honest, yes, that's true. I know that Brother Chaisol is surprisingly experienced and intelligent, but kids at that age are particularly prone to getting carried away by emotions."

"…Ughhhh…."

After much thought, Chaisol asked.

"What should I do?"

"Did he ever directly solicit a contract from you, brother?"

"No, we only met a few times in private."

"I still don't know whether that being is an evil spirit or a traditional god."

Although he would not say specifically, the Black Cloak was a being that had been given the light of fairness that he revered. Since it was a being that the traditional goddess of providence affirmed, it was difficult to simply dismiss it as an evil spirit.

Even though they were both gods of death, there were traditional gods who respected human providence depending on the level of origin, and evil gods who broke the law and spread the pain of death throughout the world. It was really difficult to distinguish between gods by human standards.

"As we discussed in class today, evil spirits can easily see through human desires and anger. They can turn even initially intelligent people into the embodiment of greed, or into berserkers of rage."

They easily destroy humans. Even warriors with convictions can be turned into miserable murderers in an instant. That was the evil spirit.

“There is a subtlety to it that you don’t find in traditional gods. It happens without you even realizing it, very naturally. That’s because evil spirits are also a part of nature and fate.”

“…….”

“In our Solar Church, there have already been several times… priests who were possessed by evil spirits and ruined their lives and those around them. Even though they made the contract with the altruism of a saint or a saintess, not selfishness, in the end, it turned out that way.”

Kang Seo-dam emphasized.

“Don’t believe in God.”

“…But then why do we sign a contract?”

“I misspoke. I meant that you shouldn’t treat God with human emotions.”

"yes."

“You can believe in God and rely on Him as much as you want, but you cannot expect humanity from Him.”

“…….”

“The devil is particularly cunning in that respect….”

Kang Seo-dam, who was about to say something, quickly closed his mouth.

“…….”

"…teacher?"

“…No, just….”

He continued speaking.

“I hope you will be careful.”

"yes yes."

“The object you mentioned is not something that has been observed on Earth for very long.”

“That’s what they said.”

“So there isn’t much data… um.”

Kang Seo-dam nodded.

“I still don’t feel any negative energy from Brother Chaisol.”

“Oh, then is it okay if I keep seeing you?”

“I would like to tell you not to sign a contract hastily. If you just don’t do that, you’re halfway there.”

“Why the contract?”

“No god can make a believer without a contract. That is why a faithful believer who can use holy power can never be considered a priest.”

"ah…."

“For various reasons, the gods do not influence the human world without a contract. A contract is a kind of Maginot Line.”

“Then I just don’t have to sign the contract?”

“I need to look into the situation further, but for now, this is sufficient.”

I interrupted their conversation.

“Is this okay? Maybe the evil spirit brainwashed you so you wouldn’t

notice….”

“I may not be as genius as Sister Iruda, but I have more experience than her.”

“But even so….”

“My partner was possessed by an evil spirit and executed. I personally orchestrated the action.”

“…….”

“I am the one who can recognize the signs of evil spirits better than anyone else.”

He smiled faintly.

“Don’t worry, Brother Chaisol is under the protection of the sun.”

“I was rude, I’m sorry.”

“How could I not know that you are worried about your own brother?”

"thank you."

“But if anything happens, please let me know at any time.”

“I will do so.”

Iruda came out of the counseling room and buried her face in her hands.

“…….”

“Rudaya?”

“I made a mistake.”

“It’s because you like me too much.”

“It makes me mad that what I said wasn’t wrong.”

“Thanks to you, I feel very strong?”

“…If you know it, you can do it well.”

"how?"

“Let me know whenever he touches you….”

“I will do that.”

The two chatted for a while as they headed to their assigned rooms.

“But the teacher said in class today that the scholars summoned evil spirits.”

“That’s right.”

“So you’re saying that even if you’re not a priest, you can still summon a god? Even if you’re not an awakened person like us, but an ordinary person?”

“Since even ordinary believers who are not priests can use the Holy Power, it is only natural in a way.”

“But most people don’t even think about calling out to God.”

“That’s because… knowledge about God has not been popularized.”

Above all, the civic consciousness of today's chaotic world is too low to even handle the knowledge of God.

“For fear of people doing crazy things rashly, most knowledge related to the call of God is controlled by the government and associations. If there are people who know the details, it would be the three major guilds.”

“Guild….”

“As long as you don’t worship a god of the same lineage, if you worship a different god, you can join a private guild after becoming a full-fledged priest. Your personality, Chaisol, might be better off this way.”

“Then what about your partner?”

“I heard that they usually move together. It’s not always like that, but I heard that it’s not easy to find a fellow priest who works well together to that extent.”

“Oh….”

Chaisol didn't make any definite decisions.

“Well, we don’t know what the future holds.”

“That kind of mindset is wise.”

“Then, knowledge related to God is… um… only those on high are aware of it?”

“Rather than saying that we know, I think we should see that there is a group that controls some knowledge.”

“What if someone in that group has bad intentions?”

"…that…."

Iruda then let out a sigh.

“…It is the sin of man to trust man.”

That's why we end up relying on God.

Because humans are neither immortal nor strong enough to rely on.

* * *

I sinned because I believed.

“…….”

The honest man only hoped that the tragedy would not be repeated.

He loved his family, respected his friends, and was with his colleagues. The man had no doubt that what he was doing would help this dangerous world.

But in the end, the man was left alone because of that.

"…I…."

It was unrealistic and miserable.

“What did I do wrong?”

Although I did not believe in God, I eventually began to call out to Him.

There's a person here. Please listen to me. I crawled into the mud without knowing it. Please save me. Please save me.

But there was no one by his side. There was only the smell of coal.

“What did I….”

How long do I have to endure this?

“What should I do?”

I couldn't stand it.

He already realized that he was in a deep pit of blood.

“…….”

God did not answer.

“…….”

He had already created the sign of the evil spirit and was holding it tightly in his hand.

This is the fork in the road.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (131)

Episode 131

Some orphanages, sponsored by governments and associations, are a kind of public institution, and the man came from there.

“Joohyun-ah.”

“Yes, sir.”

According to the orphanage's rules, the name is Joo-Hyeon, without a surname.

“If you have time, could you run an errand for the association?”

“Okay, I’ll do that. What should I convey this time?”

“Here’s a list of new arrivals, please review it.”

He was born four years before the catastrophe.

In short, he suffered a great disaster when he was around 4 years old, but the child who lost his name was smart and honest, and survived with lots of love from adults and the care of others. That was also the reason he was able to stay in the orphanage.

“Okay, I’ll be back soon.”

“Joohyun is kind, too.”

“It’s something that needs to be done.”

The Association Line's orphanages generally selected children who were smart, healthy, and honest. Children who grew up here either became hunters and became independent when they awakened, or they were given the opportunity to get a job at the Association.

Joo-Hyeon was one of them, but unlike other orphans who lived however they could, he had ambition.

“Joohyun said she wanted to go to the association research center, right?”

“Yes, even if I awaken, I still like the lab.”

I wanted to make the world a little bit better. I wanted to prevent as many tragedies as possible.

“I can help you, hunters.”

Having experienced the catastrophe with his bare body, he has seen the misery of the world. He has seen how far humans can fall into the abyss.

Among them, Joo-Hyeon was particularly lucky. He wanted to share his good fortune with others so that the same tragedy would not happen to them.

“Joohyun is amazing.”

"thank you."

“The research lab is always short on manpower, so I’m sure you’ll be able to get a job.”

“I wish that were true.”

If I can share what I have, there is no reason not to share.

“I want to help.”

That was Joohyun's idea.

It's embarrassing to say, but it was my own belief. If I can help, I will help, and if I can be with you, I will be with you.

In that mission, even after getting a job at the association, the man did not forget to support the orphanage that raised him.

“I know you’re busy trying to make a living too, but I’m always grateful.”

“It’s all thanks to the director who raised me.”

“That’s my job, so what….”

“I know that our work must have been difficult for you.”

Joo-hyun was a mixed race child with dark skin. The 'Guitar Orphanage' where he stayed was a place where many foreign children like him gathered.

“Most people don’t care about skin color or anything these days, but there was a time when it was really hard.”

“It was right after the disaster, so people were very sensitive.”

“I know, there was a lot of talk about how we have to take care of foreigners when we are busy taking care of Korean children. I remember that.”

“Joohyun, that’s….”

“I know I’m Korean. I was born here. It was just a sensitive time for everyone, just like the director said.”

However, because all records, including nationality, were lost, people at the time were very wary and looked down on anyone who looked even slightly different from an Asian.

The Great Disaster was such a time.

“I understand, but I wonder if the atmosphere from back then still remains the same… Our orphanage still doesn’t receive much support.”

“It’s my fault. Maybe, the people in the association are ignoring you….”

“I can’t say no. But that’s okay, you know me. If you’re smart and capable like this and behave well, you’ll find a place for yourself in no time.”

The association staff who were hired through the orphanage system were discriminated against, and the orphanage that Joo-Hyeon came from was a place where they were looked down on even more. Promotion was slow.

Of course, I was not able to participate in proper projects. Researchers who were not promoted were essentially no different from odd jobs.

Nevertheless, with his sincerity and hidden cleverness, Joo-Hyeon won the hearts of his colleagues and showed outstanding abilities, drawing the attention of his superiors.

“Why do you work so hard?”

“It’s something I can do, so why shouldn’t I do it?”

“You are sincere. I hope to see you again for a long time.”

While some people liked him, others were worried or sarcastic.

“If you work that hard, you’ll get tired quickly.”

“Thank you for the advice.”

I accepted it and swallowed it because it was true.

Joo-Hyeon wasn't exactly a gentleman, but his goal was to make the world a better place, and he found ways to help make it happen as cleverly as possible.

‘You’ve set your goals too high…’

Appropriately, so as not to tire easily.

'You can do them one by one.'

I wasn't impatient. I didn't want fame or anything like that. But I was confident.

He was the smartest of the researchers and a quick learner. Although he was not an awakened person, he was always taking care of himself, so he was in better than average health.

Joo-Hyeon also did a lot of volunteer work.

“From the association?”

“That’s funny, do you need some test subjects?”

“What are you so good at that you’re helping me?”

Those in need of help in the outskirts, or inside and outside, were very wary. Nevertheless, Joo-hyun kept in contact with them and talked to them and interacted with them. After some time, they softened up.

“Thank you for treating me last time.”

“I heard the kid over there is sick….”

“Is there anything else to eat? Why, it’s winter.”

Some of them were genuinely grateful, and some of them treated Juhyun like a chicken that lays eggs. There were those who were often rude, but Juhyun did not give in and continued to serve faithfully.

“…I’m busy.”

But even that was good.

I participated in the association's research, and in my spare time I studied or volunteered. On both sides, there were rude people everywhere, and there were bound to be times when I got angry. But it was still good.

'If I gain more experience, I will be able to become a team leader someday. If I become a research team leader, I will be given the time and resources to conduct personal research. Then, I can conduct research on dungeons and monsters.'

It was a time when I was so busy every day.

"…uh?"

“Ah ...

“What, what.”

A man ran out and grabbed Juhyun's ankle.

“Save me, save me, please…!! I was wrong!! I was wrong, I won’t do it again!!”

“Okay, just a minute….”

“You fucking bastards, spare me, no!! I don’t want to die!! At least not like that…!!!”

“Ugh…!!”

The staff at the research center started to murmur, and soon after, a security force appeared. No, they were chasing the man to catch him, so they immediately subdued him.

As I was standing there dumbfounded, holding onto my cold ankle, the researcher who seemed to have followed me felt sorry.

“Oh, is your ankle okay? It’s not broken?”

“Yes? Oh, yes. Oh… No, I think I need to get treatment.”

“It was our mistake. The association will provide treatment, but we will compensate you separately.”

“But that person earlier…?”

"huh?"

The researcher tilted his head when he saw Joo-hyun's face.

“Oh, you haven’t worked on a proper project yet?”

“Does that have anything to do with it?”

“I’m a response officer, a response officer. I ran out because I didn’t want to do my job.”

“If you are a response officer….”

I knew it.

“Are you talking about the people who participated in the experiment?”

“In other words, it’s just a test subject, you know.”

“…….”

“I guess you’re not adjusting well.”

The researcher chuckled.

“I guess it’s just something like that, it’s nothing serious.”

“…As far as I know, I have heard that response personnel are given appropriate treatment and compensation.”

“That also has its own level. I don’t know about Joo-hyun, who has never been involved in a project, but that was more like a lab rat.”

“I think you clearly asked to be spared.”

“I was scared because I was going to go into the red room after meeting the hourglass. I had to take good care of it, but I was surprised because it was stronger than I thought.”

“…An hourglass? The red room?”

“Since Joohyun will be working with us soon anyway, I’ll let you know in advance.”

It was a reward that seemed to reward the efforts made so far, but her heart was pounding and she was sweating so much that she didn’t have time to be thankful. Soon, Joo-hyun was able to see the ‘hourglass’ and ‘red room’ that the researcher had mentioned.

“That is a monster that eats human time. It looks like a fancy hourglass, but if it doesn’t eat human time once a week, the decorations will become simple. When that happens, a strange phenomenon occurs… We’ll learn about that later.”

“…….”

“You see that room attached to the other side? Joo-hyun must have seen it once or twice when she came and went on errands, but it was put there with the route in mind. The monster living inside is a bright red jewel, and it gets satisfaction by feeding on the blood of the elderly and newborns.”

It was difficult to understand.

“…Eating time means, well….”

“It’s hard to find a newborn or an old person these days, so we just make them old and put them in.”

“…Then both the monster called the hourglass and the monster called the red room will be satisfied. Right?”

“I understand. I think Joo-hyun will adapt well. I’m really grateful.”

"haha…."

In short, it was a sacrifice to be offered to the monster.

“Is that okay? Is there a problem or something?”

“The responder who just arrived was a level 5 citizen.”

The researcher added as if he knew what he was talking about.

“Don’t worry too much.”

He's a murderer who's killed dozens of people. The researcher said that, tapped Joo-hyun's shoulder a couple of times, and then disappeared.

Joo-Hyeon saw numerous researchers moving around the endless rooms of monsters, talking to each other, or entering each room.

I felt left alone even though I was in a crowd.

“…….”

Joohyun soon came to his senses and did what he had to do.

I was faithful to my assigned duties, went out to volunteer and talked to the abandoned citizens, and even asked the president of the association to talk to me. But nothing got better. Everything was the same. It was the same everyday life.

The orphanage family and friends on the street asked.

“You look really tired these days.”

Joo-hyun was comforted by him.

“The things that happen in the lab aren’t as… sublime as I thought.”

“If only the association itself were noble, then that would be amazing in its own right.”

“Yeah, that’s right.”

I pulled myself together.

“Thank you for listening to my story.”

I was able to get back on my feet because I had family and friends.

'I have survived the catastrophe. I can survive this time too, and I must find a better way.'

So he tried to do more. After gaining authority, Joo-hyun even used himself as a test subject and showed results.

But all he saw was the tragedy he hated so much, recurring over and over again, despite all the work he had done to avoid seeing it happen again.

“…….”

“You’ve overdone it. I’ll give you a vacation, so take a month to recuperate and come back.”

"…but…."

“I know what you want, but in your current state, you won’t be able to even do the job you’ve been given properly.”

"…All right."

It was something that the association president personally recommended after seeing Joo-hyun working too hard, perhaps because he had been feeling it since their conversation the previous day.

Joo-hyun was about to be stubborn for a moment, but soon realized that her mind and body were very disturbed and gave in. She didn't want to be stubborn without a plan.

“I’ll take a little rest.”

But that shouldn't have happened.

“…….”

When I returned after recovering until my body had somewhat recovered, I found my hometown in flames.

Some of his friends on the street were nowhere to be seen, and something was a bit messy. Ju-hyeon couldn't even calm down and ran around trying to figure out the situation.

"yes?"

And then he soon realized that the cause was within himself.

“Because of me?”

“I guess some people who are dissatisfied with you have done something.”

“Complaints? What on earth are you talking about…?”

“They were all over the place?”

It is said that everyone at the orphanage he considered his hometown,

some of the friends he considered close on the street, and some of the staff at the research institute he considered capable colleagues all hated Joo-Hyeon.

It's not like Joo-hyun didn't know about those feelings at all. The conflict that arose from jealousy, envy, disgust, and differences in ideology. Knowing that, he was more careful, but in the end, things happened.

“Actually, I didn’t think it was that good either.”

“…….”

“You seem to be the only one pretending to be clean, don’t you?”

That's a bit.

"…haha."

It sounded terrible.

As for why I didn't hear the news before, the research team leader in charge of Joo-Hyeon said that he did it to kill his spirit, as if he had some strange ulterior motive. He said that he couldn't work with someone who had strange ideas.

Did I really stand out that much? Well, I didn't.

'I think I was careful.'

I tried to understand the thoughts of my colleagues as much as possible. There were many times when I agreed with them. However, there were also times when I made suggestions. Perhaps these small, small details came together to create this ridiculous 'reporting ceremony'.

But my family and friends were not fifth-class citizens. They were 'innocent citizens.' Even in a world where human rights and such are

hard to find, this was absurd.

'Why didn't anyone stop me? Why isn't anyone feeling guilty? Why am I the only one suffering?'

Someone said this:

“If that’s the case, if you’re not careful, even Joo-Hyeon could become a response agent.”

“Is that possible?”

“If there is a shortage of personnel, researchers are also deployed as response personnel.”

“I always hear that there is a shortage of research personnel.”

“First of all, Joohyun has already served as a test subject.”

“Is that a problem?”

“I don’t know what the problem is, but it could be an excuse.”

“…I understand.”

Someone else got angry.

“Fuck, I knew this would happen. This is why you shouldn’t trust those Association brats!”

“No, I….”

“My friends died because of you! What about those invisible guys? Did you drag them in as test subjects?”

“…That’s not it….”

“You hypocrite, you pretend to be nice to me and then get stabbed in

the back of the head. Do you feel good about that? It’s so dirty….”

“…….”

I was tired.

“…….”

I wish I was just tired, but I was angry. It was a sequence that I didn't quite understand, but it was hard to think rationally about this tired anger.

I'm so angry that I want to burn all this anger on myself… .

‘…That could be the case.’

Since humans are naturally fickle and self-centered, this kind of thing could happen. Ingratitude is one of the characteristics of the human species. They quickly forget what they have received and are sensitive to losses.

I started this knowing all of that. There were countless times when I was hurt by that. But I wanted to make the world a better place, I didn't want to see the same tragedy, and that was my belief, so I lived with a smile.

'That could be possible.'

But then it occurred to me that I was human too.

"…therefore…."

When he came to, he was holding the sign of the evil spirit in his hand.

He created a sign for Sankalut, one of the evil gods.

“…This could happen.”

I haven't written it yet.

Sankalut was said to be the evil spirit of blood and honor. If you offered the blood of a newborn or an old person who died in terrible pain, he would grant your wish and send the soul of the person who died in the process to paradise.

The reason he hadn't summoned the evil spirit yet was not because Joo-Hyeon was kind or thought he could endure it this time. He just hadn't thought about who to kill or what wish to make.

‘… I don’t understand why you’re thinking of getting angry when you don’t even want anything. Was I always this stupid?’

I feel like something is empty.

“…The person who dies will just come out.”

I felt like a puppet tied to a thin thread, not of my own free will.

He was granted access to the 'Hourglass', a monster that eats away at human time, but he's been through a lot, so I'm not sure if he still has that authority.

“But I guess I can still summon the evil spirits.”

That's enough.

“The wish is… um.”

What should I pray for?

'Should I ask my dead family members to come back to life?'

Joo-Hyeon entered the orphanage, which had been reduced to ruins by the fire, in a daze.

The bodies were all collected, but the abandoned building in the dark location was not even demolished. Joo-hyun silently entered the children's blackened rooms. In the rooms that were still intact, traces of

the children were visible.

“…This is….”

There was also an unidentified painting that was barely burnt but still charred.

“Did you draw a black cloak?”

It was quite famous at the time.

'There are quite a few children who talk about or draw pictures of the Black Cloak.'

Joo-hyun, who was staring at the painting with lifeless eyes, soon dropped it roughly down. There was a sound of it hitting the floor.

He sat on the smelly bed with his body tired. It was then that he looked into the sign of the evil spirit he had created.

“…….”

“…….”

“That’s cool.”

An exclamation of wicked interest.

He realized there was someone at the entrance to the room.

“It’s a jewel that smells of blood and wealth, isn’t it?”

"…what…."

“If you give it to me, I can give you a more beautiful and valuable jewel.”

“Where are you now…?”

“Hey, gentleman. Let me guess what you’re thinking right now.”

A man in a black suit was leaning against a gold-leafed picture frame.

“Aren’t you hungry?”

"…yes?"

It was a sudden remark.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (132)

Episode 132

The horror stories about the Black Cloak were famous, but Juhyun wasn't particularly interested in them.

'There was no information I could access.'

The humanoid monster 'Black Cloak' that suddenly appeared recently had its information and traces managed by high-ranking researchers. There was no information that Joo-Hyeon, who was still only a proxy, could access.

But he knew full well that it was a kind of portrait.

“…….”

“Why, are you speechless at seeing something so beautiful?”

“…Ah… You’re so… confident?”

“If I just do it, I should be brimming with confidence.”

"that…."

The conversation was so natural that I was dumbfounded.

“…Is that a black cloak?”

It was so different from the image I knew.

“I heard that Black Cloak speaks more harshly.”

“Then it’s no fun. I know how to change to suit the other person, that’s my talent.”

“I don’t really understand what’s going on.”

“Surprisingly, I’m not dreaming, please don’t treat me like I’m dreaming.”

“…It doesn’t seem to be a lie….”

My mind is still a little dazed, but I can see my heart pounding with surprise.

“Why… why are you here?”

“I think someone is calling me.”

“At least I never called….”

“I guess so.”

A portrait with its hood pulled down so low that its face could not be seen pointed down the frame.

“You seem like you could draw better than this.”

"…ah."

Where he pointed, there was a picture of a black cloak drawn roughly with a black crayon.

“…….”

For some reason, the picture wavered unsteadily.

“…Is this what it looks like in this picture?”

“If so, it would have come from that piece of paper, you stupid gentleman.”

“But isn’t it true that that picture called you?”

“That’s how I found this location, and thanks to that, I met you.”

“Your speech is really… rude.”

“It’s hard to stay still for even a moment.”

“It’s so different from the image of the black cloak I’ve heard of….”

“Hmm.”

His face was hidden by the shadow of his hood, but for some reason he seemed dissatisfied.

“This kind of conversation is not fun.”

“…….”

Only then did Joo-Hyeon suddenly feel a sense of crisis.

"…sorry."

Whatever the identity of the opponent, there was no benefit in incurring his enmity.

I couldn't even remember that I had been contemplating whether or not to pray to the evil god Sankalut just a moment ago. I was faced with such an absurd situation that my mind wasn't working properly.

Joohyun apologized first and then looked at it.

“If you were offended… uh….”

“Will you offer me a sacrifice?”

“I don’t even know who you are, so it’s a bit much to offer a sacrifice…?”

“Wonderful. Prudence is a good virtue for humans to live by.”

“But really, why are you here?”

“I think I said that earlier?”

“Nobody called you.”

“No one called.”

There was a brief moment of silence, and the portrait waved its hand gently.

“You called me, didn’t you?”

“…….”

Unlike before, the voice was gentle and soft.

“That’s why I came.”

“…….”

“To summon the evil spirits.”

And once again, he became as callous as a corpse.

“I’m looking for a friend to help me adjust.”

"…friend…."

Is this 'adaptation' perhaps a word directed at human society?

Among the gods, the evil spirits were particularly interested in humans. It was really unexpected, but if the 'Black Cloak' was one of those evil spirits, it was somewhat understandable why he suddenly appeared

and spoke to me like this.

'No, I'm not going.'

Is it true that evil spirits just appear out of nowhere like this?

“…I, I… was trying to call another evil spirit… you?”

“No matter what being you were trying to summon, there would be no better choice than me.”

"uh…."

It was a very arrogant statement, but rather than feeling resentment, I felt fear and anxiety.

'The presence is growing.'

I understood that the other person's speech was inconsistent. Most of the great mysteries did not fit human standards, so many parts seemed strange.

'Maybe he's adapting as I said before.'

But the pressure that I didn't feel at first was gradually increasing, which was a dangerous sign.

'Is the level of shame revealed more clearly as I return to that blunt tone?'

At first, when he spoke in a tone that had a somewhat cruel interest, it was rather absurd, but when he spoke in a voice that had a pious weight, and even more so in his current mechanical tone, the intensity felt even clearer.

“…….”

“You seem confused.”

“…A little bit.”

“How may I help you?”

“Could you…speak a little more lightly…?”

"aha."

The tone suddenly rose.

“I guess you prefer something more informal?”

“…Yes, this is more comfortable.”

At the same time, the pressure has also improved.

‘… Does personality change?’

For a moment, I felt compelled to report this new information about the 'Black Cloak', but it soon subsided. I found it ridiculous that I could not break away from my usual habits while holding the mark of the evil spirit.

The portrait, which was watching Joo-hyun's reaction, asked.

“Why did you call the evil spirit?”

“…That’s unexpected, I thought God would know without me having to say anything….”

“That’s an invasion of privacy.”

“……”

“And now I am human.”

“…Oh, yes.”

The being that jumped out of the frame didn't seem very convincing,

but I can tell that it's doing its best to live up to human standards. The fact that no witnesses have ever died of a brain explosion upon seeing the black cloak, despite the being claiming to be an evil spirit, is proof of this.

If he had not been considerate, there would have been countless casualties just by looking at it. God could be a disaster just by looking at it.

“Why did you try to summon the evil spirit?”

Joohyun muttered and soon closed his mouth.

“…….”

well.

“…I don’t know.”

“You have no talent for revenge.”

“You know all about my circumstances, don’t you?”

“I just came here smelling the anger.”

“I guess so, I guess so….”

Surely the author, who is an evil spirit, could not be unaware of the circumstances of a mere human being, so his whining about invading privacy seemed like a kind of disguise or consideration.

'No, how could an evil spirit show any consideration?'

Then, wouldn't it be a human imitation to appear as friendly as possible? Most evil spirits are skilled and clever at digging into the human mind, so imitation to that extent wouldn't have been a problem.

I feel more at ease now.

“I trusted people.”

"someone."

“I trusted everyone.”

Joo-Hyeon was the one who had tried to summon Sankalut without any wish. He wanted to relieve his inexplicable impulses even in such a foolish way.

So now, it wouldn't be a big problem to go along with the other evil spirits. Rather, the black cloak that my family talked about felt more familiar, so Juhyun continued talking.

“I trusted my family, I trusted my friends, I trusted my colleagues.”

“Are you a person who is overflowing with trust?”

“I thought I had my doubts… I’m embarrassed that it ended up like this.”

“What happened to this?”

“Some of my people died because of my stupidity, some betrayed me, and some abandoned me.”

“It’s a very sad thing.”

“I’m so angry. I want to ruin everything, but I don’t know how to do it.”

“So you summoned the evil spirit?”

“I thought if I just called it out, something would get better. I tried to show off my skills because I thought I could mess something up. I ended up doing pretty well.”

Even though the evil spirits were authors who were easy to summon, considering that they were able to create something this quickly, it was

clear that they had talent. Joo-hyun laughed at his own situation and talent, and also admired them.

“I wanted to do something good.”

There was no need for honor.

“Just… anything….”

"okay."

“I wanted to make a better world.”

“You have a beautiful heart.”

“…That would be fine….”

I knew it would be difficult, but it was harder than I imagined.

“Isn’t this too much?”

It was a complaint that could be made when dealing with evil spirits.

“I know that having good intentions doesn’t mean that I will only receive good results. I knew that I couldn’t just struggle alone, so I made a lot of family, friends, and colleagues… but they all died, betrayed me, and left me.”

“…….”

“Look at this. It’s a symbol that can summon Sankalut. If I hold this, the evil spirit can gaze at me more easily. You’re using the knowledge you learned at the Association’s research institute like this. You even made it so well. And you tried to summon the evil spirit without even asking for it.”

really.

“It’s the worst.”

The circumstances surrounding me, and myself.

“It couldn’t be worse than this….”

“Do you feel better after saying that?”

“…Black Cloak, are you an evil spirit?”

“There was a time when quite a few people called me that. Not anymore.”

“I believe you were last seen in Korea quite recently.”

“It happened before I was here.”

“I see, that could be possible.”

“Your work too.”

“…….”

“What do you want?”

It was like the devil's whisper demanding an evil price.

Whether the black cloak was truly an evil spirit, or something similar. In the first place, whether it was a god or a monster. It was a situation where nothing could be known… .

There was no reason not to answer.

“…a town where people die worthlessly, lose loved ones for no reason, and helplessly fall to the ongoing disasters…in hell, where you have to live in fear…”

The terrible karma created by humans, monsters, and nature indiscriminately destroys everyone, regardless of good or evil. No one

can be happy or at peace.

“I hope such a tragedy will never happen again.”

“Why?”

“I don’t have the confidence to see that happen any longer.”

“Hmm.”

“I don’t want to see it.”

I tried really hard.

The world continues to create unbearable tragedies as the cruelty of humans and monsters mixes together.

“Can you grant my wish?”

The black cloak answered him.

"? no?"

“…….”

Joohyun raised his head silently and looked at the black cloak.

“…Wasn’t this the time to propose a deal and grant my wish?”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t interact with the physically and mentally weak. Talking about trading is a big deal.”

“Isn’t it usually more profitable to deal with the mentally and physically weak? Can an evil spirit say something like that in the first place?”

“Above all, God is more insignificant and incompetent than you think.”

The black cloak asked with a pitiful look.

“You weren’t thinking of wishing for something like world peace, were

you?”

“…I also thought it wouldn’t work, but I think it’s too honest.”

“Look, gentleman. I just came here to find a friend to exchange letters with. I’m sorry, but I think you’d better give up on your dream of world peace.”

“So, it’s not that I want world peace, I just want to try to contribute in some way….”

“Isn’t it the same thing in the end?”

“…I can’t say no.”

No, wait a minute.

“…A friend to exchange letters with? So, you mean a pen pal?”

“Will you do it? I can send it to you in the prettiest handwriting possible.”

“I don’t even know why that would be necessary… but what would be good or bad for me if you did it?”

“That you won’t have to go hungry in the future, and that you might end up like a pig?”

“They all sound so similar that it’s hard to tell which is better and which is worse.”

“You’re so prickly. Why, you’re the type of person who has a lot of friends, so why don’t you include me in some of them?”

“There’s something else to add….”

Than that.

“…Was it true that I asked you earlier if you were hungry?”

“I said that because you look like you could explode a nuclear bomb in this small country called Korea.”

“You know about nuclear bombs? No, but why did you ask me if I was hungry? That doesn’t make sense.”

“Usually, people who try to buy something without thinking do so because they are hungry.”

“Doesn’t it seem unusual?”

“You could say it’s a human error that occurs when the stomach is not strong.”

“I think you’ve misunderstood humans. What does causing an accident have to do with having a strong stomach…?”

“That’s why I’m asking.”

The portrait seemed to be smiling in the shadow of the cloak.

“Aren’t you hungry?”

“…….”

He kept asking me if I was hungry, so he was really persistent in a strange way.

‘… What is his intention? Since he is an evil spirit, it cannot be seen as the traditional mercy of God. It is clear that he wants something… .’

Joohyun tried to think calmly.

“…….”

I tried my best to do that, but it was hard to expect my usual rationality from him, who hadn't eaten or slept for a while.

Half swept away, half captivated by the sweet voice. Joo-hyun did not rebel but agreed.

“…I guess you’re hungry too.”

Suddenly, a thought occurred to me. 'What would happen if I prayed to the evil god for world peace?'

In a dream-indistinguishable unreality, Joo-Hyeon briefly had a meaningless, worthless fantasy.

* * *

The black cloak reached out his hand.

Joohyun was invited to the cabin.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (133)

Episode 133

By the way, 'not associating with the physically and mentally weak' was Argio's opinion.

“I’m a picky eater.”

“You are saying some pretty evil things.”

“If possible, it’s better to be a healthy person.”

Argio took off his hood and continued speaking.

“That kind of person is also fun to watch when he’s angry.”

“…….”

“Hey, gentleman. What’s the problem now?”

“…Oh, I’m sorry.”

“Is it because I’m so handsome? I understand, it’s common.”

“Why am I so unlucky…?”

“What a fun friend to tease.”

"no…."

Joo-Hyeon asked, frowning subtly as if on guard while looking around.

“Aren’t you angry that I’m acting so arrogant?”

“It’ll be expensive to see me angry, but are you sure you can afford it?”

“It’s not that I want to see you angry, it’s just… I’m wondering if you’re not annoyed.”

Whether the opponent's identity was a monster or an evil being, there may not be any real meaning in distinguishing between them, but in any case, he would not leave an arrogant human alone. This was because monsters who could think fundamentally had high pride.

On the other hand, even though he was aware that he was going out of his way, Black Cloak did not show any discomfort. Rather, he seemed to enjoy that sight.

“Why should I be angry?”

“Because you’re arrogant?”

“Then I guess I’ll be the first to die. There’s no one more arrogant than me.”

“That… I don’t really know the criteria for that.”

"so do i."

The evil spirit laughed, his golden eyes gleaming.

“I’m just trying to be careful not to think about things that will cause headaches.”

“You really live so coolly.”

“In a world with so many things to enjoy, why must it always be difficult?”

“Ah… that kind of thing….”

He had the appearance of a considerable hedonist.

“…….”

Rather, the colors were more splendid than I had imagined. Joo-Hyeon’s eyes narrowed slightly.

'It's a color I could never have imagined when I was covered in a dull black cloak.'

Bright red hair and cold golden eyes.

“…What a nice color.”

“Do you like this color the best?”

"yes?"

“It seems like you like provocative and honest people.”

“I’ve never really thought about that….”

“So, today I will try to be Argio, especially to suit your taste.”

“…Hmm? Huh?”

Joo-hyun, who was sitting on the sofa without realizing it, asked.

“Is that what you call your current appearance ‘Argio’?”

"yes."

“Then… there are other appearances too?”

“The shape is the same, only the color is different.”

“It’s not like I’m a chameleon.”

“Chameleons, you could say they’re my distant cousins.”

“Are you kidding…?”

“I guess the ability to change this way and that depending on the situation is similar.”

Soon his color changed to a brilliant platinum, as if bathed in sunlight.

“Isn’t that so?”

“…….”

What is this?

“…Is it the same thing as split personality?”

“It’s not that our personalities are different.”

“The way you speak and your facial expressions are so different, but aren’t they different personalities?”

“It literally just changes color.”

“…Oh, I see.”

I kind of understand it.

'It feels like changing clothes.'

Changing clothes doesn't change the person inside, so from God's perspective, it could be said to be a similar game. Certainly, we shouldn't judge mystical beings by human standards.

Joohyun nodded.

“I know what you mean.”

“Thank you for your understanding.”

“…But I, uh, I feel more comfortable with the red one.”

“Is that so?”

The black cloak, which had suddenly changed into a splendid impression as if it were burning fire, introduced itself.

“I am Argio. If you promise to be my friend, I will tell you my other name. I promise on the honor of my friends that it will not harm you.”

"…that…."

There were still some parts I didn't understand.

“Why do you need friends or pen pals in the first place?”

“I’m shy.”

“Have you come here after killing all the timid people in the world?”

“It’s so hard to make friends.”

“Was it easy for me?”

Strictly speaking, it was natural that Joo-hyun's level of difficulty was higher because he had been betrayed by the world and was extremely sensitive. It would have been easier to make friends with anyone passing by, but it was absurd.

Then Argio said,

“Aren’t you afraid of me?”

“…….”

“Everyone is busy giving me strange looks.”

“…Oh, I see.”

That was definitely the case.

'Most people were probably scared or in awe.'

The status of the Black Cloak in Korea right now is exactly like that. He is famous enough that even children know him, but he is actually quite dangerous, and he is strangely kind, so you don't feel a sense of rejection, but you can't help but feel fear...

'That's a real horror story.'

Urban legends and such.

Perhaps, if Joo-hyun had encountered him in a normal situation, he would have had a similar reaction. There was nothing good about being entangled with a mysterious person with a suspicious identity like the Black Cloak.

"……."

It's because I don't have the minimal capacity to act like that right now.

'… I don't even know why things got like this in the first place… .'

I was barely able to keep my wits about me, but reality was slowly starting to fade away.

'It would be much more convincing if I were dreaming.'

So there were also some things that I could respond to more comfortably. I had been half-mad since I made the sign of Sankalut, and because I had done it with the intention of dying from the beginning, I was in a daze afterwards.

In the midst of all this, the black cloak appeared and the invitation to enter the portrait also contributed to the sense of unreality that Joo-hyun was feeling at the moment. He was sensitive and had no energy to react normally.

“…This place… is really nice.”

Joohyun said, looking around.

“It’s much more cozy and peaceful than I imagined.”

“I really like my house too.”

“Is this your home?”

“You can build a home in many places, but it feels like home.”

“I see, it’s my hometown….”

It was certainly an atmosphere that could be said like that.

“So what should I do?”

“Eat and play.”

"yes?"

“Are you going to work?”

“…I was honest.”

“Then I guess we can eat!”

“Why does it happen like that?”

I don't even know why I'm so obsessed with food.

‘Come to think of it, I’ve heard that most of Black Cloak’s gifts are snacks… .’

Is it really the ultimate goal to fatten humans?

'Can you call that an evil spirit?'

I felt strange. I thought it was because he called himself an evil spirit,

but the more I talked to him, the less he seemed like an evil spirit to me.

Is this a sophisticated deception? A play to appease a weary human? Or is it the mercy of God, bestowed like a favor on a beggar? Or is it a momentary whim?

“…Can I help you prepare the meal?”

“You can’t leave the kitchen to the guests.”

“Then just wait quietly?”

“Would you like a cup of tea?”

“It’s good, but….”

And then a teddy bear brought tea.

“…A teddy bear?”

“He is my father.”

"father?"

“You’re so soft.”

"why?"

The fruit tea the teddy bear gave me was so damn delicious.

“I’m suddenly not hungry.”

“Oh, no. I made another mistake.”

“Please don’t make mistakes with weak humans.”

“You don’t look that weak.”

“So what kind of mistake was it?”

“Because this is a filling tea.”

“You can’t eat it before a meal?”

“That’s what it is.”

"aha."

Joohyun nodded.

“Is this a dream?”

“It’s reality.”

“I'm sleepy.”

“You can just sleep.”

A large hand stroked Juhyun's head.

“Sleep well, wake up, eat, and even have a snack.”

“…….”

“After you wash up and lie down on the bed, I will sit by your bedside and listen to your screams.”

"…yes."

“After we talk endlessly, we will be friends. Just talk to me.”

"yes."

“I wonder what your anger tastes like….”

A voice full of interest and compassion fell over his head, and soon the hand closed Joo-Hyeon's eyes.

“I can be a good friend.”

I really think that's true.

“…….”

“Don’t dream.”

Putting everything down, Joohyun fell asleep.

* * *

“…Hmm, I see.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“So there’s an association researcher sleeping in your house right now?”

“It’s been two days and he still hasn’t woken up.”

“Has it already been two days? I didn’t notice it because I only stopped by at dawn.”

The background in Geo's portrait changed according to the changes inside it. Morning was morning, evening was evening. Occasionally, a new animal would appear or an unknown flower would bloom.

'By the way, in that short time, two days have already passed in the picture.'

Perhaps because he had a 'pen pal' that he had been calling for all along, Geo seemed very happy about the visit of this guest. In the world of that portrait, the flow of time changes depending on the mood of its owner, Geo.

'When I visited and ate before and came out of the frame, only about 20 minutes had passed. According to the time inside the portrait, when Geo was happy, it passed quickly, and when he was resting, it passed slowly… .'

It seems like he's really happy now. Yoo Seong-un smiled his characteristically innocent smile.

“I’m so glad you’ve made a new friend.”

“He and I are not friends yet. I will always give my guests a chance. He may become my friend, but he may not.”

“I’m glad you have such an open mind.”

How great a disaster would it be for an individual to be forced to become friends with the Eye of Origin?

'You don't know how merciful it is to at least give us a choice.'

Anyway, Yoo Seong-un had something else he wanted to say.

“That prospective friend was trying to summon an evil spirit?”

“Yes.”

“Why did you stop it?”

“If there was an accident, it would be a huge accident.”

"oh…."

Since it was a prediction from the source, it certainly sounded credible.

“You said you wouldn’t go to work because you were working hard?”

“Yes. I don’t think I did anything wrong, so I wonder why I was punished like that.”

“I think he was probably forced to take a vacation. Well, it’s a common occurrence.”

“Is this kind of coercive action common?”

“Yes, it’s a kind of recommendation. The atmosphere of the association and the collector’s shop is completely different.”

In fact, when compared to the world, the top three guilds in Korea, and among them, the Collectors' Guild, were somewhat unique. You could say they were one of the few groups that treated humans as humans.

“We get various benefits thanks to the guild leader stepping up and sucking up to the employees, but the association… feels like a den of cards. Because it’s such a huge group, there are places where people just work without any selfish motives, and there are places where blood is spilled over into factional fighting.”

"okay."

“That new guest was probably part of a team that was quite the battle of wits. The association is so large that each team is assigned a single research building, so there’s a lot of disorganization and things like that happen. It’s because they’re so disconnected.”

There were also many places where they were wiped out right away. This is because there are works that contaminate or infect the mind or body itself. It is impossible for one or two people to die while studying and analyzing such things.

“There are a lot of people working in the association, but the work that the association has to do is much more than that, and it’s also dangerous. There are also various clinical trials being conducted for various projects….”

“Is this a clinical trial rather than a human experiment?”

“They just call it a clinical trial to make the citizens feel better. Well, the team I was in charge of before had a very moderate atmosphere and there were no projects that required human sacrifice. So I don’t know much about it.”

The atmosphere of the research lab varies greatly from team to team.

“So… um….”

Yoo Seong-un said with a slightly awkward expression.

“I guess it’s not that rare.”

“It’s really scary.”

“Of course, it is a bit surprising that he even tried to summon an evil spirit.”

“Is that so?”

“I don’t usually go that far.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed hollowly.

“But even if it had gone that far, I think it would have been handled somehow. If it had been something at the Seoul branch research institute, the research institute director or the association president would have heard the news of the incident, and then they would have stepped in… Even if they had succeeded in making a deal with the evil spirit, it would have been resolved well.”

Geo sorted it out for him.

“It sounds like everything is being maintained by the grace of the association president.”

“That’s not wrong. That’s exactly the situation on Earth right now.”

It is a situation where order is occasionally maintained by the mercy of a few strong people. It is a peace that will be shattered if even one of them has a bad intention.

“That’s the reason why this country doesn’t collapse even though so

many dangerous goods are concentrated in Korea. Korea is particularly well organized, and has many strong hunters.”

“It’s a blessing in disguise.”

“Anyway, I feel bad about that customer. I came to this collection store because I was sick of the atmosphere where people are treated as tools and instruments. It really drives people crazy.”

He had the talent to ruin people with intact limbs and beliefs. What's even funnier is that he was able to collect various data, which was a great help in development.

Korea's rapid development was based on countless sacrifices.

“If you want to survive in the Association Research Institute, you need to have the mindset that you will be alone in life anyway.”

Believe in the abilities of others, but do not trust or rely on the people themselves.

“Actually, this isn’t just a story for the association.”

“Is everyone else living like this?”

“The lab is particularly strong, but… well, I guess.”

It is truly a shame, but in this small country, even worse tragedies happen all the time.

“But I don’t usually think of making a deal with an evil spirit. Who instigated me to do so?”

“I don’t know.”

“If the conversation with that guest goes well, would you mind giving me a seat too? I’d like to hear your story.”

“If possible, I will do so.”

“If you feel that there is a danger, I have to investigate that part.”

It was as unsettling as when he had investigated the turbulent sea before the mermaid siblings appeared. Yoo Seong-un let out a short sigh while maintaining his smile.

“…If there’s any problem, send me a letter and I’ll come right away.”

He entrusted the poor man, betrayed by everyone in the world, to the Source, not to humans.

As a gardener, I trusted the mercy of the Source more than my fellow humans.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (134)

Episode 134 Safety ★★☆☆☆ Would you like to check your history? [Yes/No] Name: Ahn Joo-hyun Age: 36 Status: Panic He wanted to help the world to prevent a repeat of the tragedy he had experienced, but all his hard work and affection were betrayed and he became isolated. He knew that it was not an easy goal, but he was faced with an unimaginable misfortune. He is alone. Ahn Joo-hyun is wary and suspicious of you, but he is never aggressive. He is polite and clever. He will obey even if he harbors hostility, and he will be in awe if you harbor favor. As a civilian, he is weaker than an F-class Hunter. He cannot disobey you. You can either let him fall into the clutches of Sankalut and gain awareness as an evil spirit, or you can take care of him and watch him move towards his goal once again. You can choose or not. Ahn Joo-hyun can harbor impure thoughts, but he cannot cause harm. He is a safe person for you. * * * The reason Geo immediately spoke to Joo-hyun was because he had confirmed the above history. “He seems like a good person.” “Gurrrr.” “He said he was safe for me.” It was the best. “The way the system said it was pretty unlucky, but I know for a fact that this Ahn Joo-hyun is a good person. And nothing is more important than that.” There were fewer harmless humans in this world who could have a normal conversation with the ‘Black Cloak’ than one might think. That was a huge problem for Geo, who only knew how to eat and sleep. “I can finally make a pen pal.” “Arrrr…” “Dana, Dad needs friends too. And I’m human, too.” Geo picked up Dana, who seemed to be about to smash the door where Joo-hyun was sleeping. As Dana grew larger, she actively expressed her aversion to humans. Her body suddenly flashed. “I heard from Yoo

Seong-woon that most anti-cats are just busy avoiding, but why on earth does my child have such confidence? It's really interesting." It was clear that she took after her father. "Father." "Kuu?" "I think we need to appease Dana a little." "Kukukukuk…" "Can you let me know when the guest wakes up?" "Ku." "Thank you." Geo thought she might wake up and went down with the tray of food he had brought. Dana, who had grown considerably, moved her body from her father's arms to his shoulders. His shoulders were warm and heavy. "Cool, jewel fur ball…" Isn't that a cute cool mat? When summer came to Earth, I thought about taking Dana instead of Honey. "Honey, let's go." "Kur." "You can eat this." "Kurururururur." "I should eat it too." It was porridge made by boiling rice grains until they were no longer in their original form, and adding various vegetables and a little minced meat. The side dishes of the previously prepared bibamnil and pickled goby nuts were also delicious, and Honey ate them all by herself. "……." "Kkung." "Pig." "Kungkungkungkungkungkungkung…!!" "So cute." I didn't think she would eat all of that by herself, but anyway, it was a bonus point that she didn't have to throw away the food that the guests didn't eat. Geo dragged Dana, who was slumped over his shoulder, and sat her on his thigh. "How can our Dana be so confident?" "Kid?" "Does she think the world revolves around her?" "?" "I see, that's just the kind of confidence our child has." Still, it would be awkward if she bit the heads off of everyone she met. "Honey used to be like that too." "Huh?" "Did you learn it from watching your brother?" "?" "I don't think so, but then it must be instinct." "Gyarrrr." "It's cute." Geo gently stroked Dana's belly, which was acting cute as she rolled over. Unlike other cats who are sensitive to having their bellies touched, Dana just lay there as if she was happy. Since she was a long-haired cat, it felt like there was a heavy carpet on her. "Your brother used to bite people without permission at first. It was only once, but when he found out, my father's heart sank." "琉?" "I hope you don't bite or hurt other people without permission, even for the sake of this Daddy. As a monster, I would say that every time you cause harm, I have to go far away to fix

it or pay money." "……!" "Daddy can draw jewels and gold, but it seems that bartering isn't that popular in Korea yet. In short, he's a beggar, and I could be branded a debtor and get teased, so I wish Dana would think of me just a little bit." "Ahhh?" "You're pretty, you're pretty." Dana apologized after learning of her father's poor financial situation. Building trust with the dependable daughter who promised not to cause trouble, Geo sat Honey, who was poking the empty tray, on his hand. "Honey, come here." "Gulp." "The tray will be worn out soon." I don't know who he resembled to grow into such a wonderful pig. Of course, he knew very well that he resembled Geo himself. "The guest must have been quite tired, considering he slept for almost five days." Geo really liked this guest. He was a 36-year-old adult male, older than Geo, and he didn't get scared or rush at the black cloak when he encountered it. He was even a polite and harmless human recognized by the system. "And he's skinny." He had to gain weight right away. It had been a long time since he had seen someone who seemed worth gaining weight for. An Ju-hyun was truly qualified to be Geo's friend. "I prepared lamb skewers to eat together..." "Gulp." "Okay, if you don't wake up, let's eat together in the evening." "Ah?" "If you wake up, we can all eat together." If we eat, we'll become Anne of Green Gables and her friend Diana. In this harsh world, Geo has finished preparing to hunt to make new friends. * * * Joo-hyun woke up early in the morning. "……." He got up from his soft bed with a dazed mind. The dawn of the world where spring had fully descended was cool, and a gentle breeze carrying the scent of flowers and the forest was blowing gently. Joo-hyun turned his head toward the direction where it touched his cheek. He saw a world sparkling with dew beyond the wide-open terrace. "…Wow..." It was beautiful. And peaceful. "… Here, right now..." He frowned in a daze. He felt around with his raised upper body, and his hands were caught in the soft blanket that seemed to contain only feathers. The rustling and fluffy texture of the sun-dried cloth brought back the feeling of caressing moss as a child. Joo-hyun was momentarily speechless at the sensation, then looked at the world

beyond the terrace again. It was an instinctive gaze. “…Was it inside the frame of the black cloak?” It was a world more like a fairy tale than he had imagined. ‘The sun is just rising.’ The dark dawn clouds were a deep blue that reminded him of the cold spring weather, but the warmth and starlight that lingered next to the rising sun were a gentle color like forsythia or cherry blossoms. If he took a bite of it, it would be as sweet as honey given by the flowers. “…….” Ju-hyun unconsciously went out to the terrace. “…Stars.” There were stars in the sky, there was the moon, and with them the sun. The stars, which did not fade even in the bright and soft light, showed a vividness that seemed as if they would fall at any moment. They were still twinkling. “The Milky Way….” The dreamy sight suddenly made his fingertips tingle, and his tightly closed lungs throbbed. Ju-hyeon felt a heavy air along with an inexplicable longing for a sight he had never seen before. “…….” In the place where the shadows of dawn still remained, he could see an endless forest and a sparkling lake. Ju-hyeon’s eyes were momentarily captivated by the lake. He felt a deep richness from the enchanting golden light that glittered. It was cold and warm. “… This feels strange.” Ju-hyeon hesitated and stepped back, muttering to himself. “… This place, um, yes. Yes…” He tried to come to his senses. “Is it some kind of dungeon?” It didn’t go well. It had been like this all along. While thinking rationally that he could recover by doing this and that, he had no motivation to actually do it. It seemed like his brain had frozen, refusing to work. However, a cool breeze blew from the terrace, cooling the heat on his forehead. “…….” Joo-hyun let out a slow sigh, laughing at himself for thinking such a thing, at the gentleness that seemed to tell him not to be impatient. “…Haaah…” He thudded. He sat down on the bed. “…Let’s calm down.” It was okay. It wasn’t okay, but it could be okay. Just like always, he could overcome it this time too. ‘I feel a little more rational now that I’ve woken up.’ The terrible listlessness that had been tormenting Joo-hyun recently had disappeared. Yes, he was listless. An impulse he had never felt in his life shook Joo-hyun violently, and his head, which had always been

cool and determined to achieve results for his own benefit and goals, had become rigid. ‘But now…it’s not like that.’ He felt like he could breathe. “……” “Gulp?” “…Huh?” “Khu, gurgle.” “Bird?” When he came to his senses, there was a golden bird sitting on the terrace railing. “No, water?” Joo-hyun soon realized that it was living water in the shape of a bird. It looked like the extinct squint-eyed hawk, had a much longer tail, and carried jewels that stood out like a treasure chest. “Why are you here…?” As he froze, not knowing how to react, the bird flew over and landed on Joo-hyun’s thigh. It was almost weightless, and although it was water, it felt warm like a living creature. “Kurr.” “… Hello?” “Kukkururur.” As if responding to the greeting, the water bird let out a long cry and flew up again, flapping its wings. It soon grabbed Joo-hyun’s white pajamas sleeve with its beak and pulled it tight. “… Should we go out?” “Kurruk.” “…That’s strange, isn’t its vocal organ in its mouth…?” Joo-hyun was still half asleep, and he was more curious about the fact that the bird, made entirely of water, had its sleeve in its mouth and its cry didn’t distort. Joo-hyun followed the bird down, feeling a strange sense of unreality. There was a pitch-black man there. “Honey.” At his call, the honey-colored bird landed on the man’s hand. It was a soft landing. The man gave a short compliment, saying he did a good job, and lifted the bird onto his shoulder, and at his feet was a large cat shining with a cold light. Joo-hyun realized that it looked quite similar to the Anti-Cat. Not knowing what to do, he hesitated, and soon the man spoke to him. “Good morning.” “Oh, yes. Good morning.” “I was worried because you didn’t wake up for a long time.” “You didn’t wake up…?” “You slept for eight days.” “……” Joo-hyun’s dark skin turned pale as he chewed on those words. “…Eight days?” “A total of three days have passed in reality.” “Ah, ah. Ah… I see. I understand.” Joo-hyun let out a sigh of relief. After being startled once, he felt like he had come to his senses. With his reasoning clearer than before, Joo-hyun looked at the pitch-black man in front of him and thought to himself, ‘… Is this the true form of the black cloak?’ There were no witnesses who saw the inside of the black cloak, to the

point where there was a hypothesis that the cloak or suit itself was the main body. And the main body of the black cloak that Joo-hyun confirmed was a man who was more handsome than he had imagined. 'I think I saw it before I fell asleep, but his impression is completely different then... What exactly is different?' While he was pondering the differences in the black cloak's transformation, the other person asked him politely with calm, sunken eyes. "Would you like to eat?" "...." "Are you hungry?" Oh, that expression. '... A person can change completely with just one expression.' The black cloak that had been asked just a moment ago, 'Are you hungry?', had looked extremely gentle and affectionate even though its color had not changed. His eyes and lips naturally curved and curved, and he was unknowingly drawn to them. Joo-hyun was finally able to answer after a beat. "... Yes, I'm hungry." Look at this terrible peace. 'There's no way this kind of peace could exist in the world.' From that unrealistic comfort, he realized that he was in a painting. Oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (135)

Episode 135

Now that he has come to his senses, Joo-Hyeon is no longer afraid of the black cloak.

“It’s been a while since you woke up, so I prepared porridge for your first meal.”

“Do you know how to kill someone?”

“Even though I look like this, I can cook just about any dish.”

“It smells really good, thank you.”

Joo-hyun, who had regained her energy while sleeping, smiled brightly and expressed her gratitude.

'Boiling a monster to death??'

Of course, it was different from his true feelings. Joo-hyun was inwardly sweating with deep embarrassment and a feeling of being truly absurd.

An evil spirit who cooks his own food, serves it to humans, and takes pride in his own actions. The reason he wasn't scary right away was largely due to this absurdity.

‘No, even if you say it’s an evil god, this… It’s even stranger if you say it’s an evil god.’

The association reported the black cloak as a monster, but Joo-hyun, who had accumulated some experience, also knew the truth. The association often hid the truth for various purposes under the pretext of a greater cause. This time it seemed similar.

But I still didn't understand. It's very rare for God to treat humans to a meal, but even then, he doesn't cook for them.

'Furthermore, if you think of this world as a kind of dungeon, it becomes even more difficult to explain. Among the monsters, only those that meet the qualifications can create their own dungeons. But God... God doesn't have a dungeon that he can stay in, right?'

Joohyun stopped thinking at that point.

“…It’s delicious?”

It was because the porridge was delicious.

“It’s the most delicious porridge I’ve ever had in my life.”

“I feel good because you are eating happily.”

“Why is this meat so delicious? Is this okay?”

It wasn't some kind of petty flattery, it was genuine shock and amazement.

Joo-hyun didn't really like porridge. Porridge was usually something to make rice bigger, or something to eat when you're sick. However, the porridge that Black Cloak gave him was so delicious that it made his brain hurt.

“Even porridge can be this delicious.”

“It was the most gratifying compliment I could ever hear as a cook.”

“Wow, this is amazing, with such a taste and texture… I could eat this

every day without getting tired of it.”

It's been a long time since I felt not a sense of worldliness, but pure admiration.

“It’s really delicious.”

He keeps saying the same thing over and over again like an idiot, which is unusual.

The dead rice grains were almost melted, and their softness was similar to that of rice cake soup. However, the traces of fluffy rice still remained, and it had a soft, crumbly texture, as if the rice grains of well-cooked shikhye were warm and nutritious.

And the unique nutty and sweet flavor of rice spreads gently in the mouth. The vegetables interspersed between the rice were chewed with a soft warmth, and the meat, which was generously included, added a sense of solidity.

‘I feel very full…’

ethmoid?

“…Did you put in bone broth?”

“You got it right, you have a talent for cooking.”

“Well, I guess you could call it talent….”

“Thank you for your deep consideration.”

A bright smile bloomed across his pale face. For some reason, Black Cloak looked truly happy.

“I gave you a small amount because it’s just the beginning. Do you need more?”

"ah…."

When I came to, I saw an empty bowl.

“…If you don’t mind, I would like to ask you a favor.”

I felt very embarrassed, as if I was bothering an evil spirit, but I shamelessly accepted another bowl.

“Do you need more side dishes?”

“Yes, by all means….”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it.”

It was a very filling dish despite the fact that it was dead, but the sight of people eating so well was so pleasing that Black Cloak brought a larger bowl full of porridge.

“I think the first serving was too little, so I increased the amount.”

“Thank you.”

“We’ve made it so that it’s as easy to digest as possible, but we recommend that you don’t overeat.”

“Yes… I will do that.”

The porridge that Black Cloak served melted in my mouth like cotton candy. I could feel the shape of the rice grains, but the texture melted on my tongue, and I could tell how much care had been put into rolling the rice.

'And it feels like some kind of nutritious food.'

It seems to have a slight medicinal scent… .

“…….”

Medicinal herbs?

“…Hey, Black Cloak… Teacher?”

“Mr. Joohyun, you can call me Geo.”

“Yes, Mr. Geo. Is there any medicine in this?”

“…? I didn’t put any medicine in it.”

"okay."

“Except for rice, all the ingredients used are locally grown.”

“Aha, thanks for the explanation.”

Joo-Hyeon, who expressed her gratitude with a kind face, was not at peace inside.

'Food from here?'

It was information that made me break out in a cold sweat. My smiling lips gained strength.

As soon as Joo-hyun woke up, he recalled the fairytale-like scenery he had seen before. That dreamlike sight that shook people just by looking at it.

'What are the odds that the food ingredients from the mystical land of a divine being are ordinary ingredients?'

In an age overflowing with all sorts of strangeness and mystery, Ju-hyeon studied hard to be of help to the world. He especially knew the influence that the act of 'eating' had in the midst of mystery.

'I just now… was I… perhaps too boldly devouring the mystery in the form of a porridge?'

But the death was delicious.

“…….”

Yum.

There was no sin in the food.

‘… It’s already a discarded body anyway.’

Joo-hyun had given in to his impulse and even thought of becoming a sacrifice to Sankalut. Even if he were to become something inhuman in the embrace of an unknown mystery, it wouldn't be a big blow.

After finishing the meal with a strangely bittersweet heart, the black cloak asked.

“For dessert, would you rather have something light or sweet?”

“…Light tea?”

“Do you not enjoy sweets?”

“That’s not it, but I like my tea to be on the spicy side….”

“It’s a sophisticated car.”

The black cloak was seen blinking twice as if thinking about something.

“Most teas brewed from grains have a strong, nutty flavor.”

“That is true.”

“I’ll keep that in mind for my next meal.”

"…thank you?"

Joo-hyun suddenly felt afraid as he seemed to be showing a will to improve in hospitality. Even now, he wonders, 'Have I ingested something that is not supposed to be eaten by humans?'

Soon after, the black cloak brought out a cup of tea with a warm blue tint.

“This tea is excellent for restoring immunity.”

“Oh, I see. Thank you for your consideration.”

For a moment, he had doubts about whether his immune system was recovering, but half in self-abandonment because he had abandoned his body, and half in a state of ecstasy, he took a sip of the tea. The scent was sweet like cream, but the taste itself was light.

“…Good.”

“We dry the flowers that grow in this forest and make tea.”

“I saw the forest you mentioned from the terrace of the room you gave me.”

“Isn’t it peaceful and beautiful?”

“Yes, I felt at ease while watching it.”

The moment the tea warmed her body, Joo-hyun felt her reason gradually becoming clearer.

“……?”

Is it because of my mood?

'It seems too unconscionable to say that this was just a feeling.'

What am I drinking now?

'I feel uneasy. If I had awakened my emotional skill, I might have been able to check it out.'

Although Ju-hyeon, who was not an Awakened One, did not know, the

Vivamnil flower tea reconstructed the cells in the body of an ordinary human, making them always immune to minor illnesses.

It was impossible for a mere human brain to remain sluggish while taking the elixir of origin. It was not for nothing that the previous visitor, Yoo Seong-un, was afraid, saying, "If I continue like this, I will not be able to live my life in another way."

But Joo-hyun, who didn't know the truth, just sipped the delicious tea.

"hmm…."

Only when my head cleared did I feel like I could breathe.

“Am I drinking too much precious tea?”

“What’s precious about food? After all, it goes into people’s mouths.”

“That’s true too.”

A human society that risks its life for a single elixir or potion came to mind, but Ju-hyeon did not refute Black Cloak’s words by mentioning the greed and desperation of such people. Ju-hyeon possessed an excellent sense of worldliness.

Only then did Joo-Hyeon begin to gradually understand the situation and gain the will to sort things out.

“When we first met, I was very rude. I think I was rude because I was in a very chaotic situation. I think I was able to recover a lot thanks to your consideration.”

At the time, when he was consumed by destructive impulses, he had literally given up everything. However, Joo-hyun, who had regained some clarity of reason, began to calculate the situation he was in.

There was no particular reason for that, it was just a habit of someone with the ability to deal with the world who had lived his whole life

judging everything. It was a habit that allowed him to endure everything even when he was in a disadvantageous position.

“Can I introduce myself properly?”

“As much as you want.”

“My name is Joo-Hyeon. I don’t have a last name, and I’m 36 years old this year.”

“My name is Geo. I have many names, but I am 29 years old now.”

“I feel so embarrassed to be receiving help from someone so young.”

Although she spoke coquettishly, Joo-Hyeon's mind was still in chaos.

'29 years old…? Surely that can't be true, and is it some kind of game? Or is it a role? Considering that most evil spirits enjoy some kind of game, it's possible that Jio was absorbed in the setting of a 29-year-old youth… Does the fact that he has various names refer to the color of his black cloak changing?'

He was busy acquiring and organizing as much information as possible about the Black Cloak.

'If I remember correctly, she has black hair now, but there were times when she changed to platinum blonde or red hair. However, even if the color didn't change, there were times when she acted as if her personality changed. If we consider her as a human, is she an actress? Or maybe it would be more correct to say that she changes clothes.'

Joohyun touched the transparent glass teacup with blue tea water rippling in it.

“As you may know, I worked in the association’s research institute.”

“It is an association research institute, so I understand that the working

environment is quite harsh.”

“Yes, although there have been various incidents and I have now been suspended.”

“You must have been very tired. You need some rest.”

The black cloak nodded and asked.

“Then what would you like for dessert?”

“…….”

Are you listening to me?

‘… I can’t tell if this is a consideration because the other person isn’t human, or if he really isn’t interested. He introduced himself as an evil spirit, so I recited my misfortunes, but there was no response… Why?’

The purpose of the evil spirit, or rather, the god, coming to visit humans was to use the toys he liked for the purposes he liked. However, the black cloak did not seem to be interested in Joo-hyun's unfortunate circumstances.

Joo-hyun, who had thrown a kind of bait, was inwardly embarrassed, but as expected, he smiled brightly and answered without letting it show.

“Well, what kind of dessert do you have?”

“We have small cakes, fruit pudding and ice cream.”

“Then, may I have it as pudding?”

“Of course.”

Pudding was soon brought by a fluffy teddy bear.

“…….”

“Thank you for your help, Father.”

Is the teddy bear your father?

“Thanks to you, I always receive a lot of help.”

“Kuk kuk kuk….”

Did you laugh out loud?

'I think I had similar thoughts before I fell asleep.'

Feeling a strange sense of deja vu, Joo-hyun tried to straighten his face, which was trying to distort subtly. As he was not an awakened person, he did not know that the soft-looking teddy bear in front of him contained the sun god, but he knew that it was not ordinary.

When Geo looked back, Joohyun immediately smiled brightly.

“Thank you for the pudding.”

“Kukuku.”

The teddy bear nodded, took his share of pudding, and went out of the house with the big cat. Black Cloak added an explanation as Juhyun watched the cat's fluttering jewel tail.

“There are chairs and a table outside the cabin. The sun is rising, so maybe you and Dana want to enjoy a snack while watching it.”

“Ah… Dana?”

“That’s the name of the long-haired cat you saw earlier. I brought her from the dungeon called ‘Jewel Vein’ and started raising her, and she’s grown up quite a bit. I also raise her like a daughter.”

“I see, I can feel your affection.”

As expected, Joo-Hyeon's mind was noisy.

'If it's a cat that you meet in the vein of jewels... jewel hair... long-haired... is it an anti-cat after all? However, it is said that the anti-cat is a monster with a body as small as a kitten. No matter how much time passes, it never grows from that state, so people thought it was perfect. But was there room for it to grow more?'

If it had been reported to the academic society, it would have been enough to grab someone by the collar and ask, “Where on earth did you come across such valuable information?” But Joo-hyun quickly swallowed a hollow laugh. He wondered why he was worried about this when he had already been suspended from the association.

“Puding is….”

“I put in a fruit called a mango fruit.”

“There is a fruit like that, it’s the first time I’ve heard of it.”

“This is the most common fruit in this forest and is very sweet.”

“It smells good.”

“We also ripened the fruit called the weeping berry there.”

“I think a lot of effort went into it.”

I took a bite of the pudding, smiling kindly as if it were my habit.

“…….”

“Is it delicious?”

“It’s so delicious that I don’t know if I can eat it.”

“You don’t deserve such praise.”

“No, really….”

The pudding, which had a rich, fruity flavor, probably due to the milk, literally melted in my mouth and disappeared onto my tongue. It was a pudding with a creamy flavor that left a faint sour taste.

“…….”

And I felt healthier.

“…It’s so delicious.”

I'm not sure if it's just my mood.

Why did your eyesight improve?

oh

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Episode 136

"so."

Yoo Seong-un smiled with a resigned expression.

“Are you turning that guy into a pig?”

“I'm glad you know.”

“I couldn’t help but know, I almost became a pig too….”

“I apologize if this came across as rude.”

“No, the food was really delicious.”

He continued with a carefree smile.

“I did feel a bit of a crisis though.”

This is a crisis that could change the human race itself.

'Or die of a stomach explosion.'

Perhaps because they had gone through such a difficult time of great disaster, the elders of that generation were particularly sensitive to the idea of fattening their children. Geo also had a similar vibe.

‘Mostly in the part where they constantly give you food….’

Perhaps if he hadn't encountered the Mermaid Princess back then,

Yoo Seong-un would not have been able to escape the cycle of repeated meals and snacks. Most hunters felt that way even though they had large stomachs.

“…I’m sure you’ll figure it out, but he’ll eat less than I do. Just don’t make him overeat.”

“I didn’t mean to make you overeat either… but I made a mistake, you overeat.”

“It’s surprising that you can still get sick after eating such heavenly food, but then again, eating too much of anything isn’t good for you.”

“It’s too much praise to say it tastes heavenly. But I think I pressured you a little because it was so nice to see you enjoying it so much.”

“In reality, they probably ate deliciously without even realizing that they were full. Even though they were researchers at the association, most of them were just civilians, so they probably didn’t have much self-control.”

I understood what the situation was. Geo, who liked the sight of fat humans, would have continued to offer food, and the person would have lost his senses from the ecstatic taste, or he would have felt pressured by Geo and couldn't bring himself to refuse.

'It was too delicious to refuse, and it must have been a meal in Geo's stomach.'

Even if he was a civilian with no skills, he was a researcher for the association. There was no way that Joo-Hyeon didn't know that the flow of time and the weight of the air in this portrait, which changed depending on Geo's mood, were literally on the dungeon master's tongue.

'But seeing as Geo doesn't seem to be upset, I guess he has great

worldly skills.'

I don't know how much chaos there must have been inside, but it was a bold attitude for a civilian. It's not easy to act so cool in front of someone like Geo.

'If it were easy, Geo would have succeeded in making a pen pal a long time ago… .'

Well, it could just be that I was in a state of despair.

"……."

It looks like things are a bit messed up.

"I looked into that person named Ju-Hyeon separately."

"Thank you for always helping me."

"Never mind. But in this case, your team leader… seems to have done something."

"Does that mean that his superior intervened in Ahn Joo-hyun's circumstances?"

"An Joo-hyun?"

Yoo Seong-woon found out that Joo-hyun was from an orphanage affiliated with the association. Since the orphanage was a place where children would leave their last names when they entered, he didn't bother to check that part, but it seemed like Geo even knew Joo-hyun's last name.

'Well, it wouldn't have been difficult for Geo to find out the identity of a mere human in some way.'

Whether he had a separate emotional skill and used it, or he used his unique social skills to pry, it wouldn't have been strange if Geo knew

the last name of the researcher from the orphanage.

The meteor passed by without a trace.

“That’s what I saw. Most people don’t seem to know each other, but some are a bit…”

Yoo Seong-woon, who was thinking about what to say, continued speaking.

“It felt like a hush.”

“You know but you’re hiding it.”

“I don’t really know why.”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“I’m not that person anymore.”

In particular, the research institute of the association could be considered a single country under one team leader. Other than the minimum system, the rest of the policy was held by the team leader in charge of the research institute, who enjoyed absolute power.

“Anyway, I wonder what the team leader was thinking, he must have ruined the situation for that guy named Joo-Hyeon.”

“Why does the team leader, and not the director of the research institute, have that much authority?”

“Perhaps it’s because the director doesn’t actually go to work at the research institute. Usually, the director of an association’s research institute manages multiple buildings.”

In the association's research institute, within that one building, one team leader is assigned. However, that does not mean that the

research institute itself belongs to the team leader.

“The research institutes of the association are divided into Seoul Branch 1, Seoul Branch 2, and Seoul Branch 3… and the one who manages all the research institutes in Seoul is the research institute director. The research team leader works within one branch.”

“How many branches are there in Seoul?”

“There were up to Branch 184 when I started working, and now there’s Branch 221. Seoul isn’t that big of an area, but most research institutes are built using space expansion magic. That’s quite a lot, isn’t it?”

Since there are so many research institutes to manage, the research institute directors are not actually able to participate in the work. They are already busy checking the experimental reports and permission requests that are piling up.

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“Of course you won’t understand why such an inefficient structure was formed.”

“Honestly, is there any reason why we shouldn’t have one research director and several research team leaders within one research institute?”

“There are various reasons, but the main reason is… the problem is that there is no reliable manpower.”

The association's research institute was located in that location.

“It’s still full of information that citizens find difficult to accept and dangerous information that can be exploited in various ways. That’s why we’re trying to sort out the information appropriately, but there are dozens or even hundreds of such research subjects coming out every year….”

It is a space filled with extremely dangerous information that would make anyone's eyes roll around.

“Didn’t Joohyun say that he felt the same way? If it’s as you said, then that person created the Sankalut’s sign, of all people. A good person who has never done anything wrong in his life made such a bold choice.”

"okay."

“The association’s research institute is overflowing with information that can be easily exploited in that way. Therefore, the research institute director must first of all not be greedy for such information, secondly, he must have the ability to handle incidents in his jurisdiction, and thirdly, he must stay far away from the scene.”

“Why do I have to stay away from the scene?”

“Even if you’re not greedy, humans are creatures of adaptation. If you only see each other in person through documents or occasionally go to the scene to see each other, well, the weight is lighter, so the probability of exploitation may increase… If your body is far away, your heart is also far away, so the possibility of being deceived is lower.”

The association's research institute was a place that was more than just a den of evil. It was a dangerous place where even a healthy person would come out mentally and physically broken, and even the most talented research institute director would likely lose his faith if he was exposed to such an environment for a long time.

“And it’s not something that can be done just by having a strong will of one’s own. Quite a few project subjects have their own will, and the field workers at the research institute have to endure the temptations and accusations of such strange mysteries every hour.”

“Why are there so many people working in places like that?”

“Some people are brought in because the association did a great job promoting it, and some are supported by orphanages sponsored by the government or the association. So at first, they are usually given chores that are not mentally demanding.”

But it won't be long before you face reality.

“And above all….”

Yoo Seong-un hesitated for a moment, then continued speaking.

“To become the director of a research institute, you have to go through some kind of procedure.”

“Is it a procedure?”

“To put it badly, I guess you could call it brainwashing, or training….”

“It’s an unexpected method.”

“I think it’s a problem from an ethical standpoint.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“The first step is to find a Hunter with the ability to become the head of the research institute in the Association. We will find Hunters who are at least Class A, close to Class S, and among them, we will select those who already have an abundant environment or are not naturally greedy, and among them, we will select those who have administrative and human resource management skills and….”

“…….”

“In addition to that, you have to select and choose people who are capable in various ways. No matter how many A-class people there are, it’s hard to find a hunter who is close to S-class. On top of that, they have to be not greedy and be a jack of all trades… There can’t be many such people.”

Even if you find it that way, there are still problems.

“Even in the final stage, there is a kind of brainwashing process where you have to castrate your greed and absolutely obey the orders of the association president. However unethical it may be, it is not done by force.”

“Isn’t that turning people into document processing machines called research institute directors?”

“It’s more of a problem because it’s not just about processing paperwork. Anyway, it’s really hard to find someone who agrees to this process, so we can’t assign a research institute director to each research institute.”

“Is the reason you insist on hiring such high-quality personnel to ensure the security of your research materials?”

“You could say that. Of course, if we lower our sights, we could deploy more personnel to each research institute, but that would only lead to the rebirth of a giant, uncontrollable den.”

From the beginning, the association's research institute could be seen as a symbol of human arrogance.

“There are many disasters concentrated in Korea right now. The Association’s research institute is the center of them all. If even one of them explodes, this planet called Earth will be destroyed in an instant. That’s why we can’t lower the quality of our personnel even after going through such a difficult process.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was once the research team leader of the association, said, trying hard to hide his skepticism.

“The only fortunate thing is that, as long as there are such research institute directors and… the association president, who is the symbol

of eternity, those countless caves are under perfect control.”

“…….”

“In other words, you’re taking too many risks by relying solely on the chairman of the association, but well. After all, you’re putting more effort into the development of humanity and the analysis of its origins.”

Geo asked after a moment of silence.

“What is the symbol of eternity?”

"…ah."

Yoo Seong-un nodded and explained.

“Tell me about the three immortal beings known only in the Republic of Korea.”

“Immortal.”

“Not only is he an Awakened One with incredibly powerful abilities, he also does not die or age.”

Geo told him.

“You must be lonely.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un was speechless for a moment.

“…I don’t know because I’ve never thought of the symbol of eternity in that way.”

“It seems like a blessing in disguise that the three of us are together.”

“There is a rumor that they were close friends before the great disaster.”

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking with a small smile.

“Anyway, as long as such a symbol of eternity exists, no matter how much risk we take, it will never go to the worst. So experiments become more daring, and more people are being cut off, but since there are too many people compared to the capacity of the population… people die, break, and twist, and in the process, humanity progresses.”

He finally let out a small sigh.

“That is also the reason why Korea has been able to develop so rapidly.”

“Because you boldly threw people in only believing in the symbol of eternity?”

“In summary, that’s probably how it’ll turn out. It’s high risk, high return.”

However, no matter how great the risk, as long as the symbol of eternity exists, the damage will not go beyond the laboratory. No matter what kind of research is done, the maximum damage will be limited to the laboratory building, so the experiments are conducted even more boldly.

“I don’t know if I should say this, but they say failure is the mother of success, and that kind of data ultimately becomes the foundation for avoiding another failure.”

“I understand.”

“If one research institute is completely destroyed, then you think, ‘Oh, that’s how it reacts if you do that. Then, what about this method?’… It’s a structure that can be developed further.”

“It’s a scary world.”

“It’s a world where human rights and such are just empty words. Since this is a country with such a strong culture, the instrumentalization of people basically happens. It’s not a good sight.”

But thanks to that, the development itself could be rapid.

“The Association is trying to research and dig into as many of the roots as possible, in order to shorten the time people suffer as much as possible. If things continue this way, this planet will still be suffering in its primitive state for 500 years… The intention is to shorten that time.”

It was a thought and judgment that could be made because it was a symbol of immortality and eternity.

“I came out because I didn’t want to see that sight.”

"okay."

“It may be a worthwhile sacrifice, but there’s nothing you can do about it being unpleasant.”

“I agree.”

“…Well, that aside.”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“Anyway, I feel like it’s hard for me, who has already quit the company, to find out the details of what’s going on inside the research lab that’s still running smoothly. The people there are basically tight-lipped.”

“I think so.”

“But the atmosphere back then was a little bit strange. From what I saw, it seemed like they were trying to cause some kind of accident through that researcher named Joo-Hyeon. The research team leader, that is.”

Yoo Seong-un lowered his hand and smiled at Geo.

“You stopped it in advance.”

“I’m glad the results were good.”

“I’m always grateful, from my perspective.”

It may be just a coincidence, but Geo often appears out of nowhere before an incident or accident gets worse and abruptly cuts off the flow.

'Should I say that the tension that had been building up was suddenly released in an unexpected way? In the case of the mermaid siblings, it wasn't something that could have been absurdly swept under the rug like that... .'

Yoo Seong-un was still investigating the whereabouts of the mermaid siblings, and traces of them were recently discovered in Gyeongbokgung Palace. It seemed that they were planning to overthrow not only the Sun Bridge but also Gyeongbokgung Palace.

'I'm not sure because there aren't many comparison groups yet, but in any case, it's a truly welcome move from a human perspective.'

I couldn't help but feel grateful that such overwhelming disasters were prevented in advance.

“…….”

In that sense, Yoo Seong-un thought that researcher Joo-hyun could have been the beginning of a disaster.

I'm so glad Geo found me before things got too serious.

“…So, what about Joohyun?”

“I’m eating well and sleeping well.”

“How are you feeling?”

“He still looks a little tense and a little confused.”

“Yeah, I guess so.”

Still, it was almost a miracle that it had become that stable.

“Please be a little nicer.”

“I will make it healthy and send it out.”

“I hope you are moderately healthy.”

If a new species other than Hunters appears, it will be very difficult.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (137)

Episode 137

That moment.

The research institute that manages the evil spirit Sankalut, Seoul Branch 21.

“Sankalute?”

“ ”

“Oh, my God? How can you have such a withered color….”

“ ”

“Lord Sankalut…!”

I was going to make a wish and have him take me home.

Sankalut, who had been excited about going home, became gloomy.

* * *

“Is that really okay?”

Joo-hyun, who had handed over the sign of Sankalut, asked with a trembling face.

“I ate and drank a lot here.”

“I treated you with such hospitality out of personal greed, so this is

sufficient repayment.”

The black-haired, black-cloaked man smiled gently.

“What a wonderful jewel.”

“…It’s not a real jewel though.”

“You said it was a sign of the evil god Sankalut?”

“Yes, it is a medium that allows me to communicate with him.”

“There are geometric patterns on the inside. Did you carve them yourself?”

“Yes, it’s my first time making it, so I’m still quite clumsy.”

“You say I’m clumsy?”

Black Cloak exclaimed in admiration.

“You can see that Joo-Hyeon is very talented.”

“I feel embarrassed when you say that.”

“It’s a very small design, but it has all the necessary language engraved on it.”

"haha…."

It felt strange.

'I never thought I would be praised for creating the sign of the evil god.'

More than anything, Black Cloak was not impressed by the fact that he had 'created the mark of the evil god', but rather seemed to be impressed by 'creating such a wonderful jewel'. It felt really strange.

'Is the level so high that the symbol appears more as an ornament than

a medium?'

It looked like a wealthy person with a lot of money was looking at the 500 won coin, saying how beautiful it was.

Although he received praise, he was not very happy about it. Joo-Hyeon was not a person with no common sense to be happy about being praised for creating a sign of an evil god by an unknown great mystery.

“Don’t you feel uncomfortable with the fact that it is a sign of the evil spirit?”

“The only time I’ll call him is when I’m asking for a meal, so don’t feel bad about it.”

“Oh, really? Even the evil spirits get to eat… eat… um.”

Joohyun was silent for a moment.

“…….”

And soon, a cold sweat began to run down my face.

Do you really want to turn everything in the dimension into pigs?

“Is there a reason why… you keep trying to feed something to others…?”

“There is no grand reason.”

The smile disappeared from Black Cloak's face, and only a calm, expressionless expression remained. Nevertheless, Black Cloak continued speaking in a soft voice.

“I’m just happy that other people are eating the food I make.”

“I see, you are very considerate.”

“First of all, people these days are so skinny….”

“…….”

“It doesn’t look healthy.”

"will do…."

grandma?

'Why do you say such grandma-like things?'

The trend of seniors from the generation that experienced the great disaster being particularly serious about fattening their children was present everywhere in the world. In particular, the phrase “people these days” seemed to refer to old people.

'With that young man's face?'

Do you have any intention of imitating a 29-year-old Earthling?

Joo-hyun wondered to what beat he should dance to in order to please the giant being in front of him. Should he correct him, saying that his remarks were not befitting of a 29-year-old? Or should he simply agree with him and say that he was right?

"…okay!"

Joohyun decided to just let it go.

“If you don’t mind, can I ask you a few questions?”

“Mr. Joohyun, you can ask me as many questions as you want.”

“Thank you. It is known in the world that the black cloak is a monster….”

"aha."

The hair of the black cloak turned bright red, and a deep smile appeared on his pale face.

“I’m a monster?”

“…I apologize if I was rude. I’m sorry.”

“No, I’m not angry. I wasn’t rude either.”

He blinked a couple of times.

"hmm…."

Then it went back to black hair again.

“I think I got a little excited because Joohyun’s words were funny. Excuse me.”

“No, no. It’s okay.”

I don't know what part was funny, but as long as he wasn't upset by his own question, everything was fine. Joohyun smiled brightly and shook her head humbly.

“But if my question made you feel uncomfortable, I am truly sorry.”

“As I said before, I wasn’t uncomfortable or angry. I just, how should I put it….”

The lips of the black cloak curved gently with interest.

“After beasts, demons, and now monsters.”

“…….”

“I thought it would be pretty fun.”

"…oh…."

It's not fun.

"…okay!"

Joohyun decided to just let it go once again.

“I thought that the Black Cloak was an evil spirit, but it doesn’t seem to be that way.”

“Are you saying that it is not like an evil spirit?”

“A little bit.”

“I don’t really like that.”

The black cloak pretended to think for a moment and then continued speaking.

“Let me say this in advance: I am an ordinary human being.”

“Oh, okay.”

“Sometimes, he is a human being who can become a demon, a priest, or an animal.”

“You are amazing.”

Joohyun persevered once more.

“Then should I think of myself as a normal human being…?”

“Of course.”

Black Cloak nodded.

“The rumor that I was a monster outside was just a warning for my safety and that of others.”

“A warning for the safety of Black Cloak and the others?”

“It’s not intentional, but because we live in a painting, we sometimes threaten others. This is a warning to be careful of each other.”

And although he didn't say it out loud, he had another intention.

Even though he had merged with the battle-mad Argio, Geo was still uncomfortable fighting someone because they hadn't fully fused. That's why he was more of a person who managed his image so that they wouldn't fight each other in advance.

It was the result of thinking that not many people would want to fight the protagonist of a scary ghost story. Geo wanted to avoid conflict if possible.

'I don't know what will happen if Argio's memories are completely restored...'

Anyway, that's what happened.

“…Actually, even if you say it’s an evil spirit, it’s still hard to understand.”

Geo continued speaking.

“What is God, and what is an evil god? It is difficult for me, a human being, to know.”

“…That’s definitely a difficult topic. I can’t really give you a definitive answer.”

“Isn’t that so?”

He nodded.

“It is difficult to clearly define the existence of a country.”

So, even if Joo-Hyeon asked, there was only one thing I could say clearly.

“I can only say for sure that I am just one person.”

“To one person….”

“I may be a bit of an odd person, and I do some strange things sometimes, but that’s about it.”

Geo never once thought that he might not be human.

“Is this a sufficient explanation?”

“…Yes, thank you for helping me understand.”

Joohyun was just amazed.

'Okay, I'll just memorize it like that.'

Then it would be so.

“But I feel like I’m staying at Geo’s house too much….”

“Are you fully recovered?”

“I recovered thanks to your great consideration.”

“Your heart too?”

“…….”

To the speechless Joo-hyun, the black cloak smiled gently and spoke as if comforting a child.

“Isn’t it a peaceful place?”

“…That’s right. It’s so peaceful that I don’t want to leave.”

“There will come a time when you will want to leave.”

Geo knows.

'A human being must be rich in mind and body to avoid having vain thoughts.'

So that's what I did.

'After all, when people are full, they become ten times kinder.'

He said he was trying to summon an evil spirit, so I made his body into one that wouldn't have any frivolous thoughts.

Although he didn't know it, Geo's influence was actually great here. The person eating the food filled with the desire to enjoy his food together became a gourmet without a doubt, and he became one with Geo, the owner of a clear mind without thinking, and his body and mind became at ease.

'It's a good thing.'

Geo wanted Joohyun to be his friend.

“Just tell me whenever you want to leave.”

"…yes."

“You don’t need my permission to enjoy your life.”

"that…."

Joohyun answered, mumbling.

“…That’s right.”

He asked.

“Why did you introduce yourself as an evil spirit?”

“Because that’s what people called me.”

Oddly enough, there was no other reason.

* * *

"…ah."

A newcomer paused.

“Mr. Sergio?”

There was a tall figure standing in the company hallway. As she called out to him, the woman felt an inexplicable sense of discomfort.

Even though it was a weekday afternoon and there were still several employees who had not yet left work, they did not pay any attention to Sergio, who was standing in the hallway wearing a cloak.

It was as if I was avoiding him as if he didn't exist. By the time I realized it, the other person was looking at me.

“I’ve seen you before.”

“That’s right, you remembered.”

“The name is probably….”

He said.

“Ms. Park Joo-hee?”

“…….”

It felt a little strange.

“…Yes, this is Park Joo-hee.”

For a moment, it felt like an unbelievable miracle that the other person was calling my name.

'That's a strange thought.'

She was able to quickly shake off the absurd thought, but an inexplicable uneasiness lingered and tormented her.

Park Joo-hee approached him and asked.

“I thought you were working the early morning shift, but you’re out at this late hour?”

“It’s a hobby. We had some time to ask questions about various things.”

“Is it time for questions about your hobby?”

“If we really have to be specific, would it be correct to call it a survey?”

The eyes that contained the sea gently curved.

“Ms. Park Joo-hee.”

“Uh… yes, go ahead.”

“What do you think the evil spirit is?”

“…the evil spirit….”

Suddenly, a sense of loneliness came over me. Along with that, I felt disconnected from reality.

The employees passed them by without saying a word even at this moment. It was understandable since the company was made up of employees with strong individualism, so the woman answered Sergio’s question without much doubt.

“Isn’t he a god who does bad things?”

“Then, if the evil god does not do evil, would he be an ordinary god?”

“That is… If he has committed evil deeds before, wouldn’t he be an evil spirit?”

“It was a good reference.”

He smiled like a painter.

“I know this was a random question, but thank you for answering.”

“No, I’m the one who should be thankful that you remembered me, a lowly C-rank hunter.”

“Regardless of her rank, Park Joo-hee is a good person.”

Sergio's eyes widened.

“Aren’t you kind to me?”

“Uh… that’s….”

Are you saying that a kind person is a good person?

The woman was a little worried by his sudden, idiotic remark. The scope of the 'good person' he was talking about was too broad.

'Are you being bullied?'

Park Joo-hee looked around, momentarily confused. She would have been concerned about the man standing in the middle of the hallway, who looked like a pole, but no one was looking in that direction.

"…excuse me…."

She asked cautiously, feeling a strange suspicion.

“By any chance, are those… colleagues not on good terms or something…?”

Khuhuluk!!

A loud cough was heard from somewhere.

“……?”

“It looks like someone has heard of the sarees.”

“Oh, I see. Sorry.”

Knock knock, knock… .

Another cough was heard from somewhere.

“It didn’t work….”

Coolook !!

Another cough.

“…….”

At this point, Park Joo-hee couldn't help but understand the situation.

‘… What is it? It seems like you’re hinting at something?’

At that moment, something caught my eye.

"uh…."

Under the cloak.

The tail of an unidentified beast was sticking out.

“…Hey, Sergio. This is….”

“Oh, excuse me.”

He smiled faintly.

“Sometimes I can’t control it.”

“…Control?”

“I’ll be more careful next time.”

Without another sound, the tail disappeared.

“…….”

As if you were seeing things wrong.

“It’s not like Ms. Park Joo-hee thinks the staff here discriminate against me or ostracize me.”

“…Ah, ah, yes. I’m sorry.”

“It’s just that I have a special skill, so everyone is paying attention.”

“It’s special, so pay attention…?”

“There’s nothing to worry about. It’s getting late, so please be careful on your way home.”

“…….”

“Oh, right.”

Sergio held out something.

“This is my thanks for hanging out with me.”

“…It smells sweet.”

“It’s fruit jelly, it’s not that sweet.”

"…okay…."

“Then I hope to see you again with a smiling face next time.”

He nodded briefly, turned around, and walked away.

The black cloak comes into view again. The jet-black fabric… .

“…….”

For some reason, the gift in my hand felt heavy.

"…uh?"

Even if I let out a sigh along with a cold sweat.

Not a single employee looked back.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (138)

Episode 138

Black cloak.

A humanoid monster that was first spotted in the S-class dungeon 'Deep Sea Country' last winter and was listed on the Hunter Association's website. It is famous for tormenting bad humans and giving gifts to good humans.

His characteristics include being very tall, wearing a black cloak, wearing a suit, and being barefoot.

“…….”

In her dorm room alone, new curator Park Joo-hee gritted her teeth.

“…If you think about it, they’re all similar….”

I remember when the curator of Yoo Seong-un first explained about a person named 'Sergio'.

'It is often misunderstood because it has similar characteristics to the Black Cloak.'

It's not that Park Joo-hee didn't think that Sergio and Black Cloak had something in common. However, Sergio was too kind, too human, and had an extremely gentle smile to think that way.

But now that I think about it, it makes me dizzy.

'It was too idealistic.'

I should have been suspicious.

'How can someone who smiles as if he's been stuffed into shape be ordinary?'

Sergio smiled, talked, and cared like an ordinary person, but his actions and expressions were unchanging. She clearly knew that Sergio had an air of non-existence.

“…This…This, is this okay?”

It was confusing.

He felt that the other person was too human, so he could not have thought that he was a monster, and he suspected that he was possessed or deceived by something. There was a high probability that the 'Sergio' that the black cloak showed was a kind of mask.

'We've only just met, so I don't feel betrayed or anything.'

He was someone I had only met twice so far. Even if an acquaintance I had known for over a year had lied to me, I would have let it slide, but now I had no reason to feel betrayed by someone I had only met twice.

'I'm not angry. I'm not disappointed or anything. There wasn't that much trust between Sergio and me. But it's true that I'm confused...'

What should I do with this?

“…I’m not in a position to take action, am I?”

The collection gallery is a place where all kinds of dangerous works are gathered. There will be many protocols for responding to abnormal phenomena, and safety devices and information control will also be in place.

“Besides, it seemed like all the other employees knew.”

Only the new recruits didn't know that 'Sergio' was the black cloak.

“But, it’s not like I’m hiding it thoroughly or anything….”

Park Joo-hee herself is so dull that if they had this many things in common, her classmates would have already noticed.

For some reason, the collector simply tolerated the existence of the black cloak.

“…….”

After thinking about it for quite some time, she soon knocked on the door of another dormitory.

“…What’s going on?”

“Excuse me. I have something to discuss.”

“To me, a fellow newbie?”

“Mr. Binary, have you met Mr. Sergio?”

“…….”

Binari, one of Park Joo-hee's classmates, nodded.

“Come in.”

"…excuse me."

In the deep dawn, the story was getting longer.

* * *

Binary Curator, the only one among the new recruits in this collection to be in charge of the 3rd floor works.

“I knew it.”

“I see… I see. Was I the only one who didn’t know?”

“That’s not it.”

He was one of the first to realize that 'Sergio' was the Black Cloak.

“In my case, I had a gut feeling about this guy Sergio ever since Curator Yoo Seong-un first warned me about him. Other than that, I was suspicious of Jeong Eun-byeol, who introduced me to a B-class hunter.”

"ah…."

“Curator Yoo Seong-un also seemed to have noticed that we had noticed something strange. However, he never said anything. It seemed like it was common knowledge within the collection that there was a person called ‘Sergio’ who wore a black cloak.”

Binary added.

“There is no such thing as a dawn shift at the collection center in the first place.”

“…There was definitely no such introduction on the website, but I thought they had hidden it because he was an important person.”

“After asking around among my seniors, I found out that Sergio was the only one working the early morning shift.”

“But it could have been a measure taken for some kind of justification.”

“Yes, you could think of it as a special privilege to take care of very special personnel.”

He shrugged.

“Just like what other classmates are thinking right now.”

“…That’s true. I still think it’s being hidden too sloppily, though….”

“I think that, as Ms. Park Joo-hee just found out today, she must have decided that it was worth hiding from the new recruits.”

“What happens to people like us who discover Sergio’s true identity?”

“At least I don’t think there will be any disadvantages. We may just see how we adapt.”

“Why in the first place… why is it like this….”

Park Joo-hee, who had been stuttering, let out a short breath and opened her mouth again.

“There are more than one or two things that are puzzling. Why didn’t they tell the new recruits about the Black Cloak? It’s a humanoid monster, after all.”

“There was definitely nothing about ‘Mr. Sergio’ in the basic training we received. I think it might be because we were interns who would have to leave the company if things went wrong.”

“Because I was an intern… So, you’re saying that you didn’t tell me because you wanted to keep it a secret? You can’t tell important things to an intern who could be fired at any time.”

Park Joo-hee was worried.

“But if we don’t receive safety training and cause an accident, isn’t that a bigger problem? Even the seniors at the gallery keep emphasizing that if we’re going to die, at least the curator should die.”

I've heard that when dangerous works cause accidents, they often grow out of control.

“Whether it’s the artwork or the monsters here, the important thing is the rules. If we, who don’t know anything, don’t know Mr. Sergio’s… conditions and end up getting angry, wouldn’t that be a bigger problem?”

“I and Jeong Eun-byeol, who I just mentioned, had similar thoughts for a while. And we came to the conclusion that there would probably be no problem if we treated Sergio as a regular employee.”

Binary sighed.

“I’m sure the collectors have thought about it all. So, if you treat the Black Cloak like a regular employee, it won’t cause any problems, and even if something unusual happens, it won’t be something that will cause a major accident.”

“…Is this just a problem that will lead to our deaths?”

“I was guessing it would be something like that. So I thought it would be a test of sorts. To see if we were worthy of being a collector’s collection, or an employee of a collector’s shop, or a colleague of Black Cloak’s…”

“I think that just the fact that we are here qualifies us as a collectible.”

“The collector’s prize is a good one. If we continue to think of them as ordinary early morning shift workers, then it won’t be against the conditions. And if they notice the presence of the black cloak, we can see how well they adapt.”

He smiled awkwardly.

“So we were thinking that the sooner we figured out Mr. Sergio’s identity… the sooner he would be promoted to a regular employee. This is just a guess, though.”

“…Ah, I see. If all the other employees already know the identity of the

Black Cloak, well, the prerequisite for becoming a full-time employee is… well, you have to know the identity of the Black Cloak.”

They also knew how devoted Bisabal was to his collection. Once he was promoted to a full-time employee, he could no longer leave Bisabal’s collection, and he could not be kicked out of the collection.

“But if you show that you are adapting well even after learning the identity of the Black Cloak during the internship….”

Wouldn't it be possible to embrace it with peace of mind in many ways?

“It means that not only us, but also Black Cloak doesn’t dislike this new recruit, right?”

“That’s right. So this lax security probably seems like a device to confirm the intentions of the two of you, the guild leader and Sergio.”

“No matter what, it would be good if we could know the exact information… such as the monster’s permission conditions.”

“It’s not that our position is important. And it’s not something that can be achieved just by trying hard. It’s something that can only be achieved if Sergio approves.”

“…….”

Park Joo-hee's expression distorted subtly.

“…So… why is that?”

“…It certainly feels like the collector sees the black cloak as a basic component.”

“I guess that’s because they are called basic components and cannot be excluded….”

“…….”

"…ah."

I raised my head.

"no way?"

"well."

“To the gallery?”

"…well."

“It was a work of art?”

“…Phew….”

Binary sighed and opened her mouth.

“It is a well-known fact among the general public that the Black Cloak is a portrait. There are even some fans who covet the series of portraits drawn by the portrait artist.”

“I wonder if the guild leader brought it in because he thought it was a work of art? When curator Yoo Seong-yoon explained ‘Mr. Sergio,’ I think he also said that it was one of his collections.”

“There are quite a few monsters in the collector’s gallery that are in the form of artwork. It is obviously illegal to breed monsters, but once they enter the gallery, they are treated as objects….”

“The black cloak was also treated as part of the guild master’s collection? Really? Does that make sense?”

“I think so. Maybe the guild master brought Sergio here because he didn’t want to leave the collection shop and was wandering around. Well, there are many possibilities.”

But these were not things a newbie would know.

“Anyway, the important thing is that the collector is no different from the gallery of the guildmaster of the Victims’ Guild. I heard that collectors are quite greedy, no matter what damage they incur or what changes they endure… They wouldn’t want to throw away a unique collection that they regularly produce like the Black Cloak.”

Binary made a strange expression.

“Even if I throw it away, I wonder where I should throw it away.”

“Oh, right….”

“What is certain is that the collectors have already adapted to Sergio’s presence.”

“…Can you think of it as a kind of executive or a flower pot…?”

“A flower pot?”

“Something like a flower pot in the hallway….”

“Wouldn’t it be better to think of it as a piece of art hanging in a hallway?”

“That would be more correct, after all, it is a work of art.”

Park Joo-hee barely managed to gather her thoughts.

“So, the work that is currently in the gallery is being circulated around the company.”

“There may be many other works besides Sergio’s that we don’t know about.”

“I think it would be easier to think of this as a manual within the office building rather than a gallery.”

The collection gallery had different activities on each floor, so there was a separate internal manual prepared. For example, knock three times before opening the 39th door on the 2nd floor, or drink water before passing through the 1st hallway on the 4th floor…

“Well, I have a rough idea of how to make the piece appealing.”

All of those manuals were rules to avoid upsetting the numerous works in the gallery. If you think about it, Sergio, who is hiding the fact that he is a black cloak, is similar, it wasn't that difficult.

“Thank you for helping me understand.”

“We should help and live together with people of the same motive.”

“They say motivation is important.”

“I guess there are many times when I need help….”

But I still felt uneasy.

“…….”

“…….”

“…No matter how much I think about it, isn’t it too complacent?”

“…I think that’s the collector’s motto….”

“Love the work?”

“Yes, that’s it.”

"this…."

It was nothing more than a humanoid monster roaming around, and the collector was in charge with the mindset of, 'If an accident happens, there's nothing we can do about it.' There was no safety

training or forced secrecy here.

“…We may not know it, but surveillance and evaluation will be ongoing. The moment you leave the company, there will be measures taken to maintain confidentiality.”

“That may be true. There may be countermeasures and such, but I’m not sure if there are any means to protect interns like us.”

“We may not be full-time employees yet, but we have already stepped into the collection of the guild leader. I hear the collections are treated so well, so let’s look forward to it.”

Binary asked next.

“But you’re not as flustered as I thought, are you?”

“Oh… So you found out Sergio’s true identity?”

“It’s not like we’ve never met before, you only talked to each other twice.”

“It’s just too unrealistic to react….”

Park Joo-hee, who had been hesitating, continued speaking.

“…From the first time I saw him, he didn’t seem like a human being at all.”

And their conversation also reached the security management department within the collection center.

* * *

The Safety Management Department is the only department that operates 24 hours a day.

The employees who had finished eavesdropping were in an uproar.

“You figure it out quicker than I thought.”

“It’s because Sergio has been visiting the company a lot these days.”

“It used to only come out late at night….”

“Yes, I see you often during work hours these days, right?”

“Have you had any change of heart?”

Horok.

The employee who was drinking coffee asked.

“Three people have already noticed this. Should I just promote you to a full-time employee?”

“That’s not for us to decide.”

“The guild leader hasn’t decided yet?”

“I need to check with the black-cloaked doctor too.”

“Well, I think you like this group.”

“First of all, it’s a passing grade if you weren’t immediately dragged into the portrait.”

“It seems like the new recruits this time are all people with good manners and kindness.”

“In the end, it will be Sergio’s standards.”

“Even if you can do that much, you can still pass as a human….”

The employee, sipping coffee of a similar color to poison and staring at the CCTV, opened his mouth.

“But Sergio’s activities have increased significantly recently.”

“It comes out often even when there are a lot of people.”

“Did Curator Yoo Seong-un have anything to say?”

“There was no separate report or request, they just asked me to keep an eye on it.”

“I heard that too. Well, there was no separate document posted….”

“But I know what Sergio has been interested in recently.”

“I don’t know that?”

The safety manager sighed.

“You’re asking about the evil spirits.”

“Why are you suddenly an evil spirit?”

“To be exact, I was asking about the definition and qualifications of an evil spirit.”

“Could this be Sergio’s own story?”

“It’s not impossible.”

“Well, I’m not sure since it’s a work that hasn’t even been tested yet….”

The employee who was about to say something stopped.

“Uh huh.”

“Oh, Mr. Gyeong-woo. That guy is watching the CCTV.”

“Screen 53 on the 14th floor is temporarily closed.”

The employees cut off the screen feed just before the black cloak walking down the hallway turned to the CCTV. As soon as the screen

went black, the other employees who were staring at the other screens also breathed a sigh of relief.

The manager then opened his mouth.

“Last time, there was that employee who fainted after kissing Sergio on screen.”

“Not quite fainting… but fainting? Right?”

“Isn’t that it? Anyway, yes, Mr. Haryu. When are you coming back?”

“I’m still going around the counseling room.”

“Isn’t it time? Hey, we’re short on manpower….”

“He said he couldn’t send it yet because he thought it would make a fake one if he was careful.”

“Oh my, is that it? This is a big problem. We can’t use our vacation days.”

“What the heck… I should get paid for it.”

“I want to take a vacation without receiving any pay.”

"me too."

The employee turned the screen back on, and in the place where the black cloak had disappeared, only a portrait remained.

The manager spoke, looking at the only portrait in the empty hallway.

“Hey, this is killing the mood.”

The screen is distorted.

In the portrait, Sergio was looking into the 'eyes' behind the black paint.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (139)

Episode 139

A meteor came running.

“Geoya.”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“Did we do something to upset you?”

“I don’t know why you’re asking that, but there isn’t.”

“That’s fortunate.”

Yoo Seong-un asked, laughing hollowly.

“I feel like I’ve been talking to other employees a lot lately.”

“Was this a distraction from your work?”

“Just a little? Well, I’m not saying you were terribly rude….”

It was somewhat ambiguous to see the creation of fear as a nuisance. This was especially true for Yoo Seong-un, who knew that Geo's true identity was neither a monster nor a god, but a part of the source.

I was just curious.

“I heard that you were asking about the evil spirits?”

“You are right.”

“Ugh.”

Yoo Seong-un was startled when Geo suddenly leaned in in the portrait.

“You could have come out like that too.”

“It’s just half-covered.”

Beneath the black cloak that swayed like a wave, a low-saturation red hair caught my eye. Judging by his characteristically provocative and sharp tone, it seemed to be Argio, who introduced himself as an evil god.

He leaned against the frame. His fingernails, which were lightly tapping, seemed to have grown long like those of an animal. Argio continued.

“I’ve been having doubts about the evil spirits lately.”

“Question? What kind of question?”

“What is an evil spirit? How can we call it an evil spirit?”

“That’s… really hard to tell the difference.”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“Humans call gods who harm them evil gods.”

“Then is it also evil to crash a festival and drink alcohol or interfere with a hunting ground?”

“I guess it depends on the local customs, but I don’t really get the feeling that it’s an evil act.”

“What is it that you hang the necks of those who attacked me and decorate the forest with?”

“That certainly deserves to be called an evil deed…?”

There is a saying in the world called self-defense, but humans are not such fair creatures that they return only as much as they have received.

In areas where awareness of inherent human rights is high, such blatant retaliation would be especially unwelcome.

“No, I personally don’t think it’s an evil deed. I don’t necessarily let someone who attacks me live. I don’t decorate them either….”

“I wonder if I decorated it because I thought it was beautiful. If I didn’t, there would be idiots coming in to find fault with it, so that would be a problem. Anyway, you don’t feel that it’s particularly evil, do you?”

“If you think about killing someone else, you should think about dying in return. I’m not the only one who thinks this way, right? But why are you asking this question?”

“…….”

Argio, who had been silent for a moment, opened his mouth again.

“I thought I was an evil spirit, but I guess I fall short of that standard.”

“It’s a standard. On our Earth, there is a clear standard for defining evil.”

Yoo Seong-un asked.

“Have you ever killed innocent people?”

“What kind of person is innocent?”

“People who have not harmed you or have done you a favor.”

“Could it be that they killed those people?”

“Have you ever repaid a favor with enmity?”

“I’ve never done anything like that, so if you ignore me, you won’t know.”

“Then why is it an evil spirit?”

I didn't quite understand.

“People called you a demon.”

“That’s right.”

“Why did you call me that? Even the name Argio is a derogatory term.”

“Because you’re unlucky?”

Argio continued, snapping his long fingernails.

“A beautiful beast that doesn’t even look human deserves to be hated by people. There were many other reasons besides that, but they called me the evil spirit of greed and anger.”

“Greed and anger….”

“I love wealth. Gold, silver, and fine wine are my best friends. I grew up like an animal, so I had no need to be patient. It’s a pleasure to turn my anger on those who offend me.”

“But that’s a bit too much to call him an evil spirit.”

“…Ughhhh….”

Argio rested his chin on his hand.

“I see.”

“Is there anything you don’t like?”

“I had some pride in myself….”

“Did you have any pride in being an evil spirit?”

“Of course, it is also one of my honors.”

“It’s an honor….”

“It is mine that has come into my arms.”

“…….”

“But now that I look back, my notoriety wasn’t all that great.”

Although he couldn't be seen clearly because of the cloak, Geo looked quite bored.

“How can I be this empty?”

“…Uhm, uh… I see….”

Yoo Seong-un roughly understood the situation.

'The size of the mysterious body varies depending on the story surrounding it.'

Even evil spirits are ultimately gods. Their size varies depending on the favor or hostility of the creatures who believe in their existence, and it seems that Argio actively accepted even the notoriety for things he did not do as his own.

'Then it is possible that one may have an evil divinity that is excessively evil compared to the evil deeds one has directly committed.'

Isn't that the case with the Sankalut religion? An ordinary jewel that couldn't even speak, let alone kill, became a proper evil spirit through national beliefs and sacrifices. It's a similar case to Argio.

'In particular, this person was able to speak and act, while actively accepting the misunderstandings directed at him… .'

It was an extremely rare case.

“So, does that mean you didn’t do anything?”

“I visited the mansions of unlucky authors without permission and took alcohol and goods.”

“Who were these unlucky authors?”

“Those guys who ruined my drinking. They made a scene in front of me.”

“Were you talking too loudly?”

“He bragged that he had annihilated the village that had prepared food for him.”

“Oh, that’s definitely self-defense. Then it’s hard to say what you did was evil.”

“That’s really sad news.”

"hmm…."

Yoo Seong-un smiled as if he was embarrassed.

“Is it because you think your reputation was just a facade?”

“Because evil is more enjoyable than good.”

“…….”

For a moment, Yoo Seong-un was speechless.

“…Can you give me some information about the battlefield?”

"no."

Geo's voice suddenly took on a blunt tone.

“I’m not yet perfect as Argio.”

“You’re saying you don’t really like fighting these days?”

“I originally hated fighting.”

“It’s a little different from what I said earlier.”

“I think it depends on the situation.”

“Hmm, I see.”

After thinking for a moment, Yoo Seong-un asked.

“Is Joohyun still at home?”

“Yes, he is sleeping.”

“Every time I ask you, you seem to be sleeping.”

“I put you to bed early because you seemed tired.”

“Nothing else, I was just wondering if you could leave.”

“Do you have any recommendations?”

“You said you were curious about the evil spirits.”

It was always better to practice in practice.

“Korea has an evil spirit that is officially recognized as a common religion.”

“It must be an evil spirit that doesn’t harm humans.”

“Rather, I think it was a kind of natural order, even if it was harmful.”

Mysteries related to the gods were not Yoo Seong-un's specialty, but he remembered the basic flow.

“The most representative example of this is the God of Death.”

“Death is certainly the natural course of things.”

“Yeah, you’re right. But people don’t like it.”

“For most people, death is a harm.”

“The God of Death has only recently become recognized as a mainstream religion in the last 14 years.”

“Wasn’t it before that?”

“It was a very sensitive time, and in many ways….”

Yoo Seong-un laughed innocently.

“It could be said that in a world ruled by evil spirits, there was no room for distinction.”

“You’ve hit the nail on the head.”

“Thanks to the symbol of eternity, I feel like things are somewhat organized now.”

He shrugged.

“Would you like to meet up? If you want, I’ll ask for your understanding in advance.”

“Then I would like to meet you.”

That's how the black cloak was launched into the world again.

To be exact, as the A-class hunter 'Sergio'.

* * *

“…….”

“…….”

“Hey, look here.”

Visabal looked at Yoo Seong-un, who had come to ask for permission, as if he found it ridiculous.

“When did you tell me not to let Sergio go outside?”

“Isn’t that because the guild leader is someone who threatens world peace?”

“Do you know how much I am contributing to world peace when you say such nonsense?”

“At least I’m not clapping from the side and telling Geo to make some mess.”

“That’s true, that’s true, but I feel so wronged. How can I live while being treated like this?”

Yoo Seong-un knew that he had lived very well despite all that, and Bisabal knew that.

“As expected, our employees don’t know how to rub their palms together.”

“These are the people who will gladly help you out if you add them to your work.”

“Or else you wouldn’t, I like you guys so much.”

“We know that too, we know that and that’s why we’re being so cocky….”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been mumbling, soon smiled and asked.

“The Temple of Death is in Gyeonggi-do, so I came here to get permission in advance. Unlike before, we will be going quite far, and since it will be an encounter between two evil gods, we don’t know what kind of chemical reaction will occur.”

“…….”

Bisabal, who had been tapping the table as if calculating something, soon nodded.

“I wonder what would happen if the evil spirit Geo and the quiet evil spirit met.”

“I knew you would say that.”

“Isn’t there a much more interesting and fun topic than preserving the peace of mankind?”

“Interesting… When you say it like that, it seems like you resemble Argio a bit.”

Argio said that he likes evil more than good because it is more stimulating and interesting.

There was something distinctly similar about Bisabal and Argiona in that they advocated goodness for the sake of enjoying more without much interest in the peace of mankind.

At that, Visabal smiled broadly.

“Did Argio also say that my color is similar to yours?”

“It’s a more calming color than the guild leader’s.”

“If anything happens, I’ll tell you that you’re my nephew.”

“You said you were the fourth reader.”

“Hmm.”

Bisabal added his words under Yoo Seong-un's deep gaze.

“Like a hidden son?”

“Aren’t you over eighty?”

“It looks plump.”

“You have a body that is too firm for someone in their 50s.”

“Then let’s say it’s correct.”

Up until that point, Yoo Seong-un didn't say anything.

“…Geo already has the sun’s divinity. I don’t know if the evil divinity of the evil god is superimposed on it, or if they coexist, or if they can be switched….”

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking.

“The Seoul branch of the Solar Church was friendly to Geo. The evil spirits of the Gyeonggi branch in particular do not enjoy conflicts between divinities, so I thought there would be no major problems, and so I came to ask for permission.”

“But did you think it was dangerous?”

“Since Geo introduced himself as an evil spirit, we should be careful. He especially likes things that are provocative, and more than anything, he is not afraid of conflict. I thought we should prepare for it.”

“I can help you with that.”

Although the collection of the Visabals took the form of a business corporation, that did not mean that his guild members were not skilled

in battle. Some of them even had a troop that followed only his orders.

“I’ll ask my friends to do it for me.”

“It gives me peace of mind knowing you’re looking after me.”

Yoo Seong-woon expressed his gratitude with his characteristically innocent smile.

“I feel like I always get help.”

“I feel the same way. But….”

"but?"

“When you go out, you will go out as ‘Mr. Sergio’, right?”

“…Shouldn’t that be the way to go?”

“Hmm.”

The visage stroked my chin.

“I think it would be okay to hire a secretary for Sergio soon.”

“Are you thinking of making Geo an official hunter?”

“It’s because I blocked it, but attention is already focused on it.”

No matter how quietly things proceeded, quite a few people noticed that the sea had become calm after Sergio and other hunters visited the S-class dungeon, 'Deep Sea Kingdom'.

The A-class hunter appeared without a sound, and the sea of Korea became quiet after his visit. Although I wasn't particularly suspicious because there was no evidence, I was curious.

“Sergio used to save people at the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’.”

“You still have that influence? Because of the Hunter who doesn’t even do any official work?”

“A handsome and capable hunter is popular with everyone.”

“…That’s true.”

In particular, Geo had a strong aura that was hard to forget in people's memories.

It is not surprising that there are still people who remember 'Sergio Hunter', who gathered people together and encouraged them during those difficult and scary times.

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“The fact that he is a promising new A-class hunter, but his whereabouts are unknown, probably drew more attention. It could have been read as a kind of mystical strategy….”

“If you knew better, you should have sent Geo out a long time ago.”

“Do you think I don’t know that this is a suggestion full of selfish intentions from the guild leader? Anyway, I guess I’ll have to look for a manager among the staff.”

If you are a hunter who has frequent official activities or is well-known, you would have one or two managers assigned to manage your schedule.

Although Geo didn't plan on being very active officially, he needed a secretary in another sense since there were many people interested in him.

“If we know about the existence of ‘Mr. Sergio’, it will be easier to manage our schedules and image….”

“Let’s try to save people for that part little by little.”

The long, slit pupils of the visage slowly opened.

“I think I’ll find it soon.”

I think your name was Joohyun.

I don't like it, but it looks pretty usable.

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (140)

Episode 140

Most hunters with high name recognition had managers.

Yoo Seong-un said.

“Well, you could think of her as a kind of secretary.”

“Do I need a secretary like that when I don’t even go out much?”

“Of course, secretaries help organize busy schedules….”

There were other missions as well.

“The most important job is managing the inside and outside of a particular person.”

Especially Korean hunters, who have a strong image as celebrities, often hire managers.

“Korea has a strong aspiration for hunters, and as a result, the consumption of images of hunters is smooth. How the hunter is perceived by the public is also an important factor.”

“Wasn’t the hunter’s job simply to catch monsters or criminals?”

“You could say that they’re like a military man and a celebrity. Even so, most hunters aren’t government employees, but if you look at the characteristics of the two professions, they’re somewhat similar.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had moved to the parking lot, invited Geo to get on.

“Get in your comfortable seats, I’ll drive.”

“Then can I sit next to you?”

“Of course. It would be convenient to have a conversation.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was in the car, continued the topic.

“That’s why I recommend that you have a manager….”

Druk.

The engine started with the sound of rolling marbles.

“You don’t really know how the world works these days.”

“That is correct.”

“If you’re going to use the identity of ‘Sergio Hunter,’ it might be a good idea to have an assistant by your side.”

“Help.”

“It’s like a guide that tells you how to deal with things as a hunter.”

In fact, there were many hunters who hired managers in that context.

“Depending on what their major is, a hunter’s job duties can vary greatly, but the basic thing to keep in mind is what kind of image they want to portray to the public.”

“I would like to hear an example of Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s situation.”

“I decided from the beginning that I would not consume images. I have a stronger sense of self as a gardener than as a hunter, and more than anything, I have worked as a research team leader for the

association… so it is ambiguous to step forward as a public figure.”

“Is it because there is a risk that important information will leak out?”

“There are things like that, and I don’t have the energy to spend on image management. If I have time to stand in front of the public and give them hope and laughter, it would be more reasonable to secure a little more time….”

Yoo Seong-un is a capable hunter, a veteran gardener, a former research team leader for the association, and now a curator of the Bisabul collection and collection shop. If he were to take care of all of that, even five bodies would not be enough.

All the meteors' eyes were fine, but for some reason they looked dull.

“I need a break too.”

“Oh, if you ever need a sweet treat, just let me know.”

“Rather than a snack… please invite me over one more time.”

“My friend, Yoo Seong-un, is welcome to visit anytime.”

“Thank you, I think I’ll really sleep well there.”

There is a minor downside to the threat of racial mutation, but don't you feel it just by looking at the examples of Chaara and Joohyun? Geo's cabin was optimized for humans to rest and recover.

'That would only apply to people Geo likes.'

Yoo Seong-un immediately laughed it off.

“Anyway, I’m so busy that I don’t want to worry about my image. There are plenty of underground, unofficial hunters who don’t want to appear in front of the public for various reasons. There are even more of them among collectors who take the form of business companies.”

“Shouldn’t I remain as an unofficial hunter?”

“I’m also an A-class hunter like you, and I have various activities, but I’ve been working under a confidentiality clause since the beginning. However, since you’re already quite well-known, it’ll be hard. For some reason, there seem to be a lot of people who remember you.”

“I don’t have confidence that I can maintain my career as a celebrity. I will go downhill due to the controversy over my character.”

“I… I understand how you feel. If it’s too burdensome, you can try to avoid showing yourself as much as possible. People might think it’s a mysterious strategy, but if you keep hiding like this, you’ll eventually be forgotten.”

The Awakened continue to appear, and even more of them become Hunters. In a situation where the number of Hunters who want public recognition is increasing exponentially, if they remain quiet, they will eventually be forgotten.

“But if you continue to work as Sergio Hunter, it will be difficult to completely avoid people’s eyes.”

“If we don’t come forward officially, isn’t it not a problem?”

“People have a bad instinct to dig deeper when their curiosity is piqued.”

“Am I a being that arouses public curiosity?”

“He seems to have enough star power, but he doesn’t appear in the press or in any media.”

What should I say?

“It’s kind of like… a hidden picture game? That’s what it feels like.”

Because Geo is a portrait, he likened it to a 'hidden picture game', but it wasn't exactly wrong.

“And that is similar to the characteristics of the ‘Black Cloak’ known to the world.”

“So you’re saying that there’s a chance that people will realize that I and the Black Cloak are the same person?”

“So, it’s a good idea to show the image you want to portray before anyone comes forward to investigate your identity.”

A handsome, star-like hunter who never shows up in front of the public.

Although there were not many people who remembered him yet, there was no uproar, but the few people who did remember him were still searching for the whereabouts of 'Sergio Hunter'.

“If there are more people like that, it’ll be quite a problem. The paparazzi will follow you.”

“Would that be the case even though I’m not officially active?”

“If something like the last ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’ happens, will you just stay hidden?”

“Well, I’ll just quietly help people behind the scenes.”

“If you act like that, people will have no choice but to keep remembering you.”

Hunters who quietly performed good deeds and acts of mercy without revealing themselves to the public were especially popular.

“To be honest, ‘Sergio the Hunter’ has so many things that people will love.”

It was difficult to forget easily.

“That’s why I’m saying that it would be good to strike first before the idiots who try to find out the truth come out. If you reveal the personal information and image of ‘Sergio Hunter’ first, people who have satisfied their curiosity won’t bother to look into your personal information. It would be best if you completely separate the images of ‘Sergio Hunter’ and ‘Black Cloak’.”

“Will there be people investigating me even though the question has been resolved?”

“Those kinds of people are everywhere, even me. In my case, because I used to be a member of an association, information control is very good. So, since you are not managed by the government or the association, it seems like there is even more room for digging.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed innocently.

“Well, that’s only if you want to continue using your identity as ‘Sergio Hunter’….”

“I don’t fully understand my role yet, but I’m satisfied with where I am now.”

“Then it would definitely be a good idea to manage your image a bit. Even the monsters living in the mountains come down to the houses when they have nothing to eat.”

“Are you a monster?”

“Yeah, when you’re hungry and there’s nothing to fill you with, it’s natural to poke at the poor. That’s what I meant. Throw me some bait.”

“Then I will try to at least manage my image.”

Blond Geo asked with a faint smile.

“Should I hire a manager too?”

“We’ll think hard about that part….”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“You can recommend the person you like first.”

After all that talk, the most important thing was that 'Portrait of Geo' would not be offended. If possible, Yoo Seong-un hoped that this gentlemanly source would not hate humans even for a single moment.

“It’s not urgent, so you can think about it slowly.”

"okay."

“And to explain further….”

“I am listening.”

“What a manager does is not just managing your image.”

“As you said earlier, I will act as a guide.”

“Yes, a guide. And an assistant.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“Most hunters are confused at first, unless they learn from their parents who are hunters. They want to become famous and appear in the media, but they don’t know how to do it.”

“I understand.”

“What should a hunter do? Where and what activities should they do to become more famous? Where can hunters make friends? And so on… Help with the hunters’ social lives.”

“That certainly seems like something I need.”

Geo looked as if he was very impressed.

“I’m worried about how I should live as a citizen of the Republic of Korea, let alone as a hunter.”

“Well, there is a limit to how much I can continue to teach you….”

Yoo Seo-woon smiled in vain.

“I’m sorry I’m a busy person.”

“No, I think it’s rather admirable.”

“That’s really… kind of you.”

It was also a burdensome thing to say.

'It's called respect, but it's closer to expectation, but even that is burdensome.'

Yoo Seong-un coughed and continued speaking.

“You often have difficulties when using modern civilization.”

“What Mr. Yoo Seong-un said is correct.”

“I think it would be good to find a manager who can help you in that regard.”

Geo would immediately demand payment in kind, such as jewels, would appear in public places barefoot, and would have many questions due to his lack of understanding of human culture.

“Of course, there aren’t any major problems right now, but wouldn’t it be good for you to learn a little bit about this and that?”

“Yes, I was worried that I should go to school and learn the knowledge

necessary for daily life.”

“School? Well, I see. But I guess it’s not very noticeable that you’re going to school at your age….”

Perhaps Geo thought that way because 'school is a place where people learn wisdom related to daily life and social life.' However, even so, Geo could not be admitted to school.

“Then, I think it would be good to have someone who is quite versatile as your manager.”

“I would like someone who doesn’t fear me even though they know I’m a black cloak.”

“…I’m not afraid of you, so yes, I’ll look for you diligently.”

Ah, Yoo Seong-un let out an exclamation and asked.

“Have you ever had contact with other gods?”

“I communicate with my father often.”

“That… is not the previous god, but a completely separate god.”

“That has never happened.”

Geo laughed as if he had heard a funny joke.

“How could an ordinary person like me have frequent contact with God?”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un smiled with force on his lips.

"I see."

“Please tell me I’m just an ordinary person.”

“Our Geo is very ordinary.”

There was nothing I couldn't do if the source asked me to.

“Didn’t we exchange glances with the light of fairness at the Solar Bridge last time?”

“When you say the light of justice, you mean the goddess of the Sun Church. We haven’t seen each other since then.”

“So this is the first time you’ve met a god as a god?”

“What Mr. Yoo Seong-un said is correct.”

“Uhm….”

Yoo Seong-un asked with a small groan.

“Do you think there will be an accident?”

“I think I’m past the age of being a mischievous person.”

“As for Argio?”

“I’m not sure because it’s not completely assimilated, but that’s why it’s safe.”

“Because the initiative isn’t yours?”

“It would be ambiguous to say that I am in charge of that appearance as well.”

“Really? Anyway, if you don’t intend to fight, then it’s fine.”

Even Yoo Seong-un knew the mechanism of how 'Portrait of Geo' became the eye of the origin. Argio, who introduced himself as an evil spirit, was simply 'Geo' and not 'Portrait of Geo'.

'Geo said he wouldn't cause an accident, so I guess he's right.'

Still, just in case, Yoo Seong-un opened his mouth.

“The god of death you will meet is a traditional evil god.”

“Traditional evil spirits?”

“A god who, despite being born under providence, exerts a negative influence on humans.”

He was the native god of the Earth.

“He is the god of birth and the twin god, and he has existed on Earth for a very long time, so he is very gentle and reserved. He is not a god who actively influences humans.”

“I don’t know if you’ll react if I come to visit.”

“That could be true, or she could give him a glance like the Sun Goddess did last time. But the God of Death is one of the few gods who has a physical body on Earth, so communication is more likely.”

“What is the present body?”

“It’s like a doll made by a god who is almost intangible to visit the human world. It’s a slightly different case, but it’s similar to the teddy bear your father went into.”

"aha."

Geo smiled and nodded.

“I understand.”

“If that’s the case, then that’s good.”

It was truly surprising, even for Yoo Seong-un, to be able to compare a teddy bear with a real body.

“There is a temple of death not far after passing the toll gate.”

“I am looking forward to it.”

“It’s not that popular because it’s the temple of the evil god…?”

While we were talking about this and that.

Death opened its eyes.

* * *

“…….”

Death saw my daughter.

“My… daughter….”

“Death, why have you opened your eyes?”

“…cruel… divinity….”

“If you say cruel divinity, are you talking about an evil spirit?”

“I see… you… want… an invitation….”

“There was one request for permission to visit.”

The woman bowed her head deeply.

“What should I do?”

“…Guide… me… please….”

Death whispered behind the veil.

“I will see.”

Is it a sin, providence, or a hero?

If not that, then what could it be… .

oh

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (141)

141

Episode 141

Meanwhile, Joo-hyun.

“…….”

“Kyuu.”

“…I will listen.”

I was being treated to a snack by a teddy bear.

“Is this fruit tea?”

"dream."

“It smells good, thank you for your consideration even though it must have been a hassle.”

“Kuk kuk kuk….”

“And from now on, I’ll take care of my own food. If that’s okay with you.”

He added.

“I don’t intend to use the kitchen that the owner of this house seems to cherish without permission. But, wouldn’t it be okay for me to bring the

food that has been prepared like this?”

Joo-Hyeon smiled her characteristically cheerful smile, being careful not to offend the great mysteries of this place if possible.

“I don’t think it’s polite to only ask for help from elders.”

"dream?"

“If there’s anything else you want me to do, please feel free to ask me.”

The teddy bear tilted its head in agreement, but nodded as if it understood.

'I was worried that he might get angry if I rejected his favor, but fortunately, that doesn't seem to be the case.'

Even though it looked like an ordinary teddy bear, I knew that what was inside it was not ordinary. Isn't it the one Black Cloak called father? I felt too uncomfortable just receiving treatment from such a great elder.

'It's fortunate that we can interact to some extent with the beings that reside in such a place…'

Joohyun was silent for a moment, placing the sparkling fruit tea in front of me.

“…….”

I'm not sure if I can consider this a blessing.

'Can I drink it?'

I've been eating and drinking well up until now, but it's still not without its worries.

'No matter how much I think about it, this place is too far away from the

human world.'

Among dimensions, there are dimensions where humans can live, and dimensions where great beings like gods can reside.

'It's quite surprising that the shape of the forest cabin is recognizable even to a non-hunter like me, but even so… .'

In Joo-Hyeon's opinion, this place was definitely closer to the latter. It was a dimension where mysteries, not humans, resided.

'And the act of consuming something has been treated as a ritual since ancient times.'

Legends of experiencing amazing mysteries by eating food from the divine realm were common, meaning that the act of eating something meant stepping into the dimension that the food belonged to.

"…I think I ate a bit too much…."

"Huh?"

"Can you walk out as a human?"

This is what Joo-Hyeon was worried about: God's favor corrupts humans.

'Even if we don't know the size and direction, it can't be safe for humans.'

Since most of the saints and saintesses on Earth are unable to die and live on, it was not known how Hyun would be swept away by the kindness shown by the black cloak.

'Of course it's better than incurring the enemy's enmity...'

Joo-hyun, who had hesitated for a while, eventually drank the fruit tea. It wasn't just a matter of etiquette, as you shouldn't carelessly refuse

something that was offered to you.

Joohyun laughed in vain.

“…It’s still delicious.”

It was such an ecstatic taste that I could understand why so many legendary humans were so obsessed with food that they couldn't make proper judgments.

The sweet fruit tea, combined with the soft spring breeze that felt like soaked flowers, gently melted Joohyun's tongue.

'Yes, I am still human.'

There was an anti-cat named 'Dana' here. It especially hated humans, and whenever it saw Ju-hyeon, it would slowly avoid him and would yawn. That was an indicator that Ju-hyeon was still human.

‘For some reason, as time passes, that kind of rejection gradually subsides…’

I didn't want to think that it was a sign of something.

'I guess we've just gotten used to each other after seeing each other for so long. I didn't find anything strange when I checked it myself, so I want to believe there won't be any major problems.'

Joohyun blinked.

“…….”

Joo-Hyeon had thought about giving up, but now that the situation had come to this, he had no intention of giving up on being human.

“…I’ll go out as soon as I’m ready. That’s how it should be.”

"dream."

“Because I, an ordinary human being, can’t stay here forever.”

Humans should live among humans, like humans. That was Joo-Hyeon's thought.

“The funny thing is that even if I leave here, I won’t be able to live like a human being….”

Ju-hyeon, who knew before the great disaster, was a person who remembered what it meant to 'live like a human'.

I have the right to live with people who love and care for me, and I have the opportunity to grow naturally while experiencing the fortunes and misfortunes that come to me. When the strong cooperate to protect the weak, humans achieve the most ideal structure.

"…hmm."

Joohyun smiled awkwardly as if he thought it was funny.

“I am aware that the future I want is too idealistic.”

“Huh?”

“Mr. Geo asked me if I wanted to achieve world peace, and I think that’s probably right.”

“…….”

“If we could just bring back a part of it, I think the world would be a much better place than it is now….”

A dream is a dream. People call it a 'dream' because they know they can't achieve it perfectly, but they believe they can imitate it. The future that Joo-hyun wanted was no different.

What was needed to grasp even a small part of such a mirage was the appropriate mental power. Passion, belief, hope. The fuel that makes

humans burn their short lives was needed.

“But I don’t have the motivation right now. That’s why I can’t leave this place and am just brooding. It’s pathetic.”

I lost too much and felt too many disappointments.

“I don’t know what I want to do.”

I already knew that not all efforts are rewarded.

If the world was one where good children were respected and lucky, Joo-hyun would not have had to give up his last name. If those who bore fruit were able to receive the reward they deserved, Joo-hyun would have been at least in a higher position than a deputy.

But everything was okay. The pace of progress was slow, and sometimes I would go back or stop, but I still thought I was moving forward little by little.

“…I feel empty inside….”

So I lost everything.

“…….”

“…….”

“…That was a not very interesting story.”

Joohyun shrugged.

“I think I need some time to think.”

In fact, Joo-hyun also knew very well. In order to do that 'thinking', he had to start from this emptiness. Since he had already been unhappy and overcome it several times, Joo-hyun knew the order in which he had to get up again.

‘But I still don’t have the strength to walk out of here on my own two feet…’

Joohyun asked the teddy bear with her signature smile.

“Can I do that?”

“Kyuu.”

The teddy bear climbed up onto the table, patted Joo-hyun's head, and then went back down.

“Kuk kuk, kuk.”

“…I don’t understand.”

“Kyuu.”

He patted Joo-hyun's thigh once more and left the cabin with Anti-Cat. Judging from the bag of treats in the cat's mouth, it seemed like he was going to spend some more time sitting on the cabin bench.

Because it seemed like it would definitely guarantee Hyun Joo's time.

“…….”

Suddenly, I felt doubtful again.

‘… Even non-human beings are considerate of me like this.’

Why did I dream?

For whom and for what.

* * *

Geo blinked twice as he arrived at the Temple of Death.

“…It’s more frugal than I thought.”

“Because it’s not a popular denomination.”

“Rather than that….”

Geo tilted his head slightly.

“It seems to have strong Korean characteristics.”

When you say temple, don't you think of the Renaissance style? Like the Seoul branch's Sun Bridge and Giovanni's Sun Bridge, I thought of buildings made of pure white marble, so it felt a bit novel.

“Isn’t it a Hanok?”

“I mentioned this on the way here, but this god of death is a native god of Earth. There is at least one temple of death in every country. Korea is one of them.”

“So, did you emphasize the regional characteristics? To show that it is the indigenous god of the Earth in the form of a Hanok?”

“Among the temples of death, Korea seems to be the one that puts the most emphasis on the exterior of the building. It may be because it is the only temple that has a manifestation of death. But that’s not what the god of death requested….”

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking after locking the car door.

“This is the first place in the world where an evil spirit was officially recognized as a religious sect. That’s why there was so much resistance from people at first, and the protests from the local residents were huge. It was a facility that was avoided.”

“It’s a facility that is avoided.”

“It was none other than the god of death. The people of that time, who were so tormented by the gods, had no time to consider providence or anything like that.”

“That’s unexpected.”

Yoo Seong-un's words sounded as if there was a time when God directly tormented humans. Geo, who was once a priest, asked.

“Have you been tormented by the gods?”

“It hasn’t been that long since we started to distinguish between traditional gods and evil gods. In the past, gods interfered with the lives of humans so much that they caused many disasters, big and small.”

“Big and small disasters.”

“If you say something that a god doesn’t like, they’ll punish you with heavenly punishment, or they’ll forcibly build their own temple on Earth. Well, it’s only natural since they have no reason to care about humans and no will to do so.”

“Isn’t that the case now?”

“We succeeded in preventing excessive interference from God by focusing on the symbols of eternity. Over time, things will naturally settle down… How can we say that we have artificially brought them forward?”

Yoo Seong-un waved his hand.

“It would be too long to explain, so let me just say it like this. Now, even the gods have to invest a lot if they want to intervene in the human world.”

“Those who don’t like investing won’t try to intervene recklessly. I understand what you are saying, Mr. Yoo Seong-woon.”

Geo nodded.

“I remember my father not easily interfering with the lives of humans, and wondered why, but I had no idea that such a measure had been

taken.”

“It must have been because the gods of the dead-end dimension were wandering around, so no proper measures were taken. The symbols of eternity did step in to solve the problem, though….”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“It’s not that the great mysteries disappeared because of the excessive intervention of God. Among them, the mysteries that were most interested in Earth continued to show interest even after that.”

“Is the God of Death one of them?”

“Because they were indigenous gods of Earth, they probably didn’t want to look into other dimensions. Anyway, among those gods, there were many mysteries that were helpful to humans.”

“I guess it wouldn’t be easy for humans to accept that.”

“I think you understand. However, that doesn’t mean the existing gods will disappear, and coexistence with mystery is a destined future. That’s why the government has taken some measures.”

A representative example is the Temple of Death. Yoo Seong-un said, pointing to a not-so-large Hanok.

“We reduced the size of the building and added Korean-style colors.”

“Did that work?”

“This is a clear indication that this god is a native god of our planet. However, that doesn’t mean that the god of death is a native god of Korea….”

“But I think it must have felt special to Koreans. It must have felt like meeting a friend from their hometown in a different region.”

“I guess you could say they’re similar.”

The hanok, of an unimaginable shape and moderate size, shocked the people who had been strongly opposed to it. In the meantime, the government turned the mood around by providing various benefits to the local residents.

“I guess it was a kind of successful marketing. At that time, there were so many people dying and the management was not very good, but the Temple of Death directly hosted the funerals.”

People who have lost family or friends. People who are on the verge of death or in a dangerous situation. Such people felt great merit in having their funerals held directly in the temple where the god of death resides, not anyone else.

“I’m in dire straits right now and my heart is torn apart, but the god of death, officially recognized by the government and the association, is officiating the funeral. Even if he’s an evil spirit, he can’t help but hope for mercy.”

“Even so, they might have hated it until the end, but I think the government and the association had a good perception. Since they had great faith in the facilities that the god of death declared safe, such a business would have been successful.”

“You’re right. The government and the association have a lot of trust from the people. I think it was hard not to believe in the god of death who was being promoted in such a way.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“The God of Death also helped a lot there. He’s a native god of Earth, so he basically cares a lot about Earthlings. He’s not the type to meddle in human affairs….”

“I heard you have a physical body?”

“After the great disaster, the environment was suitable for creating a new body, and since deaths occurred frequently at that time, I think it was the right time for the indigenous gods to make their appearance.”

“It’s the right timing.”

“I don’t know the exact facts either. And why are you staying in Korea? The stories of the gods are not my specialty, and the god of death is a very quiet person… He doesn’t react much other than observing the world in his physical body.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was smiling innocently, guided Geo.

“Then shall we go in?”

"great."

As we approached the temple entrance, the temple guardian holding a spear asked.

“Are you the meteor hunter?”

“Yes, I applied for a private prayer room today.”

“I will take you inside.”

Soon after, a priest wearing pure white robes emerged from inside the temple.

Her hair was tied back, her eyes were covered with a white cloth, and she was holding a white, round lantern in her left hand. The priestly attire, which had a Korean feel, made it difficult to tell the gender of the person wearing it.

The priest spoke in a neutral tone.

“I will guide you.”

“Then please do so.”

The inside of the temple was very dark, and the floor was covered with shallow water. It was not just covered, but it was flowing quietly here and there like a living creature.

The priest moved his feet as if communicating with the flow of water.

“Follow me.”

It was so dark that ordinary people could hardly see even an inch ahead, so few people knew the layout of the temple of death. Visitors could only move around with the guidance of the priest's lantern and white robe.

Perhaps it was because, unlike the previous 'Jewel's Vein', it was officially released through a portrait frame. Geo also couldn't secure his sight in the darkness because he was in the middle of synchronization.

“…….”

However, the procession of priests moving in the darkness, holding white lanterns, looked like lanterns floating on a lakeside in the dark of the night.

“This is the prayer room assigned to Brother Yoo Seong-un today.”

“Thank you for your guidance.”

“And would you excuse me for a moment?”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un glanced at Geo and nodded.

“What’s going on?”

“I would like to see the bishop.”

The priest continued, bowing his head deeply.

“Father opened his eyes.”

“…Are you saying that a trust has been established?”

“I hope you will have a conversation with the guests who come to visit today.”

“I don’t think I’m the kind of guest who wants to have a conversation.”

“Yes.”

“You’re more proactive than I thought.”

Yoo Seong-un asked Geo.

“What do you want to do?”

"well."

Geo asked soon.

“Does he want to be my friend?”

“…….”

The priest, who had been silent for a moment, soon opened his mouth.

“…I’m sorry, nameless deity. I didn’t hear your story.”

“You are afraid of me.”

“If you were not satisfied with my hospitality, I deeply apologize.”

“I hope you’re not scared.”

A bright red smile appeared on Geo's lips.

“It’s hard to make friends, isn’t it?”

The priest did not dare answer.

* * *

“…….”

“…I will guide you.”

“Okay.”

Everyone is afraid of me.

'Isn't this also a type of nuisance?'

Geo became distraught.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (142)

142

Episode 142

Geo wasn't hurt by people being afraid of him.

'You might be scared.'

Even before the catastrophe, many people were afraid of Sergio.

His facial muscles, which seemed to be the only one that had degenerated, did not know how to smile, and because he did not enjoy social activities, his range of activities was limited. On top of that, Geo, who was particularly particular about manners, was a person who was difficult to make friends with in many ways.

That's why, when it seemed like there were few people who were afraid of him, he would come out.

‘You said the atmosphere was scary…’

He always has a blank expression, is tall like a pole, and always wears a black suit.

'Black is such a comfortable color to wear.'

It was a choice that took convenience into consideration along with personal taste, but there were more than a few people who were scared by Geo's appearance. He was also aware that he did not have

a comfortable impression.

“…….”

But seeing someone this scared makes even Geo feel uneasy.

“Are you all coming?”

“I apologize for any inconvenience.”

“You have nothing to be sorry about.”

There was no need to react so terrified to the simple question, 'How far have we come?' The priest who guided us did not make any particular fuss, but his stiff steps and slightly shaky voices hinted at his fear.

Giovanni thought to himself.

'This really seems like a nuisance.'

I hated it so much.

‘The collectors could just laugh it off and say it out loud… .’

Even though it was the same fear, the result was different. The people in the collection were resilient and, above all, seemed to have adapted well to the existence of Geo. It seemed to be because only indifferent and calm people gathered together.

But what the priest guiding him now felt was real, proper fear.

'I didn't know you'd be this scared.'

However, seeing them doing their best to treat their guests, Geo's temper becomes twisted as he feels the need to return the kindness he received fivefold.

“…….”

“It’s in front.”

"okay."

Geo thanked the priest who had stopped in front of the huge gate.

"thank you."

“…I was truly honored.”

The priest bowed deeply.

“Please do not be angry with us for following our Father’s words.”

“I am a priest who wishes to pray and I have come as a visitor, so don’t worry.”

“When you say that, the heart of this lowly priest feels light.”

Geo asked him.

“If you don’t mind, would you accept my humble gift?”

“…What do you mean by a gift?”

“Do you enjoy sweets, Your Majesty?”

“Sweets… yes, I like them.”

“What I am giving you is a small gift and a token of my gratitude.”

Geo handed over a fruit wrapper neatly wrapped in Korean paper.

“It’s sun-dried fruit.”

"ah…."

“You can eat it, or you can choose not to eat it.”

Then he added:

“Just don’t be afraid of me.”

Because I'm so sorry.

“Would you please do that?”

“…I will never forget the warm grace that the Divine has bestowed upon me.”

“Don’t think too highly of it.”

Oh, don't do that.

'Why are you doing that?'

To be honest, I felt like crying a little. Every word was really burdensome. If it was just a ghost story or a monster, I would have laughed it off, but it was so embarrassing for Geo to be treated so harshly and scared.

What on earth was he giving and what was the favor? He didn't want to be treated like this for nothing more than a piece of paper. He hoped the priest would recognize the earnestness of his bribe.

“I hope you look more relaxed next time you come.”

Geo backed off at this point, thinking that it was not good manners to continue being sticky any longer.

It's true that he looks scary, and it's natural to be afraid of scary things, so it was rude to keep whining about not being scared when we were just meeting for the first time.

“…….”

Thinking about it this way, I started missing Joo-Hyeon, who was resting at home.

'Become friends with me quickly.'

My prospective pen pal who is kind, well-mannered, and not afraid of haunted portraits.

He wasn't the most sociable person to begin with, but after he became a ghost story, many people started to fear him, which made things a little difficult. It became very difficult to make friends.

“Can I open the door and come in?”

“If you stand in front, I will ring the bell for the gatekeeper.”

“I understand.”

Daughter .

The priest rang a white, glowing bell.

“…….”

The door opened smoothly, without a single noise.

‘…Horror movie intro?’

A door that opens silently in a dark and huge temple was quite new and seemed like a haunted mansion.

'But if it's a horror concept, even I, a possessed portrait artist, can't help it.'

Geo thought that if he ever builds a temple in the future, he should definitely get permission from the copyright holder and introduce this system. It seems that my public image is becoming closer to a ghost story, but I learned a lot from it.

'By the way, wouldn't it be too rude to compare an old person whose face I don't even know to a ghost?'

The God of Death also seemed to Geo to be on the same level as his teddy bear father, the Sun God. This was because he had already experienced the Sun God once and the idea that 'God = old man living alone' was ingrained in his brain.

He confidently entered the door that did not allow a single ray of light in. It seemed that the elders of the family were living a very lonely and desolate life here, and Geo was confident that he could show off his talents to such a person.

"…hmm."

A dark, transparent stream of water that flows gently and shallowly across the entire floor.

As expected, the huge door closed silently, and soon a pure white light came into view not far away.

“Are you the bishop of this place?”

“Please lower your voice, nameless divinity.”

The one who opened his mouth was a woman wearing a hanbok as lush as a peony.

“We appreciate your tolerating our rudeness. May we understand that your coming here in person is an invitation from our father?”

“Of course.”

“I am Eun-ryeong, the manager of this place, even though I am lacking. If you need anything, please call me anytime. I will stay in this room.”

The bishop put down the lantern he was holding on the floor and quietly stepped away, disappearing into the darkness. The bishop, wearing a pitch-black hanbok and covering his face with a pitch-black

veil, quickly disappeared into the darkness.

Only then did Geo realize who he should be talking to.

"aha."

He raised his head and looked into the darkness.

“I never thought you’d be here already.”

Then a wet noise was heard in the darkness.

“I see the death of the Earth.”

"…you…."

Death showed its face between the small but bright lights.

“You did… well… for my children….”

It was a gigantic being that seemed to be one with the darkness.

The face resembled an old tree that had remained strong for many years, and a pure white light like a lantern leaked out through the large and small cracks in its surface.

He had countless very long and thin arms, and his lower body, visible in the lantern light, looked very long and stretched out like pitch-black river water.

The body spread out like a spider web and the black silk covering it. Geo realized that this entire room was created by the embodiment of death.

“It looks great.”

I was amazed.

“You are the river and the tree.”

“Did it look like that…?”

“What I am stepping on is your knee, and what I see is a mountain made of arms.”

“…You… are very… kind to me….”

“Why not?”

Geo liked old people.

“I came here today to ask about the evil spirit.”

“…Is that so….”

“Could you please tell me why you called me?”

“I want you….”

The voice of death was huge, like the echo of a cave.

“I saw it.”

It was quiet.

“In sin, yet not a sinner.”

“It’s similar to providence, but it’s not that either.”

“You can’t call someone a hero when they are evil….”

Death defined Argios with his mouth hanging in the air.

“You who gave your life, how can you be in hell?”

He said.

“You are condemned as a sinner, but you are not a sinner. You refuse

to enjoy the comfort of Providence, and you were once a hero to the divinity that covets blood and wealth. I love you. I pity your soul.”

“…….”

“You wish to be condemned, but it will not be easy. You wish to remain in the midst of pleasures clouded by reason, but abundance and peace will remain with you. You wish to be remembered as a vain phantom, but you will remain as a master of history.”

Death asked.

“Who are you?”

It was a pure question, full of doubt.

“Have you already decided?”

“…….”

And Geo.

“……?”

It was ridiculous.

“I am human.”

“I see, so that’s what you’ve decided.”

“No, he was just human from the beginning.”

“I understand….”

“Sir, listen to me.”

Geo felt a little wronged.

“I admit I am a bit of an unusual case, but that doesn’t mean I am not

human.”

There are people who fly with wings as big as a house on their backs, people whose eyes are slit open like those of reptiles and sparkle, and people who are so strong that they can control the world with a single breath of their nose.

Why can't I?

“This is discrimination.”

"discrimination…."

“Human diversity can easily accommodate even an unusual person like me.”

“I guess so… I’ll hold you well….”

“It’s not that they embraced it, it’s that it was there from the beginning.”

“I will listen to that….”

For some reason, it seemed like he was sighing. Geo felt even more aggrieved. With the diversity of humans being so vast, why can’t a possessed portrait be treated as a human?

The mouths in the air attached to the god of death, who seemed to have come to his own conclusion, either because he was not interested in Geo's grievances or because he had no will to discuss them, kept muttering.

“What a pity.”

“How lovely is that dedication and affection.”

“Your broad arms are higher than the mountains and wider than the rivers.”

“Breathe in my arms.”

“Fall asleep in my arms.”

“Life and death are in it.”

“And yet he says, ‘I am human.’”

“I will love you without ceasing.”

“I will give without ceasing.”

“Will there be an end to you?”

“There is only a beginning.”

“To you….”

Among the countless voices that resembled fog whispering in the secluded mountains, only one spoke.

“There is no death.”

“…….”

Geo thought.

‘…Oh, God of Heaven and Earth, this is how I walk the path of the biographies of geniuses.’

Suddenly, I received news of immortality.

'I'm really great.'

It was a fact that he had already vaguely accepted when he first realized that he had become a portrait, but it seemed that Geo had become a body that could no longer be called ordinary. Today, his self-esteem was even higher.

It seemed like it would be time to stop being so high, but Sergio's grandmother, the only human who could point that out, had already passed away. It was something that would make the meteors scream and humanity lament.

“…….”

Geo quickly came to a conclusion.

“…I have to make a lot of friends.”

Okay then.

“Then you will never be bored in your life.”

"…okay…."

“Can I come visit you often? I’ll prepare a meal for you.”

“Well… Ira….”

“If there is no death for me, can’t we be friends without parting?”

"…friend…."

The pitch-black room made of death resonated round and round.

“That sounds good.”

Geo knew it was a laugh.

“Come often, young friend.”

"thank you."

“I am waiting for your gift.”

In this way, Geo's number of friends increased.

Warm.

* * *

“Oh, really?”

Yoo Seong-un, who was waiting in the prayer room, asked.

“Anyway, if they’re not afraid of you, then they’re all friends?”

“If possible, I hope it is someone who is kind and polite.”

“Yes, all the good and polite beings who are not afraid of you.”

“Then I guess there is no reason not to be friends.”

"indeed…."

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“I thought you wouldn’t call me your friend since you called me your elder.”

“I don’t think you’re as old and lonely as I thought….”

“Is that old, lonely person talking about your father?”

“You were quite lonely before I came to see you.”

“I don’t know how one can define an intangible being like God as being ‘old’ or ‘lonely’ in the first place.”

“Just… Can’t you see it if you look at it? Death doesn’t seem particularly lonely. He has a lot of family.”

“…….”

That part was a little interesting. Yoo Seong-un's bad habit of sneaking his head out and expressing his curiosity. He asked.

“Then what did the God of Death look like to you?”

I was curious about the world that Geo sees.

“I said that at least he didn’t look lonely.”

“Um… if we were to compare him to a person, he would be around middle-aged….”

“Because you’re middle-aged. And?”

“Very inclusive….”

Geo, who had been thinking for a moment, continued speaking.

“Gwichanism?”

“…….”

“I felt like if I pushed, they would accept it, unless it was something ridiculous.”

"uh…."

“More than anything, he hated going out of the room.”

“…Uh, that….”

“I think we’ll be a good fit.”

"…I see."

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“If that’s what you’re saying, then so be it.”

Oh, yeah. I see.

I guess it's still an area that's difficult for humans to understand.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (143)

143

Episode 143

After all the visitors had left, the bishop called the priest who had guided Sergio today.

The priest, wearing white robes and a white lantern, entered the room where the incarnation of death was staying and paid his respects. He turned off the lantern and walked over to the bishop, who was seated in the darkness, waiting for the words to be spoken.

“You worked hard today.”

Then the bishop opened his mouth.

“It must have been hard.”

“It is my honor.”

“It must have been a very hectic day.”

“We still don’t have enough priests….”

“Who can stand upright in the presence of the divine?”

“Thank you for your kindness, which is like the sea.”

"okay…."

The bishop motioned for them to take a seat and asked.

“Tell me what you see and hear.”

“Yes, Bishop.”

The priest bowed his head deeply and continued speaking.

“He seemed very adept at dealing with people.”

“It seemed that way to me too.”

“He seemed like a very strong person, but he also seemed to change his personality in an instant.”

“Does that mean that personality, the ego, seems to have changed?”

“No, it seems that only the nature has changed, while the ego and memories remain intact.”

“It is ever-changing.”

“What I heard was a heavy voice like my father’s, a voice as warm as the sun, and a sharp voice with a cruel interest.”

“You are truly a person who has reached the realm of the heavenly realm.”

The bishop nodded.

“He gave you a reward.”

“Yes, this….”

The priest placed a small, black, mother-of-pearl-decorated tray with a paper-wrapped object on it. The object flowed through the water on the floor and soon reached the bishop. The bishop picked it up.

There was a very strong scent of sweetness.

“I won’t open this. No matter what he says.”

“You said it was dried fruit. You also said it was sweet.”

“Was there anything else you said?”

“I wish I wasn’t afraid of you….”

"also?"

“He said he hoped the next time he saw me he would look more comfortable.”

“I see.”

The bishop placed the gift back on the tray and gently pushed it back to the priest. The priest bowed his head respectfully and placed the rustling gift into his bosom.

The bishop, who had confirmed it, spoke beyond the black veil.

“You have received His grace, so do not harm your family, but show your gratitude.”

“Yes, Bishop.”

“If he comes to our house, let him come to us.”

“Yes, Bishop.”

“I should give you some advice about him, but it doesn’t seem to be working out….”

The bishop, whose words were trailing off, opened his mouth after a long while.

“If your father called him a friend, you too should act accordingly.”

“I will do my best to provide the best hospitality to my friend.”

“I don’t want to be treated with much fanfare. I want you to be treated as a visitor… but remember that I am your father’s friend.”

“I am a poor priest, but I will do so.”

“Do not fear the evil spirits, for before being an evil deity, he was providence and a hero.”

“…….”

“You consider yourself human.”

How can I walk that rugged path of compassion?

“I too am a foolish child of yours, so I do not have much advice to give you. Just follow the flow of the river and do not think of resisting it, just surrender to it, and you will not be in trouble.”

“Yes, I will keep that in mind.”

“His identity has been kept secret from other children, except you. I believe you have been the same. He expects to be treated as a human being, not as a god, so we must not allow the mystery to grow here.”

“I will keep that in mind.”

The bishop spoke in his characteristically soft voice to the sight of the priest bowing his head deeply.

“I consider you my successor, so you must act wisely.”

“Yes, Bishop.”

“Your role has become important since your father called you his friend.”

The bishop, who had been silent for a moment, soon nodded.

“You are a friend acknowledged by my father, so the gift he has given you cannot be harmful. Enjoy the gift, but if anything goes wrong, tell me and I will give you my advice.”

“Thank you for your grace.”

“Go back and rest. This is your father’s room, the room where death resides, and it will still be poisonous to you. When you can more easily accept the silence and darkness, I will call you back here.”

“Then I will step aside.”

The priest bowed his head once more and quietly left the death chamber.

“…….”

The only human left in the dead, the bishop, placed the bear in his hand on the water surface. The bear, made of pitch-black bamboo and gold, did not sink into the shallow water, but only cast a shadow.

The bishop called my father from within the black veil.

"father."

“…….”

“If you have any other intentions, please call my daughter at any time.”

“…My… daughter….”

“Yes, father. Your child is here.”

“Are you scared… or something?”

“I was not afraid because my father protected me.”

but.

“His divinity is guarded against wickedness.”

The bishop who serves the God of Death and his incarnation is not a saint. Since Death here lowers itself and uses the incarnation, it is possible to communicate with the God of Death without special qualifications and with just effort.

However, if you are close to a divinity, there are things you learn naturally. The bishop noticed that the evil divinity he visited today had some similarities to his father.

“I don’t need to be anxious.”

"he is…."

“Yes, father. This daughter is listening.”

“…flows….”

“Is it flowing like the river of your father?”

“There is no reason to go against it, and it cannot be done… You take good care of it.”

“…How could I dare to spare the divinity?”

“He is not lonely, but he deserves to be loved.”

“…….”

The bishop smiled faintly.

“You’re unusually talkative today.”

“Is it good?”

“The silence is nice, but days like this are nice too.”

“I’m fine too….”

Without a sound, the arms and hands of Death groped about my room. The dragon-like river that formed him continued to flow, and the pitch-black swell that covered Death wavered with the drops that adorned it.

Death expressed his feelings by smiling serenely with his whole body.

“He was in sin, yet not a sinner; he knew himself to be human, yet he was touched by providence; he was born under an evil star, yet he was once a hero.”

“I didn’t know there was such a mystery.”

“I also have not seen him until he appears to me in person. However, he exists as a human being and his story is also very valuable and rare, so I will covet that young friend.”

“Would you like to do so, Father?”

The bishop lifted the bear's pole again.

“Shall we find his temple?”

“He is a human being, so he has no temple.”

“I want to express my sincerity.”

“If he does, be his friend, that’s what he wants.”

“Because we’re friends….”

The bishop nodded, blowing fog instead of smoke from his muffler.

“We will be happy to welcome you back again.”

“Then… it will work.”

“Would you like to sleep?”

"…okay…."

“Please stay away from the noise and sleep deeply.”

“…….”

“I will stay by your side.”

As Death ceased making a sound, the bishop also only breathed out mist.

A familiar silence fell over the pitch-black room.

* * *

For reference.

“They said I was immortal.”

“…Is that so?”

“It seems really great.”

The mere news of immortality could not dampen Geo's spirits.

“I think this is making a mark on human history.”

“If you say that and then say I’m ordinary, I might really cry.”

“If you could just say that I’m ordinary, even if it’s just empty words, I would be grateful.”

“I don’t know what kind of stubbornness that is.”

“I meant to ask that you do not discriminate against someone so extraordinary as me.”

“Oh… I see….”

Yoo Seong-un nodded and asked while adjusting the direction of the

car.

“But is that all?”

“What do you mean?”

“Usually people are more shocked when they find out they are immortal.”

“Is it surprising that he is immortal when he is already a portrait?”

“Well, I guess it’s a bit surprising.”

“My mental strength is not that weak.”

“No, I was just saying that’s what normal people would do.”

Yoo Seong-un muttered to himself.

'If you want to imitate a human, you better do it.'

Somehow, as each day passed, Geo's imitation of humans seemed to become more and more awkward. I think it was probably because Yoo Seong-un was a particularly easygoing person to deal with, but it was still difficult to watch from the sidelines.

'What rhythm should I follow so that Geo doesn't feel uncomfortable?'

Feeling a little bitter, Yoo Seong-un smiled his characteristically innocent smile.

“But, if you say immortality….”

"yes."

“The symbol of eternity is immortality, but you were worried that those people would be lonely.”

“Yes, it was.”

“Aren’t you worried?”

“…….”

Geo, who pretended to think for a moment, soon blinked.

“Not really.”

“Why is that?”

“Because I am confident that I can eat well and live well.”

“Well, it certainly seems that way.”

Yoo Seong-un was convinced. It seemed like there was no time to be bored in life.

“Then, is it because you weren’t the one who was worried about the symbol of eternity?”

“It may sound arrogant and presumptuous, but that’s the gist of it.”

Geo nodded.

“I am such a free spirit that I can live peacefully in my portrait, but don’t they have a grave responsibility that determines the fate of this country and the planet?”

“You are right.”

“Then it seems like it would be difficult to eat well and live well. The future of countless lives would depend on your every step, and everyone in the world would be focused on you and afraid.”

“Doesn’t that look good?”

“Isn’t it the case that you want to spend your whole life working while

being looked down on or cursed at by others when you can’t even live a life where you only have fun? It doesn’t look very good.”

"okay…."

Yoo Seong-un thought quietly.

'I think I've lived a life that isn't all that different from others.'

He recalled the story of Giovanni, who had saved countless people in the hope that the conflict between mermaids and humans would be alleviated, and on the other hand, that more people would not get sick.

And then he died in the most horrible and miserable way.

'Even after he died, he was stuffed in the form of a portrait like this.'

In the first place, 'Portrait of Geo' is not a very worrisome thing because its basis is the origin, but it is also true that it feels sad from a human's perspective. As a human, living the life of the origin would be more burdensome than being a symbol of eternity.

After thinking for a moment, Yoo Seong-un asked.

“Is it okay?”

“I am very satisfied with my life.”

“If you say immortality, I don’t think it’s anything special….”

“I don’t think it’s a big problem.”

“You will have to see many people die, except for you.”

Geo was confident.

“Why is that a problem?”

“…….”

Oh, I see.

Yoo Seong-un was speechless.

“…So you don’t really have any intention of pretending to be ordinary?”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un is a trustworthy friend, so I want to have an honest conversation with him.”

“Oh, that is truly appreciated.”

“Of course it would be sad to see my friends dying.”

Geo continued.

“But the joy and happiness we felt while we were alive will be greater than the sadness after death.”

"…that…."

“I’m still busy looking for my friends, so I don’t think there’s any need to mourn their deaths any time soon.”

“…….”

“Death is a state, not something to be avoided or feared. I don’t think about it too deeply.”

He asked.

“That’s strange. When you make a friend, do you worry about him dying?”

“…That’s not true.”

“Then why should I fear the death of a friend who has not even come?”

Well, what if a normal human being were afraid of being left alone?

'... Well, if it's Geo, he'll make another friend in an instant. At least I forgot for a moment that he's a being that should never be left alone.'

Apart from that, I thought, 'He really doesn't have any intention of imitating an ordinary human being.' This might be a comfortable appearance that he only shows in front of Yoo Seong-un, so it might not be something to worry about too much.

Eventually, Yoo Seong-un, who was about to say something, gave up. He just laughed indifferently.

“Well, I’m sure you’ll be able to handle it.”

Even though he looks like this, he's actually pretty good at imitating humans when he blends in with the crowd.

'But if it's this guy's rule to be so honest in front of someone who Geo considers a friend... I need to find someone to be Geo's secretary as soon as possible.'

With that thought in mind, Yoo Seong-un asked.

“So, after talking to the God of Death, did your questions get answered?”

“Yes, I realized what I had to do.”

Argio declared confidently.

“I will become the Demon King.”

“…….”

Squeak-

Stopping at a red light, Yoo Seong-un laughed as if sighing.

“…Can you explain it to me more clearly?”

Conversations with the source always took up a lot of energy.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (144)

144

Episode 144

Argio was born with a cruel personality.

“Basically, they are greedy for blood and money.”

“Can you describe yourself like that?”

“What can we do if that is the truth?”

The two continued their conversation in the collector's lounge.

Perhaps because he was still outside, Geo's hair was platinum blonde, but his expression was as blunt and calm as in the portrait.

‘… It looks very different from the face of the priest I know, but is it because Giovanni has become a complete portrait?’

As Yoo Seong-un was thinking that, Geo continued speaking in his characteristically soft voice.

“Argio is talented in many ways, and he learns everything he wants to learn, and he is not afraid to try new things. However, his nature is similar to that of an animal, so he prefers things that are stimulating. It’s not that he lacks patience, though….”

“If it’s something provocative, the blood and money I mentioned earlier?”

“In addition to that, I also enjoy drinking and fighting. Among them, I like to compete with all my might against a worthy opponent. In fact, rather than competing, I think I like the thrill of killing and being killed.”

“So you enjoy the thrill? This is really….”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“There are quite a few people like that among hunters.”

“Is that so?”

“People who find meaning in life through bloody fights to the death.”

“I didn’t know there were such tastes.”

“There are many different tastes in the world, so… I can understand Argio’s story.”

“Thank you for understanding my tastes, even if they don’t fit into social norms.”

Geo continued speaking after expressing a light thank you.

“That doesn’t mean I play recklessly and without any discernment. If I want alcohol, I want high-quality alcohol from an artisan. If I want wealth, I want treasures with stories. If I want to fight, I prefer an opponent who is worth fighting with all my might.”

It's said that you have very picky tastes.

“I’m the type of person who can invest and wait as long as it takes to satisfy that kind of taste.”

“Is the reason I’m introducing myself like this now related to what the Demon King said just now?”

“Of course, I’ve explained it up to here so I’m sure it’ll be easier for you

to understand, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

The platinum-haired Geo insisted bluntly.

“I hope to fight the warrior.”

"…oh…?"

“There used to be many warriors who came to me.”

“…The warriors?”

“Because he is an evil spirit that threatens the peace of the world.”

There was a time when it was considered the root of all evil, big and small, in the world.

“At that time, even if I didn’t step forward, many good candidates would come to me. I poured everything I had into the cause of peace for humanity, to protect precious people, and to advance the world.”

“…….”

“I remember having a lot of fun fighting them. The other divinities, except for Argio, seemed to have a lot of betrayal and other miscellaneous thoughts, but at least I did.”

Giovanni looked very sorry. It was quite a natural grumble, considering it wasn't 'Sergio'.

“Thinking back, I think that was when I got the best value for money.”

“Good value for money….”

“Even though we didn’t advertise it separately, many talented people came to visit us because it was so famous.”

“Hong Bora, that’s how it feels.”

Yoo Seong-un let out a subtle laugh.

“The rumor that he would become the Demon King was because of that promotion.”

“It’s like a kind of recruitment notice.”

Giovanni's blue eyes sparkled with joy.

“As Argio, I am reflecting. After talking to the god of death, it became clearer. The many battles I enjoyed as the evil god Argio were very unfair advantages.”

“Unfair profits?”

“People sent me good people even though I didn’t put in any effort to fight a worthy battle. I thought it was my right, but it wasn’t.”

“Isn’t the flow strange?”

“The god of death tells me that my notoriety was never really mine. It was a brief moment of fame that I was lucky enough to have, and now it is time for me to work to reclaim it.”

“Oh, I see. That’s great.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“Don’t you hate those who branded you as an evil spirit and framed you?”

“It’s not that I’m not angry, but it’s okay because I gained something more valuable.”

“This can’t be more emotional.”

If you look at the objective circumstances, there is no other story more unfair than this.

'This is the story of a hero who was born with the instinct to kill and plunder, but who showed ample consideration, but ended up becoming an evil spirit through various false accusations and insults.'

If there was a dungeon with such a story, and the boss of that dungeon was Argio, what a huge bomb it would have been for humans. Just thinking about that vague idea made me laugh awkwardly.

Yoo Seong-un, who was sweeping his neck, asked.

“How was your end as Argio?”

“It was a seal.”

“A seal, that doesn’t sound very pleasant.”

“But I was glad that I could stop the meaningless killing.”

“If it was a meaningful killing, then even that would have been okay?”

“Um… no.”

Surprisingly, Geo denied it.

“At that time, because it was a divinity created by gathering together so many different victims, there were many times when I had to vent my anger that I didn’t want to. It was like I didn’t have the initiative.”

He says that it is worthless without my anger.

“Getting angry, assigning value to others, all of that was under my sole authority. But at the time, I couldn’t do that….”

“Was it unpleasant?”

“It was really unpleasant. Even though I’ve been called a beast all my life and lived like one, I know how to act smart, but it felt like all my precious reason was drowning in mud.”

Giovanni smiled faintly.

“So how wonderful and grateful are these people? Those noble souls have been polished and the warriors have given me rest. It is a meaningful gift that they have dedicated their whole lives to achieve.”

“For a Demon King, he likes warriors too much.”

“I respect brave warriors. They have upright and good souls, excellent insight and judgment, and know how to act cautiously and sometimes boldly in everything.”

“I still like kind and polite people back then.”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-woon is right. I have always loved those who dream and work hard for their dreams. No matter what the outcome is, the effort they put in at the time is so valuable.”

Yoo Seong-un understood what Geo was saying.

'What a timeless taste.'

Sergio, Giovanni, and Arzio. Although the expressions may be slightly different, the images of the people that 'Gio' loved and cherished were all similar.

Whether short or long, strong or weak, whatever the degree and direction, ultimately, we love those who have walked the path of a hero.

'In that respect, I can definitely say that he is divine.'

Great mysteries usually favor heroes.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un laughed as if he was sighing.

“You want to become the Demon King so you can compete with those heroes again?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“Why does it have to be the Demon King? You could have just suggested that we have a fight.”

“Because what I want is a fight, not a duel.”

“So what you’re saying is that I have to risk my life and everything.”

“The most interesting fights are those where you have lost everything or have given up everything.”

“You too?”

“I have fought every battle with death.”

Geo's hair suddenly turned red.

“It’s a delicacy that’s not easy to taste.”

“…….”

"…ah."

He turned back to platinum blonde again. Giovanni smiled awkwardly. It was a gentle, cheerful smile.

“I’m sorry, I often lose control because I’m not very good at drawing.”

“…as long as it doesn’t get out of control and start killing people, it’s fine.”

“No matter how out of control it is, something like that won’t happen.”

“In the first place, Argio doesn’t enjoy such senseless massacres?”

“What Mr. Yoo Seong-un said is correct.”

“Hmm….”

He thought about it for a moment.

“…But you know.”

“Yes, I am listening.”

“How do you plan on acting like that Demon King?”

“…….”

“What should I say?”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been hesitating, soon continued speaking.

“Because I don’t have the personality to commit evil deeds.”

“That, that….”

“You’re not even good at doing bad things.”

I never thought I would say such things to an evil spirit in my life, but it was an inevitable fact. Geo was not the type of being that could easily commit evil deeds.

“Even when I lived as Argio, I never committed senseless massacres.”

“I enjoyed the frequent bloody fights.”

“So you were the one who started the fight? You bullied the innocent person?”

“That’s not… true, though.”

“Have you ever done anything else bad?”

“…….”

After hesitating for a while, Geo opened his mouth with difficulty.

"…moderation?"

“Whose property did you take?”

“Those unlucky pigs….”

“Okay, first of all, I have never harassed innocent people.”

“But isn’t it too cowardly to harass people who have nothing to do with it?”

“From the point of saying that, isn’t it possible that the Demon King has been eliminated?”

“Isn’t there a Demon King somewhere in the world who likes fair competition?”

“A just demon lord wouldn’t have a punitive force in the first place, Geoya. He wouldn’t even gather warriors.”

“…That’s what Mr. Yoo Seong-un said….”

Geo looked quite disturbed. Analyzing Geo’s expressions, which had become quite colorful recently, was quite enjoyable as a curator, so Yoo Seong-woon admired his face while drinking the cheap mixed coffee on the table.

'It's a harmonious face that is truly enjoyable to look at.'

How long had it been since he had appreciated Yoo Seong-un's work? It was only after quite some time that Geo continued speaking.

“…When Argio’s notoriety was at its peak, I didn’t have to worry about this because my reputation grew on its own. It’s really unfortunate. They say you only realize the void when you lose someone, and that’s

what happened to me.”

“I know it’s a story that I don’t really need to talk about.”

“Can’t we expect a similar situation this time? People will frame me for something even if I didn’t do anything particularly cowardly, or they will think of me as the embodiment of evil… things like that.”

“I’m really sorry, but it doesn’t look easy.”

Yoo Seong-un said with an awkward smile.

“Let’s think about that part a little bit. For now, there’s Joo-Hyeon, who is resting at your house, and your awareness as an evil spirit isn’t perfect either.”

“That is certainly true, Mr. Yoo Seong-un. Right now, it is not a good situation for me to be rumored to be the Demon King. Thank you for your appropriate advice.”

“Demon King… Well, well. I’ll think about it a bit too. If possible, I’d like to think about it in a way that causes less damage. Is that okay?”

“I am the one who would like to ask you a favor. I am very eager to compete with talented people, but I am also reluctant to have people fear me so much that I cannot make friends.”

“In that sense, it might be better to split your identities even further. Black Cloak, Sergio the Hunter, and the Evil God Argio… umm…”

Yoo Seong-un hesitated a little after speaking up to that point.

“…I also wish other people wouldn’t be afraid of you.”

“Thank you for your understanding, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“First of all, I think it will be a big problem from the perspective of considering the peace of mankind.”

The existence of the source can shrink and expand based on the 'story' surrounding it. I barely separated 'Portrait of Geo' with 'Sergio' and 'Black Cloak' to create a safe zone, but now it's the Demon King.

A cold sweat ran down Yoo Seong-un's back. There were additional problems that Yoo Seong-un could feel, not as a gardener but as a human being.

“If I may add, um….”

“Why are you doing that?”

“…A subtle feeling of guilt…?”

“I don’t think there was anything I felt guilty about.”

“No, what should I say… that is….”

Aren't you planning to turn one sane person into global trash?

'Even if you want to recreate the situation at the time of Argio… you're making Geo, who has committed no crime, the root of all evil and making him bear unjustified accusations and insults.'

Even if you are satisfied with it, is this right?

'Of course, the original point of view is far from the sense of guilt that humans think of, but even so… Geo has a human self… so it's a bit ambiguous to say that he's not completely human… .'

It felt really strange.

“…I’ll think hard about it, so let’s not do anything for the time being.”

“I was at a loss as to what to do, but I am truly grateful that you helped me think about it.”

“Is this something I should be thankful for…?”

A way to make Geo a harmless demon lord.

'I don't know if it makes sense, but this isn't something I have the authority to handle.'

Yoo Seong-un tried hard to hold back his sigh.

I thought I should go see the visa on the way back.

* * *

So Geo returns home.

“…….”

Joo-hyun also had similar concerns as Yoo Seong-un.

“…Ah, the Demon King.”

“In summary, yes. What do you think?”

“Please give me some time to think about it.”

What the hell is this?

"therefore…."

It's almost like he wants to make himself into a world-famous target of ridicule.

A decent young man, far removed from evil schemes, was thrown into confusion.

“…That’s…a little….”

"huh?"

“Is that too unscrupulous…?”

There's no point in becoming a Demon King in the first place, right?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (145)

145

Episode 145

If not for stimulation, what pleasure would there be in living this long life?

“There lies the king of demons!”

“The beasts of the black forest have come out!”

People who howl loudly like animals with their throats stabbed.

“Prepare for battle!”

“Argio is here, aim for him!”

“Kill the evil beast!”

The sound of ripping steel, shaking with anger, fear and excitement.

“Don’t let him enter!”

“Kill Argio, kekekekekeke …!!”

A final scream leaking out between the stabbing claws. A faint shaking of the vocal cords and warm blood. Torn leather.

The vibrations that shake my whole body. The wind that caresses my skin. The redness that covers my eyes. When I push my feet hard and

kick the ground, the world shakes, and I dance, sing, make noise, cheer with those who show me their teeth… .

Who will hang out with me today? Who will take my life away? Let's see together, friends. What kind of blood will I use to draw what kind of picture?

“Monster, monster….”

“…….”

Oh, really.

“…Haha.”

Argio loved the battlefield.

* * *

Animal Kingdom_'Argio'

Fairness rate 61.9%

“…….”

Geo woke up from his sleep.

"…oh…."

He was amazed.

“It’s better than I thought.”

“Ugh.”

“If this is the kind of thrill you’re looking for…?”

To be honest, Geo was doubtful about Argio's taste.

As Sergio or as Giovanni, the original Geo was not a person who

enjoyed fighting. He was the type of person who did not enjoy conflict much in the first place, and he did not have any particularly active hobbies.

But as the fairy tale rate increased, Geo began to feel more and more.

“I didn’t enjoy conflict.”

Just Argio.

“It was nice to have a cool bump.”

“Muang?”

“…Now that you mention it, I wonder what the difference is.”

Geo giggled as his hair turned red. He hugged Dana.

“But being able to be true to your instincts… seems like a lot more fun than you might think.”

Geo remembered the dream he had just had.

It is not about staying in conflict and strife. It is about giving your whole body and mind. It is not about enjoying slaughter, but about having fun with those on the battlefield. It is like a blank sheet of paper that can be stained with blood and cause discord.

In the dream, Argio drew a picture. Meeting the gaze and eyes looking at me, responding when the opponent roars, and enjoying the most delicious food last… .

“…….”

Playing like that is also quite something.

“…It’s attractive.”

Geo's eyes widened sharply.

I wanted to once again immerse myself in that full ecstasy of letting go of all human dignity and reason.

* * *

"good morning."

“Good morning, my faithful friend.”

The black cloak asked.

“Did you sleep well last night?”

"ah…."

I didn't sleep particularly well.

'How can I sleep well when I hear people calling me the Demon King or something?'

Joo-Hyeon couldn't come to her senses because of the bomb that Black Cloak detonated last night.

Although he himself seemed to have slept very well, being swayed by the sound of a great mystery was a characteristic of humans, so Ju-hyeon could not sleep at all. It was because he had heard a story that was too much to bear.

“…….”

But I wasn't so absent-minded as to grumble about it openly.

“…Yeah, well.”

"okay?"

“I slept well.”

Joohyun smiled awkwardly.

“You look red today.”

“Didn’t you say this color was the best?”

“I thought you were good at talking because you express your emotions clearly now.”

“Honesty to the point of being embarrassing is a long-standing virtue of mine. Thank you for recognizing that.”

"haha…."

Joo-hyun, who was looking at Argio, asked cautiously.

“You look happy.”

“Because I had a good dream.”

“What was your dream?”

“I had a dream that people called me a monster.”

“…That was a good dream, huh?”

“At least that’s what it looks like to me.”

The eyes of the black cloak narrowed like a fox's.

“It might not be like that for you, though?”

“It is true that it is difficult for me to understand with my limited knowledge.”

Joohyun couldn't deny it.

“Doesn’t that kind of insult… hurt you?”

“…….”

“…….”

Soon, Joo-Hyeon's face turned bright red.

"sorry."

“No, that’s a really fascinating perspective.”

"sorry…!"

Joo-Hyeon also knew very well that it was a stupid thing to say. The black cloak was none other than the evil spirit.

What evil spirit would be hurt by the notoriety heaped upon himself? Even if he were not an evil spirit but a traditional god of providence, what humans said would be of little significance.

'but.'

I couldn't just let it go like that.

“…….”

“…Hmm.”

Argio asked, tilting his head.

“You look like you have a lot to say.”

“…That’s true.”

“Then will you talk to me?”

“I wonder if this is rude.”

“Conversations with people like you are worthwhile.”

The black cloak made Joohyun sit at the table and took a seat across from him.

“I originally planned to try preparing a meal.”

“I apologize for delaying your meal.”

“There are many things to be sorry about, but it’s okay to skip breakfast sometimes.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

“That sounds much better.”

“…….”

Argio says 'thank you' is better than 'apology'.

“…….”

Strength entered Joohyun's hands.

“Now, let me tell you something. What does it contain?”

“…what I say may offend you.”

“Usually when you say something like that, it doesn’t sound particularly unpleasant.”

“Then I can speak a little more comfortably.”

“I will listen to you as much as you want.”

“You yourself….”

Joohyun continued speaking in a very cautious tone.

“…You say we’re human.”

There were too many strange things about Black Cloak to be considered a typical evil spirit.

“You say honesty is a virtue, so I will be honest with you.”

“I really like that kind of conversation.”

“I don’t know if you’re joking or being serious when you say you’re human….”

“I was always sincere, it’s a shame.”

“Even taking that into account, you are an evil god who is not like an evil god.”

Joo-hyun took a deep breath without letting on. His fingertips trembled faintly in fear. He clenched his hands.

“I know you have been considerate of me all this time.”

“It’s because I wanted to make you my friend.”

“If it weren’t for that, would you have given me such a hard time?”

“I don’t have such a silly hobby.”

“If there is someone who is sick and suffering… how will you treat them?”

“It’s not much different from now.”

Argio continued speaking calmly.

“If they are bad, I will pass them by, and if they are good, I will treat them to a meal. If they need company, I will ask them to talk, and if they are lost, I will show them where to go.”

“…Why do you do that to me?”

“Because to me, it’s not that much consideration or mercy. I really like it when someone enjoys my cooking, and I like it when a kind and polite person smiles.”

He said it as if it was all nothing.

“There is no grand cause or belief.”

“…I am rather grateful for that.”

Because consideration and compassion are most valuable when they are not extravagant.

“As expected, you are so affectionate.”

If this was the work of an evil spirit, Joo-hyun would already be possessed, but it would be okay if everything was a lie. Whatever the true intention, if it was the gentle consideration he felt now, more people would be comforted.

Joo-hyun did not believe in the black cloak. The great mystery was something that humans could not fully interpret, so their mercy was not mercy, and their love was not love. And yet, didn’t we live while receiving God’s affection?

“What god would cook for a mere mortal? He would spend precious time with his hands wet and standing before the fire. But you humbled yourself so easily.”

“Aren’t you thinking too highly of something just to treat me to a meal?”

“You have neither the arrogance of a god nor the cruelty of an evil spirit. You call yourself human and do not consider humans as inferior beings. You have neither malice nor murderous intent, only interest.”

So it was weird.

“Who called you evil and why?”

“…That’s what people called it.”

“If you have become a devil simply through false accusations and insults, is that your sin?”

“We all sin.”

“At least I know you won’t be isolated in fear and contempt.”

Joohyun continued speaking, hesitating.

“I think you are the Demon King….”

“…….”

“…I don’t think I should be treated like that.”

The end of his speech wavered.

'I guess he's going to be upset.'

Joo-Hyeon, who had finished saying what she wanted to say, was worried that the other person would get angry.

To a god who pursued his own notoriety by saying ridiculous things like being the Demon King or something like that, being told that he was 'not like an evil god' would be a great insult.

But surprisingly, Black Cloak didn't get angry.

"…okay?"

“…….”

“I see.”

He just looked a little sad.

“Do you also think that I am not worthy of being an evil spirit?”

"…no!"

Joohyun, who had been dazed for a moment, shook his head urgently.

“No, it’s just a difference of perspective, because from a human

perspective, that's not right!"

He felt awe and joy at the same time.

Surprisingly, Argio was a conversant spirit. He was a demon with whom one could exchange opinions. There was no overflowing malice in him, only the purity of a pleasure-seeker.

Joo-hyun gained the will to talk about it. He gained something indefinable, hope.

"Of course, what I'm saying may sound absurd to you. You may not understand it. But the dream you told me about yesterday and that you said was good today is ultimately about using an innocent person named Argio as a scapegoat."

Although he knew that God had a different perspective, Ju-hyeon felt that Black Cloak had some awareness of himself as a human being while talking to him. He was a god with quite a human side.

Argios, despite being a being unfit for the gods, obtained the evil divinity.

"I don't think this is… at least not a desirable behavior."

"……."

"I fully understand what you want and what you are trying to do, but still."

He said he wanted a fierce battle with the hero. He must have been sincere. But if Argio, the 'person', had to be slandered by the people of the world and be accused of all sorts of things in order to do so, then that was not right.

"Please don't make people commit sins."

"Committing a sin?"

“Aren’t you trying to make the ignorant treat the innocent as criminals?”

“How is that a sin?”

Argio asked.

“Evil beasts deserve to be treated like criminals.”

“No one should be treated as a sinner if he does not commit sin.”

“I can enjoy a good fight, and people can find something to complain about.”

“It may sound reasonable, but it’s a fundamentally flawed deal.”

“Aren’t there many people in this world these days who are looking for someone to resent?”

“So many people have the right to be angry, and in the right way!”

Joohyun became a little desperate.

“I have been thinking about it since I heard you. I have thought of countless ways to make you the Demon King and save countless people’s lives. But what does that leave you with in the end?”

“Well, the breath of a lot of people?”

“That’s not really a breather. If you feel better by directing your resentment at the wrong person, that’s closer to resignation that you can only feel because you’re broken. You’ll feel better because you’ve given up.”

“What have you given up?”

“You have given up on living as a human being. You have given up on the chance to become better. There are so many people in this world who are not worthy of consideration, but if there is not even the

slightest consideration, then for us….”

Joohyun, who had been hesitating, soon continued speaking.

“There is nothing left.”

Only beasts that could survive only by blaming others would remain.

“I may be exaggerating, but you have that much influence.”

“I think you overestimate me.”

“At least there is no Korean who doesn’t know the black cloak. That’s proof.”

Joohyun begged.

“Please don’t turn people who can become human into beasts….”

“…….”

Argio was silent for a while.

He said soon.

“You are a hero.”

Black Cloak felt sorry for Joohyun.

“How pitiful.”

"…yes?"

“…….”

“…….”

In the brief silence, the demon's hair turned black.

“Hmm, I see….”

"I…."

“I understand what you mean.”

“…Was it unpleasant?”

“No, it was a valid opinion.”

He had a blunt expression on his face, like someone who couldn't make any expressions. For a moment, I thought he was angry, but he didn't show any sign of it.

He just continued talking.

“So let’s find a compromise.”

“Is this a compromise?”

“People can remain human.”

"yes."

“A compromise that won’t hurt me.”

"…ah…."

A word he had said but never thought would come out of his mouth. Black Cloak said, 'wound.'

Only after a long time did Joohyun ask cautiously.

“…Does it hurt you when you are called an evil spirit?”

“It has been a great weapon and tool for me.”

The pitch-black evil spirit continued speaking.

“But I was angry.”

He told his story like an adult reading a fairy tale.

“So, you must have been hurt too.”

"…that."

“I’m not sure, but I think so.”

The black cloak said.

“Thank you for letting me know.”

“…I, just….”

“Then shall we eat?”

“…….”

Joo-hyun, who couldn't help but look at his face, which was slightly distorted in confusion, soon nodded.

“…Okay.”

I don't know if this is consideration or stubbornness.

What a strange god he was.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (146)

146

Episode 146

The conversation with Joohyun made Geo reflect.

“I guess I only thought about what was good for me.”

Even if it seemed like a win-win deal, people had the freedom to not go along with it. They couldn't ignore the opinions of those who didn't agree to making Geo the Demon King.

“I want to create my own battlefield, but that is my selfishness, and it leaves a bad taste in my mouth when I sacrifice others for that selfishness. That is not the kind of war I want.”

Above all, Joohyun said this.

“My precious Demon King Project….”

“…….”

“It’s something that hurts people and me at the same time.”

Every word was correct.

“…….”

“…….”

A quiet attic.

Geo held the honey in his hand and enjoyed its soft texture. The way it felt on his palm was a very satisfying feeling.

Geo, who had been enjoying the sticky, rustling sensation for a while, soon nodded.

“I admit it.”

He opened his mouth.

“I guess I’m a bit thoughtless.”

“Crunch?”

“Should I say that his brain is particularly clear?”

But not everyone in the world could be like Geo.

“Until I was about 21, I thought everyone lived like me, without thinking.”

Sergio, who had an extremely high level of life satisfaction and self-esteem, rarely cared about what others thought. That's why he only realized a year after becoming an adult that his mental structure was quite different from others.

“Somehow, characters in movies and dramas always seem to be suffering.”

Geo thought that was just an exaggerated expression typical of creative works. But it wasn't. Surprisingly, people in the world tend to live with so-called worries and concerns.

“I regret the past and am anxious about the future.”

“Kung?”

“Yeah, I don’t know why. I wonder why they abuse their own brain cells.”

He was different from Geo, who only lived in the present and sometimes only had beautiful memories when he thought about the past and future. He could not understand at all why people had such a hard time living.

They cling to what has already happened and are afraid of what has not yet happened. They cannot see the situation as a situation, but continue to give meaning to it and suffer through it.

“If you can’t let go of your emotions and mix them with reality, you’ll continue to create problems.”

“Kung….”

“Honestly, I wonder why you are torturing yourself. Isn’t that considered self-harm?”

“Gulp.”

“That doesn’t mean I don’t understand at all.”

Geo also knew that 'Ah, not all people are like me'. Although he didn't even realize that until he was in compulsory education, it's not that he doesn't have the ability to empathize because he enjoys life so thoughtlessly.

"therefore…."

Geo muttered, hesitating for a rare moment.

“I’m sure Mr. Argio had difficult times too.”

“…….”

“Was there a time like that?”

It was hard to be sure because there was the case of 'Giovanni' who lived his life to the fullest without any regrets and died. To be honest, from Sergio's perspective, it was a situation where he would think 'Wow, how did he live like that?' but he was fine.

However, Geo also admitted that objectively, 'Argio' was also in a difficult situation.

“It seemed like nothing was wrong, so I thought, ‘Oh, it’s okay,’ but it was. In fact, if you think about it, it wasn’t such a comfortable and peaceful life. It was a life steeped in hardship and adversity.”

He was a multi-talented person who was loved by his family, but at a young age, he was treated like an animal because he developed a talent. After being severely bullied, he was kicked out to a cave where no sunlight entered and where dangerous creatures gathered.

“…….”

“Kur?”

“…But honestly, it was more fun there….”

“Kung, kung, kung.”

“You’re right, honey. It’s not something I can decide when I’m not even in sync.”

“Kkuk.”

“But it was actually a lot more fun than that corner of the house.”

Anyway, it wasn't something to be certain about as a portrait with 61.9% Argio content. You can't be sure until it's 100% pure. Geo tried to objectively understand 'Argio's' unfortunate life.

“Anyway, it’s true that I was angry.”

Didn't I promise to cut off the throats of the piglets in the corner who dared not recognize my worth? Perhaps 'Argio' was also angry because he had been hurt in his own way.

“Even if you weren’t aware of it, it could have been a wound.”

“Gurrrr….”

“Just because I’m simple doesn’t mean Mr. Argio will be the same.”

So Geo decided to reflect.

“I have to take care of my own wounds.”

“Kung?”

“I pledge to cherish myself, not to treat others rudely, and to live honestly and politely.”

“Kung kung kung….”

“In that sense, I think we need to reconsider the Demon King Project.”

Just as Joo-hyun had advised, let's create a project where everyone is happy without anyone being unfairly sacrificed. Geo made that promise and thought back to his conversation with Joo-hyun.

To be exact, those brown eyes that held warmth.

“It seems like you were definitely worried.”

“Crunch.”

“I feel sorry for Ahn Joo-hyun.”

Although Geo was given all sorts of harsh titles like portrait, evil spirit, and immortal, he was just a human with a soft heart. He was deeply moved by Joo-hyun’s concern.

“He really is a good person.”

Thank goodness, there was an unusual warmth in the attic.

No matter how extraordinary Geo's appearance was, didn't Joo-hyun strongly insist that 'it's not right for an innocent person to be blamed'? He even paid great attention to the word 'wound' that Geo mentioned.

“I feel embarrassed because I feel like I acted childish for no reason.”

“Gulp?”

“Well, the one who comforted Joo-hyun was probably ‘Argio’.”

“Kung, gurgling.”

“…Okay, let’s go to sleep first.”

After a brief reflection, my whole body felt tired.

After dinner, as usual, he felt drowsy. The chair he was leaning against was comfortable. Geo enjoyed a short nap with Honey in the spring breeze blowing through the attic windows.

And then I woke up from my dream.

“…….”

Fairness rate 94.2%

“……?”

Geo, with his red hair, muttered.

“Was I really unhappy?”

The 'Argio' in the dream did not look soaked, so Geo's beast was a little absurd.

Geo's golden eyes twitched slightly.

“No, if it goes like this… I….”

“Crunch?”

“I feel embarrassed to look at Joohyun’s face.”

“Kung?”

“You’re so… like a prankster?”

I came here worried for nothing.

Suddenly, Geo turned into a 24-year-old idiot who made jokes.

* * *

While Geo was feeling regretful, Bisabal smiled.

It was a total blast.

“Ahh, ahahahahahahahahahaha!!”

“…….”

“Ouch, kekeke… hehehehe…!”

Visabal asked, panting.

“The Demon King?”

“Yes, Your Majesty.”

“Ha, you are the vitamin of my life, you never give me time to get bored.”

“It would be helpful for the peace of mankind if the guild leader were a little boring.”

“Haven’t I ever been the first to threaten the peace of mankind?”

“It is a problem that you openly enjoy other people’s misfortune.”

“Anyway, it wasn’t my fault.”

Sigh.

“I’m catching my breath,” said Bisabal.

“The Demon King and the Hero, it would be difficult to find a more appropriate metaphor.”

“It’s not exactly a joke.”

“But releasing a new Demon King now is dangerous to the lifeline of the Earth.”

Although Bisabal mostly lived a life focused on interest, that doesn't mean he didn't know what was right and what was wrong. Strictly speaking, he was closer to wishing for peace for humanity and longevity of the Earth.

In other words, it meant that the world was so dangerously precarious that even a hedonistic person like Bisabal would be worried. So Bisabal couldn't just pursue what he wanted to see.

“I really want to personally place the Demon King on Earth and admire him up close.”

“Please, please refrain from doing this. This is not an exaggeration, this is really going to ruin the Earth.”

“I know that too, and it really bothers me. Is there a time when I feel this regretful…?”

He was truly sorry.

“Since this work has come into my possession, I hope the event will be held in my hometown.”

The piece that he had spent a lot of money on, and that he really liked, was going to show off his talents. I wish he could show off his talents in front of me, but since there was no suitable stage, it seemed like it would be a difficult wish.

“I understand why you requested an interview, it is certainly a risky request.”

“When you call him the Demon King, of all people, that doesn’t sound very good.”

Yoo Seong-un sighed.

“All he wants is a bloody fight at stake.”

He was hoping for a heartfelt duel, where he would risk his own fate, his life, and everything from trivial things to the beliefs that make him who he is. Argio, who showed greed, smelled of blood.

“So I was thinking of checking out other battlefields, but it seems like you’re not interested unless it’s your own war.”

“I guess he wants all eyes and emotions to be focused on Argio himself.”

“It seems like he wants a stage where he is the main character.”

“So, is that why you wanted to become a Demon King who would have warriors crawl to him even if he just stayed still?”

“That would be the most familiar order to Argio.”

Yoo Seong-un heard the story of Argio. A great mystery who was branded as a beast, became an object of subjugation, and finally obtained the evil divinity of the evil god and was even sealed. He is the

evil god of anger and greed.

“It seems like Geo wants to enjoy that fun again.”

“Are you saying that wasn’t painful for Argio?”

“I didn’t feel any such signs.”

It's amazing.

“It is truly rare and uncommon, considering that the demons of that path were all steeped in hatred and contempt. Geo even pitied and loved those who sealed him.”

Argio expressed that he felt sorry and proud for the warriors who sealed him.

“So even if Geo really becomes the Demon King, I think he’ll plan something that will cause less damage if possible. I’m not sure about Argio, though….”

“From the beginning, ‘Portrait of Geo’ likes good and polite things, so he himself tries to take that kind of attitude. In reality, no matter how that will is expressed, isn’t that how it ends up being?”

“The guild leader is right. Geo enjoys the battle itself and doesn’t really want the influence or wealth that comes from it. It seems like it’s just additional income.”

“You are saying that you welcome wealth and fame, but do not covet them. I understand. Perhaps you consider wealth and fame as a kind of spoils of war. It is difficult to see it as greed in and of itself.”

“Yes, apart from showing a considerable preference, there isn’t a great desire for them. As the guild master said, they are just a means to prove that one has won in battle.”

Yoo Seong-un had already reported Argio's behavior on the first day he encountered him.

Gold and silver jewels adorning his entire body, long braids of dark red hair, and animal skins. He certainly preferred flashy things, from his appearance to his attitude toward life.

However, if Argio had been obsessed with wealth and fame itself, the ‘Portrait of Geo’ would have been extravagant from the start. He would not have forgiven Yoo Seong-un for daring to be friendly to him.

“All Argio truly wants is to fight.”

“It’s like he wants me to act like an animal.”

He wanted a battle where he could throw away everything that made him who he was, or risk everything, without worrying about his reputation or position. It was clear that he wanted a battlefield where he could completely immerse himself in the fight.

“Then first….”

The visa was sorted out in order.

“I have to show the world ‘Mr. Sergio’.”

“…Suddenly?”

“Suddenly? Wasn’t this something we were preparing for?”

“That’s true, though.”

“There is an order to everything.”

The pupils of the long-slitted visage were slightly dilated. His gaze was not on the meteor cloud in front of him, but on the empty space, but he moved it from time to time as if he was looking at something.

Those lips were trembling.

“…Okay, first of all, when Sergio Hunter comes into the world….”

“…….”

“There will be a place for him. There will be a little opportunity… um, yeah.”

“…….”

“Mermaids… that’s right, there are still stories that haven’t been finished….”

Soon, Visabal nodded.

“…After revealing Sergio as a collector’s hunter, I’ll let him take charge of clearing a suitable dungeon. And I’ll also have to see what he does in a duel, not a battle of his choice.”

“Let’s find a nice dungeon.”

“I think we can create the battlefield that Sergio Hunter wants. But to do that, I have to see what’s in his hands, and I have to talk to him directly to set up a suitable location.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was staring at his superior, soon asked.

“Shall we ask Geo to speak to the guild leader?”

“You don’t have to do that.”

Visabal narrowed his eyes darkly.

“It is impolite to rush a guest who is about to arrive.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un said with a tired face.

“…How about gradually changing the skill name to ‘Foresight’?”

“I told you that my skill is only in emotions, not in seeing the future.”

“Sometimes you just don’t feel like talking.”

“I always hate talking to my boss at work.”

“That is a virtue of modern people.”

“This is why I like Yoo Seong-un.”

He smiled happily at the cheeky antics of my collection. Although Yoo Seong-un looked even more disgusted by it, Bisabal just went back to his original topic.

“Then I think we should first hire a secretary for ‘Mr. Sergio’.”

“Ah… I did make a list, but….”

“You said the name of the person recuperating in the portrait was Joo-Hyeon?”

“Arai.”

Yoo Seong-un put the documents he had taken out one by one back into his bag. The fragile papers were crumpled without a care.

“I knew this would happen to me.”

“If I knew, why did I buy it and suffer for it?”

“Because showing sincerity by working hard is a virtue of an office worker.”

“All of our employees are very sincere.”

“Somehow, Geo also talks a lot about that guy named Joo-Hyeon.”

“Are you happy to have a friend?”

“He says no, but….”

“It’s just a matter of time.”

Visabal gave a rare crooked smile.

“If you’re a hero, you can’t hate Geo.”

“…A hero?”

“Oh my, I flattered you too much.”

He was openly sarcastic.

“You are a fool who is full of excesses.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un wiped his face with both hands.

“…Please don’t say that in front of me.”

“I also care about saving face.”

“I realized that I have lived a very hard life, so why are you like this?”

“I know that you are an honest person.”

Just, just.

“I just hate it.”

The Visaval did not fit well with the hero clan.

“How nice it would be if everyone in the world were like Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“That would be a disaster in its own right.”

“Anyway, Geo and Joohyun will become friends in no time.”

“You are so sure of it.”

“Well, great mysteries love heroes.”

In other words, I liked the fool.

“And Geo is the most human of all mysteries, so it won’t be too difficult for that person, Joo-hyun, to accept it.”

“But wouldn’t Joo-Hyeon feel uncomfortable with such a huge presence?”

“There is a taste for that, as ‘Portrait of Geo’ has proven so far. He is a divinity that is very appealing to the hero’s heart.”

As always, Bisabal smiled lightly.

“We will be good friends with each other.”

For some reason, a meteor cloud was trapped in the eyes of that bastard.

"is it so."

“…….”

“That sounds fun.”

His eyes narrowed even further.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (147)

147

Episode 147

It's because he lived without thinking, Geo wasn't a stupid person.

“…….”

Rather, Geo's brain worked faster when he got what he wanted.

Sergio did not want his hometown to become more harsh, Giovanni did not want people to commit crimes without knowing it, and Arzio did not want to commit unwarrior-like and mean acts.

“…….”

How can I satisfy my greed while preserving this precarious peace? How can I improve without making things worse? Geo suddenly recalled his memories from when he was a priest.

I recalled the information I had encountered when I went to Earth and the faces of the warriors who had come to subdue me. It wasn't just 'Sergio', he had conceived and discarded numerous plans in an instant.

"…okay."

Soon he licked his lips.

“Good.”

I came up with a plan I like.

“It sounds good.”

A clean plan, without any burnt offerings.

A satisfied smile spread across Geo's face like an eclipse.

* * *

Meanwhile, Joohyun.

“…….”

Unlike the landlord, I had a lot of worries.

“…It’s confusing.”

It was much better than before, but unlike her body that was becoming more comfortable as the days went by, her mind was not. Joo-hyun's mind, which was noisy as the days went by, was sometimes relaxed and sometimes tangled.

Joo-hyun, who was sitting on the bed and blankly looking out the terrace, muttered softly.

“Didn’t you say you weren’t going to eat lunch?”

Because the story was long, their conversation took place between breakfast and lunch. Black Cloak suggested that they eat dinner afterward, as it seemed like he needed time to digest, and Juhyun accepted.

"…really…."

The mysterious black cloak wouldn't have any problems with digestion, so it must have been just for Juhyun's consideration, but thinking about it again, he was a god who didn't seem like a god.

When dealing with such mysteries, humans had to adapt to their rules. No matter how much I think about it, it is unprecedented in history that mysteries have handed down rules for humans.

“…….”

So I'm in trouble again.

“…slowly, one by one….”

Don't look at things narrowly, but look at the big picture.

“Let’s take our time and organize things.”

He already knew he could do it.

“You can do it.”

The first thing he did was to sort out his situation.

If requested, he could be transferred to another laboratory, but a laboratory is no different from a kingdom. It would take a long time to adapt and permeate.

'It's strange that I'm still in the current research lab.'

All of his allies who had made things difficult are gone. Now, the only ones left are those who are busy pushing out Joo-hyun, so it would be better to shake hands than to move to another research institute.

'Should I rather aim for an administrative position at headquarters rather than a research institute?'

Joo-Hyeon was accustomed to studying mysteries, but it was not difficult for him to become an administrative staff member at the association headquarters. Since the association president resided there, the headquarters had an open environment.

“I think I, as someone from another orphanage, would be accepted without difficulty there.”

As I muttered without realizing it, Joo-hyun was from an orphanage. And the staff who entered the orphanage through special admission were basically hated, and Joo-hyun was in a position where she was especially hated among them.

“…….”

But this method didn't really appeal to me either.

“…The association may not be the only way.”

He chose that path because he grew up in an orphanage sponsored by the association and also because he knew that the association worked with the government on equal footing. He felt that the association was the best option to create the world he wanted.

'But maybe the Association wasn't as good a choice as I thought.'

The association has already sorted out a lot of things.

'It could be said that there is little room for someone like me to interfere and exert influence.'

The association was stable, and it had to be. The association was more delicately structured than Joo-hyun had imagined, like a spider web, and each organization maintained a very close relationship.

“I was trying to make a difference in a place like that….”

It was only natural that it didn't look good.

“…….”

Joohyun, who had been thinking for a while, soon opened his mouth.

“…Then, would a private guild be better?”

Although it was said honestly, he knew that it was actually a recommendation for retirement. In reality, Joo-hyun had been kicked out of the research center, so he would have to find another way, but for now, there was no other option that he could be sure of.

“No, even if it’s a private guild, they still follow orders. The chances of the same thing happening are much higher….”

Joo-Hyeon suddenly thought of the family at the orphanage.

“…….”

No way.

I felt sick.

‘…I wish I had behaved better.’

He might have been in a hurry.

The ideal he was pursuing was great, but Joo-hyun was humble. He had to move his small legs quickly to at least reach the tip before he died, but each step was too slow.

So maybe he didn't pay attention to his surroundings. Or maybe he was possessed by an evil spirit. Maybe it was both. As a result, Joo-hyun pushed his family and friends into death and suffering because he was impatient.

“…That….”

Joohyun wiped her face.

“How can I atone for that sin?”

To those who are already dead.

If I couldn't deal with the past, I couldn't move forward into the future. But how could I pay the price for the people who were sacrificed because of my lack of wisdom?

“I wish I could at least find some peace, but I don’t know if I can do that….”

A bitter smile came out.

I knew very well that I could not turn back the past. Humans had to move forward from the moment they were born, no matter how big a mistake they had made.

Since a mere human body cannot pick up spilled water, it was necessary to clean up thoroughly.

"…hmm…."

The problem was that human death was not something that could be resolved as easily as spilled water. This was especially true for Juhyun, an unawakened being with no powers.

'It might have been of some help if he had been a priest from a religious order like the Solar Church.'

He could not grant rest to the dead, nor could he ask for mercy, for he had no god to serve.

'I wish I had been a little more diligent… but there's no point in regretting that now.'

Joohyun suddenly thought of the black cloak that must be somewhere in this cabin.

“…Well, no matter what, this is….”

Joohyun smiled awkwardly.

“That is such a shameless thing to do.”

I briefly considered asking Black Cloak to pray for the peace of my family and friends, but Juhyun quickly dismissed that idea.

It was also a concern that the opponent was an evil spirit, but more than anything, Joo-Hyeon was not shameless enough to ask for such a privilege. How could he ask for the mercy of peace when he was not even a believer?

'Such a privilege is something that even a long-serving priest can rarely receive, and it is not something that an unbeliever like me can carelessly request.'

It would probably be difficult for Juhyun to suddenly awaken as a priest at this late age, but he decided to do his best for the souls of those who died because of him.

“If I don’t forget my mistakes, reflect on my sins, and always live with gratitude and an apology to those people….”

I thought that maybe I could reach his family and friends who were already dead just a little bit, just a little bit.

"…okay."

That's where it started.

“Let’s make a tomb first.”

The bodies of the dead were collected, but they were 'cleaned', not 'funerals'. Because he was so out of his mind, Joo-hyun couldn't even provide a place to mourn them.

'Is it because I thought I would soon be going to the same place?'

It was such a big failure, such a big price to pay. I was so sorry for

committing such a big sin that I couldn't even think about recovering. I didn't have the courage to make up for it and move forward.

“…….”

Joohyun laughed awkwardly.

“But that would be more cowardly… It’s no different from running away because you don’t want to take responsibility.”

Nothing was certain.

I thought it would be the right apology to be with those who died because of me. But that might have been just running away. I couldn't tell what the 'right path' was as Joo-hyun was now.

But one thing was certain.

“Okay, let’s make a tombstone.”

The body had already been 'cleaned' and could not be recovered. Attempts to retrieve it later were met with the only word that it had already been disposed of.

So I hadn't thought about a tombstone in a while, but now I felt like I had to make one. I came to my senses.

“You’ll need a space to grieve.”

That was the way humans, not gods, prayed for the peace of the dead souls.

Let's draw the faces of the people I remember, carve their names, and record the stories I have with them. At least I wouldn't say that such an act is 'bad' or 'wrong'.

“Then….”

What should I do next?

“…….”

Joohyun pressed hard on her lips.

'At least it wouldn't be right for me to die together.'

And I didn't want to do that.

Before he received help from the Black Cloak, he had been in a state of despair, but not now. He now had the luxury of thinking about and choosing a better path.

But I couldn't think of what that 'better way' might be.

'... Should I go to the Temple of Abundance, which values relief? No, the religious world does not accept change easily. It is as bad a choice as the Association. Then, should I start a business with the money I have saved up so far? I have a few items in mind, and if I use them as a base, I can change the social atmosphere little by little... .'

He thought about it for a very long time.

“…….”

“Kkurung.”

"…ah."

When I came to my senses, it was already getting dark.

“Is it meal time?”

The black cloak would be waiting.

* * *

After another delicious meal today.

“You seem to have a lot on your mind.”

Black Cloak showed interest in Joohyun's condition.

“…….”

“…….”

Of course I knew I'd get caught.

“…There are a lot….”

No, the expression 'being caught' was not appropriate in the first place. In front of such a great mystery, even if a mere human were to use his brain, it would only be like sitting on the palm of Buddha's hand.

Above all, it was the black cloak in front of him that brought Ju-hyeon, who was hesitating whether or not to summon Sankalut, to him. Even this situation could have been his intention, so Ju-hyeon did not bother to hide his condition.

“I’m wondering what to do now.”

“I heard from my father that you are considering a new career path.”

“A new path….”

It was a really clean and normal word.

“…That’s what I mean.”

Strictly speaking, it wasn't a wrong statement.

I decided that the path I had taken so far had failed, and that it would be better to find a completely different path than to turn back. If I were to package that 'different path' a little more neatly, I would say that I was contemplating my future path.

“I was trying to predict how my life would unfold in the future.”

“Do you have a talent for fortune telling?”

“…That, that… I definitely wouldn’t say that.”

Joo-Hyeon's face turned red as he dared to say 'fortune-telling' in front of a living and moving destiny.

How ridiculous it must have sounded. What on earth was he talking about when he wasn't even waving in front of the pupa?

'You seem to be unusually honest in front of the Black Cloak. Is this also one of the effects of your divinity?'

Joo-Hyeon, who had suppressed his embarrassment, glanced at the black cloak.

“…….”

“We make tea with grains.”

“Oh, thank you.”

I was injected with something else to eat before I could even think about it. At times like this, I really felt like I had no grandmother.

“…Is it corn tea?”

“Because you said you liked the stuff I sued you about last time.”

“Oh, that’s considerate of you.”

“It was a time when there was a lot of demand to eat the corn that was being grown.”

“I see, the corn is complaining….”

for a moment.

“…Complaint?”

Joo-Hyeon looked down at the corn tea with a suspicious gaze.

“…Ahem.”

It smelled too good not to drink.

'There is no sin in food.'

After taking a sip, I felt somehow at ease in body and mind.

'Was it a calming effect this time?'

Dozens of times, just eating something that would help your health immediately. Joo-hyun was no longer surprised. However, he looked at the black cloak once again with a clearer mind.

“…….”

The world teaches us not to look into the eyes of God.

“What's going on?”

"…just…."

Teach them not to expect anything from you. Joohyun knows that too.

“…Can you give me some advice?”

Yet, as humans have always done, they desperately needed the help of the great mystery.

It was Joo-Hyeon who initially tried to talk to Sankalut, of all people. Compared to typical evil spirits who harass and prey on the weak, Black Cloak was definitely someone worth seeking advice from.

“What does Mr. Geo see as my future?”

“I can’t see the future.”

Just when I thought he was rejecting me, he continued.

“I’ve only seen people like you, Joohyun, often.”

“…If you’re someone like me….”

“To put it simply, he is a natural born hero.”

“…….”

Joohyun's face crumpled in embarrassment.

“…You said that last time too, but why do you say I’m a hero?”

“A hero is someone who always chooses the cause over selfish desires.”

The black cloak smiled gently.

“They are people who value the outside of themselves more than themselves, intangible concepts more than tangible things, and eternal foundations more than moments. Joo Hyun is one of those people.”

“…….”

“I know the story you told and didn’t tell. Right now, Joo-hyun is saddened by the sacrifice he made because of his mistake, but more important than that is your belief.”

The devil's smile seemed interested, and somewhat playful.

“I’m not saying that we should belittle the deaths of our family and friends. The point of this explanation is that we grieve and struggle just as much as others, but we still think about moving forward.”

“…Am I, a person who sacrifices a cow for the sake of the

generation?”

“No, that’s not true. Mr. Joo-hyun is a person who cares even about small tragedies that have nothing to do with him. Even if he saved 99 out of 100 people, he would be saddened by the death of one person. He knows very well that the only person you can sacrifice is himself.”

“Nothing like that….”

“Mr. Joo-hyun is a hero. He has a kind heart and treats everyone he meets with courtesy. I think he is a great person.”

In an instant, the hair of the black cloak turned red as if flames were flying.

“So I thought I’d try to tease you a bit.”

“Oh, yes? Me? Why?”

“If you get on his nerves, he might be able to become a decent warrior….”

“Please leave me out, please.”

Joo-hyun was horrified. He never thought that he would just give up on that damn Demon King project, but he also had no desire to join the ranks of deceivers called warriors.

The black cloak smiled broadly as if it had known this would happen. It looked like a cheerful fox.

“I wouldn’t do something so cowardly.”

“Oh, I see….”

“But I want to be your friend.”

“Why are you so obsessed with your friends?”

“Friends are a blessing to all.”

“That’s true, but.”

I didn't know that this story would apply even to God.

'I also don't quite understand how such a great mystery could want a mere human as a friend.'

However, since he had experience dealing with the black cloak, he was not easily flustered. Joo-hyun sighed a little awkwardly, but he was not frightened by any of his words.

“So… I, that….”

"hero."

“Oh.”

“Why do you hate it so much?”

“It’s creepy.”

Anyway, let's leave it at that.

“So what was the ending for people like me?”

“Either you become a god, or history, or you disappear cleanly without a trace.”

“It’s more intense than I imagined. Isn’t it too extreme?”

“Isn’t it too unscrupulous to take that path and hope that the results won’t be extreme?”

“No, is it really worth questioning your conscience over something like this…?”

"anyway."

Argio laughed lightly.

“What are your plans for the future? Do you have any work in mind?”

“I’m still thinking about taking care of the little things, but… I haven’t been able to find a job.”

“So you’re thinking of leaving the lab? Then you’ll be doing nothing for a while.”

“I know it sounds a bit like I’m a freeloader when you say it like that, but yeah, that’s what happened.”

“Well then, wouldn’t you like to play with me?”

“…Wait a minute, are you playing? Are you arguing?”

“The country is supposed to monitor and supervise natural disasters.”

“What is that….”

“Doesn’t it look fun?”

“…….”

Joohyun shut her mouth.

“…….”

“…….”

After a while he said.

“…Maybe so?”

So, Joo-Hyeon was taken to Bisabeol by Yoo Seong-Woon's hand at Geo's request.

It was a future that the person involved had not expected at all.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (148)

148

Episode 148

Yoo Seong-un knew very well what Bisabal's tastes were.

'I don't like dry and selfish people.'

People who are extremely individualistic, and fundamentally honest and capable. People who can think, "Oh, it's pitiful, but I'm glad I'm not that person," even when someone dies right in front of them. People who try to maintain a minimum level of goodness and conscience.

That was the standard by which the Visaval collected people.

'In that sense, Joo-Hyeon is far from Bisabal's taste.'

In fact, Yoo Seong-un only knew that 'the guild leader likes this kind of person', but he didn't really know what kind of people he disliked or how he reacted. It was natural because if they didn't match his taste, he wouldn't have gathered them in the first place.

And now.

“…….”

“…….”

In the silence that came from hell, Meteor Cloud put strength into his clasped hands.

'Anyone, please speak up.'

The meteor cloud was drying up, stuck between Bisabal and Juhyeon.

‘I thought it wouldn’t be my taste because it was so noisy…’

Visabal really seemed to genuinely dislike Joohyun.

He was smiling, but his lips were twisted, and unlike his usual appearance of a snake that never loses its smile, his eyes were cold, and his gaze towards the other person was arrogant and extremely uncooperative. It was the first time that Yoo Seong-woon had seen Bisabal like that.

'And this one too… .'

It wasn't like Joohyun was particularly okay.

This gentleman didn't even smile. He had a strong impression of being a very friendly and honest person, but for some reason, he didn't even pretend to be social in front of Bisabal. His narrowed eyes clearly showed contempt for Bisabal.

'Why on earth?'

You guys are meeting for the first time.

'And we didn't exchange a single word.'

I couldn't even imagine this kind of atmosphere until I received Juhyun's handover from Geo. Juhyun, who I had talked to while coming to the interview room, was a very gentle and easygoing person.

“…….”

“…….”

“…I’m sorry.”

And in the end, Yoo Seong-un couldn't hold back anymore.

“Anyone, please speak up.”

Don't make me feel uncomfortable.

Did they sense Yoo Seong-un's feelings, or did they also try to wrap things up here? The two of them changed their expressions in an instant and returned to their normal appearances.

“Oh, no. I’m sorry. I heard that Mr. Joo-hyun had a very good impression, so I couldn’t help but look at him. Could you please forgive my rudeness?”

“What do you mean by forgiveness, Master of the Bisabal Guild? I was so nervous to meet the famous collector that I feel I have offended you. I am truly sorry.”

Yoo Seong-un was secretly enjoying the conversation between these two rascals.

'I want to leave work.'

Of course, it was too early to leave work.

“Guild leader.”

“Yes, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“Should I take my leave now?”

“No, please take a seat.”

Visabal offered me a seat with his characteristically sly smile.

“We are going to talk about ‘Mr. Sergio’, so shouldn’t his curator, Seongwoon Yoo, be there too?”

“If that is what you mean, Guild Leader, then I understand. Thank you for your consideration.”

If there weren't any outsiders, he would have said, "Please stop bothering me," but for the sake of the guild's image, Yoo Seong-un had no choice but to bend. He obediently sat down in the position designated by Bisabal.

Finally, a proper conversation began.

“Let me formally introduce myself, Mr. Juhyun. My name is Bisabal, the head of the Collectors’ Guild.”

Visabal smiled faintly with a fairly normal face.

“I also heard about Mr. Joo Hyun’s situation. It was very rude of me, but I found out through Mr. Yoo Seong Woon. I heard that our curator explained the basic details….”

“Yes, thanks to you, I also heard about ‘Portrait of Geo’. I was really surprised to hear that the famous black cloak was actually part of the collection of the Bisabal Guildmaster.”

“I feel sorry that this old collector has frightened the innocent young man. So, does the fact that you came through the collector mean that you are willing to take care of Sergio?”

“In a natural, smooth tone,” Bisabal added.

“Oh, of course, if you find it burdensome, you can decline.”

“I think it’s a role that’s too much for me, but I have no intention of turning it down.”

The sentences that Joo-Hyeon spits out are also very smooth.

“I have received a lot of help from Mr. Sergio. It is a great honor for me

to be given the opportunity to repay that favor.”

At that moment, Yoo Seong-un heard the voice of Bi Sa-bal, who was whispering, “I know, you know.” Since her lips didn’t move, it was ventriloquism, and it was a kind of indicator that let Yoo Seong-un know that she was upset.

It was at a level that even an ordinary person like Joo-hyun wouldn’t be able to hear. But… .

'So what do you want me to do?'

To be honest, Yoo Seong-woon wanted to take Joo Hyun’s side rather than Bisabal’s. Of course, he didn’t like the fact that Joo Hyun was glaring at his superior, but Bisabal was the one who started the fight with his expression first.

'Please give me some money for the night.'

The story continued regardless of Yoo Seong-un's thoughts.

“The Portrait of Geo, known to the world as ‘Black Cloak,’ is currently recorded as an A-class Hunter belonging to a collector. In fact, that is the identity he uses when traveling around the human world.”

“The role I will be taking on will be that of the manager of ‘Sergio Hunter.’”

“Mr. Sergio is an official collector, so you can think of him as a secretary. Please help ‘Portrait of Geo’ adapt to humans without feeling awkward and live as a hunter.”

Bisabal smiled a familiar smile to the world. It was a smile that gave off a sense of trust and stability, while also hinting at the arrogance typical of S-class hunters who were closer to monsters than humans.

“As far as I know, Sergio introduced himself to Joohyun as the evil

spirit. Is that right?"

"Yes, the one named Argio…."

Joohyun said that and smiled gently.

"I was surprised at how kind and compassionate he was for such a person."

"That's the charm of 'Portrait of Geo.' He is very colorful and has tens of thousands of appearances, but he is fundamentally kind to humans and very gentlemanly."

The smile of the sage describing Geo instantly became genuine. He loved works of art, and he loved his collection even more. He truly wished for the convenience and happiness of 'Portrait of Geo'.

"I understand that you are wary of meeting him as an evil spirit at first. However, if Joo-Hyeon shows favor, 'Portrait of Geo' will show favor as well."

"…There was a rumor that Black Cloak gave gifts to good people."

"It's true. He really likes good and polite people. And he hates bad and rude people. To the point of isolating them from other people."

The eyes of the beast were sunken.

"Isn't that the kind of personality you like, Mr. Joo-Hyeon?"

"…haha…."

Joohyun returned that smile.

"I don't dare to judge whether I like it or not."

"Oh, those are very humble words. Unlike the distribution of the arms."

"A person who is weak and fearful without any self-respect."

“Such excessive modesty doesn’t suit you, Mr. Joo-Hyeon.”

The visage's smile twisted.

“What suits you is greedy greed, isn’t it?”

“…….”

Joohyun smiled even more deeply.

“…I never thought I would hear that collector call me greedy.”

“We are both quite greedy people, although we work in different fields.”

Soon after, Visabal returned to his usual public appearance.

“Mr. Joo-hyun may not admit it, but Mr. Yoo Seong-woon will tell you the exact details.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been quiet the whole time, nodded.

“I will explain it to you separately later.”

“Oh, thank you. I was worried about what to do….”

“It won’t be difficult, so don’t worry.”

At those words from Yoo Seong-un, Bisabal looked at Joo-hyeon again.

“Would you like to become a member of the Collector’s Association?”

Joohyun smiled brightly.

"no?"

“Haha! I knew it.”

“I don’t think I’m cut out for being a collector.”

“I’m sorry, but it’s true.”

The collection was such that only Bisabul's 'collections' could occupy that spot. In other words, it was a messy company where you couldn't even get hired if you didn't have a piece that Bisabul liked.

In that sense, anyone could see that Bisabal was avoiding Joohyun. Even Yoo Seong-woon, who was proud of being in Bisabal’s good graces, had never seen such a reaction from his superior, so he had said everything he wanted to say.

“Mr. Joo-hyun, you will be Sergio Hunter’s personal secretary, so you don’t have to worry about taking orders from me. Just think about taking orders from Sergio.”

“I will do that.”

“I understand that it hasn’t been sorted out with the association yet, so I’ll take a little bit of a hand in that area. I’ll help you get out cleanly without any problems. Do you have anything you left behind at work? Or any items you need to bring with you?”

“No, there isn't.”

“Then, all that’s left is to sort out the relationship. Fortunately, that’s not a problem for our collectors. We’ll help you sort things out without any friction.”

Soon, Visabal smiled and asked.

“Do you have any other questions?”

“I think the guild leader has something to say rather than me.”

“Oh, my. You got it exactly right.”

The smile disappeared from Bisabal's face.

“I don’t really like people like Joohyun.”

“I think you might feel the same way,” he added.

“People like Mr. Joo-Hyeon chase illusions too seriously.”

“It could be said that chasing such illusions is the right of foolish humans.”

“Is it really necessary to do something that you know is foolish?”

“People with poor eyesight like the guild leader have to feel their way forward.”

“…I really don’t like people like you….”

He touched the rings on my hands.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un realized that it was a habit that came out when Bisabal recognized the opponent as an enemy, and so he quietly stared at Joo-hyun.

It wasn't a flow that made sense, but it was worth paying attention to. In what ways would my beloved superior be wary of and loath toward this person?

'Considering the circumstances… did he seem like a person who would harm the work?'

Since Bisabal hadn’t given any signals, it didn’t seem like a situation where he should recognize Yoo Seong-un as an enemy, but he was secretly wary of this civilian researcher. He trusted Bisabal’s eyes.

'There are certainly civilians who don't lose their momentum even when faced with S-class and A-class hunters… .'

It was at that time that I thought there was something fishy.

"-hey."

A long arm stretched out from behind the visage.

“…….”

“The air is heavy.”

It made a rattling sound and showed off all sorts of ornaments, and soon, its fingers adorned with gorgeous jewels lightly grabbed Bisabal’s shoulder as if playfully. Yoo Seong-un looked at the owner of that arm.

Pale skin that looks like it has never seen sunlight, a bright smile, and dark red hair.

“You shouldn’t mess with heroes.”

“…….”

“I may not be able to treat you well, but….”

It was a portrait.

“Isn’t that right, Master of the Visabal Guild?”

A portrait that appeared in the air, not on a wall.

“…….”

“…….”

“Those eyes.”

The two monsters' eyes met.

“Is it the dragon’s?”

The pupil of the visage was slit long.

“Nice to meet you, Geo’s portrait.”

“I am pleased to accept your invitation.”

“That’s right….”

With joy and greed, Bisabal laughed.

“…It is an honor.”

It was the first encounter between a collector and a portrait artist.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (149)

149

Episode 149

It was the meeting with the portrait that Bisabal had been longing for, but unfortunately it did not last long.

“I think the important story is over, so I’ll take my friend with me.”

“It’s a shame you’re leaving already.”

“I’m waiting for the next invitation.”

Because soon after, 'Portrait of Geo' disappeared into the painting, taking Joo-hyun with it.

“…….”

At that part, Yoo Seong-un was a little surprised.

'The trust relationship has been built quite strongly.'

Joo-hyun obediently entered the portrait at Geo’s gesture. He smiled sadly, but he didn’t seem to be the type to let his guard down easily, so it was quite surprising in either case.

'The fact that a person who cares so much for Geo has appeared, and that a person named Joo-hyun has accepted Geo.'

It seemed that even Visabal felt that part.

“It seems that Sergio has the power to soften people.”

“I’ve often thought that, although he doesn’t seem to be very social, he’s strangely friendly.”

“It was his long-standing ability that he had been demonstrating since the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’ incident.”

In general, portraits tend to have a somewhat stiff and unwieldy feel to them without the help of 'Geo'.

It might be funny to say something like that to Geun-won, but Geo wasn't the most sociable person.

'He also feels uncomfortable being out of the frame for a long time or coming into contact with many people. It can't be helped since Geo lowers his own level and adjusts it, but from the humans' perspective... Geo doesn't seem like a friendly image.'

Even when he was the most gentle and soft-spoken 'Giovanni', people had a hard time with him no matter how kind he was. This was probably because he had such a strong aristocratic impression.

Apart from the fact that he showed great consideration, there was nothing he could do about the high rank. But given the difficult atmosphere… .

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“Should we consider this to be Geo’s ability?”

“There is no reason not to do so.”

“I don’t know whether to like it or be embarrassed.”

Oddly enough, Geo easily gained trust and favor.

It was the same when Cha Ara Hunter encountered him and recognized him as a monster, it was the same when it came to the dungeon refugees who were sensitive because their lives were in danger, and even Joo Hyun, who said that his first encounter was in the form of an evil spirit, was showing the same behavior.

“It’s probably not been a day or two since we met. Especially in the world inside the portrait, time would have flowed quickly depending on Geo’s mood. But even considering that, it’s still amazing.”

Yoo Seong-un recalled the information I had researched.

“Joohyun is not the type of person to trust someone easily.”

“It seemed quite clever. Time and trust have no relation to Mr. Joo Hyun.”

“I definitely didn’t think he was the type of person to trust someone just because he’d seen them for a long time.”

“Even Sergio is a demon and a being of origin.”

“Entrusting yourself to someone like that requires a minimum level of trust….”

“If you volunteered to enter the portrait, then you’ve said enough.”

“I don’t know if it’s a conscious action or an unconscious trust.”

“I think it’s both.”

The visa holder smiled faintly.

“First of all, the timing must have been perfect. He was so desperate that he was about to make a deal with Sankalut, so he probably just let it happen.”

“Is it because you were taking care of Geo in such a way while putting

everything down that it was hard for you to be on guard? You repaid the favor, but it didn’t seem like you were touched.”

“Well… I think my basic liking for the Black Cloak may have had some influence.”

He rarely clicked his tongue.

“It seems like you dream of a utopia, but it wouldn’t have been easy to reject the great mystery of affirming good and denying evil.”

It seemed like he didn't like the guy named Juhyun.

“He will continue to question his true nature, but the Portrait of Geo is an ideal for him. Sergio has already proven his true nature several times in the form of the Black Cloak, and he must have felt a liking for it.”

“Wouldn’t Mr. Joo-Hyeon’s taste be detrimental to Geo?”

“That year is very subjective. I feel like it’s an arrogant pest to even think about arbitrarily cutting and using my work, but as you saw earlier, Geo would really like it. Our positions are different.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed awkwardly at Bisabal's words.

“So that’s why you hated it so much.”

“They are the type of people who just don’t fit with me.”

He looked quite disgusted.

“Heroes are greedy. They can’t tell the difference between courage and recklessness, they’re greedy, and they always make stupid choices. It’s hard to tell if they’re really stupid or if they’re just being stupid on purpose.”

"aha…."

“Whether or not he understands the subject, people like Mr. Joo Hyun often do things that go beyond my subject. If Mr. Joo Hyun completely believes in Sergio’s true nature, he will try to use him. I really don’t like it.”

“Oh, yes.”

Anyway, I love that guy's work.

'I guess he was given the name 'Collector' because he showed such a love that was close to obsession.'

Bisabal usually took care of his collection with love and care, so he tried to give his collection what it wanted as much as possible, but this time, he didn't like the part about Geo wanting a 'friend' named Juhyun.

'Anyway, it seems there was nothing for me to worry about.'

In the end, it was frustrating that he had to entrust the management of his beloved collection to someone he didn't like. It was a shame that Joo-Hyeon was the only one who suffered because of the guild leader's narrow-mindedness.

“…Still, he’s a hero. Isn’t that a kind of high praise?”

“It was probably closer to an objective evaluation than a compliment.”

Bisabeol smiled broadly. It was a smile that he only saw in front of his collection. It was his intention to be considerate of Yoo Seong-un, who was trying to lighten the mood.

“Even though I’m acting so immature, I don’t hate that guy named Joo-hyun. But there are people like that in the world, the type who don’t get along well even when neither of them has done anything wrong, so they end up hating each other.”

“Ah… that kind of….”

“There are no other complaints or grievances. When people see money bugs in their house, they feel disgusted and think, ‘Oh, that bug is going to eat the pests in my house.’ It’s something like that.”

“Are you comparing people to insects now?”

“It’s just a metaphor. Joo-hyun would be a pretty good guide and helper to Geo, and I appreciate that. It’s just that we don’t get along very well.”

Then Visabal asked.

“In that sense, don’t you need a roommate?”

“I think I misheard you?”

“It would be nice if Yoo Seong-un had a friend too.”

“Oh, well, I heard wrong?”

Yoo Seong-un asked back with a frown on his face.

“Who is that roommate?”

“Well, with Joohyun….”

“Please, what crime did he commit?”

“And Sergio?”

“…….”

You've finally gone crazy.

Yoo Seong-un wiped his face.

* * *

"sorry."

Joohyun first tried to apologize.

“I feel like I made the atmosphere unnecessarily heavy….”

“You don’t have to apologize to me for that.”

“The person who introduced me to help me was rude to me.”

“If you’re really sorry, could you tell me why you did that?”

As Geo said that, he instantly transformed into a blond-haired priest.

He smiled divinely, as if he was cradling a lost lamb.

“Okay, brother. I am ready to listen.”

It really looked like that.

Although the place where the two of them were was a wooden table filled with the scent of phytoncide, the long, flowing platinum hair and the pure white priest's robes reminded me of the prayer room of a temple. He was the ideal priest.

“…….”

Joohyun, as always, smiled, but looked a little tired.

“So you’re prepared to listen….”

“I think it would be easier for you to speak this way.”

“Well… I guess that’s true.”

I felt like I was going to confession.

"hmm…."

Joohyun, who had been thinking for a moment, soon opened his mouth.

“I thought you weren’t a good match for me.”

“Why did you think so?”

“It’s embarrassing to say, but I’ve never really been a fan of collectors.”

“Is there a reason why that happened?”

“That person… has absolutely no interest in the well-being of others.”

The leader of the Collectors' Guild, one of the three major guilds in South Korea. He was a wealthy man with great influence, but he made all decisions and acted solely based on his own interests.

“I don’t think that living a life solely based on interest is completely bad. However, from his actions, I felt that the leader of the Bisabae Guild had no concern for others. That was a bit… like that.”

To Bisabul, the world was his gallery, a playground where his work could run wild. He seemed to mostly keep the line, but that kind of individualistic nature was tiring for Joohyun.

“He is a man of great influence, but he has acted as if he has no sense of responsibility. Of course, unless you see him and talk to him, you don’t know what’s going on, but it’s a kind of prejudice.”

“I guess you thought it didn’t fit well in that regard.”

“I’m really ashamed. I’m not a particularly good person for saying this, but I’ve made assumptions about others and even been rude. But that doesn’t mean I hate the leader of the Bisabal guild.”

Joohyun added with an awkward smile.

“I am grateful to him. The collector is one of the strong pillars that

sustains our fragile planet. Regardless of my personal feelings, he is definitely someone to be respected."

"Mr. Joo-hyun, you are already well aware of your actions and their consequences. However, I don't want to see you blaming yourself, so I hope you will show an attitude of no regrets next time."

"Thank you for your thoughtful advice. It seems that even the leader of the Visabal Guild doesn't hate me as a person. We were just being a bit… childish."

He wiped the corner of his mouth as if reflecting.

"He won't like me being around Mr. Geo."

"……."

For a moment, Geo's eyes sparkled golden and his head turned red.

"Is this the 'cat thief' remark I've only heard of…?"

"I don't know what it is that you're so excited about, but I don't think so."

Joohyun's expression became subtle.

"No, but do you know the term 'cat thief'?"

"It's all because I'm wise."

"Well, it's something that can be found out if you want to know…."

I felt a little strange.

"……."

It wasn't just that this situation was funny.

'… What should I say… .'

Would it be too rude to think that he really felt human?

It was because he was acting like a normal young man of that age, making a fuss and doing such trivial things. In fact, Argio's face was young enough to be called a 'young man'.

Of course, it would be difficult to call a being with such a huge personality, whose color changes depending on the purpose and will, an 'ordinary young man', but still... .

"……."

"Mr. Joohyun, what are you thinking?"

"…That's right."

I don't know what this idea is.

"…As far as I know, Black Cloak likes good people."

"How many people hate good people?"

Before I knew it, his hair was back to black.

It was the color of a shadow that had lost all its color and was exhausted, but the face of the black cloak was still warm, though it had just calmly settled down.

He added casually.

"I think it's just ordinary taste."

"Is it okay to give a gift to a kind and polite person?"

"I'm the type of person who can't leave people who have inspired me alone."

"Those are the people who inspire you."

If that were true, it would be truly amazing.

“That’s really….”

Joohyun felt it anew.

“…I think it’s a great thing.”

“What’s so great?”

“People like you are merciful.”

This existence is truly peaceful.

“It resembles the world in this portrait.”

That's why I admired it.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (150)

150

Episode 150

When I first woke up in this cabin and saw the dawn sky with the sun just rising.

“I felt a peace here that I had only imagined.”

It was a beautiful sky.

A vast field of vision, unlike the concrete forest where you can't see beyond even a little bit. The clear Milky Way that seems to sparkle endlessly even when enough light gathers. The sweet scent of nature lingering in the cool yet warm breeze.

My dry corneas began to sting from the unknown perfume, and my heart began to pound heavily. I was so overwhelmed that I couldn't even think.

“It’s different from reality.”

There was no noise whatsoever here.

“Mr. Sergio.”

“You finally call me that.”

“You are a strong being, aren’t you?”

“Yes, it just happened without me knowing.”

“And at the same time, it’s evil.”

“I don’t quite understand the role of the devil yet, but yes.”

“…Don’t you feel like I’m being rude?”

The black cloak asked him in a puzzled tone.

“Do you want me to think you’re rude?”

“That’s not true, but to be honest, it is true that it is difficult to understand.”

“What part do you not understand?”

“How can it exist in that form?”

It was ridiculous.

“You have all kinds of strengths.”

In every way, 'Portrait of Geo' was a powerhouse.

“In every way, you are overwhelmingly strong.”

“That is a great compliment.”

“It may sound like that, but at least from what I’ve seen… yes.”

It would be foolish to argue with force against the great mystery of the evil god, but when he was red, he looked capable of fighting. His overwhelming presence made me bow down despite his excellent disguise.

He was a god to Juhyun, a terrifying humanoid monster to the people of the world, and his dungeons were working diligently for their master. I felt the overwhelming strength from the mystery and divinity he

contained.

“Well, I know this may be rude, but your appearance is like that too.”

“I often hear compliments that I’m handsome.”

“I think so too, it seems natural.”

He was an ideal handsome man, and although his body was not noticeable because of the cloak, he was neither thick nor thin. He was tall, close to 190, and his bearing resembled that of an old nobleman or a noble priest. His hands, which always carried a bundle behind his back, were large.

Joo-hyun was confident in his observation. The black cloak's appearance alone could be a powerful weapon. It was only natural, since there were humans everywhere who were weak in sight.

“Sergio can never be weak.”

In any situation or relationship, he has the upper hand.

“So there are times when I don’t understand even more.”

“I’m listening, so keep talking. What don’t you understand?”

“You are like….”

Joo-Hyeon, who had been hesitating, let out a sigh.

“Act as if you understand the weak.”

It's nonsense. Those who are naturally strong don't understand the many weak people.

As God sees humans, if you memorize their actions and ways, you cannot care for them even if you do not know them. Because you are strong, you cannot understand weakness. Just as a blind person

cannot understand the color red.

“So, what I want to say is….”

I felt like my words were a bit tangled.

“Sergio, although he is very strong, understands the weak. He is considerate. He respects them. How can someone so strong that he can make you feel a sense of fear?”

“Because I’m just human. I’m not the ideal strong person that Mr. Joo-hyun thinks I am.”

“That’s true. Sergio really does feel like a human being. He sleeps, eats, cooks. He wants friends, he goes out sometimes, he jokes, he laughs, he cries….”

“I don’t think I’ve ever cried.”

“I saw you acting childish towards your father. I saw you whining to your children. They were all natural. That’s why you seem like a real person.”

A question suddenly arises.

“Is this flow of my thoughts also intentional?”

“I don’t intend anything.”

“You’re saying that it’s not a lie that you didn’t realize was a lie?”

“No way, I’m a more sloppy person than you can imagine, Mr. Joo-Hyeon.”

“Even if that is true, humans will be greatly affected.”

That's human.

They are swayed to their core by the glances and gestures of God. Even the conversations that come from great destiny and nature can become great disasters, and they can go crazy with just a drop of their small affection.

That's human, and that's God. Joo-hyun knows that too.

“I know, but….”

I closed my eyes tightly.

“…….”

“…….”

And again, I took in the black cloak.

Two eyes. One nose, one lip. Two ears. The skin is slightly pale, and the hair is shallow and curled.

He waits for me to speak. No matter how hard I try to see into its essence, only the human form comes into view.

“…I can’t stop seeing you as a human.”

It's the face of youth.

“How old are you?”

“I’m 29 years old.”

“Where is your hometown?”

“It’s Gangwon-do.”

“What did you do?”

“At school.”

A faint smile appears on his pale face.

“I taught students.”

“…You were a teacher.”

“Yes, I worked at a high school.”

"is it so."

I feel empty.

"I see."

Look at that loving smile.

If this isn't human, then what is it?

“…….”

“Do I look human now?”

"…maybe…."

I think that might be possible.

Joohyun laughed awkwardly.

“You keep asking the same question, why do you give gifts to good people?”

“Because when we see someone special, we want to praise them.”

“They say that when you see people, you talk to them.”

“It’s fun to talk to you. I feel sorry for those who are afraid of me.”

“Why do you keep arresting bad people?”

“My children are doing this for me, but it wasn’t my intention.”

“There really isn’t any grand reason for it.”

“Because I don’t have the ability to think deeply.”

“I understand.”

If all of this were true, and even if it wasn't sincere, if he continued on this path, Joo-hyun would not even dare to think of denying this existence.

If I were to be greedy, would it be too rude to think that way? I could never hate him, who was made up of such ideal peace.

“…….”

I tried to be wary of it because it was introduced as an evil spirit, and I wanted to stay away from it because it was too huge to feel at ease, but I also wanted to give it my heart.

“…You didn’t use that kind of ability, did you…?”

“I would appreciate it if you could be more specific about what abilities you are referring to.”

“People… are made to feel… helpless… and are made to feel safe… and are fooled….”

“…? I don’t quite understand. Is this a compliment?”

“It could be… or it might not be….”

“…….”

“…Ugh….”

Joo-hyun blamed his own stupidity.

'What on earth did I expect from asking such a question?'

It was wrong to want to have an equal exchange with the form before one's eyes when there was a high possibility that it was not the real entity. God had different standards for truth and falsehood from humans.

Whether he actually had such powers or not, whether he knew the powers existed or not, until Joo-hyun realized it himself, the words of the divinity before his eyes could be true or false.

“I’m sorry, that sounded weird.”

“I don’t quite understand, but….”

The man asked.

“Don’t you want to be my friend?”

"…yes?"

“So that’s why you praised me.”

“Huh? Oh, no….”

“In the end, I think you liked it.”

“That’s… uh….”

“Are you still unsure of what you want to do? Are you wary of trusting me?”

"…I am…."

“Mr. Joo-hyun, you consider it a sin to rely on anyone other than yourself. I affirm the value of your foolish beliefs.”

“…….”

“That must be your way of life.”

When I hesitated to answer, he continued.

“You don’t have to overthink it. I wanted to be friends with Joohyun, and now I see you as that. And you’re not the type of person to settle down in one place.”

“…Is that a compliment too?”

“You can see it that way. What I’m trying to say is that there’s nothing wrong with us being friends. Are you also someone who can’t see the present because you regret the past and worry about the future?”

“I don’t think so.”

“Then there is no problem. Mr. Joo-hyun is a person with a great ambition for world peace, and I would be a friend who would fit that very well. So I would like you to be the second friend in this portrait.”

His expression remained blunt and calm.

“Take your time. Mr. Joo-hyun is a sincere and polite person, so whether it’s fast or slow, he’ll find the right path that suits you.”

“You may make irreversible mistakes.”

“There is no such thing as an irreversible mistake. Why can such a sentence exist? After all, people have to live in the present and move forward, but instead, they think about the past that cannot be recovered.”

“Humans are such foolish creatures.”

“I admit that I have an unusually simple and light-hearted way of thinking. But it is the privilege of living beings to reflect and grow from the past. And that is the only option.”

“I know that too, but….”

“Mr. Joohyun.”

The man spoke as if he were Buddha.

“Are you afraid of trying something new because you might make mistakes that don’t come true?”

“I knew someone else would be sacrificed because of my mistake. I committed a sin.”

“Mr. Joo-hyun, the people of the world are not lambs that you need to save.”

“…….”

“It is a form of arrogance to try to take responsibility for them all.”

That might have been a bit of a shock.

“They are living their own lives, and it is their lives that should be respected for being caught up in Joo Hyun’s mistakes. Don’t be mistaken that the lives they have chosen and nurtured were solely Joo Hyun’s.”

"…but…."

“It’s good to reflect, but if you’re scared, the only way out is to run away and hide. And I know that you’re not that kind of person, Joo-hyun. You’ll eventually find your own way, and I’m just reducing that hesitation.”

“…….”

“An individual cannot be a very great being. Even if he has a huge influence, he is ultimately just one of the passing trends. Even if he looks like a giant, it is just one of his characteristics. No being can be a perfect indicator.”

He continued speaking with his face still expressionless.

“I see Mr. Joo Hyun as a good and polite person with a heroic side. That is your characteristic, not who you are. There is no need to be immersed in it.”

"…ah…."

“Don’t let the goal you want to achieve eat you up, Mr. Joo-hyun. You just want the world to be at peace, and that’s what you’re trying to do. Don’t let that ruin you.”

"that…."

“Mr. Joo-hyun, your caution and vigilance are great strengths and virtues. However, if you have to believe after considering everything, there won’t be much left for you. So for now….”

“…….”

“Will you be my friend?”

He smiled broadly.

“Because I have a romantic idea about pen pals.”

“…That’s a good romance.”

I wondered if that smile would make me dull. Would it make me feel comfortable? And yet, there was me who was captivated by that sense of stability.

I wondered what kind of smile that 'Geo' had, but soon came to the conclusion that it was meaningless. According to what he said, even distinguishing 'Geo' was actually worthless.

At this point, it became embarrassing to even hesitate.

“…Let’s do it, buddy.”

"oh."

“This is difficult.”

Joohyun smiled faintly.

“There might be problems though.”

“Let’s think about it little by little.”

“I was going to say that too.”

“Opportunities always present themselves.”

“You can also make it yourself.”

“You understand well.”

"…therefore…."

After hesitating several times, I finally blurted it out.

"i look forward to."

Sergio laughed at that.

It looked quite human.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (151)

151

Episode 151

Even though Geo made a new pen pal and Joohyun made a friend in Black Cloak, the daily life in this peaceful cabin did not change.

Still, the black cloak cooked rice.

“Please let me work too.”

“Guests do not do the work.”

“You said we were friends.”

“He is a guest and a friend.”

Although I felt a little uneasy, it was true that everything was peaceful.

“Then, could you please look after Dana? She looks bored.”

“If I get close, won’t it burn me? Really? I heard that the Anticat’s fire is that hot.”

“It seems like you don’t hate Joohyun as much as you used to, so why don’t you try to be brave?”

“Just this morning, he was passing by me, showing his teeth….”

“It has definitely become more harmful than before when we tried to

turn it into ashes.”

Delicious meals were served three times a day, the room was comfortable and private, and the view from the veranda was as beautiful as a scene from a fairy tale. I was enjoying an abundance of benefits without doing anything.

But that didn't change the situation at all.

“…….”

Joo-hyun is troubled by her new friend's identity.

The attic was the place where I followed my interest in the process of making things like paints and brushes. Joo-Hyeon, who was invited there, spoke in a calm and composed tone.

“I’m very cautious, but I thought about it.”

“I am listening.”

“I think it’s okay to ask this much if you’re a friend.”

“Ask a question.”

He called Geo.

“Mr. Geo.”

"yes."

“…Mr. Sergio?”

"yes."

“Argio?”

"yes."

“How should I call you?”

"aha."

Geo admitted his mistake.

“I guess my introduction wasn’t enough.”

Yes, Joo-hyun knew almost nothing about Geo.

'I never explained it to you separately.'

Such a strange indifference was also typical of the great mystery's attitude toward humans.

“I hope I don’t do anything unpleasant.”

“I don’t think there’s much that I’d be offended by, but….”

“I don’t think I would do something like that, but still.”

“It’s definitely rude not to even introduce yourself properly.”

Glass tools that clank and fall. And the liquids with strange colors filled inside them, and the vivid colors that are scattered without any regularity. Danawa Honey, completely submerged in a box next to the workbench.

In the attic where all kinds of mysterious things gathered, Geo had an unexpected self-introduction time.

“I am Sergio.”

“Oh, yes, I heard that. The members of the Collectors’ Guild also knew that.”

“And this is Batlan Giovanni.”

“…Batlan Giovanni?”

“It is also expected to become Argio soon.”

“…….”

Joo-Hyeon thought that the practice of these mysterious people 'cutting out all the extra explanations and only stating the main point meaningfully' should be made illegal.

'… Even the oracles, which are said to be the most representative form of communication with the mysteries, are always too vague when it comes to information given by beings of enormous stature.'

It was just embarrassing for the listener. Joohyun laughed awkwardly.

Joo-hyun also knew that there was a reason for everything. In the case of oracles, the language of the gods was likely to harm the believers, so they minimized the scale as much as possible, which resulted in sentences that were difficult to interpret.

'I don't know much about it because it's not my area of expertise.'

Anyway, that’s why Joo-hyun was able to quickly hide his bewilderment at Geo’s abrupt sentences. He rubbed his chin for a moment, then thought about it, and soon he found a pattern without much difficulty.

“All of the names have ‘Geo’ in them. So it’s ‘Portrait of Geo’?”

“I think so.”

“It seems that Geo’s appearance, which changes from time to time, is due to his name.”

He asked in his characteristically soft tone.

“What does Mr. Sergio look like?”

“This is what it looks like when you have black hair.”

“Um… Argio had red hair.”

“Thank you for remembering.”

“This is what Batlan Giovanni looks like when he was blond.”

“Thank you for your understanding.”

Was it so extraordinary that a mere human could understand the words of such a great mystery? I do not know what part of this portrait struck his interest and emotion, but soon a golden light spread over him like paint.

Giovanni smiled his characteristically bright smile.

“This is the first time I’ve done a proper introduction like this since Yoo Seong-un.”

“…….”

It seems that he mostly changes into 'Giovanni' when he wants to effectively express joy or provide stability to humans.

If you look at it that way, 'Sergio' and 'Argio' each have their own uses. Joo-hyun, who had gathered his thoughts, soon smiled awkwardly.

“…Ah, is this your first time? I have a rough idea of what the situation is like.”

“Most people get nervous just by looking at me, so I never had a chance to have a casual conversation like this. I was worried about when I would ever make friends, but I’m so glad I met Joohyun.”

“It is a great honor for me.”

Joohyun thought to herself while smiling brightly.

'How could anyone not be scared unless they were as crazy as me?'

Just looking at it, it's at least a humanoid monster, but no matter how deeply you think about it, isn't it the form of an evil god? It's true that the ghost story about the 'black cloak' has become quite familiar, but there wouldn't be many people who would openly pretend to be friendly to him.

"……."

Joo-hyun, who became one of those 'few people', felt bitter inside. He had been proud of living a sane and normal life, but now he had become friends with an evil spirit.

'I have to be careful not to have vain thoughts. Even if what the other person wants from me is a friendship, and I respond to that, I have to be careful about the things I need to be careful about.'

Taking the favor of the evil spirit as one's own strength, relying too much on him, being intoxicated by power that is not one's own, being ungrateful, and being overly greedy...

The contract holders of the evil gods who ruined the world throughout history all failed to grasp their subject and did wrong. I did not want to be recorded in history that way, even if I would rather disappear as a cog in the wheel of society.

"…Then can I hear Mr. Geo's story?"

Since you gave me your name, I guess you're willing to explain.

"Of course, if it makes you uncomfortable, you don't have to tell me."

"No, they're not that special."

Geo, with his black hair, was seen with his arms crossed, thinking about something. He soon opened his mouth.

“Argio had the innate ability to transform into a beast. Because of that ability, he was banished from his family and lived like an animal in the forest, until he was driven to the root of all evil and became a demon.”

Joohyun said reflexively.

“It’s already special.”

“Is that so?”

“No, rather than special, it’s a bit more negative….”

“I lived happily and went.”

“That’s a real black joke.”

Joohyun nodded and continued speaking.

“What kind of person was Giovanni of the Batlan family?”

“As a priest and doctor of the sun, he was beaten to death while caring for mermaid students.”

“What should I… how should I react to this kind of story?”

“You can laugh. I had a good time and left happily.”

“If I laugh, I feel like I’ll become something less than human.”

What a laugh, it was a story desperately trying to hide shock.

“I feel like I’ve heard a similar story somewhere…?”

“Then, it seems you have read the report on the ‘Deep Sea Country’.”

“I’m really surprised that it wasn’t my mistake.”

Joo Hyun-do, a rare humanoid monster who officially appeared in the association, carefully read the report on the 'Deep Sea Country'. The

report also included the overall story related to the dungeon.

“…….”

No matter how much I think about it, it doesn't seem like he lived happily and died.

“…Actually, I kind of expected it.”

“I wonder what you expected and how.”

“Ever since I found out that Black Cloak was a collector’s item.”

“What’s the problem there?”

“The report on ‘The Country of the Deep Sea’ that you sent me from the collection was written by Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“I think so.”

“And Mr. Yoo Seong-un, um….”

Joohyun chose her words.

“You are quite well known within the association’s research community.”

“Why is that?”

“Because you are the former research team leader who transferred to a collection center, of all places.”

“What’s so special about moving to a collector’s position?”

“The motto is special. The collector has a strong sense of cherishing the works.”

“I’ve definitely heard that there is such a rule.”

“And the researchers of the association are quite resistant to this kind of collecting motto.”

In a way, it was natural.

“Because I see a lot of things I don’t like at the lab.”

They know the cruelty of the dangerous objects that collectors call 'art'.

“There is a saying in the research institute of the association that ‘Anyone who has not lost something to them is not a real researcher.’ That is how strong their wariness is towards dangerous objects, and each person has a different story.”

“I am safe.”

“Of course, I didn’t mean that to you, Mr. Geo. You’re a far better person to be compared to those dangerous and inconvenient items. You’ve done me a lot of favors.”

Joohyun smiled her signature smile.

“But most hazardous materials are not like that. The collection gallery and the association’s research institute are in many ways polar opposites, so it is extremely rare for an employee who has experience in one to move to the other.”

In fact, Yoo Seong-un was the first person to move to the opposite side.

“It’s something that only someone with a strong affection for dangerous items can do. Isn’t this the report on the S-class dungeon that someone like that submitted? Many researchers were curious about what caught the interest of former Research Team Leader Yoo Seong-un.”

“That happened.”

“Among those who participated at that time, the name of Sergio Hunter remained. I also knew that he was the person who contributed greatly to the rescue of civilians on the day of the terrorist attack on the initiation ceremony of the Solar Cult. But I heard that you, who I knew as the Black Cloak, had the name Sergio….”

Joohyun laughed awkwardly.

“I thought you, Sergio and Black Cloak, might have some kind of deep connection to the ‘Deep Sea Kingdom.’ It is well known that a portrait of Black Cloak often appears in that dungeon.”

That's just a guess I made while staying at Blackcloak's cabin.

“First of all, there is a record of Batlan Giovanni in the ‘Deep Sea Country’. It is very rare to confirm, but you mentioned the name when you introduced him….”

“So you were saying that you guessed the connection to it.”

“I wouldn’t have known if you hadn’t told me the name Batlan Giovanni. There’s no exact record of Giovanni’s appearance in the dungeon, and even if there was, it’s common for him to have blond hair and blue eyes.”

“It’s interesting that in the past, that kind of appearance wasn’t common in Korea.”

“…I thought of it because you mentioned old Korea. As you said before, ‘Sergio’ was your name when you lived on Earth, right? What kind of life did you lead back then?”

“As expected, it’s nothing special.”

Geo answered with a blunt face.

“Because it was just a portrait that was destroyed by a fire at school.”

“Oh, I see!”

It was so unexpected that I had prepared myself mentally in advance.

“How did it come to that?”

“Are you asking about the fire or are you asking about the portrait?”

“I guess you could say it’s both.”

“To be honest, I don’t know the cause of the fire either.”

He blinked his eyes a couple of times.

“The alarm just suddenly went off, and even though I went to check as soon as I heard the sound, the first floor was on fire. Judging by how quickly the fire spread, it probably wasn’t a natural fire.”

“…Someone did this on purpose…?”

“It would have been difficult for it to spread so quickly without spreading oil. Of course, this is just my guess. I was busy sending students out of school at the time.”

“You didn’t go out together?”

“I had to check if there were any students or teachers left. Since it was recess, people were scattered all over the place, and sometimes students ended up in the wrong places….”

Black eyes stared blankly at Juhyun.

“Fortunately, I was the only one left in the school, and I couldn’t get out of the school in time. I wasn’t in a situation where I could have hoped the fire would be put out and I would have survived, so I went straight into my precious storage unit.”

“Is it a warehouse?”

“It was an art warehouse. I thought about jumping out the window, but I was on the fifth floor, the very top. My school had high ceilings. So I went to the best place to die.”

“…….”

“And it became a portrait. Isn’t it amazing?”

Joohyun smiled awkwardly at him.

“…That’s amazing.”

Black Cloak didn't seem to feel any negative emotions about Geo's death.

In fact, he never said at all that Sergio died like that, but because of the cases of 'Giovanni' and 'Argio' above, Joo-hyun thought so. That 'Sergio' also died like that.

“My age at that time….”

“I was 29 years old.”

“Is the age different for each ‘Geo’?”

“Giovanni died at the age of 32, Arzio at the age of 24.”

“…Not all of them lived long lives.”

Joohyun suddenly felt sorry.

“Younger than me.”

Could this portrait be a collection of such young and youthful deaths?

'So maybe that's why we can have a conversation without much difficulty even though we're alone like this.'

Perhaps, there was a great mystery called 'Portrait of Geo' behind all

those 'Geos', but they were also once just ordinary people. Nevertheless, the deaths of 'Geos' were all bitter.

‘No matter how evil he is, Argio is also 24 years old… .’

Above all, even if he called himself evil, Argio did not seem like such a bad person. He seemed like a person who could be fully merciful.

'Those kinds of people.'

How could we have only encountered such tragedy?

“…….”

Joohyun smiled softly.

“I don’t know how that could happen, but, um. No matter how I think about it, it’s still surprising.”

“I think so too.”

“Come to think of it, I heard that the two mermaids living in the ‘Deep Sea Country’ have not been subdued yet.”

“They are very dangerous children who cannot be easily subdued.”

“You’re not against the punitive action itself, are you?”

It was an unusual thing.

“Are you not concerned about that part?”

“What part are you talking about?”

“…They were just my disciples that I once cherished.”

If Joo-hyun were in his shoes, he would have had many thoughts.

“If it were me, I would probably be sad for quite a while. I would blame

myself for causing this. I would want to forgive him since he was once my beloved disciple, but I also wouldn't be able to forgive him as a human being… Hmm, was that too presumptuous?"

He smiled, his hair now platinum blonde.

"My friend, you are not the least bit rude to me."

"If that's the case, then that's good."

"But I'm not someone who thinks as deeply as Joo-hyun."

"Are you thinking deeply…?"

"I never once blamed myself."

Giovanni blinked his blue eyes as if to say, 'Why on earth should I do that?'

"I have done my best to cherish my disciples and to do good deeds befitting my mission. I have acted without shame as a son of the sun… and as a teacher, I have walked the path for my students. It was not a way to abuse me, but a way for me to respect myself."

It was a soft and soothing voice.

"My students may have resented me, but I did my best to protect them and gave them no shortage of affection."

"So you don't regret it? Because you did your best?"

"I have done my best to do what I wanted, and it has been a universal good deed and an honorable step before the sun and me. I do not want to blame myself for the absurd thought that my students have sinned because I did not act more cleverly."

"Because I didn't act more cleverly…?"

“If I had flattered the church and the village, I might have lived longer. But that would have been a betrayal to my students, a betrayal to my father, and an act that tormented me.”

His lips formed a smooth curve.

“I just didn’t want to.”

“Why?”

“There are many reasons, but the most representative one is because I made a promise.”

“Who did you make a promise with?”

“With my students.”

The eyes that hold the sea bend with affection.

“I promised that I wouldn’t change from who I am now.”

“…….”

Joohyun opened her mouth with difficulty at that stuffed smile.

“…Do you still love those disciples?”

"i love you."

“Then did you forgive them for their actions?”

“I didn’t forgive you.”

“Then… will you punish me?”

“It’s not my part.”

The priest laughed lightly. It was the innocent laugh of a young man.

“The only crime they committed against me was betraying my faith. The punishment for that has already been paid in the past, and I dare not impose any other punishment.”

“I understand.”

“You might think that Giovanni is in the easiest position to punish those sinful mermaids. But that would be ridiculous.”

“Because that’s not your part?”

“Also because they want me to punish them.”

Soon Giovanni was seen smiling brightly.

“My mermaid students spent a very long time venting their anger. They were always buried in memories of the past, scattering sins that could never be picked up, leaving me in a corner of their hearts.”

“…….”

“I thought it would never happen, but I hoped that one day, by some miracle, I, their only meaning, would return and put an end to them. It was an extremely irresponsible and indecisive attitude. It would actually be a reward for me to punish them….”

He shrugged.

“Do you think that’s right?”

“…Well, well….”

It was a point of view that gave me something to think about.

“…I hope that the same tragedy won’t happen again because of those mermaids.”

“So am I. And it is a reward for my affection and a proof of my

favoritism.”

“You really love them, but you don’t forgive them.”

“Even if an eternity passes, will I ever be able to forgive them?”

The human being who contains the merciful sun speaks.

“No matter what my students do, their sins will only increase and their responsibilities will increase, but the time of those who have already suffered at their hands will not disappear. Even if the world of the humans they killed were returned to its most perfect state, the sins that existed cannot be forgiven.”

"…then…."

“I am a simple man, not very deep-thinking, so I don’t know if such a sin can be forgiven through a long period of time, pain, and sincerity. It may be impossible, or it may be possible. But I don’t know if it is a hole that can be filled even after a few thousand years.”

Giovanni continued, his face a priest, his youthful expression gone.

“But don’t worry, as long as I am here, they will continue to worry about their sins. I am still fulfilling my responsibility as a teacher….”

“The tragedy I am worried about will not happen again.”

“What is clear is that I did not forgive my mermaid students because I love them. As long as I am here, they will never be the same disaster they were before.”

“…I feel reassured when you say it like that.”

I was sincere.

“After all, humanoid monsters are, um, worrisome creatures….”

“I guess you’re anxious.”

Giovanni asked him.

“Shall I introduce you?”

"yes?"

What?

* * *

“Taran.”

Geo made a sound effect while looking at the two mermaids. Joohyun was shocked.

“No, it’s not Taran.”

“These are my students.”

“I know that, but.”

Aria smiled brightly at Joo-hyun, who seemed to know about the relationship between the mermaids and Giovanni, and turned to her teacher. Her smile was smooth and flawless.

“Now you’re raising humans, aren’t you?”

“You’re raising him, he’s my friend.”

“Teacher, you are very sociable in a strange way.”

“When you praise me like that, this teacher feels embarrassed.”

“It’s so hot, the eternal snow will soon fall.”

At Aria's words, Geo immediately smiled like a gentle priest.

“Is this okay?”

“I like that face.”

Aria nodded and looked back at her younger brother Isser and Geo's new friend Juhyun, who were engaging in a strange battle of wits.

Isser seemed to be contemplating how to deal with this human, while Juhyun seemed busy trying to accept the situation.

“Little ones.”

Aria smiled lightly and greeted him elegantly according to etiquette.

“Hello, gentleman beloved by the sun. I am Aria, a disciple of Father Giovanni of the Batlan family. May the blessings of the earth be with you.”

“…It’s my first time meeting you, too. I am Isser, the second disciple of Priest Giovanni of the Batlan family. May the warmth of the sun reach you.”

Isser, who had been glaring at my sister, came to greet me, albeit a beat late.

Although the fact that the two were humanoid monsters was well known to the researcher of the association, Ju-hyeon had to show the corresponding sincerity. Ju-hyeon reflexively smiled in a social manner.

“Hello, my name is Ju-hyeon, and I have the honor of becoming Sergio’s friend, albeit a humble one. I have been hired as a manager to assist Sergio when he is working as a hunter outside of the portrait.”

And the gazes of the two mermaids and one human turned towards Giovanni.

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

Geo asked in the strange silence.

“Shall we eat?”

So an untimely meal was decided.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (152)

152

Episode 152

Joo-hyun offered to help prepare the meal, but was turned down.

“It would be nice if you stayed here.”

“But I feel embarrassed because I only get what I deserve….”

“If you want to preserve the human race, stay still.”

"…ah."

“That's it.”

Isser nodded and went into the kitchen. Aria gently escorted Joohyun, who was standing there with a bewildered expression, to the sofa and gave him a brief explanation.

“It would be difficult for humans to consume it unless the teacher personally prepared and cooked it.”

“What happens if I eat food that Mr. Geo didn’t prepare and cook…?”

“You will become one with this portrait. I don’t think you would want that, sir.”

“Would it be a problem if I just trimmed it?”

“Unfortunately, you have a very weak body, so it might be difficult for you.”

Aria smiled brightly.

“It seems like you want to do something, so how about clearing the table?”

“…Well, I guess putting down my spoon wouldn’t be a problem for me, right?”

“You don’t have to worry, it won’t change to that extent.”

“Thank you for the advice that became my blood and flesh.”

“No problem.”

Joo-hyun nodded slightly and watched Aria enter the kitchen as well, and internally brushed away the thrill in her heart. Whether it was an incredible coincidence or Geo’s consideration, Joo-hyun had never eaten raw ingredients here before.

'Come to think of it, all the drinks were in the form of tea or juice.'

It must have been a pretty dangerous situation.

‘I let my guard down because the food ingredients found in dungeons are often safe for humans to eat… .’

Perhaps because it was the dungeon of the 'Black Cloak', which was treated as a humanoid monster, Joo-Hyeon judged it based on ordinary dungeons. For him, who did not know about the source and the garden, it was an issue that he could not help but let down his guard.

That's understandable. In modern times, food ingredients from dungeons have become useful food. Because they are cheaper than those from Earth, even the average middle class prefers to eat food

ingredients from dungeons. Juhyun was no different.

“Hey there, gentleman.”

“Oh, yes.”

“Would you like to have tea with me while dinner is being prepared?”

Aria came out of the kitchen and said, holding up the tea set on the tray.

“Geo made a new car.”

“If it’s a new car….”

“It’s a tea with small flowers that resemble stars.”

“I have tried it.”

One day, Geo brought a flower, saying, 'I tried growing it in a water bird's nest.' Joo-hyun took the tray from Aria with a happy expression.

“It was a tea with a strong, fragrant aroma.”

“The kitchen staff looked so busy that I just brought it.”

“Is that… okay?”

“I’m not the type of person to get angry if someone steals my food.”

“You stole it.”

Joo-hyun's feelings became strange when he heard the words 'stolen' from the mouth of a humanoid monster. It was surprising that the monster, which was born from a race of mermaids that were sometimes considered a subspecies of humans, had the awareness that it had stolen something.

'It's not something to be concerned about, though.'

Joohyun placed a teacup on the table and made tea.

“I heard from Mr. Geo that it’s a tea made from dried basalt flowers.”

“The basalt flower is a flower that was cultivated in the world where I was born.”

“It was a flower tea so famous that it was cultivated.”

“A single flower is worth its weight in gold.”

“…Gold would have been expensive in that world too, right?”

Joohyun asked with an awkward smile.

“Why was it so expensive?”

“It was too difficult to grow.”

“How can I grow it?”

“These are the ones that choose the people who raise them.”

“The person who raised you…?”

"okay."

Aria smiled faintly.

“Only a few of the priests of the sun were able to raise them to health.”

“A flower that only priests can grow… It certainly sounds appealing.”

“Basram flowers are grown underwater in places where the sun’s energy is strongest.”

“Is it grown underwater? Well, I think it was grown in a water bird’s nest. How unusual.”

“Once upon a time, the basalt flower grew in a pond deep within the Temple of the Sun….”

Aria, who had been dragging out her words, continued speaking a little late.

“They grew up.”

“The innermost part of the Temple of the Sun?”

Joohyun guessed the situation.

“What was the position of the Solar Church at that time?”

“It was the religion that ruled the earth.”

“Then this basram flower must have been a truly precious flower.”

“It was so good that it was considered an elixir that had touched the sun.”

“…….”

Joo-Hyeon, who was pouring tea, stopped.

“…Is it an elixir?”

“Yes, it is the best elixir on earth.”

“Am I pouring tea with elixir right now?”

“Why are you asking such a new thing?”

Aria smiled neatly.

“Everything I’ve eaten so far has probably been of that kind.”

"…oh…."

Choke.

Joohyun also followed the tea.

“I suddenly felt uncomfortable drinking.”

“I don’t think the teacher meant anything by it, so it would be better to just drink it.”

“It’s scary from a mere human’s perspective.”

“Drinking this won’t bring about any major changes to your human identity.”

“If it’s not a big change, will small changes come?”

“You will feel very warm.”

“…Ginseng?”

“It might be similar.”

Aria took a sip of the tea that Juhyun had poured for her.

“It might be more effective than that, though?”

“…The scent is really rich and good….”

“Isn’t it just like the scent of ripe grain?”

The mermaid's lips formed a soft curve.

“Giovanni was the warmest of the priests of the sun.”

“…….”

“The basil flowers he grew had the sweetest and most gentle fragrance in the world.”

“…Could this be….”

“But now, no more basalt flowers can grow in my dungeon.”

Aria, who had been caressing the teacup, continued speaking.

“Before the flower buds are harvested, the slightest cold air will cause them to wilt. Those closest to the sun must constantly watch over them in order for them to grow properly.”

“What a delicate flower.”

“My human teacher was the priest who was the best at making the Basram flower bloom. The Temple of the Sun wanted to somehow bring him back and keep him there. They needed him to sell elixirs.”

“It’s more of a worldly story than I thought.”

“But Giovanni was busy spending his time out in the world healing and caring for people. The temple must have been very worried. Many hated him for not obeying the orders of the sect.”

"hmm…."

Joohyun asked, sipping tea.

“Weren’t there any priests who personally grew flowers?”

“Why wouldn’t it be? Most priests just couldn’t do it.”

“Was it that difficult to cultivate?”

“It wasn’t something that could be done simply by being filled with the energy of the sun.”

"then…?"

“I should have loved you.”

Aria looked at the small flower buds floating inside the transparent teapot, as if they were cute.

“You have to truly love and cherish yourself to grow up.”

“…That’s amazing.”

Joohyun nodded.

“And it takes up a lot of space.”

“That’s why it was difficult to cultivate.”

Soon Aria burst into laughter.

“And yet there were priests who personally cultivated the basram flower. They did not have enough sunlight and did not have enough love for the flower that was just soaking in water, but they eventually managed to cultivate it little by little.”

“How could that be possible?”

“It’s simple. You just need to bring objects that contain the energy of the sun into the cultivation room. The more such objects you have, the more the cultivation room will contain energy similar to the temple of the sun. Let’s see. For example, there would be sacred objects of the sun. Relics of saints, etc..”

“But does that mean that the condition of ‘love’ is met?”

Aria put down her teacup at Joohyun's question.

“It wasn’t met.”

“Then how…?”

“That’s why another method was needed.”

“What method was it?”

“The priest’s body is kept together.”

“…….”

“Because of that, the temple pond was also used as a tomb for saints.”

Joohyun blinked and asked again.

“Huh? The body like that…?”

“Then, I guess the result will be similar to ‘love’.”

“…Why are you like that…?”

“It seems that the devotion to give everything you have is also love.”

Aria laughed.

“That’s why the basalt flower is also called the ‘corpse-eating flower.’”

Wouldn't it be more cost-effective to utilize the corpses of several priests with moderately strong solar energy rather than having them raised by the highest level priests who are full of solar energy?

“It was actually a time when the corpses of Sun Cult priests were secretly sold.”

“…….”

“Of course, it is of lower quality than flowers grown with true love.”

"uh…."

“But even the basalt flowers grown that way were effective.”

Aria continued speaking in a nonchalant tone.

“It was an elixir that was in great demand. It was a sacred relic of the sun and a precious flower that even required the use of priests’ corpses. It also had great practical effects beyond its merely symbolic

meaning.”

“…Can you tell me exactly what it does?”

“There are stories that it can even bring the dead back to life, and there have actually been similar cases where it warms the human body. The way to take it is to dry it in the sun, grind it into powder, and mix it in water to drink.”

“At that level, wouldn’t it be better to just get burned…?”

“If that were the case, it wouldn’t have been treated so preciously. There are no side effects. It just has the effect of always keeping your body warm to the ideal temperature, and thanks to that, you don’t get sick as easily.”

“…….”

Joohyun looked down at the teacup in her hand. Then she looked at Aria again.

“Can I drink this?”

“Don’t die.”

“No, I think that’s the problem.”

“Do you want to die?”

“Don’t be so hard on yourself. I want to die as a human.”

“There was a story that it extended lifespan.”

“This flower?”

“Well, there was no talk of making it into a flower tea….”

"ah…."

Joohyun thought, rolling his eyes.

“Will it be less effective if I drink it as tea?”

“Does the sun god himself wish for the dried flowers to have less efficacy?”

“…Just a moment.”

Joohyun asked.

“God of the sun?”

“Oh, I guess you didn’t know.”

“Mr. Giovanni…?”

“Do you see that teddy bear gentleman over there?”

“Huh.”

I saw a teddy bear waving from inside, probably helping with kitchen work.

“Yes, probably my father….”

“He is the sun god of all time.”

"yes?"

“Geo inherited that divinity.”

“…….”

Aria smiled brightly at the sight of him turning pale.

“Isn’t it great? Having a friend who is the sun god? What could be more glorious?”

“It’s certainly glorious, but, no, no matter what… even so, this is….”

Joohyun made a troubled face.

“It’s too much.”

“A friend? Or this car?”

“How can I repay this….”

“You are thinking of repaying God’s gift.”

“Well, you could look at it from that perspective.”

Joohyun blushed as if she was embarrassed by her own thoughts.

“I can’t just receive.”

“…….”

“Mr. Geo is not an ordinary god.”

“…just a little bit….”

Aria, who had erased her smile, let out something similar to a sigh.

“You take after my stupid little brother.”

“…Me?”

“Yeah, just a little bit.”

Aria soon smiled softly again.

“I wish my brother could have received God’s mercy at a good time like you.”

The emotions contained in those words were so complex that Joo-hyun could not possibly understand them.

“Then he would have become a priest of peace, not a monster.”

“…Do you regret it?”

“I know you probably know, but if you regret it, you’re not a monster.”

“I guess so.”

Those who had dreams, foolishness, and daily life left behind could not become monsters.

Joohyun knew that very well.

“…….”

That's why I could foresee the end of these mermaids.

* * *

The prepared dinner was lamb skewers.

“Lamb skewers….”

“Do you hate it?”

“That’s not true.”

Joohyun smiled awkwardly at the meat skewers that looked well seasoned.

“Was this the meat of the golden sheep?”

“You remember well.”

Geo smiled brightly.

“I guess you liked the taste of the lamb ribs I ate last time.”

“That… that’s true. That’s certainly true, but….”

“Is there any problem? I will help you fix it.”

“…….”

Soon Joo-hyun gave up.

“No, it looks delicious.”

“Of course, since I made it.”

"ha ha ha…."

I need to become independent quickly.

'I need to become independent and live a normal life.'

It was the last chance for Dana to be on guard against him. Joohyun was ready to find a home on Earth again.

It was a unique and unexpected way to overcome trauma.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (153)

153

Episode 153

The lamb skewers were really delicious.

“There is no smell at all.”

It was a miracle.

“The lamb ribs I ate last time were really tasty, but….”

“It was a steak.”

“Yes, I like lamb skewers because they have a bit more texture.”

Joo-hyun had no particular interest in gourmet food. Even if he was a second-class citizen of the city, how could he enjoy gourmet food when he was struggling to live from hand to mouth? He had no money to donate, so how could he afford to enjoy luxury?

But even that kind of Hyun had an ecstatic taste and texture that made him want to eat more. I’ve had lamb skewers made with monsters before, but this was my first time having such a full meal.

“I especially like the fact that there is a good mix of oily and lean parts….”

“The oily parts were too fatty and the lean parts were too clean, so I tried mixing them together.”

“Thanks to that, I don’t think I’ll get tired of eating it. It’s amazing.”

“If you keep praising me like that, I have no choice but to keep feeding it.”

“…I’ll try to eat well by adjusting the amount appropriately.”

Surprisingly, the mermaids also seemed to enjoy their meal quite a bit.

“Teacher, did you change the charcoal this time?”

“I looked for a new tree and changed it once.”

“It smells spicy and is more stimulating than last time.”

“Oh, was that too stimulating?”

“I meant it as good.”

The way they chatted about each other was no different from that of a family.

“…….”

Joohyun felt strange for a moment.

‘… much more ordinary and gentle than I had imagined.’

Suddenly, I thought of the orphanage that could be considered Joo-Hyeon's hometown. It was a difficult place because it had a particularly ostracized atmosphere among the orphanages affiliated with the association, but it was also a good environment for uniting hearts.

Even after Joo-hyun became independent from the orphanage, she would often visit and help prepare meals. It wasn’t a very elaborate menu, but the children helped diligently with the preparation, washing the ingredients and setting up the table. And the director… .

'It's vague, but it has a good vibe.'

The gentle breeze carried a moderate amount of warmth. It carried the scent of flowers in the warm sunlight, and the forest surrounding the cabin swayed with a cool sound. Birds were chirping and clouds were drifting by.

Rather than an ideal atmosphere like a painting, it was a situation that could be desired when thinking of the abstract concept of 'ordinary happiness'. I thought that the current scenery was just like a fairy tale.

"…hmm…."

But the reality is that there are humanoid monsters and evil spirits.

'There is a strangeness in which good and evil are not distinguished.'

Coming here made me think about a lot of different things.

“By the way.”

“…Oh, yes.”

“Are you the teacher’s friend?”

At Aria’s question, Isser’s younger brother’s gaze also immediately turned to Juhyun. He didn’t seem to have anything to say, but when their eyes met, his eyes widened. It seemed to be a sign of goodwill.

Aria soon continued speaking.

“How did it come to that?”

“Didn’t you know the basics?”

“I also got to hear a little bit about the story here.”

“Then why….”

“That doesn’t mean I know everything about you, teacher.”

“…….”

“But, I see. I kind of expected it.”

Aria looked back at Geo.

“Because the teacher likes kind and polite people.”

Geo didn't deny it and just smiled coolly.

“Don’t you really want to be friends with people like that?”

“I don’t know if being sociable is good or bad.”

Aria looked at Hyun again.

“Is that what you call a smart fool?”

“…So…you know that word too.”

“Study a little about Korean culture.”

“I don’t know why you had to learn the word ‘hogu’….”

Joo-hyun's face became awkward with embarrassment. Whenever I was pointed out for my excessive pursuit of idealism, I always felt embarrassed.

“Am I that fool?”

“No, that’s not true.”

Geo denied it.

“Isn’t that word referring to people who don’t even get their share and have their things taken away in an undesirable way? I think it’s different from Joo Hyun’s case.”

“You are flattering me.”

“To be honest, I definitely prefer someone like Joo Hyun. Someone with deep roots, but also strong and relaxed enough to share what they have.”

“Uh… that….”

Joohyun's smile became ambiguous.

"…thank you?"

“I just told you what I felt.”

After saying that, Geo quickly turned to Isser with a soft smile.

“The same goes for Chaisol, who was Isser’s partner last time.”

Isser nodded with a calm face.

“He was a good kid.”

“You look like Isser.”

“…….”

Isser soon showed his signature smile.

“That is truly flattery.”

Geo, who saw Joo-hyun blinking at their conversation, explained.

“A student named Chaisol is currently a student at the Seoul branch of the Taeyanggyo.”

“Ah… Are you the child who was kidnapped to the ‘Deep Sea Country’?”

“You know that too.”

“I try to check all the information available from the association as

much as possible.”

Joohyun nodded.

“It’s not common for a kidnapped child to return alive and well.”

Aria smiled brightly at his gaze.

“I didn’t mean to harass you. I know that hostages are precious.”

“I heard reports that the treatment was completely different from that of ordinary kidnappers.”

“No matter how much you hate humans, you would never directly harass a human child.”

“Is it because Mr. Giovanni likes children?”

“Because they are young, they are inevitably innocent.”

Aria smiled neatly.

“But even so, they would have been caught up in our doings, right?”

“…I guess so….”

Joohyun showed a trembling reaction.

“So you’re not harassing that kid named Chaisol… Well, kidnapping him would already be a problem in itself… Anyway, you didn’t directly touch him in that context?”

Isser answered that part.

“I hope you were a little scared.”

“Oh, wasn’t that it?”

“We had such strong faith that we wouldn’t harm them.”

“I guess he was a smart kid.”

“He wasn’t even afraid of mermaids.”

“I guess I should say it’s amazing….”

"well."

Isser smiled, somewhat resembling Giovanni.

“I think Joohyun is in a similar situation.”

“…Me?”

“Aren’t you having a meal with monsters like it’s nothing?”

"ah."

No, it's not that I don't know.

“Ah, uh… um….”

Joohyun was embarrassed.

“It could be because it doesn’t feel real.”

“It doesn’t seem like that at all.”

“Isn’t it a little strange that you’re suddenly scared after coming all this way?”

“It was said that such an incomprehensible shamelessness was similar.”

“If you’re going to do it, please say it proudly.”

“If you wish, I will do so.”

Isser nodded calmly and looked at Geo.

“Do you plan to continue collecting from here?”

“I have never harvested anything.”

Joohyun expressed his doubts at those words.

“Wasn’t it Mr. Argio who picked me up?”

“I literally just invited them, I don’t think I ever picked them up.”

“Oh… I see.”

It seems that showing up all of a sudden, taking him into the house, feeding him, putting him to bed, and talking to him wasn't really 'taking it in'.

As was often the case, Joo-hyun wondered how Geo's mental encyclopedia was organized.

'I thought it was roughly about picking up a poor abandoned dog, but I guess that wasn't the case.'

Regardless of what Joo-hyun thought or not, Geo continued speaking.

“I’m okay with Joohyun continuing to live here.”

“Oh no?”

Joo-hyun quickly expressed her refusal with her characteristically social smile.

“I can’t be bothered by such trouble. All the food and lodging you’ve given me so far is more than enough for me. I was thinking of finding another home soon.”

“Do you need to buy a new house?”

“I originally lived in a dormitory near the research institute. I think research institute life doesn’t suit me, so I’m going to submit my

resignation, but I guess I'll have to find a separate place to live."

Geo stared at Joohyun intently. He felt some childish pressure.

"She's my secretary…."

"……."

"Do you live far away?"

"…Usually everyone is like that…."

Even if it is a relationship between a hunter and a manager, it is extremely rare for them to live together.

"I also need time to be trained in my duties as a manager."

"Our door is always open."

"It seems too open, so please close it a little…."

"What did you say?"

"The weather is really nice today."

The series of works known to the world as the 'Black Cloak' were all like the entrance to a dungeon. It was obvious that many people would die because the owner was so easily accepting of external elements.

However, even though he was a strong man who resembled a pine tree, he couldn't ask the dungeon owner to close the entrance. The mermaids' gazes were too harsh in the first place. He didn't want to die like this.

"Okay, let's go out for now…."

So Joohyun changed the subject of conversation back to her future plans.

“Once I get a decent house, I plan to build a tomb.”

“If it’s a grave, it must belong to a family that was involved in a recent incident.”

“Yes, I was so out of it that I didn’t even think about holding a funeral.”

Since we were planning to die together, how could we possibly think about a funeral?

But the current Joo-Hyeon was drawing a picture of the future, and was thinking of a way to overcome and move forward. The first step toward that was to apologize to the family and friends who had been involved in her work.

“I’m going to start with that.”

Geo asked him.

“Don’t you need my help?”

“Because it is my responsibility that I must bear.”

“No, but you might need my help….”

“Please refrain from being overly generous.”

“I can do it.”

“Even if I did less well, it would have been burdensome.”

“I see.”

Isser, who was looking at the two, wiggled his fingers, then clenched them tightly.

“…….”

“Isser.”

“…Yes, Sister.”

“Stop thinking nonsense and just bring the tea.”

“I will do that.”

Juhyun opened his eyes wide and blinked at the sight of Isser naturally running errands for his sister.

“…Absurd thoughts? Did I perhaps incur that hatred? Did I almost die?”

“It’s not like I’m completely fearless when I see things like this.”

Aria continued, cupping my cheek.

“It’s a common jealousy, so don’t be afraid.”

Aria, who had said that, immediately looked back at Geo.

“Your teacher’s friend is building a grave. Will you help him?”

“If there is anything I can help you with, I should help you.”

Before Joohyun could say anything to reject him, Geo looked at him.

“How do people on Earth hold funerals these days?”

“Usually we cremate, but if there is no body… we burn the remains and preserve them.”

“It seems that Joo-Hyeon’s family and friends are also missing the body.”

“I guess I was late because of the circumstances.”

“Then I….”

Just as Geo was about to suggest something, Isser brought the tea.

“I brought it because there were basalt flowers.”

“It’s been a while, hasn’t it?”

“Yes, it’s been a really long time.”

“I recently made these flowers bloom myself.”

“Basram must be grown underwater. Where did you grow it?”

“In the nests of the water birds over there.”

Isser, who had been sharing tea with him, answered a beat late.

“…Ah, so it can be used that way too.”

“I was helped by the fact that there were children who loved flowers.”

“The basil flowers smell really good, so I’m sure you’ll be satisfied.”

“The lake I saw on my way here looked somehow golden.”

Joohyun asked Isser's words.

“Is there a special reason why it is golden?”

“When the teacher’s water birds are happy, their nests shine golden.”

"aha…."

Joo-Hyeon's gaze fell on Honey, the water bird sitting on Geo's shoulder.

“Then what about that guy?”

“Honey drank Lulupu’s juice and changed color.”

“Kungkur.”

Geo added an explanation.

“It’s a flower that grows in the spring of the forest.”

“Just hearing it makes me feel uneasy.”

“It smells seriously good.”

"…okay!"

I didn't mean to say it was 'ominous' in that sense, though.

“I wonder what kind of scent it is.”

“If you need perfume, I can make it for you.”

“Please refrain from being kind.”

Joohyun continued speaking.

“Anyway, I’ll prepare and try to find a house soon.”

“I think submitting your resignation letter through Mr. Yoo Seong-un would be a good idea.”

“I will keep that in mind. Thank you for your advice in so many ways.”

Since the head of the collector's guild said he would personally step forward, the resignation letter would be dealt with cleanly.

'But surely, to manage the identity of Sergio Hunter… the accommodations need to be close?'

Joo-Hyeon was thinking about asking that part directly to the meteor hunter.

* * *

And a few days later.

“…My accommodation has already been found?”

“…I’m sorry. I tried really hard to stop you….”

“Oh, no. There’s nothing to be sorry about.”

Joo-Hyeon waved her hand at Yoo Seong-Un's haggard smile.

“I appreciate you looking into it for me. I was already wondering what kind of accommodation I should look into to manage Sergio Hunter.”

“I would really appreciate it if you would look at it that way.”

“Besides, didn’t you say that the accommodation expenses would be paid by the collector? If you look at it that way, I actually received an excessive benefit. I was just taken aback by the sudden decision.”

“…….”

"…excuse me…."

Ju-hyeon, who sensed something of a crisis in Yoo Seong-un's silence, asked cautiously.

“So where is your accommodation?”

“It’s my next door neighbor.”

"yes?"

"yes."

"why?"

Really, why?

“…….”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un averted his eyes.

It was the crime of having a notorious collector as the guild leader.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (154)

154

Episode 154

Visabal wanted the three of them to be housemates.

“Three?”

“Yes, three.”

“Me, Hunter Yoo Seong-un, and really….”

“That is correct.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“Including Geo.”

“…….”

He saw Joo-hyun's lips tighten as he was packing his things. Yoo Seong-woon was certain that the words he swallowed were either 'Are you in your right mind?' or 'You're clearly crazy.'

However, there was no way that a powerless slave of capitalism could stand up to his superior. Rather than making a promise to get him out of this madness, Yoo Seong-woon offered an apology that suggested resignation.

“I am ashamed to have gotten caught up in the greed of our guild

leader.”

“No, I’m sure there must be a greater meaning that I don’t know about.”

Joo-hyun asked with a bright smile, contrary to my feelings.

“Can you tell me why you made that choice?”

“To put it simply, I hope that ‘Portrait of Geo’ will be able to color people’s lives more quickly.”

“Do you want Mr. Geo to become immersed in the lives of humans?”

Rustle.

Joo-hyun's smile becomes subtle as she opens the cardboard box containing her moving belongings.

“…I don’t dare to doubt this, but is it possible?”

“First of all, since Geo’s will is strong, it is not completely impossible.”

“It’s true that he is a person who is truly excellent at imitating humans….”

“They also continue to claim themselves as human.”

“It turns out you weren’t just making claims to me.”

Joohyun laughed in vain.

“They say he’s a human with the characteristics of a portrait.”

“That’s one of the things Geo often says.”

Yoo Seong-un also understood Joo-hyun's absurdity.

“With such a wide diversity of human beings, how could a portrait not

fit in there?”

I had no intention of refuting Geo's claim in the first place, but even if I did, he wouldn't listen.

“No matter how great the rank, how great the power, how much the body and personality change, Geo regards it as simply a characteristic.”

“It seemed like that.”

“I’m glad you understand. However, I judge that because of that, Geo will try to mix in with humans even more, and we at the collection will be unable to stop that.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled his characteristically innocent smile.

“Will this seem like negligence?”

“…Honestly, a little bit.”

Joohyun gently opened her eyes.

“It was much more thorough when I was at the association’s research institute.”

“Considering the peace of the Earth and mankind, such thorough defense is necessary.”

“But the motto of a collector is ‘love the art,’ right?”

“Yes, because of that, we don’t have the level of security system that Joo-Hyeon is expecting.”

“I understand that you won’t just give up on it. That’s just the way it is for collectors.”

“As you said, the collection agency is more focused on responding to

accidents after they occur. It’s different from the association’s approach, which is to nip accidents in the bud.”

Joo-hyun nodded at Yoo Seong-woon's words.

“I will try to get used to it.”

Although he wasn't hired as a member of the collection department, since Geo was treated as a member of the collection department, Joo-hyun had to be considered to be half-in-the-middle there. He had to adapt as quickly as possible.

“So that’s why you thought of something like a housemate? Since there’s no way to stop ‘Geo’s Portrait’ from living in human society anyway?”

“It’s one of the guild leader’s intentions. As I told you before, Geo still doesn’t know much about human society, and he needs to adapt more to function as ‘Sergio’.”

“So, I guess they’re trying to make them live with other humans and learn how to deal with each other more naturally, and learn basic human common sense. Yes, I understand.”

Joo-Hyeon's smile, which had been softly speaking, suddenly became awkward.

“But as you just said… that was one of your intentions?”

“The biggest goal is to appreciate the ‘Portrait of Geo’ living with humans.”

“This is the leader of the Visabal Guild.”

“Surprisingly, this is reality, this is a collector.”

“I always knew you were an extraordinary person, but you are really

bold.”

“Thank you for your kind words.”

Yoo Seong-woon nodded with sympathy and empathy. It was because he was touched by Joo-hyun’s efforts and sincerity to at least try to live in society even in this situation.

“That’s not to say that you want to try something like that right away, so you ended up being assigned to live next door to me. You probably also want to become closer to me, the curator in charge of ‘Portrait of Geo.’”

“Thank you for giving me such a comfortable place to stay, I am just grateful.”

“As I said before, the name on the accommodation is Joo-hyun, but all the expenses for the accommodation will be covered by the collection agency. So please don’t be too burdened and try to adjust to the current situation for now. Thank you.”

“I’m also worried about how to manage ‘Mr. Sergio’….”

“You can receive manager training at our collection office. However, you do not have to worry about becoming a collection office employee. Since this is your first time doing this job, we will teach you the basics step by step.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had already finished listing the necessary items, smiled lightly.

“Well, now that we’re neighbors, it’ll get easier as time goes by.”

“I’ll try to adapt to that part too….”

“I think we’ll naturally become close if we keep running into each other here and there over issues related to Geo.”

“Then I couldn’t ask for anything more.”

“Oh, and here’s a little advice.”

Yoo Seong-un asked.

“You said you became Geo’s pen pal?”

“That’s how it turned out for now….”

“Then, there will be rare times when you will receive a letter from Geo.”

“We were really pen pals.”

“Don’t be too surprised, he appears without a sound.”

He said, pointing to himself.

“I am pen pal number one, so I know this part well. A black letter that quietly appears in an empty house will send a shiver down your spine. Even when you check the letter, there is no readable text.”

“Then is there any point in sending a letter?”

“I see it as a kind of pager. I think the text was distorted in the process of the frame surrounding ‘Portrait of Geo’ going through some kind of filtering. It’s an inevitable part because it’s being delivered in a human-like manner.”

“Well, if that were to be transmitted live, most people would be greatly affected.”

“The traces of that kind of attitude remain, and just reading the letter itself makes my heart skip a beat. Geo continues to worry about the problem of not being able to read the contents. I think that problem will be solved someday if the guy’s human imitation gets better.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had said that, looked at Joo-hyun as if he felt sorry

for her.

“I’m especially worried about Joohyun since she’s not awakened.”

“…Is the letter really that scary? So much so that your safety depends on whether you wake up or not?”

“Of course, since you have been working at the association’s research institute, you will adapt quickly.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled innocently again.

“Unrealistic tragedies happen often there too.”

“So is Mr. Geo’s letter something that should be taken with such caution?”

“To put it simply, I think you can think of it as a ghost story.”

“Oh, it’s a ghost story….”

“That is also the identity of the ‘Black Cloak’.”

“I’ve heard similar stories often.”

You could call it a kind of urban legend. People say that the Black Cloak is a real-life ghost story that you can encounter if you're lucky or unlucky.

“Is there anything else I should know?”

“You can figure out the rest by hanging out with Geo.”

Yoo Seong-un asked next.

“By the way, do you know anything about gardens?”

“…Well, I don’t think you’re talking about a garden with flowers or

trees.”

“There is knowledge that only a few people in the association know.”

“Can I know that?”

“Even if you don’t like it, you have to know it now.”

“It seems that that knowledge is closely related to ‘Portrait of Geo’.”

“I will inform you about that part later.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled brightly.

“I will send you the information in advance, so please read it slowly.”

“I am confident in my theoretical studies. I will do my best to achieve the results you expect.”

“I hate to say this, but we are now on the same boat, Geo.”

He spoke as if he was saying a good deed.

“I want to remain human.”

“…….”

Joohyun smiled with her eyes wide open.

"…yes."

That was a really creepy thing to say, he thought.

* * *

Under the care of the collector, Joo-Hyeon successfully completed the move.

“The house is too big.”

Joohyun muttered.

“Why is this a house?”

I only wanted to use a tenth of this.

Joo-hyun knew very well what kind of place this apartment was. It was one of the most prestigious apartments in Seoul, where most of the first-class citizens, including top-class hunters and famous celebrities, lived.

‘I don’t think there’s much to worry about in terms of security…’

As a second-class citizen with nothing special to offer, I couldn't help but feel very uncomfortable.

I've never wanted a place that didn't fit this theme. A comfortable room, a kitchen, and a bathroom would be enough.

'Is this something I need to adapt to?'

I was in a difficult situation.

"…hmm…."

Joohyun looked around.

Although the collector had taken great care to provide all sorts of decorative items, such as picture frames and ceramics, in addition to the essential items, they were hung in a sophisticated manner, but it still felt like I was in someone else's home.

'I'd rather stay at Mr. Geo's cabin.'

Joo-hyun, who thought like that, felt a chill for a moment.

“…….”

Am I crazy?

'I have to be careful not to have strange thoughts.'

There was an unwritten rule when dealing with friends and gods: if gods bestow mercy and grace, you should not take it for granted or expect to receive it again.

'Have I been spending too much energy worrying about my family's graves lately?'

Joohyun's thoughts turned to a realistic topic.

“…First, let’s look for some relics….”

Because of this, he planned to create a grave for his deceased family and friends.

'There are probably still some left at the orphanage.'

Even though it was in Seoul, his orphanage was located in a rather remote place. Because it was a damp place with no other use, the building itself was left intact, with only the corpses that were in danger of being turned into monsters being cleared away.

'I haven't been able to look around because I've been so out of it, but I don't think the government cleaned it up that thoroughly, so there should be plenty of things worth keeping as keepsakes. Let's start by collecting them.'

But it was bittersweet.

“…….”

There isn't even a corpse in the tomb I'm making.

“…Haaah….”

If you had come a little sooner, you could have gotten it before they

disposed of the body.

'I'm too late.'

Although he didn't want to waste his emotions on unnecessary self-reproach, he couldn't help but feel guilty that it was his fault. The fact that there was no owner on the gravestone made Joo-hyun feel even more bitter.

It was while I was sitting on the bed with my head down that I had been like that for a long time.

"meow."

“…….”

"meow."

“……?”

The sound of a cat crying.

"meow."

But I won.

"meow."

“…….”

Do cats usually cry like that?

‘… such a typical crying sound… .’

My stomach was churning.

Joohyun got up from her seat, rubbing her slightly cool neck.

His residence is on the 46th floor. The ceiling height is one level higher

than that of a typical apartment, and it is structured so that stray cats cannot enter. Security is also excellent, to the point that not even a single monster can enter.

“…….”

Nevertheless, Joo-Hyeon moved his body without hesitation.

"meow."

"…ah…."

"meow."

"also."

Joohyun said, looking out the veranda window.

“It was you.”

The jewel cat hiding in the darkness and holding a black letter in its mouth had changed to the same color as the night sky, unlike what was seen in the cabin.

Was it some kind of protective coloration, or was there another reason? Before such a silly thought could even pass, I saw the letter in his mouth.

“Did you bring the letter?”

"meow."

“We just happened to be talking about that today.”

Geo's anti-cat, Dana, occasionally came closer to the window, her body shining softly like a cluster of stars.

“…Do you want to come in?”

As Joo-hyun opened the window, Dana came into the room with a brisk pace. Dana, who was as big as a Maine Coon, sat down in front of Joo-hyun and held out the letter to him as if telling him to take it from her mouth.

Dana blinked as he received the letter. This child resembled the night sky containing the Milky Way.

“…….”

“…….”

In the dark shadows that seemed to have absorbed even the surrounding light, the jewel cat circled around Joo-hyun for some reason and then went out to the veranda again. Then it quickly disappeared into the darkness.

Joo-hyun, who had been looking out the wide open veranda window, soon opened the letter.

“…I still don’t know what it’s about.”

But the seemingly light weight, the rustling sound of dry grass, the scent of the forest... seemed to tell me who the owner of this letter was.

Joo-hyun, who had been staring blankly at the distorted text, let out a weak exclamation.

"ah."

Come to think of it.

“How could you cry with a letter in your mouth?”

It was a fact that I had not thought of when I saw Dana in front of me.

Joo-hyun suddenly thought that it was like a piece of a ghost story.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (155)

155

Episode 155

“How is it?”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders at Bisabal's question.

“As expected.”

“I know what you expected.”

“I trust the guild leader’s eyes.”

Bisabyeol let out his signature smile at Yoo Seong-un's trust.

“I guess the country doesn’t trust people?”

“I knew full well that you had no conscience.”

“How can you be this cruel?”

“Please, I’m tired.”

“Then I should finish it quickly.”

Visabal lightly tapped the desk with his ringed hand.

“I knew you weren’t the type of person to be easily seduced.”

It was a story about Joohyun.

“Even if there is an easy way out, if I think it is an unfair advantage, I don’t take it.”

“He seems to have a slightly foolish personality. But he seems to have his own beliefs.”

“In that respect, should I say that he has a side similar to that of a scholar from the ancient Joseon Dynasty?”

“…Can I take that as a compliment to Mr. Joo-Hyeon?”

“That’s your own opinion. I was talking about the old-fashioned personality.”

“Well, I guess Geo would like it if he had that kind of personality.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“He didn’t think of using Geo to get his share.”

“I am not the kind of person who would allow myself to be numb to such petty greed.”

“I don’t think that something called greed is particularly trivial.”

That's what human greed is.

This sense of shame was something that was created consciously, not something that was born as an instinct. If a great mystery, of all things, declared that it would be one's 'friend', it was normal to expect something.

Unlike shame, greed is an instinct.

“Geo is in a strong position in many ways. Even ‘Mr. Sergio’ has more power and is in a higher position than Joohyun. Geo uses rare elixirs that would make humans turn red in the eyes just to prepare meals… Well, it’s extravagant.”

Then you could think like this.

“Mr. Joo-hyun could have expected it. What is so precious to me is as common as the grass on the roadside to Shin-bi, so I want to have it without any effort. It is not burdensome to either of us to take a small rock that is scattered in someone else’s yard.”

Even Joo-hyun wasn't that wealthy. Even if you're born without any financial greed, when your body is tired and life is tough, you'll eventually develop a minimal amount of greed out of necessity.

“I worked as a researcher for the association for a long time, but maybe because of the label of being from an orphanage or because of other things, I only stayed at the position of deputy. My promotion was delayed for quite some time.”

“What little I had, I used to support orphanages or donate it.”

“But judging by the reactions, it seems like there is almost no financial greed to begin with. They think it is a useful tool, but they are not the target of greed. They are rare honest people.”

Yoo Seong-un crossed his arms.

“Geodo, the guild leader also described Joo-hyun as a hero. Considering that, it is understandable that he has little instinctive greed for money.”

A hero's nature is something that is born with instinct.

“But still.”

What Joo-Hyeon wanted, what he desperately wanted, was clear.

“He may not be greedy for material wealth, but he has desires as a human being. I heard that he has a very firm goal of making the world peaceful.”

“That in itself could be considered extremely greedy. It’s just that the direction is not toward his own comfort, but from an objective standpoint, Joo-Hyeon’s greed is flowing in an altruistic direction.”

“Yes, it is correct to call it altruistic desire. If you call it selfishness to want to change something other than yourself as you wish, then it could be selfish desire.”

“That’s why I don’t like Joo Hyun very much. Right now, we’re just awkward friends who just started dating, so I’m just trying to save face, but if we get closer, how much will Joo Hyun try to manipulate Sergio for my greed?”

“I don’t think Geo would be easily defeated. It would be more correct to say that Geo would show mercy and favor to a mere human. That would also be something that Geo would like… To be honest, I’m not worried about that part.”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“In the first place, Geo is not a being that humans should worry about.”

“Ah, my work….”

“Before it is a work of art, it is the source, Guild Leader. Please let it go.”

Anyway, that's the collector's obsession.

“Mr. Joo Hyun would never exploit Geo for his own gain. Not only would that be impossible, but there’s almost nothing Mr. Joo Hyun could expect from Geo.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled his characteristic smile.

“Of course, that doesn’t mean there aren’t any at all.”

“I will secretly hope that you will show mercy to the souls of the dead.”

“Rather than that, I think it’s just that we recognized the possibility.”

“The power over life and death is an area that any god can intervene in.”

“For Joo-Hyeon, who recently lost his family and friends, this is something he cannot help but think about.”

Although he is introduced as an evil god, Geo seems like a sufficiently merciful being, and if he is a god, he naturally has the power to deal with dead souls.

While he was enjoying the portrait in its frame, Ju-hyeon must have thought, “How wonderful it would be if such a merciful divinity could comfort my poor family and friends.”

“Even if he thinks that such a tragedy was caused by himself, the debt that Joo Hyun feels towards the victims must be great.”

“I think you must have felt the need to atone and repay your debt somehow, but it seems like Joo-hyun didn’t choose Geo, which would have been the easiest way to do it.”

“It seemed like he thought he had to take full responsibility for what he had done. Even though Geo was a great strong man with great power….”

“I bet you thought you shouldn’t accept help from Sergio, who is also your new friend.”

The visa was empty.

“How can a mere human repay the debt to the dead? All the living can do for their dead friends is to constantly remember and reflect on their deaths and their own sins.”

“Isn’t that the mindset to at least try that?”

“Perhaps you vaguely believe that you can repay your debt with just that kind of atonement and agony. Of course, you might be able to repay your debt to your dead family that way, but why go through such a thorny path?”

His lips twisted as if he had seen something utterly stupid and unpleasant.

“It’s all because Joohyun’s field of vision is so narrow.”

“For someone with such narrow vision, his cause is quite grand.”

“He has no humanity.”

“You could say that, but….”

“You’re just an idiot who doesn’t know how to rely on others.”

“No, a little.”

Yoo Seong-un appeased my guild leader.

“But he’s Geo’s new friend. Please be kind to him.”

“As I get older, the only thing that increases is my stubbornness.”

The smiling Visabal continued speaking.

“It’s not that I don’t have a good head on my shoulders. It’s not that I don’t know the usefulness of connections. Well, I guess it’s more accurate to say I’m rather clever. I know how to do all the calculations, but I castrate my worldly desires as if I were a monk and only pursue the cause.”

“Isn’t this a good direction for humanity?”

“I always say that I am not interested in the nature of humanity and its

interests. What matters is the effect it will have on me and my collection. As long as Juhyun has a firm belief, he is a bastard who will ruin my work without any problem."

The visa holder grumbled.

"It's true that the world would be a more peaceful place if there were more people like that… but that would be too boring."

"How can you say such words of human evil so casually?"

"Mr. Joo-hyun is not someone who does not know greed. When he practices the cause he has cherished, he is more greedy than anyone else. He is greedy. He does not care at all about what others criticize him or what they think of him, and he is busy moving forward."

The visage twisted his lips.

"When people like this cause accidents, they get in big trouble."

"I'm certainly worried about that part, but didn't Geo stop it?"

"Anyway, I admit that he is not a person who would be of much harm to our Sergio."

Visabal let out a rare sigh of annoyance.

"It will only harm my feelings."

"You really hate it."

"I like my guild members."

"Yeah, well…."

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly. It wasn't a fake smile, as it was true that he truly respected his superior.

“We like it too, Guild Leader.”

“I love the affection you show me every now and then, like soybeans sprouting in a drought.”

“Oh really.”

Yoo Seong-un was disgusted, as even the awkward smile he had had disappeared.

“That’s why we can’t say nice things to you.”

“I like that kind of arrogance… Try being more shameless. Ah, it’s thrilling.”

"eww."

“Anyway, I’m glad that it’s not much different from what I expected.”

The visa holder smiled neatly.

“And the great mystery loves such poor heroes.”

“Poor hero….”

“They just keep churning out stories that are close to providence.”

His bright yellow eyes narrowed.

“Maybe Geo will also take care of Joohyun in that way.”

“If things go according to plan, I’ll be giving you a gift sooner or later, but wouldn’t it be better for me to prepare in advance?”

“Since it’s a gift from Sergio, I know it might be a little noisy. I’m not the type of person who doesn’t know how the world sees me.”

“Since there is nothing to be afraid of, it is time for Geo to start exploring the human world in earnest. I will let the press know in

advance.”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un, please prepare to go out and do it yourself. Mr. Sergio will probably not cause a disaster because they are both concerned about their reputations.”

“Mysterious favors sometimes seem like disasters…. What kind of affection do you expect Geo to show exactly?”

“That’s obvious.”

Visabal laughed as if he was watching his grandson's antics.

“It will make humans more human.”

“…Is this the end or the beginning?”

“I think it’s both.”

“Geo always liked humans.”

His favor was fair to all mankind.

“Well, there were some people I didn’t like, but they were classified as ‘not human’….”

A meteor shower swept across my neck.

“For Geo, death is just one of the states that humans can be in. Right?”

“Curator Yoo Seong-un is right.”

“Then Geo, who shows favor to all humans equally, will always maintain the same attitude.”

“I’m thinking about it carefully.”

“In the end, Geo is for both living and dead humans….”

The hand that had been sweeping his neck came down. The tip of his finger trembled with an unknown emotion.

“I will treat you kindly.”

It is a rule for Geo to give gifts to humans.

“I understood what I had to do.”

“I look forward to Curator Yoo Seong-un’s response.”

“I hope you enjoy it.”

Such great favors have often struck men with fear.

And it was the gardener's job to bring the fear from its source down to the everyday.

* * *

“I want to give you a gift.”

"yes?"

“Is that rude?”

"uh…."

Joo-Hyeon blinked at the portrait that suddenly appeared at the orphanage.

“…….”

Let's calm down.

'I can do it.'

Joohyun smiled brightly.

“…I see! What gift exactly are you talking about?”

“I’m sorry, I guess I was a little too hasty.”

“Oh, no. I was a little surprised, but I wasn’t offended.”

I just felt a fear that bordered on life-threatening.

'I guess you don't realize how scary you look.'

Late at night, close to midnight. A fire scene in a damp, uninhabited area. A smoky, abandoned building with soot and traces of dead people. Joo-hyun was searching for the relics left behind at the orphanage.

A portrait appeared while I was looking around the dark orphanage, leaning on a flashlight. It appeared among the cute drawings of children and spoke to me with a face covered in black paint.

'I want to give you a gift.'

Joo-hyun was proud of herself for not screaming. This was an achievement worth praising herself for.

“I’m asking again… what does it mean to be a gift?”

He didn't ask the stupid question of how he knew where he was. How could it be difficult for a giant mystery the size of a black cloak to figure out the location of a mere human? Instead, Joo-hyun asked for an interpretation of the current situation.

“As far as I know, the Black Cloak is supposed to be returned only if something is received.”

“It is only natural to give back what you have received.”

“I also know that he occasionally appears and gives gifts to passersby.”

“It was simply a thank you for interacting with me.”

Joo-Hyeon nodded without realizing it at the words in the portrait.

'It must be a big deal that requires a reward.'

Usually, the Black Cloak was known to appear in places where there were few people and give gifts to those who did good deeds. How shocking would it have been if someone who did good deeds encountered a humanoid monster?

If it was a reward to appease those people, then such a gift would be understandable. After all, it also meant that it was a 1:1 rule that showed the ‘Portrait of Geo’.

“……?”

Joohyun tilted his head.

“But I didn’t give anything to Mr. Geo.”

“Thank you for being my friend.”

“I see.”

It might be some kind of collecting desire.

Was that why he wanted to have a 'human friend'? Just when he was thinking that Shinbi's way of thinking was difficult to understand, the portrait, whose eyes were hidden by paint and could not be seen, continued speaking.

“More than anything, I wanted to give a gift to a good person like Joohyun.”

“Well, well… Have you ever done a good deed in front of Mr. Geo?”

“But it seems like there are many people who have been helped by

Joohyun's actions during that time."

"Is that a reason for you to give me a gift?"

"It is my selfishness to want to repay the joy you have given me."

"……."

"So I wanted to ask for permission."

Only after some time had passed did Joohyun ask back.

"…delight?"

"Yes, that's right."

"It's joy."

Joohyun smiled awkwardly.

"I'm glad that what I've done has brought you joy."

It was a really strange feeling.

"It's funny, I feel like I've felt similar feelings for you before."

It may sound like nonsense, but the words of the black cloak brought Joo-hyun a warm sense of comfort. He also felt gratitude that such a huge being had acknowledged his efforts.

It almost sounds like you're saying I wasn't wrong, and that you're grateful… .

"under…."

I want to be rewarded.

'What kind of ungrateful thought is this? Not knowing my place, expecting compensation for things I did out of my own free will… .'

For some reason, I felt so tired that I just wanted to sleep, so I let out a sigh that was disguised as a smile.

I felt a sense of helplessness that was hard to explain, so I pressed my forehead hard to avoid making Joohyun look stupid.

“Then what gift would you like to give me? I think this is already the third time you’ve asked me this question.”

“Oh, I apologize for my long story.”

The portrait continued in its characteristically emotionless tone.

“I can give you good medicine, Mr. Ju-hyeon. I can treat you to a delicious meal, draw you the jewel you want, and just chat with you.”

At that moment, a cat sneaked into the portrait.

“It seems like Dana is interested in Joohyun.”

“…It is an honor.”

“The things I just told you are gifts I can give you simply because we are friends.”

“That is also an honor.”

“So, can you tell me what gift you would like?”

The portrait said.

“So that my gift may be worth it.”

“…….”

Joohyun, who had been silent for a long time, soon opened his mouth.

"…well."

Unfortunately, he had nothing to wish for. Perhaps he should have. And he had to.

If I want to remain myself, if I want to remain a mere human being who knows my subject.

“Just calling me your friend… is quite an honor.”

“I know that Mr. Joo-Hyeon is a person who was born without worldly desires.”

“What I want most right now is atonement to my family and friends….”

“I think that’s something you feel you have to do entirely on your own.”

“Shouldn’t that be so?”

“There is no right thing.”

The portrait whispered in a low voice.

“There is only what you think is right.”

It was quite similar to the temptation of the devil.

“…Do you want me to ask for your help?”

“I want to see things from a new perspective.”

“I want to apologize to my family and friends.”

I had to do it.

“But I don’t want to escape from this guilt.”

“Because I think I can atone only if I am tied down by those feelings.”

“Once I overcome this, I will forget my mistakes.”

“You don’t forget, you’re not the kind of person who can.”

“If you don’t reflect, how are you any different from an animal?”

“Even beasts are beasts.”

The portrait's voice cracked lazily.

“You are not an animal.”

“…….”

“What do you truly wish for?”

"…I am…."

“Throw away empty words like atonement.”

“Just, I.”

Joo-Hyeon spoke from the ashes left behind by his family.

“I hope they are comfortable even after death.”

That was his honest desire.

“I don’t mind living my whole life with their deaths, I just hope they don’t get sick.”

“Do you want to lie down in the happiest and warmest place?”

“I want that. I’m not perfect, and I’m not an adult, but I’m just an ordinary person….”

“Still, I hope they are safe because they are Joo-Hyeon’s family and friends.”

“I know it’s forced. I also know it’s selfish thinking.”

Joohyun, who had been hesitating, continued speaking.

“But you are an evil spirit.”

“Yeah, that’s right.”

“Will you respond to my selfishness?”

“Well done.”

The portrait's lips were split with joy.

“Do I need to prepare myself mentally?”

“A little bit.”

“Okay, I’ll send you a gift soon.”

“What should I do?”

“I guess you don’t know the meaning of a gift?”

A sound like the laughter of a beast was heard.

“Just enjoy it, my friend.”

I don't know if it's because of my mood.

“…….”

Was it like that originally?

The eyes of the jewel cat in the portrait were particularly bright like the moon.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (156)

156

Episode 156

The incident started with a teddy bear.

“Kyuu.”

“Why are you doing that?”

“Kuuu, kuu….”

“You’re looking for Lulupu’s juice?”

At that time, Geo was thinking hard about what to do with his friend's money.

His new friend, Joo-hyun, was a rare, mature and capable person, and Geo was thinking of taming him with delicious food, a comfortable bed, and refreshing events.

As a result, there were many situations where I had packed up a lot of things… .

“I have just what you’re looking for.”

There was also some Lulupu juice.

“Huh?”

“Yes, because it’s good to use as perfume.”

“Kuk kuk kuk….”

“Surely that’s a good idea?”

It didn't have much of a taste, but it smelled really good, and when bottled, it was beautiful and had ornamental value in itself. If you're looking for a good perfume, make it in advance with the intention of giving it as a gift.

“But how can Father find the juice of Lulupu?”

“Kuuu….”

“Aha, you’re giving that tasteless thing to Dana?”

Are you okay?

“…….”

Giovanni asked with a serious face.

“…You won’t get a stomachache, right?”

“Kukuku.”

“Forcing someone to eat something that doesn’t taste good…?”

"dream."

“Aha, then that’s fine.”

“Kyuu.”

The teddy bear clapped its hands on the cotton floor. It was fluffy just to look at. Geo, who saw his family's joy as his own, looked at him with pleasure and asked.

“It is not a problem to give juice, but why did you intend to give it to Dana? Was it Dana’s request?”

"dream!"

“I don’t know why that topic suddenly came up, but yes, I was just thinking about what gift to give to Joohyun.”

The previous god of the sun pointed out the current situation where Geo was thinking about what gift to give to his new friend, Juhyun. When Geo agreed, the teddy bear that smelled of warm sunshine continued to speak.

“Let’s help with Joohyun’s funeral.”

“Kyuu.”

“Surely you’re not trying to kill Joo-Hyeon yourself.”

"dream…!?"

“Then it must be the funeral of friends and family….”

Geo nodded.

“I’ve thought about that too. Joo-hyun has recently lost his family and friends and has been feeling a lot of guilt, and he’s just become independent so he’s thinking about making graves for them.”

This was a very important task for Joo-hyun. Not only could it relieve some of the guilt and sense of duty that Joo-hyun was feeling, but it was also a responsibility that would become the starting point for whatever he did in the future.

“I have inherited the divinity of my father who sowed and harvested life, so it will not be a problem for me to help my friend in that regard.”

“Kukukuu?”

“Yes, I would like to help with Joohyun’s funeral, as you said. I know for sure that it would be a pretty nice gift, but….”

Geo, who prides himself on having both good looks and common sense, became serious.

“I’m worried that it might be too rude.”

"dream…?"

“Isn’t it rude to interfere in other people’s troubles?”

It was a reasonable statement. There is always a line between humans, and this tragedy related to Joo-hyun’s guilt was too personal for a complete stranger like Geo to handle.

But God doesn't know that.

“…Kkuu??”

The teddy bear looked up at Geo with eyes that said, 'Why? Why is it rude to get involved in a human's death? It's strange, when I used to do that, humans really liked it...'

"hmm."

That could be the case.

'Because my father has never lived among humans.'

Geo found the right answer.

“That is a privilege that my father was able to enjoy thanks to the new person.”

“Huh??”

“Aha, now that I think about it, I’m a god too.”

Even a pig like me who only knows how to eat and sleep well can become a god. Geo wondered if there were such insignificant gods in the world, but soon he smiled proudly and continued speaking.

“I am an ordinary human being with the qualifications of a god.”

“Muaaaang ….”

Dana hurried past, crying, "I love you, dad, but you're talking nonsense right now." Honey, who was right above her head, disappeared with her younger brother, looking at her with eyes that said, "I love you, dad, but Dana's right."

“…….”

Geo felt a little wronged.

“Does it make sense that I can’t be treated as a human being just because I have some qualifications as a god?”

“Kukukuu.”

“No way, Father. Where in the world is there a god who roasts sweet potatoes and eats them with his own hands?”

The teddy bear looked up at Geo with eyes that said, 'Yes, how can you do that?' Geo was speechless at that look of pure question. I never thought that I would be treated as an outcast just because I eat sweet potatoes.

“Anyway, Father, listen. I don’t know what has changed since the world was turned upside down, but in this country where Confucianism has such deep roots, it is rude to interfere in someone else’s family funeral without any justification.”

"dream."

“First of all, isn’t Joo-hyun a friend you just captured… no, a friend you

just made? You're just getting to know him, so you need to slowly tame him with small, non-burdensome considerations and gifts, and tie him up to a relationship where he won't run away even if you send him three boxes of sweet potatoes. If you rush too much, things will go wrong."

"dream."

"Besides, Joo-hyun is 36 years old, so she's older than me. It would be extremely rude to help with the funeral of someone who is older and more socially adept than me. It's also rude to interfere without permission when someone is trying to take care of things on their own."

"dream?"

Again, God doesn't know such things.

"Huh?"

"Excuse me."

"Kuung…."

Around that time, Isser, who had come to visit for the first time in a while, discovered the two.

"Teacher? What's the problem?"

"I was talking to my father about the funeral of a new friend I had made."

"It's a really confusing situation just hearing it."

Isser nodded after hearing the details of the incident.

"I don't think it will be a big nuisance."

“If that’s what you both want, I’d like to hear your opinions. Why on earth wouldn’t it be?”

“Aren’t you the sun god, sir?”

“And he’s also Joohyun’s new friend.”

“That man named Ju-Hyeon also thought of the teacher as a god.”

“That’s true, but….”

“What is the problem, sir?”

Isser tilted his head.

“It is not a nuisance but a great mercy that God directly cares for human life and death.”

“Jabirani, you are talking about such an embarrassing story.”

“Well, I don’t know what part you’re embarrassed about, but the sun god was like that too.”

“After all, the Father was the sun that created and took away life….”

“I think it is not strange for you to do similar things since you have inherited that divinity.”

Isser was once a priest of the deep sea and a believer of the sun. Having studied theology under Giovanni, the most intelligent child of the sun, Isser found Geo's question, which was not a question, quite strange.

“Don’t you know this well, teacher? It is God’s right and duty to govern life. I don’t know what part of it you feel uncomfortable with, but it is quite natural.”

“So even though I’m an ordinary person.”

“I truly respect and love you, sir, but I know that is not true. But if you think about it from a human perspective, what if you thought of it as a kind of inheritance from your family?”

Isser pointed politely at the teddy bear with both hands.

“You have inherited the family business of divinity from the sun.”

“This is my first time becoming a god, so I don’t know much about it, so I have a question. If I inherit divinity, do I also have to inherit the duties of the previous god?”

“I know that. It’s a kind of hereditary thing.”

The mermaid who once dreamed of becoming a righteous priest looked down at the teddy bear.

“It seems that the previous Sun God… wanted to bestow the gift of mercy on his beloved human while also allowing him to learn the power and position of the Sun.”

Geo had guessed that part too.

“Otherwise, there is no way my father would have advised me to preside over the funeral ceremony right away. I think it was because I was being so negligent as a god that my father stepped in.”

“Oh, is it possible to think like that?”

“I thought I had only inherited the qualifications, not the position. But now that you mention the family business, I think about it. I guess I have been neglecting my father’s business up until now.”

Isser smiled reassuringly as if telling him not to worry.

“Please don’t be anxious, sir. All the previous affairs that this sun had been managing have sunk along with the sea water of me and my sister, so you don’t have to worry.”

“What a strange and heartbreaking thing to say.”

“What I just want to say is that you, as a divine being, do not need to feel too burdened by the issue of interfering with human life and death and their consciousness.”

Isser smiled bitterly as he said that.

“If you were any other being, you would have abandoned all of your humanity as you inherited divinity, but for some reason, you still retain your humanity, and that is why you are bound by human etiquette. It is surprising.”

“Does such a grand concept as humanity have to come into play in this obvious principle that you should not arbitrarily interfere with someone else’s funeral? Unless you are a sworn brother with someone who shares a family register, you should not arbitrarily interfere with someone else’s intimate affairs.”

“Teacher and humans are not equal beings. Your small favor can be a great mercy or a disaster to humans. It was a very natural order of things since you inherited the divinity of the sun.”

A look of concern appeared on Giovanni's face.

“How dare you say such racist things.”

“…….”

“Yes, the teacher is very guilty.”

Isser, who was once a victim of racism and grew up to be the perpetrator of the century, was momentarily speechless.

“…Ahem, well, in the end it’s up to the teacher to decide.”

“No matter how much I think about it, I feel like it would be a huge disrespect to Joohyun….”

“Rather than being rude, I guess it would be a very meaningful gift from a divine being.”

Humans have walked the path of asceticism, dedicating their lives to receive a single word of God’s voice, a single touch of God’s hand. It was a great grace and mercy to receive the blessing of life and death from a mystery worthy of awe.

“Besides, from what I know… um.”

Isser, who had been focusing on the events of human society centered around Geo, pretended not to know, gathered his thoughts. He continued speaking, recalling the brown-skinned human he had met before.

“It seems that another evil spirit was involved in the tragedy that occurred to the human named Ju-hyeon. It may be right for the merciful sun to take these souls, who have fallen victim to the schemes of such an evil spirit, away.”

“I’m sorry to delve into such deep details, but shouldn’t gifts be a burden? I’m sure Joo-hyun would also find financial help very burdensome.”

“Perhaps the Sun of the Past is not talking about human rituals such as funeral rites, but about the gift of the human soul itself. It is talking about its essence, not what is visible to the eye.”

The teddy bear nodded to him.

“Kkuu!”

“Please don’t act friendly.”

“Kuk kuk kuk….”

“I don’t know why you’re laughing.”

Isser still hates the old sun. He looked at Geo.

“I have learned from you that the greatest love of the sun is to sow life on the earth, and when the time comes, to harvest it and place it beside the sunlight. This is the process by which the soul is born and harvested.”

“I definitely did.”

“Then you too, sir, can do the same. As far as I know, the current Earth is under the attention of the gods, and the souls there have each entered the hands of different gods.”

He smiled at my teacher.

“They would be happier to be accepted by the Earth’s divinity than by another dimension’s gods. That must be what the previous Sun was referring to when he spoke of the funeral gift.”

“I shouldn’t be the one to take care of someone.”

“From your perspective, it would be more like making more friends rather than gathering. Each god has a different way of dealing with life and death, so it could be seen as a kind of social activity.”

“Hmm, socializing.”

“I understand what you are reluctant about. I guess you are just following human etiquette and common sense. However, if you truly wish to act as an evil spirit, you will also need to have an attitude that does not reject the role of divinity.”

Isser heard that Argio wanted to become the Demon King because he wanted to enjoy blood feuds as an evil god. If so, he would need to adapt to his role and position as a god.

The mermaid siblings also wanted Giovanni to become more whole. If

he were to become completely separated from humans, wouldn't there come a day when he would reject humans?

“And above all.”

Isser hesitated for a moment and then continued.

“Since when have you cared about human standards…?”

“What does that mean?”

“No, that’s right, you’ve been like that since long ago, teacher.”

Isser thought of Giovanni, who was once human.

“Even back then, I don’t think I ever acted in a humane way.”

“Is that how you describe my courageous life?”

“You said you were brave, but it seems like you just did it without any courage.”

“I have never failed to observe basic manners.”

“When I think about the achievements that came out naturally, as if I was breathing….”

“Achievements that were blown up?”

“I can’t help but wonder why you’re acting all showy now.”

“What the hell do you think I am? A chain-sleeve thief of the century?”

Giovanni felt wronged again.

“Even though it’s me, I wouldn’t dig up other people’s family history.”

“Well, I don’t know why you’re so worried, sir.”

“What are you going to do if Joohyun runs away because it’s

burdensome?”

“That was the problem, after all.”

It wasn't that he was worried about the future that would become burdensome by interfering with someone else's gloomy past, but that he was worried that the other person would get tired of his excessive kindness and run away. Isser nodded with the sacred face of a priest as if he had expected that.

“It’s okay, teacher.”

“What’s okay?”

“I already wrote it.”

“What part did you write?”

“As I said just now….”

Isser smiled bitterly.

“Mr. Joohyun no longer sees you as an equal.”

“Damn, that’s what I thought.”

Giovanni's face became serious.

“I thought it would be like that since you were so difficult for me….”

“Apart from considering them as true friends, they are objects of awe.”

“Even so, there may still be hope.”

“I’m asking because I don’t quite understand, but what hope is that?”

“I hope that we can become such comfortable friends that we can even push each other with our feet.”

“Oh, pushing a shoe with your foot? That’s an irreverent remark that makes me want to wash my ears out, even though I’m a mermaid.”

“Please refrain from giving it too much meaning. What’s the point of being disrespectful between friends?”

“If there is still such hope, it would be a miracle.”

But Geo was steadfast. He never gave up.

“I am Batlan Giovanni, son of the sun and symbol of miracles. There is nothing I cannot accomplish.”

“I want to say that it’s not like that, but since he’s the kind of person who would really do it if he did, I won’t say anything for sure….”

The mermaid students learned from their human teacher that 'humans really have no limits'. He was a craftsman who made the impossible possible, and Isser learned the wisdom of 'always keeping possibilities open'.

He always kept in mind the possibility that one day his teacher might come back alive and scold us, and that actually happened. Isser thought that Geo could do anything he put his mind to.

“Anyway, if you don’t find it burdensome for the teacher to interfere with Joo-hyun’s unfortunate circumstances, I don’t think it’s anything to worry about. The person himself won’t be able to interpret the teacher’s mercy as rudeness or a nuisance.”

Who would see the mercy of God as a nuisance rather than a disaster? Even for the most daring of men, it was a task close to impossible.

“You may suspect that it is a test from the devil, but you cannot think of it as rude.”

“But my Confucian beliefs make me uncomfortable.”

Giovanni looked troubled and cast his sorrowful eyes down.

“It is not right to meddle in other people’s affairs….”

“But what if that person is secretly longing for salvation?”

“Then I have no choice but to step forward.”

It was a quick change of stance, as if they had been waiting for it.

“I really wanted to be a priest of the sun and a mature adult who would protect each other’s goodness, but if Joo-hyun wants my help, then there’s really nothing I can do.”

“I know you were just waiting for me to push you.”

“Oh, I got caught. But the new friend I made as a portrait artist is rarer than a 100-year-old ginseng. Since they are my opponents, I couldn’t act rashly.”

Geo's strength and weakness was that he didn't think deeply.

“If Joohyun had asked me for help from the beginning, I would have helped her without a second thought.”

In fact, to this extent, Geochigo really put a lot of thought into it.

And Geo found courage. He was worried that his hot new friend would run away in fear of the scale of the unusual gift, but if not, then there was nothing to be afraid of.

“If there is someone who needs help, and that person is my friend, and I can help them, then there is no reason not to step forward. In fact, I know that deep down, Joo-hyun is also hoping for help from this multi-talented friend.”

“Yes, I knew you would say that. As expected, the smiling tyrant of the sea village who, when he sees someone needing help, tries to show mercy even if they reject him… No, it’s as befitting of the chosen son of the sun.”

“I think I heard an inappropriate title for a student to call a teacher, but I’ll let it slide this time. Anyway, I think I have a rough idea of what kind of gift I should give to Joohyun. I’ll ask Joohyun for permission first.”

Geo saw my father.

“I’m talking assuming that’s what Dana wants, Father.”

“Kuk kuk kuk!”

“As you wished, I will give that child some of Lulupu’s juice.”

Just because I didn't think deeply, it didn't mean I didn't know anything.

“And let’s go make new friends.”

That was the story of how Yoo Seong-un ended up working overtime.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (157)

157

Episode 157

Geo always knew everything.

He knew that he had long ago surpassed human standards, that Anticat Dana was filled with dead spirits, and that he was seen by others.

“I just don’t put much meaning into it.”

Aria continued, shaking the glass flask.

“That’s why you seem to know nothing even though you know everything.”

“The teacher’s strange indifference has always surprised those around him.”

“Looking at it that way, it doesn’t seem like it’s a trait that appeared after the portrait was created.”

Didn't Geo, when he was a fully human, also have that kind of attitude?

“Isn’t that really strange?”

“You were always special, teacher.”

“Should I say it’s special or unusual…?”

“You have a unique way of thinking.”

“It is a nature that is not easily found in humans.”

Now Geo was no longer a human, but a portrait, a divinity, and a mystery of unparalleled proportions. He was loved by the construct and became one with it.

“If I wanted to, my teacher could do anything.”

But those various powers were of no value to Geo.

“The amazing part is that you can accept it as just one personality.”

“Didn’t you even recognize the divinity of the previous sun god as an individual?”

“Even though he is the divine being of the god I serve. I am so speechless….”

If it were someone who didn't know its value, Aria would have been easily convinced. However, Giovanni was once the most beloved priest and a promising talent of the sun.

It would be an absurd level of generosity, or perhaps indifference, for such a person would not be ignorant of the value and position of the divine. Aria continued, organizing the flasks containing various liquids.

“What would it take to make him think of himself as not human?”

So that it can disappoint humans.

Despite his immense power and immense size, Geo firmly believed that it could not make him anything other than human. That belief was as natural and firm as his belief in his own existence.

“No matter what you throw at him, he’ll think there’s no reason for him not to be human.”

“I know how you will react even without trying it.”

“Besides, the reason I was even a little reluctant to use the power of the divine was simply a matter of courtesy.”

Aria herself found it funny that she had suspected that perhaps she was unable to accept her activities as a divinity because she considered herself human. Regardless of whether she was human or not, powers and such had no meaning to Geo.

“Even when they brought up salvation, you accepted it right away?”

“I don’t think you would use such a grand word as salvation.”

Isser smiled his characteristic smile.

“Hasn’t that been the case before, teacher?”

“Aren’t you someone who values salvation more than respect?”

“But the part where you say you prefer kind and polite beings is really….”

“The type of person one prefers and one’s own disposition are not separate things.”

Just because you like a good and polite person, it doesn't mean you yourself will be good and polite. Geo kept the line and respected others, but if salvation was at stake, it was a different story.

If there was a wish that he couldn't express due to various circumstances, if he asked for help inwardly even if he didn't say it out loud, if those around him wanted it even if he sincerely refused to be saved... Geo did so.

“As expected, he is the smiling tyrant of the sea village.”

“It seemed like you still hated that nickname.”

“It’s not like it was tyranny because the results were always good.”

When I watched him from the side, there were times when I thought, 'Isn't that violence rather than salvation?' However, those who Geo reached out to always ended up finding happiness. That was the power that Geo possessed.

“When you see something like that, you’re definitely not stupid.”

Geo always knew everything, but he only accepted it as information, not emotion. He was so far removed from worldly interests that he just seemed to know nothing.

It also makes him look like a mystical sage with great image management.

“So, I guess he probably has his own plans.”

“When you say plan, it sounds like you’re referring to a great designer who is hidden behind a dark curtain.”

“Even if it seems like the teacher has no plans, he is always preparing something.”

“The plan is only visible from a distance.”

“If we’re going to be that picky, then this time… um….”

Aria, who had finished tidying up, adjusted her large white gown.

“…….”

She said soon.

“I’m sure you know the identity of your beautiful daughter, too.”

“Are you talking about that monster filled with dead souls?”

“Yes, that monster that took the form of a cat.”

It was created by gathering the spirits of dead humans.

“I guess he was able to grow to that extent because his teacher truly thought of him as his child.”

“It makes sense, since I grew up in a world where all kinds of death are gathered together.”

“There may be other reasons for that kid’s growth, but… Will Geo use that kid?”

“I guess so, since you were thinking about the gift of a human named Juhyun.”

Geo always knew what he had to do.

“There are probably many reasons for giving such a gift.”

It was a wish that Ju-hyeon, a human being, could not shamelessly express, and he must have needed to adapt to his position according to the wishes of the previous god, and he must have wanted a chance for his daughter to become a complete child.

Above all, wouldn't Geo live in the human world?

“You might also want to solidify the image of ‘Mr. Sergio’.”

“Sometimes, whenever I see such cunning intentions, I feel cognitive dissonance.”

Behind that innocent and gentle smile, all thoughts were already put aside a long time ago. There was no way for those around him to know when he had been thinking like that or what he knew.

“The teacher doesn’t accept results he doesn’t like.”

We don't let a future we don't like come to us in the first place.

“So that’s why he died like that.”

“…he is alive now.”

“Can you call that living?”

"well."

“I often get scared.”

Aria continued speaking with her signature smile.

“I don’t know when you’ll do something ridiculous again.”

Geo was an uncontrollable variable.

“If that’s the case, then why don’t you be lovely?”

“…….”

“I feel like I signed a very unfair contract.”

“…Sister….”

“Yes, Isser.”

The mermaid asked her brother.

“What should we do now?”

They cannot be forgiven by their teacher.

“I once expected that he might come to hate humans, that he might turn away from them and become hostile towards them… But it seems that you, Master, have decided to love humans again.”

For nearly an eternity, it was to be so.

“I think we also need to make our attitude clear.”

“What my sister said is right.”

“…at least his roots….”

“…….”

"…well."

Aria muttered.

“It’s responsibility.”

The end of the worries was approaching.

* * *

“Ugh….”

Early February in Korea was still cold.

“Why is it so cold today?”

The woman sniffed.

“Is it because it’s dawn…?”

The current time is just past 1:00 AM.

Actually, 1AM wasn't that late. The 8PM closing time is also an 'average' statement, and there were quite a few workers who left work after that.

'If it were like before, there would have been a few more people on this street.'

The woman looked around the empty street.

The electronic billboards jutting out from between the alleys occasionally crackle, and most of them are already off. Somewhere on the asphalt, which is slick with snow that has just melted and fallen, you can almost hear the squeak of a mouse.

“…….”

Between the old and rusty buildings, the city center is visible. It is much cleaner and more sophisticated than the woman's hometown, which is located near the outskirts. Unlike the commercial district here that has already closed, it still flashes with neon signs.

For no reason, a corner of my heart feels empty.

‘… I think there are fewer people here, maybe because of the terrorist incident in the past.’

There was an incident where the dungeon door opened inside the Solar Church, and all the people inside were dragged away. The woman who was involved in that incident still vividly remembers the situation at the time.

Since that day, I have tried to avoid crowded places as much as possible. Perhaps other citizens who heard about the terrorist incident felt the same way. That is why there are so few people on the streets.

'Because it's a mixed residential and commercial area, it's a street that's rarely visited at this time of day.'

The woman sniffled at the cold and huddled further into her padding.

“Oh my, why the hell is it because of the company dinner….”

It was still frustrating, even though it was finished early, around 1 AM. And then I had to go to work at 6 AM. I don't know how these drunkards have such good stamina.

It was when the woman was walking while looking at the floor.

"meow."

“……?”

Cat meowing.

‘… No, it’s a little strange.’

Isn't that a very accurate "meow", as if a person had recorded it? Any woman who likes cats knows that most cats meow "aeae-ae" or "meow-aak."

Even though the city was protected by the association and the government, this was a suburban area, quite close to the city's slums. The woman looked around the dark streets with a slightly nervous heart.

"…uh."

And I found it.

“It’s a cat.”

It was a large cat with a dark blue light shining like the Milky Way in the night sky.

“Huh? What is that? Is it a monster…?”

"meow."

“It doesn’t look dangerous.”

It was very beautiful.

Of course, there is no such thing as a truly harmless monster just because it looks harmless. However, the possibility that it was a native monster she didn’t know about was not that low, so the woman slowly

stepped back and put some distance between herself and the cat.

And then, boom!

“Oh my god, Mommy, oh my god!!!!”

"this."

“Heh he ...

It was when a woman was struck by something hard hitting her back.

“I surprised you.”

“Huh, huh…!”

She hesitated and looked back, and saw a man looking down at her.

“Please calm down.”

“…….”

“Excellent. Well done.”

"…uh…."

My pounding heart gradually became calm as I listened to the soft voice that flowed out as if teaching a young student.

Her chest still heaved in surprise and she let out ragged breaths, but she soon realized that she was not in that much of a danger.

"…uh…!!"

And then the woman realized.

“Sergio Hunter?!”

“Oh, you remembered me.”

“Well, well… it left an impression.”

“I’m glad you liked it.”

“No, that, yes…!”

The woman, who thought the distance was too close, took a step back. Then, she could clearly see the tall hunter's face.

Platinum blonde hair that resembles the sun and the moon, blue eyes that seem to shatter with light, and the sacred smile that is characteristic of believers… .

“Oh.”

“Why are you doing that?”

“I was a little surprised.”

Even looking at it again, it was a face that was no different from the work of the century.

'Won't that be recognized as a cultural asset?'

A face worth preserving.

“What are you doing here? I remember you were working as an unofficial hunter, but did you come out today because of some work? It’s really nice to see you again. Since you don’t appear on TV, I had no way of knowing what you were up to.”

“I know you are very happy to see me.”

“Did I get too excited? I’m sorry. I really wanted to meet you again and say hello, but I had no way to contact you… Well, it would be rude to contact the Hunter personally, but the collectors haven’t said anything either.”

I was so happy to meet you by chance like this.

“But really, why is that…?”

“I came to help my friend.”

"friend?"

"yes."

Sergio Hunter said as he looked around the alley.

“Dana.”

The cat answered the call.

“Muang.”

“Oh, so cute.”

“Ugh.”

A cat, making a very cat-like sound, walked out of the darkness and went to Sergio Hunter's feet. The cat, as big as a Maine Coon, ran its body over Sergio Hunter's calf.

The cat, after a brief flirtation, soon sat down at Sergio Hunter's feet.

“Yeah.”

“What a wonderful thing.”

Sergio Hunter stroked its head, and the cat enjoyed his touch with its eyes closed.

“…Oh, right. That’s right.”

The woman, barely able to understand the situation, nodded.

“I think you said you were a trainer, and it really was.”

“I guess I don’t look like a trainer.”

“I guess it’s because you have a strong image of a priest….”

“That could be possible.”

Sergio continued with a smile.

“The honey you saw last time is here too.”

A small, round, honey-colored bird, the size of a child's fist, peeked out from under the hood of the cloak. The little bird tilted its head at the woman, then disappeared back into the hood.

“I guess you’re hiding your face.”

“I understand. Monsters don’t like humans in the first place.”

A woman who had experience being a hunter fan knew a little about their ‘job’. Being a trainer was an extremely rare job, but even if you succeeded in training, it wasn’t necessarily the case that the contracted beast and its owner would become close.

“I thought most contract holders didn’t like their owners, but you two seem to get along really well. As expected from a collector’s hunter….”

“I think it’s because I take care of them like my own children.”

“It must not have been easy to take care of a monster like that, but I think it’s amazing. Oh, but, am I taking up too much of your time?”

“That’s not true.”

Sergio Hunter tilted his head and asked.

“Do you happen to know where there are other orphanages around here?”

“Other orphanages?”

The man's voice was so calm and steady for someone seeking directions that it made me think he already knew everything when he asked.

‘… If you came on a mission, the collector would have told you the location separately, but you said you came because of a friend… Did you come in a hurry? Or maybe you came as a surprise and kept it a secret from your friend?’

The woman was lost in thought for a moment, but soon the awkward smile of someone asking for help from a passerby appeared on Sergio Hunter's perfectly sculpted face. Only then did the woman come to her senses.

'You shouldn't be thinking of something else in front of people. Are you tired and out of your mind? Are you thinking of something strange?'

The woman who had pushed away my foolish sentiments returned to reality and thought.

“Oh, if it’s another orphanage….”

A woman who often hangs around here answered with an embarrassed look on her face.

“It burned down a while ago.”

“Oh, that’s right.”

Sergio Hunter said with a delighted look on his face, as if that was exactly it.

“I’m looking for that building.”

“That building?”

It's an abandoned building in a secluded location, so there might be monsters living there, but they might have come here after receiving a tip for a friend.

'It seems like you didn't hear detailed information from your friend. You might be trying to solve it without telling your friend because you don't want him to feel burdened.'

The Sergio Hunter that the woman remembers is certainly someone who fits the proverb, “Don’t let your left hand know what your right hand is doing.” In fact, isn’t he the Hunter who helped people in the “Temple of the Deep Sea” but never sent out a single knight?

'There was a story about you being shy. I thought it was just a joke, but seeing you act like this, I think you're the type of person who feels burdened by being thanked for helping others.'

The woman nodded, thinking so.

“Yes, I know. Should I tell you?”

“I’m sorry, I thought you were leaving work. I would like to shamelessly ask for your help.”

“This neighborhood is so complicated. If it weren’t for Hunter, I would have already died. But it’s like this….”

“Thanks to your kind cooperation, we were all able to escape together.”

“Wow, how can someone speak so pleasantly?”

The woman felt a little sorry.

'If I were a certified hunter, I would have made an account a long time ago.'

The woman guided us while chewing on her regret. No matter how deserted and dark it was, this place was still a part of the city where people lived. There were a few lights and electronic billboards that lit up here and there, so it wasn't that dark.

Soon the woman led Sergio Hunter to the Guitar Orphanage.

“This place looks like the orphanage you were talking about.”

Seeing the burned down building made me feel a little strange.

'I heard someone died, but it's kind of creepy.'

I don't doubt Sergio Hunter who saved my life, but it was dangerous to come to such a deserted place. The woman who was looking at the abandoned building smiled awkwardly and asked Sergio Hunter.

“Hey, could you wait until I’m done with my work? I’m scared to go back alone….”

“Of course. I was thinking of doing that too. It’s dangerous to go home alone at this hour.”

Sergio Hunter nodded coolly and continued speaking with soft eyes.

“It won’t take that long.”

“Oh, really? So you came here to catch monsters….”

"no."

He said.

“I came to make friends.”

“…….”

Maybe it's because of my mood.

His voice sounded like it was drowning in the sea.

“…? Oh, that….”

Perhaps he came to train a new monster? As the woman was thinking within the bounds of common sense she could think of, Sergio Hunter spoke, gently stroking the cat's head.

“Dana.”

The cat answered.

"meow."

The answer continues.

"meow."

"meow…."

"…meow…."

The cat's eyes, which resemble the moon, are curved.

"meow."

Less mature and youthful voices.

‘…it sounds like a bell.’

Something catches the eye of the woman who was recalling a strange sentiment.

A group of strange children walked out of an abandoned building, imitating the meowing of cats.

"meow…."

“The cat called.”

“It meowed.”

“Me too, me too, kitty.”

"meow!"

A series of incoherent sentences continue.

A girl with her hair tied up in a ponytail. A boy with a mischievous look. A boy who walks cautiously, perhaps because he is scared. A boy who walks with a thumping sound, shedding tears for some reason. A boy who hugs a large cat as if he is happy to see it… .

"…uh."

The woman saw the person who appeared at the end.

“…….”

“…….”

An older woman who smiled awkwardly and sent all the children away.

When her eyes met Sergio Hunter's, she bowed deeply in greeting, wearing an apron.

"…i look forward to."

“Would you like to go together?”

“There is a god who is worshipped separately.”

“I want to hear that name.”

“My god illuminates the world with moonlight.”

“I will visit you with the children soon.”

“…Yes, if you do that….”

“You won’t be lonely.”

The old man who had been silent burst into tears.

"…thank you."

And when the woman blinked once.

“…….”

“…….”

There was no one there.

“…Uh, uh… uh?”

“I’ve finished my business, so I’ll take you home.”

“Huh huh?”

“Oh, are you okay?”

“Huh??”

The woman realized belatedly that she had seen a ghost.

* * *

The window of an abandoned building.

“…….”

Joo-Hyeon, who had been watching everything, soon collapsed.

The voice, soaked in water, trembled miserably.

"…sorry…."

"no."

“I’m sorry. I wish I had done a little better….”

“It’s okay, Joohyun.”

“I am truly sorry.”

“It's not your fault.”

“I, I was wrong….”

A reunion in the twisted logic and providence of the evil spirit.

“…I’m sorry for hurting you….”

Joohyun received a gift from her friend.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (158)

158

Episode 158

The class of citizens who could live in the city was either class 1 or class 2, but the gap between them was enormous.

Apart from the third-class citizens who lived in separate localities and were treated like people from another world, the second-class citizens were constantly compared to the first-class citizens. They self-deprecatingly called themselves 'beggars' or 'country bumpkins'.

To afford the insane rents, people had to move out of the city center, which meant they had to live as far out as possible, and second-class citizens had to settle even closer to the poor.

“…Ah, what is it?”

The man woke up and turned on his phone screen. It was past 1:00 in the morning.

“Oh my god, fucking laundry….”

It must be all crumpled already.

“I think the alarm went off, but why can’t I wake up?”

The man grumbled as he picked up his laundry from the communal laundry room. He thought to himself that if a first-class citizen saw him,

they would sneer at him and ask if he cared about cleanliness.

'But we don't have money, so don't we have pride? We're already being called dirty, so how can we really become dirty?'

Tall, dilapidated villas intertwined with the entertainment district. The walls were thin as a dog, so it was almost like living with noise, and all the facilities visible were rusty and creaky. It was dirty enough for the first-class citizens who only lived in the clean center to point fingers at it.

But I couldn't go to work looking like a beggar, so I had to make this much effort. The laundry, soaked with water because the old washing machine couldn't spin dry properly, was incredibly heavy.

“Oh my.”

The stairs creak with every step.

The man who returned home with the laundry basket headed straight to the veranda. The weather was still quite chilly as the sun had not fully risen yet, so the man took out his cell phone, wondering, 'What the hell is this?'

“…….”

1:24.

“…Oh.”

A couple caught the eye of a man looking at his cell phone. His gaze fell beyond the veranda, below.

“What, at this hour?”

The voice gets smaller on its own.

Perhaps because it was a residential area built jointly with an

entertainment district, there were often young beasts who would rush into the deep alleys late at night to take care of business.

But fortunately, it didn't seem to be that kind of atmosphere. The man who was looking at the two men and women who looked more sane than he thought thought.

'The man seems to be a hunter. Isn't that the guitar orphanage over there? He seems to have some business there... but why in an empty, abandoned house with no monsters?'

And then the man saw.

“…….”

A cat-shaped jewel that makes a creepily beautiful howl.

"…uh…."

Young souls walking out of the abandoned buildings one by one to the sound of tears like those bells.

“Uh, uh.”

Rules it all.

“ ….”

Priest.

'... No, trainer?'

Before he could even gather his thoughts, the man realized that his eyes had met the blonde hunter's.

For a moment, my breath was taken away.

“…….”

After a while, the man realized that everything had disappeared as if it had never happened and that he was sitting on the veranda.

“…Uh, uh, what is it?”

I couldn't quite remember what I saw. I'm sure our eyes met, but my memories of what happened in the meantime were hazy.

‘Fuck, they said Hunters were scary… I almost got scared just by making eye contact.’

It seemed that he had a brief panic as his eyes met with the hunter's, who was too strong. Knowing that this happened often, the man accepted the situation without any doubts, and soon picked up his cell phone with his hands soaked in cold sweat.

The poor quality phone was heavy and dull, but even taking that into account, the man's hands holding the phone were shaking excessively.

“…What, what kind of world are there ghosts in this world?”

As I turned on my phone, notifications filled the screen without a sound.

It was a local community he had joined, and the man instinctively realized that the quiet commotion was caused by the incident that had just occurred.

'I wasn't the only one who saw it.'

It wasn't in vain.

With trembling hands, he typed a title for the post he was about to post on a community where people from his neighborhood hung out.

I saw it clearly with my own two eyes (photo attached)

It was a huge ball that 'Mr. Sergio' shot up.

* * *

A traditional Korean characteristic that has persisted since before the great disaster.

-??? What did I see??

Internet powerhouse.

- A ghost appeared in Gwanak-gu at dawn

- Anyone seen a ghost in Daehak-dong??

- What's wrong with the cat crying?

- Oh my god, spring

Even though the world was ruined and came back to life, Koreans' social media and communities were still going strong.

- There was already a lot of talk there

- Is this the story about the Adra Ki○ Orphanage?

↳ It was just called Guitar Orphanage, so there was no point in blurring it

- Why is everyone talking about ghosts?

- What's the fuss this morning?

Perhaps because the world had been turned upside down, the residents of a region had a strong sense that they were essentially one family. When an incident or accident occurred, it was a kind of manner for the residents of that region to share the incident.

Because of that, the Gwanak-gu community where 'Sergio Hunter'

visited was in an uproar.

“Hey, I heard there’s a ghost in Gwanak-gu.”

“Are you crazy?”

The rumor spread quickly throughout the area.

I saw it clearly with my own two eyes (photo attached)

I am the one who saw the ghost, you Gwanak-gu villagers.

Since so many people ask me questions via email, I'm organizing them here.

Time of sighting: “1:24 AM”

The reason I remember it so well is because I was hanging laundry like a dog.

Shit, I set the alarm for 1am and woke up clearly, but I ended up sleeping longer than that

When I woke up and looked at my phone, it was 22 minutes

I went out to the veranda to hang laundry, but it was so cold that I turned on my phone to check the temperature, and it was 24 minutes.

I said this, so I hope no one suspects it's a fabrication.

I don't want to reveal the address of the scary world, but it seems like everyone knows it.

Yeah, fuck, my house is in Daehak-dong.

Anyone who lives in or has visited Daehak-dong knows that the corners of the houses are packed together like crazy.

And I know the four roads between those corners of the house

Those who don't know can just think of the alleys in Dal-dong, Gwanak-gu where beggars gather.

There is an orphanage there called 'Guitar Orphanage'

It seems like it's affiliated with the government or an association, but it doesn't seem like it receives much support?

Why? If they had received enough support, they wouldn't have built an orphanage in a place like this.

It's my beloved corner of the house, but I have to admit it's a bit damp

This is no place for a child to live, but there were a lot of children, right? No money? Ugly ducklings, right?

But there was a fire here a while ago and everyone died

F**k, because of that, our villa also suffered some damage

The atmosphere in our gloomy neighborhood has improved a bit thanks to the kids.

Since it became a haunted house, it has become three hundred and sixty times more gloomy.

Okay, country bumpkins, this is where the main topic starts.

You said you went out to the veranda to hang the laundry.

I know there's no one there at that time, but there are two people.

I was scared because I thought that even a man or a woman would do something crazy here.

When I was in a hurry, there were a lot of beasts and rascals who would come to the alley and make a fuss, so I was really nervous.

The atmosphere doesn't seem to be that kind of atmosphere at all

Looking at what you're doing, it looks like one of you is a hunter.

What cat??? It's a cat or something, it's so shiny and pretty

I can hear a cat crying

Oh shit, what should I say about this?

There was something really ticklish like a dog that made my soul tremble… something

That kind of crying sound that makes you get goosebumps all over your body? Wow, this was a crying sound that made you think, what the hell is going to happen?

The ear-splitting noise that took our spines away last summer wasn't that scary.

Yeah fuck I was freaking scared

The cat keeps crying

The kids are crying so hard too

Kids? What kind of kids are they?

This is the majesty of the 'ghost', you country bumpkins from Gwanak-gu.

As I listened, I thought, "Oh, something is strong? Something is strange?" Then, the "meow" sound became more and more diverse.

Instinctively, I was so fragile that I hid my body and peeked down.

I saw children who looked perfectly fine crawling out of an abandoned orphanage.

Look at these two clearly, you little bastards

Shit, I thought this is what a ghost is like

I thought that the first-class guys were talking about souls and all that crap, but they were just being sarcastic.

Wow, those real hunters can see the soul. I thought, there really is such a thing in the world.

When I looked at them with my eyes, they really… really just looked like normal, living kids.

But when you look at it, you get a feeling

Those kids are the ones who died in this fire.

But it was that cat that called those kids.

And the owner is that blond hunter

All sorts of thoughts are coming to mind

I couldn't even breathe

My whole body is shivering, but I know for sure that it's not because I'm cold.

It's so creepy that it sends shivers down your spine, but it's not like it's damp or slimy.

That thrill you get when you see something so huge and beautiful.

I feel so overwhelmed

Holly felt that way

I couldn't take a picture of the kids

It disappeared right away

But that doesn't mean that existence itself disappears.

I was given permission to see the dead souls for a moment.

I had a feeling that maybe that allowed time was running out soon.

I think that cat did something or other, but I'm a second-class villager and I don't know anything about that.

The woman next to the cat-raising hunter sat down in shock, wondering if he was a country bumpkin like me.

But damn I was also sitting there ㅋㅋㅋㅋ… … .

When I came to my senses, I was sitting on the veranda floor, my hands and feet shaking.

Damn, I feel like I made eye contact with that hunter

Anyway, it was really scary

I understand a woman's feelings a hundred times over

If it's like this even though I saw it from far away, how scary would it be if it was intuition?

That cat monster looks like a hunter's trainer?

It's far away so I don't know exactly what it looks like

I took a picture, so take a look.

Don't talk about portrait rights because my face wasn't shown

Yeah, you guys are fakes

A post on that community had a picture attached to it. It was a very

blurry picture, perhaps because my hands and feet were shaking as the post said, or because my phone camera was not very good.

But that alone confirmed the blonde hunter and the woman sitting down that the writer had mentioned. The community was once again in an uproar over the photo that appeared to have been taken from a high position.

Comments (149)

- Why isn't this a fabrication??

- So you were a hunter with skills related to the soul?

↳ Why is a hunter with such advanced skills in Gwanak-gu… .? Oh… .?

↳ Yeah, to that extent, you're definitely not a hunter

- The cat is so cute

↳ Look at that size, is that cute? We're going to have a big bite

- Did you turn into an anti-cat?

- It's so funny how the girl is acting so stupidㅋㅋㅋㅋ

↳ Seriously, what a tough girl… .

↳ Ah, damn it girl, I'm crying ㅠㅠㅠㅠ

↳ Is that crazy woman?ㅋㅋㅋㅋ

- Isn't that anti-cat?????

↳ Excuse me, but what is Anticat? Is that cat's name?

↳↳ It's a cat-shaped monster that lives in a dungeon called the Jewel Vein.

↳ ? Was the Anti-Cat a tameable mob??

↳ No, anti-cats are just kittens, stop crawling out, you cornered-room experts

↳ People I don't even know are talking nonsense

↳ You're acting like you know everything

- If it's a soul-related skill, is it a priest? It feels like a solar cult...

- Why is such a precious hunter in such a shabby neighborhood…???

- The blond priest is crazy, gasp gasp

↳ Block perverts

↳ Even though you're a hunter, is it right to openly say this nonsense?;; Seriously, humanity is falling apart

↳ Even if you are a public figure, let's keep the line

↳↳ Dssalpano

↳ He looks so handsome. I can't see his face, but I can feel his handsomeness.

↳ Hey, what's with the streetlights? Come back

- Isn't it illegal for a priest to bring a monster with him?

- It looks like the monster is so quiet, but it must be a trainer.

↳ If it wasn't for training, Gwanak-gu would have already burned down

- What is an anti-cat?

- I know the priest's name, Saramuㅠㅠ… . Pleaseㅜ… … .

- Don't you give authentication to the iron-clad woman?ㅋㅋㅋㅋ

- The 25-year-old fool is telling me that the hunter is a handsome man. Just give me your personal information.

- Why aren't the fucking reporters doing their jobs?

↳ Couldn't he be an unofficial hunter?? He's such a new face out of nowhere

↳ You rascals only keep your mouth shut when absolutely necessary

↳ Are there any blondes among the trainers? There aren't many domestic trainers, but this is the first time I've seen a blonde.

↳ Isn't that silver hair???

- Seriously though, if this is a new trainer, isn't this patriotic?

- Why did the trainer create a ghost… .?? Really, why… .??

- I wish any hunter would come out and explain.

- Hahahahahahahahaha so you're saying it's fake or not?

↳ Do you want to?

↳ I'm mad because of guys like you that I have to write... ..

↳ The mastermind OUT

By the time the incident spread to the entire Seoul community, not just Gwanak-gu.

"It's starting to get better."

"Uh… Uh…."

"Can you upload it for me?"

“Can I really upload this?”

“This is a matter that has been approved by the collector.”

"and."

The woman who was involved in the ghost incident that day posted a photo on the community.

I am the woman who caused the ghost commotion in Gwanak-gu. Let me explain… .

It was a two-shot with Sergio Hunter.

Unlike the previous authenticator, the photo taken with permission was very clear, and while the woman's face was covered with a sticker, Sergio Hunter's face was still visible. The content of the post was brief.

Beautiful and beautiful scenery

That was the end of it.

Comments (1,623)

- Are you crazy about the beauty of the country?

– Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome? Why are you handsome?

↳ Calm down

- F*ck, the future of South Korea is so bright

↳ It really got brighter… .

– The text is very short, so no further explanation is needed.

- It's unfair that I lived for 28 years without knowing this face.

- That's a confession

- What kind of parasitic brother do you look like?

↳ Seriously lol your face is so cute

↳ (This comment has been deleted due to review restrictions)

- Wow, he's really handsome.

– The beauty of the country, oh my…

- So this is the face that will ruin the country

↳ At this level, I can admit that I'm being rude

↳ Oh, are you going to roll it up with those lips?

↳↳ Please come to your senses, you idiots… ..

- Hunters are people too, so let's not cross the line.

- The comment section is getting really dirty

- Admin, please organize the comment section!!!

- How can someone be so kind and handsome?

↳ There is only one word for it, Gyeonggukjisae, so how do you know if it is good or not?

↳↳ Your face is kind

The comments section exploded.

“…….”

“The response is really good….”

“It looks like that.”

And Yoo Seong-un thought.

'There's nothing better than visual violence to muddy the waters.'

As a proud curator, even Yoo Seong-un fully acknowledged the beauty of ‘Portrait of Geo’.

Looking at it, it seemed like the atmosphere wasn't going too badly, so Yoo Seong-un smiled his characteristically indifferent smile.

“Thank you for your cooperation.”

“Oh, no. I’m glad it helped.”

“As I said before, all personal information about Choi Ra-on will be kept confidential.”

“But there are still people who find them….”

“We will take measures to ensure that no personal problems arise as a result of this cooperation.”

“I would appreciate it if you could do that.”

“You just signed the contract. Do you have any other questions?”

"excuse me."

Choi Ra-on, the person involved in the incident who came to be known as the 'iron-faced woman', asked with a serious expression.

“Can I make a fan cafe?”

“…I think that is the extent of the freedom of citizens.”

“Oh, well, if Sergio Hunter doesn’t like it, I won’t do it.”

“I will inquire about this matter separately and then contact you.”

“If I get permission, can I make this an official fan cafe?”

“I’ll ask about that part too.”

"thank you…!"

“No, not at all.”

Yoo Seong-un thought to himself.

'I need to get some extracurricular activities done quickly.'

You just have to ride the good flow when the attention is focused.

'I don't know how much intensity to set to make Geo's position suitable.'

However, I had no intention of putting Geo on TV. He doesn't seem to want too much attention and seems to have an aversion to working as a celebrity, so I planned to keep him in the underground category if possible.

'It'll be difficult to remain as an unofficial hunter after all.'

But well, that was what I wanted.

“…….”

If your first activity is to clear a dungeon, it should be fine.

‘… It seems like there was a decent dungeon planned for conquest by another sect or guild… .’

Anyway, that part was no longer Yoo Seong-un's job.

'I have to go and hand over the responsibility right away.'

Yoo Seong-woon felt warm at the thought of passing the work on to Joo-hyun.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (159)

159

Episode 159

There were a few people here who recognized 'Sergio Hunter'.

- This is Sergio Hunter.

- Sergio Hunter ㅠㅠㅠ Are you finally showing your face?

- Our hunter is now a public figure. Anyway, then

They were civilians who received help during the S-class dungeon 'Deep Sea Temple'.

- Is that hunter's name Sergio?

↳ Yes yes yes yes yes, you called me a trainer back then too

- Come here and check if it's correct.

- Is it right to put up just one Gyeonggukjisaek?

↳ If you're going to tell me, tell me everything

- Hey, why doesn't it come up when I search?

- Unofficial hunters, if their faces become known, they think they will die… .

- Sergio Hunter is a collector, but is there no response from him?

↳ Ah, a collector??? A collector????

↳ ?? That handsome guy with the sun on his face is a collector??

↳ Has the guild leader's taste changed?

↳ ㄴㄴ It could be just the face that is in the sunlight

↳ How can that smile not be sunlight coming from the soul?

- Why are you all making a fuss about someone else's face?

- The level of Korean people who suck up to anyone with a pretty face.

↳ Okay

And soon.

A new item has appeared in the Sunlight Spirit Hunter Collection

My sister-in-law

The official new information for 'Sergio Hunter' has been posted on the collector's website.

-What is a Sunshine Hunter?

↳ ㄱㅆ I heard he's a handsome man with a sunny disposition, but I had nothing to say about him being a hunter who caused a commotion.

↳ ㅋㅋㅋㅋIt's not that I have nothing to say, it's just that I had too much

↳ It's not even a descent, it's a descent. It's so funny

↳ Sunshine Hunterㅋㅋㅋ

↳ Ah, don't give our hunter a weird name.

↳↳ ?What the hell is this?

↳↳ When did you see our hunter?

People who read the post immediately rushed to the collector's homepage and could see that what the writer said was true. This was because a photo as clear as that of the previous authenticator, Choi Ra-on, was uploaded.

And some people were dumbfounded.

- Hey, but why are you only telling me this?

- This is my first time being a Hunter fan, but is this how it is supposed to be? ㅠㅠㅠㅠ

↳ It's not like this;;

↳ Ignore the comment above. The information about the original hunters is a bit limited.

↳ That's right. It's common for hunters' personal information to not be disclosed.

This was because the information provided was only name, height, and age, and since it is a tradition for Korean hunters to not reveal personal information, most people understood and moved on.

However, there were some people who got excited.

So does that mean I can now proudly fangirl?

Did the country recognize my virtue??

It was polite to not mess with unofficial hunters or underground hunters as much as possible, but if official activities became frequent, that line would quickly break down. Those who had been keeping an eye on Sergio since the previous 'Temple of the Deep Sea' were delighted.

Among them was Choi Ra-on, who was teased all day at work as a 'stupid woman'.

'I've never seen a face like this in my life.'

When she returned home from work, her stiff hands twitched.

“Fan cafe… If you make a fan cafe… you can share things like photos and schedules….”

What was floating on Choi Ra-on's worn-out computer screen was a two-shot with Sergio Hunter. It was a rather gloomy scene in the late evening, but she was desperate in her own way.

‘… A face like this is uncommon, but a face like this with this kind of personality is even more uncommon.’

The reason why Korea was able to maintain public order was not because Koreans were good, but because all kinds of strict laws and novel punishments made them good. It was a time when the average morality was so low that the instrumentalization of humans was taken for granted.

The personalities of public figures who could be the object of someone's fandom were not the same as before the great disaster. Especially for hunters, if they were popular, they could kill people in broad daylight and just say, "That's possible."

Of course, there were many hunters who endured their dirty personalities and continued to act kind and affectionate for the sake of popularity, but Choi Ra-on was confident.

'I know a little about physiognomy, and this well is real... It's real, clean water that was barely pulled out from deep underground.'

Her intuition, having been a fan of numerous celebrities and hunters, was telling her that this was a scoop that she couldn't miss. It was a

natural monument. There was even a sense of mission that came from that.

'I wonder if it wasn't fate that I met Hunter that day.'

It was a 100% pure handmade destiny that Geo had personally created, but Choi Ra-on didn't realize it.

The platinum blonde hair on the screen looked like silver hair, perhaps because it was taken under the yellow streetlight. The curly hair looked as soft as silk, and the smile that gave off a warm feeling just by looking at it was truly like sunlight.

“You’re really crazy, Waku….”

Choi Ra-on, who had seen him up close, recalled that time. The cool atmosphere that seemed to smell like the forest and the cheerful smile he had shown when he saw him off for the last time.

'Yeah, that's the point.'

Hidden inside Sergio Hunter, who was thought to be a gentle priest, was none other than the refreshing citrus scent of a sports team captain.

"under."

Life was already tough, and we needed light and salt to make it bearable.

'The light and salt of last time went to hell due to a huge controversy over humanity.'

Since they were hunters who had to live such a rough life, it was difficult for many of them to avoid controversy over their character. Most of them were exaggerated, but it was inevitable that they would become emotionally exhausted by the gossip.

'I know I'm different from other people, but... what can I do when my heart grows cold the moment I'm disappointed in my child's personality?'

Choi Ra-on was the type of person who would quickly lose interest in the person he trusted, if he saw a flaw in the character of his child. For example, if he saw someone bullying someone or killing someone for a trivial reason.

Before the Great Disaster, it would have been absurd for even ordinary people, let alone public figures, to commit such acts, but now was the post-Great Disaster era. The moral standards that Choi Ra-on expected were quite strict.

“…No, I didn’t commit a crime, did I? People can be a bit picky, you know.”

As a result, Choi Ra-on naturally had a lot of fans at one time. This was because her heart would drift away the moment she saw a flaw in their character.

Even the last time was a black cloak, but the fans were still waiting for the placenta.

“…….”

Choi Ra-on, who was focused on the computer screen, muttered quietly.

“…But with a face like this….”

Even if his personality was a bit flawed, I thought it would still be thrilling.

“…Yeah, how hard must it be to live as a hunter. That can happen as you live.”

Most of the nerds who are mainly hunter nerds did not lose heart even after a few controversies. In fact, Choi Ra-on was a special case. This was because, due to the nature of the hunter profession, people cannot always say and do nice things.

However, the limit of Choi Ra-on's tolerance for 'my child's' flaws was in the subject's face and speech. To be exact, it was mainly in the face.

'In that sense….'

Perhaps this time, Light and Salt would not be able to let go of the controversy over humanity even if it was the 66th time in a row. With this face and this kind of humanity, even God must be fair.

'But what if even the personality is great?'

It was a natural monument that would never come again.

“I hope we get some bait soon.”

Choi Ra-on smiled happily in front of the monitor.

* * *

Meanwhile, Joo-Hyeon, who had received the handover, was a little flustered.

“Why are you handing over the work to me at this particular time?”

“I’m too busy to even take care of ‘Black Cloak’. And as you know, ‘Sergio’ is in charge of Joo-hyun.”

“You did all the work at the collection center, so why are you doing this to me?”

“It’s a shame, because if you were a collector, you would be busier than this.”

“No, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“There is nothing I can do.”

Yoo Seong-woon expressed regret while handing over a document containing various community responses.

“I’m here because this project requires a lot of work, but in the future, when ‘Sergio Hunter’ does external activities, Joo-hyun will have to be by his side.”

“The hunter and the manager have to be linked together as a set. I know that, but….”

“It seems like you’ve learned a lot in the secretariat. And as you know, this is the time when things are the most noisy and the most focused. And I’m an unofficial underground hunter.”

An unofficial hunter is a hunter who does not reveal his identity publicly, and an underground hunter is a hunter who does not operate publicly.

“There’s no way I can be labeled as the official manager of ‘Sergio Hunter’.”

I don't know how much work there is to do.

“If that really happens, I won’t be able to help but become a completely sleepless human.”

“…How much work do you actually do?”

“Always remember that the more capable a hunter is, the more likely he is to be divided.”

“I am a non-awakened person.”

“It can’t be Sergio Hunter.”

"ah."

“It seems like there is a lot of interest from the religious community as well…. I think we’ll soon be getting a lot of requests for collaboration.”

Hunters with high name recognition will get work even if they just sit still.

“I’m sure you know, Joohyun.”

“Yes, I learned that.”

As the mask becomes more popular, broadcasters may contact you, and as a new trainer with few capabilities has appeared in Korea, requests for collaboration in strategy may come in to confirm his abilities.

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“The secretary’s office will take care of cutting off small contacts. They will do that for things that aren’t even worth passing on to Sergio Hunter, but for everything else, Joo-hyun must personally deliver them.”

Joohyun asked him.

“I’ve always wondered, how do I find ‘Sergio Hunter’…?”

“I’ve already discussed that with Geo.”

“Can I hear what story you just finished?”

“Geo stops by the hallway of our apartment every 12 o’clock….”

“…….”

Joohyun smiled with resignation.

“It seems that the leader of the Visabal Guild has finally decided to

deal with me.”

“No, that’s not it. Calm down. There’s a reason why everything turned out that way.”

“I really want to hear that story.”

“In the first place, humans had no way to contact Geo.”

It would be ridiculous for a mere human to contact God whenever he wants.

“To put it a little more simply, we can’t install a phone in Geo’s house.”

“That’s true. It would be a completely different dimension.”

“That’s why I also set aside a specific time to meet Geo.”

Around 4 o'clock in the morning.

“Other than that, if Geo wanted to call me, I would just take a letter and go.”

“I also receive letters, but I can’t interpret them, and above all, it seems like it would be difficult to go to the collector’s gallery….”

“It would be difficult for Mr. Joo-Hyeon, who is not awakened, to handle the energy of the gallery on the 5th basement floor.”

“So, did you take steps to allow Mr. Geo to come here?”

Joohyun asked with her signature bright smile.

“It’s not like the guild leader didn’t give up on his roommate dream?”

“I really have no excuse for that.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled bitterly.

“I’m in room 1, Joo-hyun is in room 2, and Geo is in the hallway between us… Perfect.”

“Is it okay to occupy the 46th floor like this?”

“All the houses on the 46th floor have already been purchased through sales, so there is no legal problem.”

“Something evil or a monster has moved into that apartment complex.”

“Geo was always going wherever he wanted to go. There’s no way to do that with the law.”

“Oh, that’s not wrong, but oh.”

Joohyun felt a little frustrated.

“I feel like I’ve become part of a world-ending transformation….”

“It could be a subversion in a good way.”

“You don’t deny the fact that it has been overturned.”

“It’s only a possibility, it might not come true, so don’t worry too much.”

“I’m getting more and more upset.”

“It'll be okay.”

Yoo Seong-un showed a innocent smile.

“It’s unlikely that anyone will be stopping by the 46th floor hallway at exactly 12 o’clock.”

It's an apartment with only two generations per floor. Anyone who visits a place that isn't their own at 12 o'clock, and not at any other time, may be thought to have an impure purpose.

“So even if an accident happens, you can just say it was self-defense.”

“What on earth are you trying to say?”

“This is the power of big corporations.”

Yoo Seong-un burst into laughter.

“And in the first place, even if it is through the stairs, you cannot visit that floor unless you are a resident of that generation.”

“Oh, that’s just like an elevator. I didn’t know stairs worked like that.”

“Most people who have never used stairs don’t know this, but you can only enter the stairs if you have a card key for your household.”

“Then there won’t be any casualties who accidentally encounter the black cloak and faint.”

“You should consider it a trick called a mistake. It is impossible for an innocent person to enter this floor without a plan.”

Of course, the apartment manager or the regular maintenance technician can come in at any time, but they never come at exactly 12 o'clock. Since this is a very well-managed apartment, they will not allow any room to disturb the residents' rest even a little.

“So I meant, don’t worry too much.”

“Uhm, I understand.”

“Thanks to you, my interview time with Geo was brought forward.”

“Oh, Mr. Yoo Seong-un, at 12 o’clock too…?”

“The guild leader said it would be easier if we dealt with them all at once.”

"…that…."

“It’s a true story.”

Although Bisabal was a superior that Yoo Seong-un respected, he had to say what he had to say.

“I think the three of us want to become closer.”

“Can I resist with all my might?”

“Still, I think you’ll be okay. Let’s work hard together.”

In this way, Sergio's life as a hunter began without him even being present.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (160)

160

Episode 160

And Geo had no thoughts.

“The goji berries are overdried again.”

“Kung.”

“It’s all because there’s so much sun.”

How can there be only three suns under the sky?

“This is not it.”

He was screaming in front of the gourd fruit that had turned into a golden shape.

“We are so warm.”

Giovanni, who contains the sun god. A teddy bear with the sun god of the previous generation. Honey, a light-attribute evolved water bird who received plenty of love from the two.

It only took a moment for the fruits in the hut where only three suns, big and small, lived to dry up.

“We must overthrow this divinity immediately.”

“Kung kung kung…!!”

“Kkuu…!!”

Dana peacefully lay down to wash the cat, leaving behind the water bird and the teddy bear that were trying to stop the pig from getting angry if they couldn't eat delicious food. The warm, sun-filled house was no different from a heavenly paradise to her.

Geo collapsed in the yard.

“I’m sorry, Grandma. This potato has become a fool who can’t even dry a single fruit properly.”

“Kyuu.”

“I’m a talking potato. All I know how to do is talk. I guess that’s my identity.”

"dream…?"

The previous sun god was confused as to why this son of the sun referred to himself as a potato. His identity was closer to the sun than to the potato, and closer to the source.

Geo, who was overcome with sadness, said as he swept up the hardened goji berries like an old man.

“I know full well that I don’t look like a potato.”

I admit it whenever I think about it, but it doesn't seem that harmless. A real potato can't turn a person into paint.

“It looks more like a black chicken in the yard than a potato. It’s all black….”

“Gurrrr.”

“I guess you like it because it’s the same type of bird, Honey. I’ll have to draw a feather cloak next time.”

If I had to compare him to someone who had enjoyed wearing all black since the Sergio days, I would have to find something that was definitely all black.

“Thanks to Mr. Argio, I’ve been lusting after shiny things lately, so it’s even more so.”

Or maybe it was the soot from the stove or the crows as big as a house. Even to Geo, it seemed difficult to find a connection between him and potatoes. Nevertheless, the reason he couldn't let go of potatoes was in his childhood.

“It’s all the elders’ fault.”

To the residents of a mountain village in Gangwon Province, Geo was just a well-spoken, high-functioning potato.

It wasn't that Sergio couldn't be objective. He couldn't help but be a high school student who was so full of energy that he exploded. He didn't even look that harmless.

“It’s a little funny.”

People treated Sergio as a very special person even though he did not do much but just breathe.

He seemed to think he had done something even though he had done nothing, and no one, including Sergio, knew exactly what that 'something' was. I don't know why he did that, but I remember watching him and finding it funny, so I just left him alone.

“I feel like everyone is making it too hard for me.”

“Kuuu….”

“That’s why I sing about potatoes, even if only in my heart.”

To remind myself that I am just an ordinary human being, nothing special.

“The rebellious nature of human beings.”

If you hadn't made things so interesting for me, I wouldn't be talking about potatoes.

Sergio knew very well how unremarkable he was.

I was good at a lot of things, my grades were decent, and I had a decent amount of friends, but that doesn't mean I was as perfect in every field as people around me imagined.

“I’m such an ordinary person, but everyone treats me like I’m so special.”

Even though he had an exceptionally handsome face, people around him considered him to be a difficult person. Geo knew that was a ridiculous misconception, but others did not.

“Only the elders of our mountain village saw through my fleeting nature.”

So, the nickname 'potato' was even more appealing.

“I feel stable.”

This is what is called the hometown of the heart.

“It’s kind of funny that everyone is flustered just looking at my expression….”

"dream??"

“I’m scared that I might actually end up thinking I’m something.”

“Kku, kkuu.”

“No, it’s nothing special.”

Sergio knew my subject.

“I am ordinary.”

He was just an ordinary person with a monstrous social nature.

“…….”

“…….”

Geo nodded after checking the teddy bear's wavering gaze. He thought he knew what she was imagining and fearing. However, it was a misunderstanding.

“…Even I don’t go outside and shout out loud, ‘I am a potato.’”

"dream."

“It’s not that I don’t shout, I just don’t say anything. I know it sounds crazy.”

What the hell are you doing?

Geo loved his other identity as a potato, which was given to him by the elders of the peaceful mountain village, but that was that and this was this. Even Geo, the most lovable introvert in the world, had to live in society.

“He is always well-mannered and polite outside the home, and he is always misbehaving like this at home. You don’t have to worry about your son being rude in society either.”

There are many grandchildren in Korea who are treated like shit dogs, but those grandchildren do not claim that they are shit dogs in society.

Even elementary school students do not do that, so I did not think that I would do that when I became a dark-skinned 29-year-old man.

“Kung-kung?”

“Why am I called an old man?”

“Gurr.”

“That’s what it means to be in your 30s tomorrow or the day after.”

There was something ambiguous about calling him a young man.

“It feels a bit ambiguous to call him an old man because the front seat is 2….”

First of all, since it was a portrait, I wasn't adding more age because the year had changed, but even so, due to the many special circumstances surrounding him, Geo seemed to be an old man.

“I’m currently 32 years old, so I think it’s appropriate to call me an old man.”

“Kung…?”

“Isn’t it, 24 plus 32 plus 29, just elderly…?”

Anyway, it's a situation where my conscience hurts just because I'm young.

“By the way, what should I do with all these goji berries?”

What should I do? What should I do?

“I guess I should make some blood sausages.”

Method of preparation: Make a paste by mixing the dried fruit into powder and the juice of the lulupu, and then make a dumpling. Dry it in a dark place for more than a week. It is a good medicine for bleeding

and recovery.

“I need to pull out some more Lulupu.”

At the sound of Rurupura, Dana, who had been lying down, got up. Perhaps it was because of the clear weather, but unlike the Milky Way of the previous night, it had a clear blue color.

Dana flashed a blue light and banged her head on Geo's calf.

“I’m so confused….”

“This is for my dad to use when making medicine.”

“Oh my.”

“Oh, I just want to go together.”

“Wow.”

“Then let’s do that.”

The giant cat Dana served as a sturdy escort.

* * *

Meanwhile, there was another place that was bustling with the presence of 'Sergio Hunter'.

“I didn’t know Anticat had that kind of ability.”

“Haha, that’s really amazing. You let me see the soul….”

“It’s not a certainty, so I think it needs to be reviewed.”

They were the Sun Church and the Moon Church.

Basically, the traditional religions that worshipped God followed providence, and naturally had a lot of interest in the birth and death of

life. And these two were the religions closest to funerals before the religion of death.

“By the way, I heard that the monster called Anticat is not easily tamed.”

A younger priest chimed in to the elder priest's words.

“Yes, I found out that it is a tricky monster that even its trainer cannot handle.”

“Is this correct, not only for domestic trainers but also for all cases abroad?”

“Yes. I heard that this is the first case in the world where the training of an anti-cat has been successful.”

“This is something that will catch the eye overseas as well….”

“It seems there has already been an uproar among the trainers.”

A trainer's authority and prestige depended on how many, how varied, and how difficult the types of monsters he could train. If it was true that he had trained an Anticat, then Sergio, the Hunter, would gain quite a good reputation.

“They say that Anticats don’t allow humans to approach them in the first place.”

“I don’t know much about that field, so I’m asking, but can’t you catch it by force?”

“They say that if you go against the will of the Lord, everything around you will burn.”

“If you are a hunter with fire resistance….”

“It is said that even the most resistant hunters have a hard time with

the flames that burn the soul.”

“This is truly a soul-burning flame.”

The priests, who could not help but be sensitive to the subject of the soul, were in an uproar.

“I would like to get a glimpse of that power, would that be possible?”

“It won’t be easy, since he’s a talent that’s been kept hidden from the collectors.”

“It seems like he’s a hunter who has been loved by collectors all his life… but if you approach him clumsily, you’ll get in big trouble.”

“But wouldn’t it be necessary to confirm whether that ability is true or not?”

“How can we have the authority to determine whether it is true or not?”

“Ahem, sorry. I got carried away.”

The Hunter's command authority always rested with the guild he belonged to, and interfering with it meant trying to start a war of wits with that guild. The Solar Cult did not want to engage in such a war of wits with the three major guilds in South Korea.

“I understand how you feel. If Anticat really has the power to interfere with souls….”

“It could also be a great help when priests of the Church are mobilized for funeral masses.”

“It will also be a great help to the image of the Sun Church. The recent dungeon opening incident has caused the church’s prestige to decline significantly.”

“The prospective priests are still anxious.”

“At times like these, wouldn’t it be better to show the merits and honor of the church so that the prospective priests and believers can feel at ease?”

Another elder priest expressed his discomfort.

“But wouldn’t it be a trainer, not a priest, who can handle an Anticat? Even if the Anticat’s abilities are true, the church wouldn’t be able to train the child….”

“Can’t we get some help from the hunter Sergio in that regard? I heard that he showed healing powers similar to the sun even during the ‘Deep Sea Kingdom’. If that’s the case, then I don’t think you have bad feelings toward our church. Even if you got caught up in such an incident, your faith is….”

“No, listen, guys. The problem isn’t that feelings aren’t bad, but shouldn’t we be worried that good feelings can become bad? I heard that you’ve been acting as an unofficial hunter up until now because you’re so reluctant to pay attention.”

“Now that he’s openly revealed himself, I guess he’s thinking of living as a public hunter. I also agree that there’s no need to incur Sergio Hunter’s dislike for him. If his ability is real, we should approach him as politely as possible.”

“More than anything, I….”

A middle-aged priest continued speaking.

“I think his abilities are real.”

“How did you come to think that way?”

“Isn’t he a collector’s hunter, nothing else?”

“Aha, indeed….”

“I am not the type of person to show favoritism without reason.”

The tastes of the collector Bisabal are widely known, and the most basic requirement is that he must be 'competent and honest'. There is no way that he, with his keen eye, would cherish a hunter with so much bubbles.

“Well, if the leader of the Visabal Guild had acknowledged it….”

“I can’t help but believe that.”

“What can you believe in if not the collector’s eye?”

Aren't you a human being whose purpose in life is your collection?

“But I’m still not sure about the exact ability.”

“It would be the symbol of a fool to try to steal someone else’s hunter skills without putting in any effort.”

“Well, that is true, but….”

It was extremely rude of him to rip off the personal information of a poor hunter who was not even the guild leader. Information about his exact abilities, what skills he used, and his rank.

“Now that things have come to this, what needs to be known will gradually become known.”

The elder priests knew how to read the flow.

“The fact that he showed his face and that it wasn’t controlled by a guild that collected it… means that he’s ready to show the world the Hunter Sergio.”

“Isn’t the dungeon the best stage to debut a hunter? It’s not like there aren’t dungeons to conquer in this world, and it’s not like there aren’t guilds that are curious about his abilities….”

“If there is no suitable place, we can give it to you. How about requesting cooperation on conquering the dungeon in Gangwon-do that we discovered earlier?”

“Anyway, we’ll soon be able to find out whether the abilities of the West Hunter are true or not. Hehe, if possible, I’m really curious about the abilities of that child called Anti-Cat.”

The priests who said so soon looked at one young priest.

“…….”

Priest Kang Seo-dam, who had previously gone on a dungeon raid with the 'Sergio Hunter', gritted his teeth in secret.

'Oh, sun.'

Please give this priest the courage to endure the ordeal that has been given to him.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (161)

161

Episode 161

At exactly 12 o'clock, when most of the citizens have collapsed from exhaustion, in the hallway of an apartment building in Seoul.

“Is it really right to do this like this?”

Joo-Hyeon questioned the form of meeting that was truly rare to find in modern society.

“Putting two folding chairs in the hallway of the apartment, facing the portrait hanging on the wall opposite?”

“Why, there’s a table, too. This is a table that our guild made ourselves.”

“It’s definitely a semicircular table, so it’s nice because it makes it feel like Geo-ssi is here with us.”

“It doesn’t feel like it’s actually here, does it?”

“Because you didn’t come out of the frame yourself.”

Joohyun smiled bitterly.

“It feels strange because it’s in a framed form, and it feels like we’re having a conversation over a memorial photo.”

The portrait itself answered him.

“In a sense, I am a spirit portrait.”

Yoo Seong-un refuted that.

“No, Geo is a portrait, not a photograph.”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un is right about that part.”

“Of course, ‘Portrait of Geo’ could be not a regular portrait, but a different portrait (first funeral). I mean, the portrait that was used when holding a funeral.”

“That seems like a clever guess.”

“We’re discussing your identity, do you have anything else to add?”

“I want to say that I respect all diversity.”

And Joohyun thought.

'What kind of conversation is this?'

It was a quality conversation that brought a smile to my face.

“Are you really sure there is no risk that our conversation will be leaked to the outside?”

“I told you in advance, Mr. Joo-Hyeon.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled a trustworthy and reliable smile.

“This is an expensive apartment.”

“Yes.”

“It’s an apartment that’s easy to lose your back if you’re not a very strong hunter.”

“That’s probably true.”

“If that was the place where information was leaked while receiving that money, it would have already burned down.”

“I guess so.”

Joo-hyun, who obediently agreed, pointed to the CCTV located in the apartment hallway.

“I assume that has been taken care of as well?”

“I still have many doubts, even though I readily agreed.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“That part has been taken care of cleanly for a long time, so you don’t have to worry.”

“I’m more worried about which parts have been handled neatly.”

“There are many ominous rumors about the collectors, but as you know, most of them are just ghost stories created by our works, right?”

“Yes, I continue to be worried about that part as well.”

“The collector does not see innocent blood. It was not the kind of treatment that would harm the administrators, so you can really rest assured.”

He added.

“We just reached an agreement with money as usual.”

“Of all the stories that come to mind, which one should I start with so that our conversation can proceed smoothly?”

“You don’t have to bring up the story in your head.”

Yoo Seong-un blocked Joo-hyun's worries in advance.

“Wouldn’t it be far better to take a lot of money and keep your mouth shut, rather than to not take money and be silenced? I can confidently testify that there was absolutely no coercion.”

“I feel a bit bitter about the world where everything is solved with money.”

“I can’t help but agree with that. But there’s no one in the world who hates money, and in the end, isn’t it important not to cross the line? We resolved it within a mutually acceptable line.”

“I didn’t mean to meddle in the collection process….”

“And above all, you may wonder if money will really be enough to silence you, but I used the soul contract for that part. Unless you want to extort various prices, your silence will be certain.”

“So, can you please stop saying that we’re just keeping our mouths shut like an illegal guild?”

It makes ordinary people who hear it feel really strange.

“I was a little taken aback by this strange meeting I had never seen before, but I can still trust it if it’s a soul contract.”

“What exactly is a soul contract?”

“Ah, that’s….”

Joo-hyun gathered his thoughts in response to the portrait's question. It was such obvious common sense that he couldn't think of an explanation for it at the time.

“…It is literally a contract for the soul. Recently, there have been quite a few different methods being used, but the one thing they have in common is that they utilize the Awakened One’s system.”

“The system of the awakened.”

“Because it is a higher-dimensional existence that is different from that of humans, who easily become dull and lose their meaning. It is impossible to change the contents of the contract midway unless you add related provisions.”

“Are the managers here Awakened?”

“There are those who are Awakened and those who are not. However, in the case of a soul contract, it is possible to conclude it with only one Awakened person involved in the ritual. It is also possible as the subject who is not a party to the contract.”

Yoo Seong-woon added to Joo Hyun's explanation.

“The manager who signed a contract with me was an Awakened One.”

“That is a sufficient explanation.”

The portrait nodded.

“Would you like to start the meeting now?”

“Okay.”

As Yoo Seong-un nodded, Joo-hyun opened her mouth.

“Fortunately, in this uproar over the new system, the hunter industry’s main focus has been on Dana Yang. I think it was because she had previously mentioned Sergio Hunter as a trainer. The public seems to be most convinced by the claim that it was not her own abilities but the help she received from the monsters.”

If Geo had done something like that alone without Dana, it wouldn't have been covered up as something like a 'surprising commotion'. Isn't it beyond the realm of humans for an individual to summon a healthy soul with a single gesture? Even if it's not that they don't have any

skills related to souls.

However, the number of trainers was very small, and none of them succeeded in training the Anticat. Ju-Hyeon thought that since the Anticat, an unknown monster, had such amazing abilities related to the soul, people would somehow accept it.

“I think Geo’s help was actually great, but the public probably doesn’t know that much.”

If 'Geo's Portrait' had not allowed it in the first place, Anti-Cat, who was the size of a kitten, would not have been able to grow to that level, and would not have been able to acquire the ability to summon spirits.

It's not like training a typical anti-cat will lead to antics like 'Sergio Hunter', but for now, it's better to let it go like this so that Geo can blend in with humans without feeling awkward.

“That’s why….”

Joohyun continued her explanation with her signature smile.

“It seems that the religious community is particularly interested in this incident. The Sun Church and the Moon Church in particular have responded.”

“I have visited the Sun Bridge before.”

“You may have seen it briefly at the previous initiation ceremony. However, it is a prayer space that has been opened up so that anyone other than the staff can enter, so the feeling will be different if you go further inside.”

Joohyun took out a piece of paper.

“I’m saying this in that context.”

He continued speaking to the portrait.

“We have received a request for collaboration from the Solar Church.”

“Do they want to test my abilities?”

“It may sound unpleasant, but that is the situation.”

Yoo Seong-woon, who was watching the conversation between the two, was secretly impressed by Joo-hyun's calm response.

'You have great courage to be able to answer so nonchalantly.'

It’s not that Joo-Hyeon doesn’t know anything about the ‘Portrait of Geo’. He had learned about it with the help of the Collectors Guild members, including Yoo Seong-Un, and because he was a researcher at the association, he was also well aware of its danger and magnitude.

'And yet, that's the reaction?'

If they were ordinary people, it would be difficult to answer, "It might be unpleasant, but it's true," to the great mystery that makes people question their abilities.

‘You’re being generous in some really strange ways… .’

The conversation between the two continued while Yoo Seong-un had a strange feeling.

“Because right now people don’t know anything about ‘Sergio Hunter’.”

“I know I have provided as many clues as possible about my information.”

“Thanks to Mr. Geo performing small miracles for other orphanages, their awareness has increased.”

“It wasn’t anything like a miracle.”

“Yes, it was a kind of performance, not a miracle. Thanks to that performance and the collaboration with curator Yoo Seong-un, I am gaining recognition at an unusually fast rate.”

but.

“That doesn’t mean that people have all their questions about ‘Sergio Hunter’ answered.”

“Rather, it means that their doubts have grown bigger.”

“Yes, exactly what is this Hunter’s specialty? What position does he occupy? What has he been doing all this time… There are so many things that people are curious about.”

Joo-Hyeon said while showing the documents sent from the Solar Church.

“When you think about it that way, this solar bridge tangent could be of great help.”

It was a request for a visit from the Solar Church.

“This is the most common method used when you want to see a famous hunter in a group. If it were a guild, which is the most popular group that manages hunters, you would have sent an email or a business card.”

“Yes, it’s a kind of request for friendship. Hunters who think it wouldn’t hurt to become friends often get requests like this. It’s just a matter of trying it out.”

Approaches vary from guild to guild.

“The method will differ depending on whether you are a guild member or a freelance hunter. Even if you are a freelance hunter, if you have a manager, they will contact you first.”

Joohyun nodded at him.

“I was in the same situation. It is rude to contact a hunter you just met. So, if you want to be formal, you usually make various requests and express your opinions to the hunter’s manager or the guild they belong to.”

Joohyun added.

“Ah, the term ‘newbie hunter’ is a slang term for hunters who haven’t been active for very long.”

“Was that slang?”

“Usually it refers to a hunter with little experience, but in rare cases it is used to belittle the skills of an opponent. Naturally, this is also extremely rude behavior.”

“That is a sufficient explanation.”

“In the future, if there are any words or actions that you do not understand, please ask me.”

Joo-hyun continued speaking, handing the documents over to Geo.

“This request is simply a casual greeting, like, ‘Shall we become friends?’ However, it is unusual for a religious group of the size of the Sun Church to reach out so directly.”

Everyone who should know will already know.

“I will prepare it as you wish.”

“It’s the Sun Church.”

Geo asked Yoo Seong-un.

“Isn’t this where Father Kang Seo-dam and student Chae Sol are?”

“That’s right, this request also came from Priest Kang Seo-dam.”

“It seems like I haven’t been contacted personally.”

“You’re not the type of person to ask for personal favors, Father Kang Seo-dam.”

“I felt the same way when I saw it before.”

The portrait made a decision.

“I will see you soon.”

“The church?”

“Father Kang Seo-dam.”

Joohyun nodded at him.

“I will prepare accordingly.”

And I thought to myself.

'Isn't the church itself still not up to the mark?'

To begin with, Giovanni was a strange case if he had any positive feelings toward the Solar Church. However, because Giovanni himself was a strange personality, there seemed to be no ill feelings, but he didn't seem to be all that good either.

'Just a little curious.'

He said he had stopped by once before, so it seemed like he wasn't completely uninterested. From Joo-hyun's perspective, it was the easiest reaction to handle.

“I have received a few other requests and contacts. They are not very important, and most of them are from the mass media, so I have

summarized them briefly. Should I explain them to you?”

“I don’t want to run two events together.”

“Oh, I understand. It would certainly be difficult for Sergio Hunter to do two things at the same time. I will prepare so that you can focus on just one task.”

Joohyun and Yoo Seongwoon thought.

'Is this Mr. Geo's rule?'

'It looks like there are restrictions on activities.'

One was a gardener and the other was a former researcher at the association. Neither of them could simply think, 'Geo is an introvert who doesn't have the energy to handle many things at once.'

This wasn't just a matter of their careers. Sergio never struck me as an introvert who would become withered when out of the house, whether to a complete stranger or someone who had known him for a long time.

'It would be difficult to stay outside the frame for a long time while lowering your status.'

Yoo Seong-un thought so and smiled innocently.

“Then what date would be best?”

“I will follow whatever you recommend.”

“Okay, Joohyun, check that out.”

The first hallway meeting concluded in a warm atmosphere.

* * *

And here, there was someone who was neither warm nor finished.

“Haaah….”

Kang Seo-dam, the priest of the sun who had been treated as a jerk, thought.

'The religious world is like a worm.'

It was a world where the younger you were and the lower your rank, the more naturally you became a slave.

He braced himself, thinking that he would have left long ago if it weren't for the merciful sun.

It was time to meet the divine.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (162)

162

Episode 162

A few days later, 'Sergio Hunter' visits the Sun Church.

“Thank you for visiting.”

Kang Seo-dam came out in person to greet him.

“Wasn’t it difficult to get here?”

“I was filled with excitement at the thought of seeing the sun again that I had seen that day.”

“It is fate that the sun’s light reaches you.”

He guided Geo with his characteristically blunt face.

“Please follow me.”

“Please.”

Geo followed Kang Seo-dam and admired the true appearance of the Sun Church temple.

'It's definitely different from the church I belonged to.'

Compared to the solar bridge of Geo, which was extremely splendid despite being severely corroded by the mermaids' plot, the solar bridge

of Earth was much more modest, yet full of a gentle atmosphere. It seemed as if it was filled with sunlight.

'I think you mainly used a clean white color rather than gold.'

Since he was someone who drew pictures often, Geo couldn't help but value aesthetic value over historical value. The atmosphere here was much warmer and more cheerful than he had imagined.

“It’s noisy.”

“Are you feeling offended?”

“No, I asked because it sounded good to me.”

“Then this priest has a good heart.”

Kang Seo-dam continued speaking in his characteristically calm tone.

“One of the greatest things about the Solar Church is that it is full of energy.”

“I’ve been to the Church of Death before, but it’s completely different.”

“Because the Church of Death is a sect that values silence as a virtue and values the group over the individual.”

They walked down a hallway filled with sunlight through the large windows.

“In other words, the Priests of Death are also called the Family of Silence. Compared to other sects, they have a particularly firm family structure, but apart from that, they value obedience and flow… so they must have been very quiet.”

It was different from the Solar Church.

“Warmth belongs to the living. Our little sun light, given by the sun,

burns while we are alive, and after burning everything, it returns to the sun."

"That's why the atmosphere is so bright."

"Yes, compared to other religions, we tend to pursue the freedom of individual priests. So, even within the religious order, we have comfortable conversations with a minimum of formality. So…."

Kang Seo-dam glanced at the priests passing by with a light smile.

"The Taeyang Church generally has this kind of noisy atmosphere."

"It looks good."

"I'm glad you saw it that way."

They soon headed to the reception room of the Sun Church.

"Please sit comfortably."

As the two sat down, those waiting nearby brought out some snacks and tea. Unlike the priests and Kang Seodam he had seen earlier, the sun's energy was not felt strongly, so Geo looked at them.

Kang Seo-dam explained that Geo was not human and that he lacked common sense.

"…These are brothers and sisters who help the priests of our Solar Church in both material and spiritual ways. Although they are not priests, they stay within the church and provide help in both big and small ways."

"I see, thank you for the introduction."

"It is a priest's joy to entertain guests of the church. Thank you, brothers, for the tea. I will now speak to my guest, so please step aside."

The servants quietly withdrew, leaving only Geo and Kang Seo-dam in the reception room.

"…first…."

Kang Seo-dam bowed his head deeply.

“I would like to thank you again on behalf of all the people of the former ‘Deep Sea Country’ for the great mercy you bestowed upon them.”

Kang Seodam's attitude was much more polite and respectful than outside the reception room. Geo realized that he was not treated as a human being in the phrase 'representing all humans', but he left it alone.

'It's a little absurd, but….'

It would be better than being caught as an ordinary human and being dragged off to be used as a test subject. Geo thought so, but he still maintained the attitude he should have as a priest of the sun.

“I’m glad I could help.”

“I hope you received the reward from the church safely.”

“Yes, I received the reward money through the collector.”

“…I didn’t think it was right to compensate you with something like money….”

“What humble words.”

Giovanni smiled his priestly, holy smile.

“I like money.”

“…….”

“Most happiness can be bought with money.”

Kang Seo-dam, who had been silent for a while, nodded.

“I see, that’s good.”

Geo instinctively knew that it was meant to be, 'I don't quite understand, but since you say so, I guess I'll just let it go.' He was familiar with this reaction, as it was often shown by Yoo Seong-un and Joo Hyun.

Kang Seo-dam still maintained an attitude that was burdensomely polite.

“Thanks to your help that day, the number of victims was greatly reduced. It was my job as the person in charge of the initiation ceremony, but by extending a helping hand, the young catechumens were spared their pointless deaths.”

“I think we all did it together.”

“Thank you again for your kind consideration. The reason I called Sergio Hunter today is because the church has requested a meeting. My opinion was not fully reflected, and I will do my best to avoid any unpleasantness.”

“It wasn’t unpleasant at all?”

Did he really think that Geo would say, 'How dare you tell me to come and go?' For some reason, Geo expressed slight doubts at Kang Seo-dam's extremely apologetic and cautious behavior, but Kang Seo-dam's reaction was the same.

“Yes, thank you for believing in me.”

Geo's interpretation was correct. It felt rude to him that a mere human had to call God. No, it wasn't just that it felt rude. It was actually rude.

'I'm afraid that if we continue like this, we'll forget our place as humans.'

The divinity before his eyes was unusually kind to humans, but there was a degree to it. However, Kang Seodam could not shout, “Sergio Hunter actually possessed divinity,” so it was an inevitable situation.

‘The elder priests are still talking about whether to include or not…’

They did not know that they were daring to talk like that about a deity. It was a sin born of ignorance. Kang Seodam, who had to take on this task, felt truly terrible.

“This is not the first time that humans have sinned because they are stupid. I will reflect on this.”

“I don’t know what you mean, but I think it’s a great thing to reflect on yourself.”

Geo, like a cool adult, pretended not to notice Kang Seo-dam's confusion and anger.

“Is there anything I should do?”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam barely managed to hold back her tears.

“…Big, no. How could I expect anything from you?”

“Please don’t be so hard on me. Are you afraid of me?”

“To be honest, I feel more uncomfortable than that. It’s burdensome.”

“I really like that kind of honesty.”

Giovanni's face brightened under Argio's influence.

“You seem to have a lot of anger built up. Do you need to spar?”

“Even if I die right now, I won’t ask you to spar with me.”

“What a sincere soul. You are wonderful, Brother Kang Seo-dam.”

“I can only thank you for affirming my soul.”

Kang Seo-dam felt like he wanted to hide somewhere.

“As I said before, I called Sergio Hunter today simply for the sake of fellowship, so I have not prepared any controls. You can just have a comfortable conversation with me and then go home.”

“Father Kang Seo-dam looks too tired to have a comfortable conversation.”

“I know it sounds a bit blasphemous, but in the end, priests are no different from office workers. There are more things to worry about in terms of relationships than in a regular office. My fatigue is with the existence of the soul, so you don’t have to worry about it.”

“Then, shall we have a comfortable conversation like you suggested?”

Giovanni thought of the young priests here.

“How is Brother Chaisol doing?”

“Ah, that kid….”

Kang Seo-dam's face softened slightly as he thought of his student.

“I wonder if you want to hold it.”

When asked if he would accept him as a believer, Geo simply laughed.

“I don’t think that’s something I should decide.”

“I thought that on the day of the initiation ceremony, you came to find new believers.”

“I intend to make many friends and family, but I have no intention of forcing them.”

“I see.”

Kang Seo-dam nodded.

“I asked because it seemed like Brother Chaisol wanted to be your priest recently.”

“That is not my opinion.”

“I thought so. If you wanted it, it would have been decided on the day of the initiation ceremony….”

Contrary to what Kang Seodam had misunderstood that day, the great mystery called 'Portrait of Geo' was not a deity that was greedy in order to create its own followers. He simply existed without any greed.

'That's even scarier.'

It was truly a rare case of something so huge on its own, without any believers to support it.

“Other than that, there were no major incidents for Brother Chaisol. He was a very friendly and optimistic child, so he had the destiny of having friends around him who wanted to help him.”

Chaisol was a fairly popular child among the prospective priests.

“He is leading a fairly easy life. He is not a student with a strong desire to learn, but he is not the type of person to avoid assigned tasks.”

“I am so happy to hear that. Brother Chaisol’s family will be happy too. I am sure that student will become a great priest and help many people.”

Is this a prophecy?

“…….”

I guess it's a prophecy.

'Let's remember that.'

The divine has a way of foretelling the future without any care. This is especially true of the evil spirits who enjoy play, and who, pursuing their interests free from providence, carelessly spread miracles and disasters.

Kang Seo-dam had no idea that Geo’s words were simply a compliment born of admiration. He continued speaking, predicting the future of Chae Sol.

“As you may or may not know, Brother Chaisol’s partner is a sister named Iruda. In this priest’s eyes, both of them have the qualities of great priests… and there are high expectations for them.”

but.

“If there is one thing that concerns me, it is that Sister Iruda is envied and jealous by other students. I don’t care about that at all.”

“Oh my… As a teacher leading the prospective priests, how much of a burden must you feel?”

“…I thank you for comforting a lowly priest. I don’t think things will get any worse while I’m here, but I brought it up just in case you were concerned.”

After a brief conversation about the prospective priests, Kang Seo-dam got down to the main topic.

“There will soon be a strategy event hosted by the Solar Cult. It will be an A-class dungeon with the emotional name ‘Underground Four-legged Rainforest’, and we have already decided to collaborate with

several guilds.”

“Do you want me to join you there?”

“If I may make an excuse, this is not entirely my opinion. However, the Solar Cult is curious about the exact abilities of ‘Sergio Hunter’ and, furthermore, the person himself.”

“It’s exciting to me that I’m getting so much attention.”

“Please feel free to express your opinion. The Sun Church will not dare to deal with you with authority, and even if they did, the place you are staying is the collection center. There is no problem.”

The Collectors' Guild was the third most influential and first wealthiest guild in South Korea. No one wanted to disturb the hive of collectors who were more obsessed with their collection than anyone else.

“It’s a simple offer that you can refuse at will.”

“What kind of dungeon is the ‘Underground Four-legged Forest’?”

“This is a villa dungeon created underground in a limestone cave, and it is a dungeon full of poisonous and sharp plants. That is why we are prioritizing the recruitment of healers and trainers.”

“Healer and trainer.”

Geo's eyes widened sharply.

“That’s me.”

“…I’m just sorry.”

Kang Seo-dam continued speaking as politely as possible.

“This is an event to test you, and at the same time, it is an assignment for our church that should have been carried out originally. This

dungeon was originally discovered by the Solar Church, and it has shown various uses, so the church tried to conquer it, but failed.”

“So, you are collaborating with other guilds.”

“Contrary to popular belief, the Sun Church surprisingly doesn’t have many healers. The hot fire of the sun is more focused on destroying life than on carefully saving it. That’s why.”

“I understand that it is not a power that everyone can handle delicately.”

“The deadline is approaching. The campaign is scheduled to begin in 15 days, and despite the short time available, I believe no one is better suited to this event than Sergio Hunter….”

He swallowed the sigh that was about to escape, then said.

“I am sorry to make such an outrageous suggestion.”

“I don’t think it’s going too far off topic, do you?”

“I’m sorry, but where I’m looking, I’ll treat you as a single hunter.”

“Father Kang Seo-dam is also a very stubborn person.”

Geo looked down at the proposal that Kang Seo-dam had handed over with his characteristically sparkling blue eyes.

“…Urim….”

A golden light appeared in his squinting eyes.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (163)

163

Episode 163

Originally, the term 'rainforest' referred to a forest where it rains a lot.

The same was true of the 'Black Forest' that Argio had made his hometown. Rain fell unpredictably every day, a poisonous black fog often appeared, and the ground was muddy, hiding its friend, the swamp.

“I love rainforests.”

In that forest, so dense that not even the sunlight could reach, all kinds of gold and silver treasures were overflowing. Poison is medicine, and a good poison can also become a good elixir. The splendor that bloomed on top of all the piles of corpses… .

“So, I’ll see you in 15 days.”

“Yes, your majesty.”

“There is always a treasure in the forest.”

An ecstatic treasure that turns everything into a beast.

* * *

"uh!"

A young voice echoed through the garden of the headquarters of the school.

“Brother Geo!”

“Student Chaisol.”

It was the first time in a long time that Chaisol saw a familiar face.

“I stopped by because the garden was beautiful, but I never expected to see this precious face.”

The platinum-haired Geo approached Chaisol with his signature refined smile. Chaisol also ran to Geo while holding his partner’s hand and greeted him with his bright face.

“It’s been a long time!”

“Yes, it’s been a while.”

“I've been doing well!”

“Oh no… I lost the question.”

“How have you been, brother?”

“I too am having a peaceful day.”

"thank god."

Chaisol asked with the innocent curiosity and goodwill that is characteristic of children.

“Does it not hurt anymore?”

“…….”

Giovanni had a soft smile painted on his face.

“I wasn’t sick then either.”

“There was a lot of blood.”

“It was blood that needed to be shed.”

“Did you do something wrong?”

“I am responsible for the relationship.”

“What is that?”

“This kind of story….”

He continued speaking while looking at Chaisol's partner.

“I think we should introduce Chaisol’s partner first.”

“Oh, that’s right!”

When Chaisol looked at his partner in surprise, the prospective priest Iruda looked at Chaisol with a slightly wrinkled face. This was because the topic of their conversation was so strange.

“You’re not just thinking about me now, are you?”

“I was always thinking of Ruda because we were holding hands!”

“If you hadn’t spoken a little more nicely, you would have been in big trouble.”

“I was so happy to see you that I forgot to introduce you to Ruda….”

“…….”

I had a lot to say, but I held back and let out a small sigh.

“…Nice to meet you, I am the prospective priest Iruda.”

“Nice to meet you, Sister. My name is Sergio, who has received the light of the sun, albeit in a small way.”

“The light of the sun….”

Iru looked up at Geo.

“Are you a priest…?”

The pure white uniform worn under the pitch-black cloak was like that, and more than anything, it was an atmosphere that made it impossible not to think that way.

The man who introduced himself as 'Sergio' had platinum-blond hair as clean as sun-drenched marble and sparkling blue eyes. He was the most ideal appearance when one thinks of a 'priest of the sun'.

'The energy isn't that of an ordinary person.'

He was so warm that it could be said that he was 'received the light of the sun'. Iruda could feel the greatness unique to a god from him, which was difficult for anyone who was not a priest greatly loved by a god to experience.

And something, a little more… .

“Oh, no. I’m not a priest.”

“…You’re not a priest?”

“I am just a believer who worships the sun.”

"that…."

I wanted to say something in return, but since he was a stranger and Chae Sol liked him, it was hard to raise my voice. There weren't many adults who liked a child who would try to point out every little thing to someone they just met.

'I think I'll have to talk to Chaisol a bit more later.'

A man named Sergio smiled brightly, perhaps noticing Iruda's feelings.

“I think I have some questions, but do you mind if I ask you more?”

“…I thought it was rude to see an adult for the first time.”

“Sister Iruda, you are very careful and polite.”

Iruda felt a stable, eternal favor in that voice.

“Do you like sweets?”

"…yes?"

When Iru asked a question out of the blue, Chaisol quickly raised his hand.

“Me! Nana! I like sweets! Snacks! Snacks from hyung!”

“This priest’s heart is so good, his desire for snacks is so strong.”

Sergio's face looked very pleased as he said that.

'Ah, they look alike.'

The man who had been smiling like an ideal priest until just a moment ago was caressing Chae Sol’s cheek with a cheerful laugh that was beyond imagination. Iru could feel the depth of his affection in that effortless action.

“It seems like you’ve lost a little weight?”

“Huh? I gained weight!”

“I wish I could gain exactly 15 kg more than this.”

Iru had no choice but to intervene.

“If you keep doing that, you’ll be a pig. You’ll roll around.”

“Become a pig, yap….”

“No.”

Iru was horrified when I thought of the pig Chaisol, who couldn't walk and rolled around. I don't know why, but this Sergio really seemed like he could turn a normal kid into a pig. I could feel his determination.

After hesitating for a while, Iru continued speaking.

“…I don’t really like sweets.”

“So does that mean you don’t enjoy snacks themselves?”

“No, that’s not it….”

“Do you have a favorite snack, Sister Iruda?”

“…dried medicinal herbs.”

"aha."

Even though it must have sounded strange, Sergio nodded his head coolly.

“I guess you like bitter things.”

“It’s just… better to chew on something good for your body. Then your mouth won’t get bored.”

“What a clever attitude to already know how to think about your own health.”

“…….”

“There are few children who know the value of medicinal herbs.”

The hand holding Chae Sol gained strength as the heartfelt kindness poured out as if breathing.

“Luda, your face is red.”

“Be quiet, Chaisol.”

This was the first time I had received such blatant praise from an adult.

'Why are you begging me to come here like this?'

In an era where the perception is widespread that children will grow up on their own if left alone.

In a world where children are viewed not as 'fragile beings who need to be protected and guarded' but as 'beings who need to be managed because they die easily', it was extremely rare to find an adult who was as affectionate to a child as Geo.

‘Somehow, it seemed like Chae Sol and I were on good terms… .’

It was clear that sunlight was gathering together. My face felt hot.

Although Chae Sol was a friend and partner who had to go together, Sergio was an adult who could be relied on by anyone. Iruda stuttered, not remembering being loved so much for no reason by such a person.

“Well, I just eat it because it helps.”

“To be this humble.”

“That’s not it….”

“I was relieved that a child like Sister Iruda was a friend of student Chaisol.”

Sergio smiled with a sense of wonder.

“Surely Sister Iruda would be a great partner.”

“…….”

“Since the weather is so nice, I’ll give you a small gift.”

Sergio, who said so, gave Chaisol and Iruda each a small paper bag.

“I hope this is the gift you wanted. Feel free to use it however you want.”

He rolled his eyes gently, then straightened his back and said goodbye.

“I stopped by today at the call of the Solar Church. After a brief greeting, I think I can meet you on my way back and make my day even better.”

“I liked it too! Hyung, are you coming again?”

“If possible, I will show my face again soon. I will pass on the news of student Chaisol’s well-being to her guardians, Sister Iruda.”

Sergio looked at Iruda and asked in detail.

“Could you please convey my regards to me as well?”

“…Oh, me? To whom?”

“To the guardians of student Chaisol.”

“Why that?”

“I bet you’ll be so happy to know that you have such a great friend.”

"…uh…."

Iru, who had been gaping, lowered his head with a bright red face.

“…Just do whatever you want.”

“Thank you for your permission, sister.”

Sergio, who had bowed slightly, smiled once more and left the garden. He was a high-ranking hunter, so his gait was very neat and there was almost no noise, and for some reason, there was a pleasant scent.

“…….”

“Brother Geo is a good person.”

“…Huh? Oh, I see.”

It's my first time seeing an adult like that.

“Are you always that affectionate?”

“Well, the younger you are, the more you love me.”

“There are natural monuments like that in this day and age….”

“I’ve always wondered, what is a natural monument?”

“All creatures would soon die without the help of the entire universe.”

“…I, I also said it was a natural monument.”

“I will protect you.”

It was a very exaggerated explanation, but Iruda thought that his words were not far off. It was not easy to preserve natural monuments unless the whole world joined forces and cooperated.

'They say birds of a feather flock together, and it really is.'

I never knew there was another person like Chae Sol in the world.

‘That too, from such a big adult… .’

An adult who is kind to everyone, but especially affectionate to

children. I thought that kind of thing only happened in fancy novels, but today I realized, 'Wow, that's actually possible.'

Iruda touched the paper bag in my hand.

"……."

A favor given without any proof of worth.

'… It smells good here too.'

I wondered why she had given him such a gift, and why she always carried such a gift with her, but for some reason, a corner of her heart began to tingle, and she hesitated to open the envelope.

At that moment, a mysterious voice was heard from Chaisol.

"Huh? What is this, Ruda?"

"Why, what is it?"

"Is this rubber?"

"…Ah, it's jelly. It's not rubber."

"Then can I eat it?"

"Of course you can eat it."

Jelly must be quite an expensive food, but why do they give it away as a gift so casually?

'It looks like you made it yourself?'

It was an envelope with a ribbon tied around the opening, without a separate brand name written on it. The gift had a strong feeling of being handmade, so Iru hesitated a few more times before opening her own envelope.

The ribbon was of good quality and unraveled smoothly, revealing its interior.

“…….”

Iru tilted his head.

“…What is this?”

“Is there anything you don’t know?”

“I wouldn’t know unless I learned.”

“Uhm….”

Chaisol also tilted his head.

“Is it a flower?”

“It’s just a dried flower.”

“Is it edible?”

“…Did you really give me the medicine?”

“Ugh, is this medicine?”

“I, I don’t know either.”

They were small, golden flowers, gathered in clusters like sheep's wool.

“…….”

I just felt like it was achieved.

‘…the sun…’

The sun goddess is watching.

'No, why?'

What is this?

What on earth would you give a goddess to desire?

* * *

“Hunter.”

Joo-Hyeon, who was waiting at the entrance to the church, asked with her signature smile.

“Did you enjoy your visit?”

“Yes, the garden of the Sun Church was beautiful.”

“They say that the entire place where the Sun Church resides is a greenhouse.”

“The warmth of the sun filled the entire temple complex.”

“It must have been a wonderful sight.”

"and…."

Geo continued speaking, following Joohyun's instructions.

“I saw a lot of happy faces.”

“You said you met with Father Kang Seo-dam.”

“I also saw Brother Chaisol.”

Giovanni said with a warm smile.

“I made a good friend.”

“You are a good friend….”

As Joo-hyun muttered his words and tried to open the backseat door, Geo asked.

“Can I sit in the passenger seat?”

“You may do so as much as you wish.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

Geo and Juhyun sat side by side in the front seat of the car.

“There was a sister named Iruda, and she was very mature.”

“I think you found it very pretty.”

“It was both admirable and sad. He was so smart.”

“I think he will grow up to be a great child.”

If it was none other than 'Geo', the Eye of the Origin, who said such things.

“Is everything okay?”

“15 days later.”

Geo said.

“I will go to the forest.”

“I see you’ve received an offer to attack.”

“I like it.”

“Well then, I’m very happy.”

Joohyun asked.

“Do you like rainforests?”

“…….”

Geo's hair, which was looking out the window, had turned red.

“…I like it very much.”

That is Argio's home, his hometown.

It was a huge, rotten tomb.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (164)

164

Episode 164

At exactly 12 o'clock.

“What kind of place was Urim, your hometown?”

Even though Yoo Seong-un was too busy to attend, the hallway meeting started as usual.

“You seem happy when you talk about that place.”

“It definitely feels good.”

Today's Geo, adorned in gorgeous leather and jewelry and hanging out of the frame, was, of course, Argio.

“Isn’t that what hometown is like?”

“It’s definitely a word that can evoke a variety of emotions.”

Joohyun laughed awkwardly.

“Rather than that, since you are like that….”

"why?"

“It’s scarier than usual.”

“…….”

Geo, who had been lying on the table with half of his body covered in the portrait, sat up slidly.

“…Are you scared?”

“Because it’s like a typical ghost.”

“What ghost is as handsome as me?”

“That’s true.”

However, the power that 'Portrait of Geo' radiates overpowers his external beauty. The fact that most of the members of the Collector's Guild feel fear before realizing that 'Mr. Sergio' is handsome is proof of this.

However, Joo-Hyeon felt a little sorry to say this part, so he mumbled.

“Just… that’s it.”

“Are the collectors still afraid of me?”

“I tried to endure it for a while, but it was such an unscrupulous question that I was speechless.”

“Okay, let’s be honest about it.”

“Isn’t it the symbol of a thief, Argio, to expect people not to be afraid when you can’t even properly imitate a human being?”

'Geo', who can be called the human ego, wanted others to not be afraid of them as much as possible. It was sad to worry about that part, so I tried to refrain from speaking, but it turned out to be absurd.

“If you care that people are scared, try being a little more friendly.”

“Where in the world is there a possessed portrait as kind as mine? Why are you saying such outrageous things?”

“I admit that, but apart from that, I think you are expecting too much return on your investment.”

“If you invest more than this, you’re just a sucker.”

“…That certainly cannot be refuted either.”

Joo Hyun also hoped that Geo wouldn't get caught somewhere.

“Actually, even now, he is being a bit too generous.”

“But if I don’t do this, won’t I just end up being a scary portrait?”

“From the beginning, Mr. Geo’s identity was just a scary portrait, but aren’t you dreaming too big?”

“If this continues, we might end up going on strike.”

“Please bear with me. What if I go on strike after receiving the work?”

“Of course I’m not that irresponsible. Don’t worry, my friend.”

Geo, waving his hand, fell back down onto the table.

'A giant tiger.'

That's exactly what the felines were like. When they were full, they liked to lie down and sleep under the warm sun...

“So, are you willing to answer?”

“What about my hometown?”

“Yes, I think I drank while talking.”

“Isn’t it all because Joohyun scolded me?”

“Rather than scolding you, I just informed you of the reality.”

“That’s what you mean….”

His long braided hair was tossed around as Geo moved about. The various gold and silver ornaments on his head clanked and hit the wooden table. He grumbled, rubbing his forehead against the table.

“…….”

After seeing that, Joo-hyun obtained more information about ‘Geo’s Portrait’.

‘… I guess Argio is the kind of clothes you wear when you’re angry or annoyed.’

This portrait took the form of Giovanni when he was showing mercy and patience, and of Arzio when he was expressing excitement and anger. In everyday life, when there was no need for much interaction, it took the form of Sergio.

'They are sometimes mixed together, but it seems that each has its own use.'

So, will the use of 'geo' to express other emotions also increase?

“…Mr. Argio, you said you were 24 years old?”

“Yeah, I guess.”

"maybe?"

“There’s no one to count my age.”

“Is it time for me to apologize?”

“I was just telling the truth, so what’s the big deal?”

Argio rested his chin on the table.

“I lived a life closer to that of an animal than a human, and the only

people around me were family members who were born as animals. There were only those who didn’t think about counting age and those who didn’t know how to count, so how could I really understand?”

“Have you ever thought of taking it apart?”

“I later wondered how old I was. I’m not the type to hold back on what I want, so I went out and checked out the situation. So before I died, I thought, oh, I’m going to die at 24.”

Before Joohyun could say anything else, Geo struck the player.

“First of all, the Black Forest is not a place suitable for counting days. It is dark all the time, morning, evening, and night, so you need to be able to measure time. A child who has abandoned all human dignity and lived like an animal has no spirit to count the days.”

Joohyun asked him.

“Was it always a dark forest?”

“Yes, it was a place where you couldn’t feel the passage of time.”

“Anyone with average taste would go crazy the moment they enter.”

“You’ll die from vicious beasts and vicious poison before that?”

A characteristically cheeky smile appeared on Geo's face, as if he was interested.

“You said you were curious about your hometown?”

“And that hometown, um. I think it was called the Black Forest.”

“That’s it. You understand, I grew up in the Black Forest.”

It was a place that suited Argio's temperament quite well.

“First of all, I said that it is a place without sun or moon.”

“What exactly is that story? On what principle can you not distinguish between day and night?”

“The trees in the Black Forest are very thick and tall. Their leaves are so dense that you can’t see the sky.”

“Have there been any other climate changes?”

“Well, the most common case was that it rained.”

“Well, you said it was Urim.”

Joo-Hyeon tilted his head as if he was curious about something after saying that.

“…Can it rain in a forest where not only is the sky invisible, but the passage of time is not even felt? If that’s the case, wouldn’t the sky and the forest be completely separated?”

Argio smiled as if he was satisfied.

“Well thought out, my friend. In such a dense forest, even if there were a torrential downpour, there would only be a few drops. However, the Black Forest collects the rainwater that falls.”

“Collect rainwater…?”

“And then, from time to time, the rainwater flows out little by little. The reasons are various. A huge animal rolls its foot, a tree tilts after being hit, or an animal sits on the leaves….”

“It all seems to be related to beasts.”

“That rain was ultimately created by the beasts of the Black Forest. While the rainwater was standing, it was unable to withstand the attacks of various plants and animals, and became highly toxic. If you don’t have immunity, your flesh will rot and your bones will crumble.”

“It looks no different from a dungeon.”

Geo nodded as if confirming Joohyun's words.

“Also, when the temperature in the forest rose too high, fog would form. The fog, which came from the various toxic substances secreted by the flora and fauna of the Black Forest and the terrible swamp, was as black as a shadow, and if you were trapped there, it was difficult to even breathe.”

“…….”

“Also, because my vision was dark, I couldn’t tell if I encountered a dangerous animal on the road or if there were traps set up on either side. I couldn’t tell if the ground beneath my feet was a swamp or something.”

The Black Forest was such a place.

“A place where even small animals, tiny bugs, and unspeakable plants cannot survive without being vicious. In such a place, the only ones left to form the ecosystem are those vicious monsters.”

Geo chuckled.

“There was a reason why it was the source of all kinds of ghost stories.”

“…It’s a ghost story….”

“How afraid must people have been of the two-legged beast that was alive and well there?”

“…Is that why you became notorious?”

“I think it must have had some influence.”

“How on earth did Mr. Argio survive?”

Joohyun asked with a face that showed no particular emotion.

“Didn’t you say that you were left there when you were very young?”

“Yes, I was abandoned in the Black Forest.”

For Argio, it was a turning point in his life, but it wasn't a big deal.

“It was quite enjoyable.”

“Why? Weren’t you scared when you headed into the Black Forest?”

“It could be that I instinctively felt that this was where I should be.”

also.

“It looks more fun than being among those pigs.”

“Usually you say things like you’re going to turn us into pigs….”

“Can’t the pigs I talk about always be complimentary?”

“So what you’re saying now is clearly an insult?”

“It just seemed that way.”

Those fools who thought I was a human and not a beast if I dressed up extravagantly.

“It was quite enjoyable to see such a stupid and cute sight.”

“…Stupid as that may be, was it cute? Where was it?”

“Even if I tell you, you probably won’t sympathize with me.”

“I’m just trying to understand.”

“I really like that attitude of yours.”

Argio said nonchalantly.

“Do you still frequently raise dogs or cats as pets?”

“Other than that, reptiles and insects are popular as pets. There are also fish.”

“Yes, let’s say you were walking down the street and saw a bird picking flowers by the roadside to decorate itself.”

“Oh, yes. A bird that decorates itself with flowers.”

“Or a cat that babbles on and on about things you don’t understand.”

“A cat that talks about unknown things….”

“Like a puppy that comes up to me and shows off its toys.”

“…….”

"how is it."

He asked.

“Is it cute?”

“…I think it would be cute.”

Unfortunately, Joo-Hyeon understood what Argio was saying.

“Is that how you saw the world? Even when you were human?”

“I am still human. It would be very difficult to discriminate against a portrait.”

“Oh, that’s right. Anyway, was that your perspective even when you were an ordinary human being?”

“What’s wrong with my point of view?”

“Well… well….”

Just in case, Joohyun checked again to see if what he understood was correct.

“So Mr. Geo, you think people who dress themselves up and brag or brag about things look like birds, cats, or dogs. Right?”

“I am glad that you understand, my honorable friend.”

“When I think back to the fact that you described him so negatively, I don’t think he had a very good heart or good behavior. Then I think it was something similar to bullying, that’s….”

Joohyun asked.

“Was it cute?”

“Isn’t being stupid cute?”

“I know you were different from others since you were young.”

“Because I am such a special person.”

Argio smiled broadly.

“A dog that thinks it’s human is really cute.”

“If we compare it to that, there would probably be a lot of people who would get angry….”

“Of course, I’m not saying that the two are completely the same, I just wanted to make you understand.”

“It’s a little uncomfortable to put those two on the same line as an example to help understanding.”

“…I see? I admit that it’s too much of an example for those pigs….”

Geo, who had gotten up, naturally entered the portrait. Joo-hyun felt a sense of emptiness as the long, bright red hair that had been hanging

on the table disappeared. The portrait continued.

“The Black Forest has always been full of rare treasures.”

“…Treasures? Suddenly?”

“You didn’t ask where I was from.”

“That's what happened.”

“It was overflowing with gold and silver treasures.”

“…….”

“Poison is medicine, and it can also become a treasure….”

The smile was heavy.

“It bloomed over the corpse.”

A calm, heavy smile that you can't tell if it's good or bad.

“I can’t wait to visit the rainforest I’m planning to visit this time.”

“…It certainly seems similar to the dungeon you described.”

“I feel like it’s not my hometown, so don’t worry. It’s a whole other dimension.”

“I feel reassured when you say that, but on the other hand….”

Joohyun trailed off.

“…….”

He asked immediately.

“…Do you want to go back?”

“I want to go out and play.”

“You don’t want to go back to that time?”

“Don’t dwell on the past.”

"okay."

“I love my family and friends.”

also.

“He died because of it.”

Joohyun couldn't interpret the meaning of that smile.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (165)

165

Episode 165

Joo-Hyeon often sympathized with that great mystery.

“…….”

Portrait of Geo.

"…ha…."

Joo-hyun himself knew very well that it was a ridiculous idea.

Joo-hyun, who was lying on a large, soft bed that didn't fit her size, eventually woke up unable to fall asleep. Although her mind was clear, she went to the kitchen to drink water without turning on the light in case she fell asleep.

“…….”

Dalgrak.

I put down my glass.

“…This isn’t something I should be doing.”

Even after drinking cool water, the stuffy feeling in my stomach doesn't go away.

'How dare you sympathize with mystery.'

A divinity is a being that can either imprison a beloved priest for eternity as a result of showing pure affection to him, or make him an idiot and lose all knowledge because of asking for wisdom.

If the object of Joo-Hyeon's sympathy had not been Geo, and if he had not considered himself human and shown mercy, it would not have been strange for him to have been punished by heaven for being arrogant.

'But if it weren't for Mr. Geo in the first place, I wouldn't have thought this.'

The reason why humans do not sympathize with great mysteries is not only because they do not want to offend them or because they do not want to be noticed and suffer disaster, but also because they are incapable of feeling sympathy in the first place.

Who would pity the typhoon and tidal wave that devoured countless people? Who would feel sorry for the Milky Way shining far away and say it is lonely? However, this person named Geo is… .

"……."

He is not even a human, yet he is considered to be the same as me.

"…Please don't do anything out of line."

The reason Joo-hyun did not care about the fact that he came from a despised guitar orphanage was because he was sure that it would make more people happy. But what about Geo? Can he make him happy?

'He is already happy.'

I know it when I hear the story. I know it when I see the face. I know it

when I see the voice and the gestures. The countless 'Geos' contained in the portrait lived satisfying lives and died accordingly.

I shouldn't have dared to pity that.

“…….”

Still.

“I am crazy.”

How can you not feel sorry for him?

'I was only 24 years old.'

The more he tried not to think about it, the more persistently the troubles took hold of him.

'I was only 29, and he was 32.'

Human lifespan varies depending on the dimension. Joo-hyun, who was a researcher at the association, knows this. In some places, the average lifespan was 50 years, and in others, it was 500 years. But that wasn’t the point.

In their 20s and early 30s. I don't know if all 'Geos' are like this, but so far, they are. They met death just as they were getting used to human life and were about to bloom and bear fruit.

'How can this not be pitiful?'

How is that possible?

'Those who died most miserably in the most familiar embrace, none other than… .'

Joohyun exhaled consciously.

“…….”

4 o'clock in the morning.

“…Mr. Yoo Seong-woon said he was having a meeting around this time.”

I try to divert my thoughts elsewhere for no reason.

'Yes, let's think of Mr. Yoo Seong-un. We should follow his example.'

Mystery is mystery. No matter how much it takes human form, its essence is not the same. Even if it imitates human life, it is only a game, a fleeting moment of pleasure.

Yoo Seong-un was a person who knew this very well. That is why he respects and loves 'Portrait of Geo', no matter what kind of past it had or what problems it had. As a 'work of art'.

“…….”

But if it feels that way, then maybe I'm crazy.

"…really…."

Yoo Seong-un said that the portrait was part of a large system called the Origin. It would be like the eyes of a human, and since the Origin loves all living things equally, 'Geo' continues to experience life.

Could that be why Geo always experiences the highest skies and the lowest mud?

'That way, the source can obtain information about humans more efficiently?'

A blank sheet of paper that can become anything.

“…Really, it’s not easy.”

It was really hard to become a mysterious friend.

“I can’t help but worry about one thing.”

Joohyun is grateful to Geo.

He is not ignorant of the mystery. He knows well about the divine. Nevertheless, Geo asked to be his friend as a person and at the same time showed his favor as a friend. Joo-hyun was grateful for that.

Sometimes Geo acts childishly and laughs like a young man his age.

'If this is how it is after only knowing each other for a short time, how much more frustrating will it be later on?'

If I could feel this blocked up after seeing them act like 'people' just a few times.

“…….”

Joohyun let out a deep sigh and muttered as she returned to the bedroom.

“…is this the time when you need professional help?”

I felt like I needed to seek advice from Mr. Yoo Seong-un.

* * *

“This is information about the Class A dungeon, ‘Underground Four-legged Rainforest.’”

Yoo Seong-un handed the documents to Bisabal.

“The type is a villa dungeon, the location is the basement of the Hwanseongul Cave in Samcheok, Gangwon-do, and the participating guilds are a total of three, excluding the Taeyanggyo and the Collector. They have been identified as Eunwol, Haeryeong, and Daecheong.”

“Maybe it’s because it’s an event hosted by the Solar Church, but it all

seems plausible.”

“It’s famous for its good attitude. In particular, Eunwol is a guild that has already collaborated with the Sun Church several times, so it seems like it would be even more trustworthy. It’s also a guild that makes up 12% of the church’s internal personnel.”

The headquarters of the religious order was not just filled with priests. There were also servants and maids who helped with their daily lives, kitchen staff who took care of meals, and managers of various facilities.

The guild 'Eunwol' has consistently played a role in providing such manpower to the Sun Church and the Moon Church. It was a famous guild with a large number of believers related to the religion, and basically a large number of healers.

“Since Eunwol came forward, I wondered if there was any problem related to the Dalnim Church, so I looked into it, but they haven’t shown any particular interest. It doesn’t seem like they have any intention of taking part in this suppression.”

“I know a little about the recent situation at Dalnim Church.”

Visabal smiled brightly and continued speaking.

“There’s something wrong with the saint over there.”

“I don’t think it’s something I should know about.”

“Madness is coming….”

“Please don’t tell me, I won’t forget.”

“I don’t remember having a guild member with such a bad memory.”

“That’s what I mean.”

Yoo Seong-un was shocked.

“Even though I’ve been studying a bit these days, I’m not an expert on religion, you know that.”

“I’m not asking you to solve anything in particular.”

“I know you wouldn’t have told me in the first place if you didn’t expect anything from me.”

“Well, let’s skip that part for a moment.”

“Are you going to pass?”

“Isn’t the Saintess of Dalnim Church the most important thing right now?”

The visa officer asked.

“What is the atmosphere like in the other two guilds?”

“As you all know, Hae-ryeong was excited to hear that there was an interesting fight coming up….”

“The famous moths.”

Hae-ryung was famous for its guild members who were all full of vitality. It was a guild that was brimming with vitality, but to put it bluntly, it was a guild where fierce fighters gathered. It was a gathering place for fierce warriors who did not die easily, as they had high pain tolerance and immunity to poison.

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking.

“The main office is silent. It seems they are satisfied with the steady job they have asked for.”

“The Daecheong is a typically competent guild.”

Daecheong was not a particularly notable guild. Although it was a fairly high-ranking guild, it was far behind the other guilds participating this time, but its strength lay in its ‘stability.’

“No matter where you go, you do the basics.”

They didn't have as many evil power users as the three major guilds, they didn't have as much mental armament as Eunwol, and they weren't a guild that was crazy about battles like Haeryung, but they did the basics wherever they went. That was Daecheong's strength.

The visa holder laughed.

“I guess you put a lot of effort into it at school.”

“I guess that means you want a stable strategy.”

“This is a dungeon that we failed to conquer even though we brought a decent amount of manpower.”

“There also seems to be some internal concerns that we are trying to invest too much manpower.”

“There was a similar terrorist incident just last year, so you have to be excessive.”

The Sun Church and the Moon Church were the two pillars representing the religious world, and they had a relationship of mutual growth and competition.

However, since the 'Deep Sea Kingdom' incident last year caused the Solar Cult to falter and its power to decline significantly, the Solar Cult would also want to avoid two failed attempts as much as possible.

Yoo Seong-un nodded at him.

“Yes, I found out… It’s a pretty tricky dungeon, regardless of rank.”

The fake moon and sun rise and disappear at will, making it difficult to tell the time of day, and most of the dense vegetation attacks or spits out poison to attack attackers. Furthermore, its sharp shape is said to cut flesh just by brushing against it.

“The plants are plants, but the four-legged monsters that appear here are said to be very aggressive. They are said to be hostile to anything that walks on two legs and try to destroy it.”

“Would people even look down on humans if they walked on all fours?”

“Instead of looking after them, they turn them into the same four-legged beast. It was interesting to hear that the form of the beast changed depending on what the target did and what thoughts they had in life.”

“The claim is quite strong, but it could be a dungeon close to the source.”

“So this time, a gardener said he would come with us. I found out about this through my personal connections, and he is a gardener from Eunwol.”

Gardeners appear to belong to the government and the association, but strictly speaking, they are not under their control. They inherited their gardens from their respective masters and lived their lives in their own way, each with his own responsibility, as if it were a kind of family business.

The gardener belonging to Eunwol was one of them. Just as Yoo Seong-un was a curator belonging to the collection shop, she was also a guild member belonging to Eunwol Guild. Gardeners were rare, but they existed everywhere.

“If it’s a dungeon close to the source, you might be able to find valuable materials.”

“I think the gardener belonging to Eunwol said that the guild leader didn’t know his true identity.”

“It’s a bit much to call it a job… It’s not that great, it’s just a side job.”

Most guild members legally worked two or three jobs. Some, like Yoo Seong-un, revealed that they were gardeners and everyone around them knew that, but most, like the gardeners in Eunwol, did not bother to reveal that they were gardeners.

In the first place, there are not many people who know about the origin, so why bother explaining everything? If it weren't for Yoo Seong-un's obsession with Bi Sa-bal, he wouldn't have told anyone.

“Well, I think it’s a good opportunity.”

Yoo Seong-un spoke as a gardener.

“Isn’t it a stable environment in many ways, as Geo’s first attack?”

“I completely agree with what Curator Yoo Seong-un said.”

The visage was one of boredom.

“I guess I put a lot of thought into it.”

“The eyes of the source are sent among humans, but in reality, even this is not enough.”

“But Sergio isn’t the type of person to go around causing trouble, is he?”

He clicked his tongue.

“With so many capable workers, I wonder if our Sergio Hunter will be able to run wild.”

“That’s why I’m saying that we’re not sending them out to relieve the

stress of beasts.”

“How frustrated must Mr. Argio be? He hasn’t even been given a proper battlefield….”

“Even if it’s not that situation?”

However, the purpose of this attack was clear. Argio was to establish himself in the human world as the 'Sergio Hunter', and the collector was to observe such 'Portrait of Geo' and analyze his condition.

How violent is his nature, how will his kindness be revealed, how will he cooperate with humans, and to what extent is this battle what Argio ultimately wants? Is he satisfied with sparring, is he okay with prepared battles, or is there really no other answer than pure blood combat, etc…

“Don’t you think that Curator Yoo Seong-un would like to go to such an interesting event?”

“Of course I want to go too, I want to go. It’s Geo’s first attack, not anyone else’s….”

But things weren't so easy. As a skilled hunter and gardener, Yoo Seong-un was always in need of help, and it had already been five days since he had stayed up all night.

“Even if you try to participate in the conquest in this poor condition, the religious order won’t accept you.”

“I think things will work out somehow if I recover with Geo’s gift, but I think this opportunity is not bad for me either.”

The visa holder smiled broadly.

“Mr. Sergio, isn’t it time for you to become independent from the embrace of the Yoo Seong-un Curator?”

“Artworks should not be independent from their curators. Why would they destroy an already precarious planet?”

“Anyway, since it has come to this, we can’t just send Sergio Hunter from the collection.”

“Why are you saying such obvious things as if you were doing something kind…?”

Yoo Seong-un was dumbfounded.

“Did you really plan on sending the source out alone?”

“I know it’s dangerous, so I’m trying to attach it now. Escort personnel.”

“Shouldn’t we call them surveillance personnel rather than escorts?”

“Rather than that, I would say it’s closer to the human resources of the subalterns….”

“If you show too much favoritism, Geo will feel burdened.”

“So, we are going to try to put in just one curator.”

"ah."

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“Are you thinking of sending the 5th floor manager?”

“Of all the floor leaders, she’s the most beautiful and crazy.”

“He is a person with an outstanding love for his work.”

“We will look into the rest with the training team and the field staff.”

“It’s just right.”

“Isn’t that so?”

The visa holder smiled brightly.

I'm already excited to see what the portrait will look like.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (166)

166 Episode 166 “Do you think Geo looks human?” Yoo Seong-woon corrected himself. “Oh, no. I’m sorry. Do you think he looks like that?” “You can speak comfortably. Just like you would to Mr. Geo.” “…I guess I didn’t learn much when I was young, so I’m used to speaking informally. It doesn’t mean anything bad, so don’t take it personally.” “I already know that Yoo Seong-woon is a good person, so don’t worry.” “Oh, really? I wouldn’t go so far as to say he’s a good person… but I appreciate it if you see him that way.” It was nice that someone three years younger was openly speaking informally to him. ‘He’s such an upright person that it makes me wonder why the guild leader hates people like this so much…’ Yoo Seong-woon smiled lightly, letting go of his discomfort toward his superior. “Anyway, this is a really unique consultation.” After finishing the meeting with Bisabul, Yoo Seong-woon woke up from a long sleep at home and visited his neighbor Joo-hyun’s house to ask about his well-being. In fact, he had not planned to come in, but Joo-hyun led him to do this. “In some ways, it’s great.” Yoo Seong-woon, who was drinking the tea Joo-hyun had given him, blinked his eyes, still half-asleep. “…Uh, wait a minute. Is this the tea that Geo gave you?” “Oh, yes. I said it was made from basalt flowers, so is there a problem?” “…No, I won’t die if I eat it.” It wouldn’t contain any fatal elements. ‘Let’s just drink it.’ If there was anything Yoo Seong-woon had felt, it was that ‘Gio’s Portrait’ hardly affected human identity. Joo-hyun, who had been in the portrait longer than Yoo Seong-woon, was still human. ‘Well, even if the test results say so, there are still some suspicious parts…’ At least from the perspective of humans, Joo-hyun was still ‘human.’ ‘So drinking some tea won’t

cause any problems to my identity.' He was out of his mind because he had just woken up from a five-day sleep. If he had been a little more alert, he would have thought about it more deeply, but for Yoo Seong-un, who was receiving the influence of the garden he was serving, he couldn't help but be happy about a medicine that warmed his body. 'Geo's gifts are truly amazing.' Yoo Seong-un was especially cold when he woke up. "…This is delicious." "Right? It had a nice, nutty aroma like grains." "It's not something you can buy just anywhere. Should I ask him to invite me over soon?" "If I drink too much, I get a little hot…" "I'm already cold." Judging from the strong warming effect, it was probably a better medicine for Yoo Seong-un, a hunter and gardener, than for Joo-hyun, an ordinary person. "Let's take a look." [Star of the Sun] [Rank: –] Tea made from the 'Basram Flower' that grew in the beginning of the 'Breathing Sea.' It was in the state of extinction, but was restored from the vein of destiny. Geo, the master of the forest, raised it with love in the nest of living water with his children. He is fair and can accept human bodies. It is excellent in breathing life and warmth into the soul. "……." "Oh, did you just appraise it?" "…Is this the first time you've seen a hunter appraise it?" "Appraisers weren't common in the lab I was at." "It's been a while since I've heard the title of appraiser. Well, I did get a qualification as an appraiser." Yoo Seong-woon smiled faintly as they chatted lightly. "It's not bad for your body after all." "……." "Don't be nervous." "It's a body that's already been discarded, but…." "Why are you giving up so soon?" It wasn't just him who was worried about Joo-hyun's condition, who had received so much care from the Eye of Origin. That's why the collectors, including Yoo Seong-woon, conducted an examination themselves, but thankfully, Joo-hyun was still a normal human. "……." The examination results were as follows. "… There was a common phrase in the gifts Geo gave. 'Geo, the master of the forest, is fair and can even accept human bodies.' It must be one of Geo's ways of caring for humans." There was no need to worry about transforming into a being of origin if you ate ingredients that had passed through his

hands. At least that was what Yoo Seong-un thought. “If there was another concern, it would be that I would become a bit too healthy...” “I felt like my lifespan had increased. Would that be a problem?” “Even if my lifespan had increased, it would be hard to live long in this day and age.” It was a world where the average lifespan was 60 years. “High-ranking hunters like me and our guild master would probably live a bit longer, but aside from their strong bodies, hunters are a profession that is perfect for short lives. The same goes for the people next to them. So I guess I don’t have to worry about becoming half-immortal.” “… So no matter how much my lifespan increases, I’ll die artificially anyway, so don’t worry?” “More than anything, Geo doesn’t change innocent humans into the Origin beings out of his greed. So you don’t have to worry.” If you just understand the rules, the Origin beings become more trustworthy than humans. From what I’ve learned about Geo so far, he wouldn’t hurt humans unless it was really bad. “More than that, I’m really surprised by Joohyun’s thoughts.” Yoo Seong-un put down his warm mug and brushed away his hair that was blocking his eyes. He usually keeps his hair neatly pinned up, but since he was just trying to visit, his appearance was really atrocious. “What exactly do you mean when you say Geo looks like a human?” “As the saying goes, ‘Portrait of Geo’ can’t stop itself from looking like a human.” “They say that human thoughts can’t be controlled, but it’s definitely unique.” “…I kept thinking that he was arrogant. And that he was ridiculous.” Joohyun continued, touching his own glass. “But you kept saying that Geo just….” “You looked like an ordinary young man?” “I know it sounds strange.” “Hmm.” Horok . Yoo Seong-woon asked after drinking the flower tea. “Are you possessed?” “I thought about that too.” “Oh, no. I’m not possessed.” “…Is that so?” “Because I’m a certified appraiser.” Yoo Seong-woon could check the condition of most people with his own skills. “At least to my eyes, they look fine.” In this case, there was only one answer. “Does Joo-hyun just see him as a human?” “I didn’t know I was that brave…?” “If Geo were a traditional divinity, he would have been chosen as a saint.” “…Huh? A saint?” “He

would have been at least a cult leader.” “It seems like a cult.” “It’s too typical to be called a cult.” Most saints and saintesses in the dimension were created this way. “Do you know roughly what kind of people a saint and saintess are?” “I know as much as others know. So, isn’t it like they’re kind of… adopted children of gods?” “Yes. And even if they’re not necessarily children, they can take the form of friends.” “… This is the first time I’ve heard of that.” “Saints and saintesses aren’t common, so there aren’t many examples on Earth.” Religion wasn’t Yu Seong-un’s specialty, but he had been studying steadily since he learned that Geo had the sun’s divinity. That’s why he was able to answer this question to some extent. “These saints are usually people who have formed a bond with a god while in a human body.” “Is it possible to form a bond with a god? That sounds… blasphemous.” “It’s blasphemous when it’s a one-sided attack by humans against the divine.” The saint was completely different from those blasphemous people. “It’s a bond that is given and received from both sides. The god pours trust and love on the human, and the human accepts it as a given and returns the appropriate amount of trust and love. Just like normal family or friends.” “… So that’s possible….” “It’s really, really rare. That’s why there are so few saints and saintesses. Ordinary people feel a great burden just receiving the voice and favor of God, but this one returns it. God doesn’t feel any lack of it either.” The number of saints is particularly high in Korea, and the number of saints in the entire world is less than 20. If we look at the number of contemporary religions, which are as numerous as the stars in the sky, we can see how rare the existence of saints is. “That’s why saints are a miracle in and of themselves. It’s not for nothing that religious groups suck up to their saints and saintesses. They prove God’s love just by living and breathing, and at the same time, they are the only human windows that can communicate with God.” That’s why most saints are confined to religious groups and play the role of interpreting oracles or revealing God’s intentions. Juhyun tilted his head after hearing that explanation. “Then how can a religious group without saints read

God's will?" "Most people can't." "Oh." "As far as I know, it's one of the two." Yoo Seong-un spread his fingers. "One is to interpret the will of the god you worship through the old records and the Bible. Since communication is not possible, the process and results are uncertain, and the loyalty of the believers decreases." "What about the other cases?" "The other is to gather together priests who are relatively full of spiritual power and try to receive oracles. They perform rituals, lead religious ceremonies, or pray until they receive an answer..." "Not some kind of prayer service..." "That's how difficult it is to communicate with the gods. It's not for nothing that the elders within the sect are treated well. They are so close to their gods that they are respected and treated internally." And. "The one who skips all these cumbersome processes is the saint." So, economically speaking, priests had no choice but to love the saints of the sect. Aren't they the ones who perform rituals, lead ceremonies, pray for a long time, and allow them to skip all these investments? "But that doesn't mean that all religions have saints. In the first place, it's extremely rare to find a vessel that can treat God like family or friends, and that's why religious groups with saints are treated with respect and envy in the religious community." "Treated with respect and envy?" "The more direct and frequent communication with God is possible, the more clearly the humans who serve him can receive his god's grace. To put it more simply, the divine can tell its followers where to find gold mines…" "Uh… does that really work that way?" "This is just an example. Even the most ignorant of gods are superior to the smartest humans on Earth, so their religious group can flourish just by borrowing a portion of their wisdom. And they can enter the embrace of that divine." That's why saints are treated with great respect in the religious community. "It's truly beyond human limitations to be able to accept the voice and touch of God without much consideration. That very existence alone is enough to be worthy of the love of the religious group." Ju-hyeon had doubts about this. "It sounds almost like they're not human, so can adults live a normal life?" "Some adults can, and some can't." After

studying, it seems that adults are divided into several types. “There are adults who are so big that they can accept anything from the beginning, whether it’s divinity or non-divinity, while there are adults who can only handle one or a few divinities. Or there are those who were raised as adults from the beginning and were recognized as adults after numerous trials and hardships.” “…That’s…” “As far as I know, the saintess of the Dalnim Church is the last case. The Dalnim Church steadily adopts and raises children who are qualified until a generation of saints emerges. Well, I heard that there are many cases where people die in the process of becoming adults because they can’t handle the gods.” “…….” Juhyun was shocked. “…Does the Dalnim Church do that?” “It’s not that big of a deal these days.” The world was overflowing with people who would rather risk their lives to become a family of gods than remain as poor people on the street or as mere children of humans. That’s why the followers of Dalnim Church and the priests there never stop this kind of education. “Most children who don’t die but don’t become adults become Dalnim Church priests and work. So it’s not a big loss for Dalnim Church either. They’ve been doing this since the Great Calamity, so I guess it’s a kind of… custom.” It wouldn’t be easy for other religions to introduce this kind of education. Dalnim Church has had this kind of custom since long ago, so the church has been stable, but other religions lack the will and ability to do so. “If you think about it in terms of employment, it’s not such a bad thing, right?” “… Of course, hunters also risk their lives to work. It’s already a dangerous world to criticize it as a dangerous custom.” “Dalnim Church doesn’t force people to become adults, they just encourage them.” “But… isn’t that the case? If the guardian encourages them, the adopted children will feel burdened. They won’t be able to refuse.” “At least in today’s world, the concept of a shelter that isn’t so bad is important. Above all….” Yoo Seong-woon rolled his eyes as if he was weighing something. “Where can you get the chance to become a son or daughter of God?” The only religion that gave every child with the potential the chance to become a member of

God's family, regardless of whether they had parents or not, or whether their family was rich or poor, was Dalnim Church. In the end, the parties involved were greedy for that glory. "It's all done by agreement. That's why there's a saying that all priests of Dalnim Church are candidates for saints. That's because only people with a certain level of potential to become saints gather here." Joo-hyun looked a little uncomfortable. Yoo Seong-woon smiled blandly. "You don't like it, do you?" "…It's just a little, it makes me feel bad." "Is it just that it makes me feel bad?" "Sometimes I get sick of the blindness of the religious world." "I agree with that part." Yoo Seong-woon sipped the tea that was still warm. "This tea is really delicious." "Isn't it?" "It's still warm." "It might be because it's a mug, so it lasts a long time, but it's also a characteristic of tea." "It's funny how such a special medicine can cool down in an instant." Yoo Seong-woon, who lightly complimented the warmth of the tea, continued to speak. "Anyway, adults who are created in that way, of course, are also extremely rare… Unlike those who are naturally adults, they seem to have a greater burden on their bodies." "Ah…" "I guess you could say that they're half-not-human. In fact, even if they're innate adults, they can't be free of burden unless they have a constitution that can accept anything." "That's right." "In that sense, Geo won't harm Joo-hyun. However, as I said before, this is, what is it, the typical shortcut for an ordinary human to become a member of a god's family." "…Huh?" Yoo Seong-woon's mint-colored eyes scanned Joo-hyun as if analyzing him. "The divine treats humans equally, and humans treat the divine equally…" "…Huh." "So, your current situation isn't that different?" "I'm not religious…?" "That would be the same for Geo too." Yoo Seong-woon, who laughed heartily, gave a thumbs up. "Fighting." "Yes?" "It'll be fine." "What?" My human disqualification? Joo-hyun felt a little sad. (To be continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (167)

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Episode 167

“Is it possible to create a saint in that way?”

Yoo Seong-un, who was leaning against the gallery wall, chuckled at the man's blunt words.

“I’m not sure.”

“But just like Mr. Yoo Seong-un said, I’m going through the process of becoming an adult.”

“In the first place, isn’t this the object of divinity that cares for humans? It’s similar to the case of the god of death.”

Adults were people who could treat the deities they worshipped as friends or family without any consideration. Joo-Hyeon, who was maintaining a normal human life thanks to Geo's consideration, could not be said to be like them.

“I was just saying that there was a possibility.”

There are plenty of examples of ordinary people eventually becoming adults with just their own broad mind.

“To begin with, seeing that great mystery as a single young man is absurd to ordinary people. The fact that it is possible is like Joo-Hyeon

proving his qualifications."

"If you continue to prove your qualifications one by one, you may eventually become an adult. That is the reason why the Dalnim Church has been able to artificially create adults up until now."

"Even so, we don't know what kind of adult Joo-hyun will become. More than anything, there is a high probability that he will not become an adult because Geo does not want him to and Joo-hyun lacks the qualities to do so."

So let's say.

"Mr. Joo-hyun just climbed one step."

If there were steps from a criminal to an adult, Joo-hyun would have only climbed one step. And before reaching that destination, no matter how many steps he climbed, he would have remained an ordinary human being.

"So I don't think you need to worry that much, senior. It's still in the realm of imagination."

"It's not something I should worry about. But did you explain that part well to the person involved?"

"I came here to tell you everything because I felt like I would get caught if I didn't explain properly. He has a gentle face, but he actually has a bad temper. He's a surprisingly scary person, and he's also strong-willed."

"Ordinary people do not sympathize with great mysteries. What if they are just 'people who appear ordinary'?"

The man clicked his tongue.

"It's good to tell them to be careful."

“I did say so, but….”

“Well, if things could be resolved just by talking, then there wouldn’t be any tragedies in this world.”

“I’m trying to control myself, but I’m not sure.”

Many saints throughout history have become friends with the family of God because they can treat the precious divinity as an equal without any hesitation. It is not something that can be controlled by oneself.

“He certainly has the potential.”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“But the current situation doesn’t seem that bad.”

“Isn’t that bad habit of yours, Yoo Seong-un, back?”

“Oh, of course there is a little bit of that too.”

As a curator of the Bisabul and a gardener of the snowfield, how could he resist this interest? Although the source is a being that can be anything and can contain anything, it was questionable whether he could contain the child of God.

However, it was not a decision based solely on Yoo Seong-un's own interests.

“From the beginning, Geo was reluctant to manipulate the people he cared about as he pleased.”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“So, unless Mr. Joo-Hyeon wishes it otherwise, he will continue to remain an ordinary human being.”

“Are you sure about that?”

“Because we have the results of observing and analyzing Geo so far.”

“When it comes to rules, the Source is more trustworthy than humans.”

“So, for now, I told him to do whatever he wants.”

“If there is no other way, then that would be better.”

The man nodded.

“The reason ‘Portrait of Geo’ embraced that man, Joo-hyeon, may have been because he had such a foolish personality, so it may be presumptuous for people like us to twist his direction by talking about it.”

“…….”

“If ‘Portrait of Geo’ is satisfied with that aspect of Joo-hyun, then it would be better to leave it as is. You too, please refrain from doing anything foolish just because it looks fun.”

“…Is there any possibility of that?”

Yoo Seong-un made a face as if he was really tired.

“I think you, senior, love the existence of the source too much… um, love it.”

“If you don’t love art, are you qualified to be a curator of a collection?”

“There is a limit to that. If you give your heart to a dangerous mystery too much, an accident will happen someday.”

“I have that much judgment.”

A man crouched in the hallway, chewing on a lollipop, a meteor shower drifted by.

“What would happen if a group called gardeners had such feelings? They would arrogantly pity a whole race?”

“I’m sorry if it sounded bad. But I guess that’s how it is. Just think of it as a minor occupational disease.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed innocently.

“Didn’t the floor leader devote his life to his work, like the guild master?”

The man's name was Garasani. He was the head of the 5th floor of the collection gallery, and was also known as the 'butler' in the world. As the head of the most dangerous floor of the gallery that Bisabal treasured more than his life, he had an incredible love for art.

He was also one of the few members of the collector's guild who knew that Yoo Seong-un was a gardener. Garasani looked down at Yoo Seong-un as if he was pitiful.

“I don’t know what kind of life you’re talking about when you’ve even signed a body waiver.”

“No, it wasn’t a body waiver, it was just a contract. Why are you saying such ominous things?”

“I don’t know what the difference is, but it’s natural for a curator to love a piece of work.”

“Of course, what you said is all correct, sir. Of course you would say that, considering you are the head of the 5th floor.”

“It’s not that I don’t know that Mr. Yoo Seong-woon is saying that because he’s worried about me.”

Garasani raised his eyebrows.

“But it’s just funny that Mr. Yoo Seong-un, who devoted his whole body

to the garden, is worried about my attitude toward life, which is only concerned about my artwork. Isn't that right?"

"Well, if you say so, then I have nothing else to say."

"I know that the guild leader and I are particularly biased towards the convenience of the works. But we are doing it because we deserve it."

"I'm telling you, you guys are really biased. It's not my place to say that…."

When the safety of both people and artwork is at stake, they unconditionally prioritize the artwork. That was the case for the art-obsessed collector Bisabal and his loyal aide, the 5th floor manager.

"Anyway, Joohyun's work will end well."

"Rather, wasn't it the case that they threw a bomb at me?"

"If that was a bomb, it was a bomb that Joo-hyun received from the beginning."

"That doesn't make any sense."

"I know it's a bit tricky, but I'll just do whatever I feel like doing."

Such small details were not something Yoo Seong-un had to worry about. No matter which direction it jumped out in, it wouldn't be a problem as long as Geo was holding on.

Yoo Seong-un looked at the immediate reality. What he had to worry about now was Geo's first attack.

"I heard that you are also joining the collection team this time."

"It is something I should not indulge in, to let such a mystery out."

"Oh, what great confidence."

“So, did you come today to ask for ‘Geo’s Portrait’?”

“I came to see you in person to ask for your favor.”

Visabal chose Garasani, the head of the 5th floor, as the curator who would take charge of this 'Sergio Hunter'. He is an excellent curator who knows how to treat a work of art like its owner, and is also a top-class hunter with excellent escort skills.

In addition, two trainee team members and two field staff will be included in the dispatched team, but as a fellow curator, Yoo Seong-un was able to show this much sincerity.

“Please take good care of my work.”

“There’s no way the work will be damaged while I’m here.”

Garasani nodded as if he understood.

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un can be a bit excessive at times.”

“Huh? Suddenly?”

"okay."

He said, looking down at the meteor cloud.

“So, let’s do something about those eyes.”

“What’s wrong with my eyes?”

“I’ll bring you your work neatly, so close your eyes, Yoo Seong-un.”

“No, this can’t be happening….”

Yoo Seong-un smiled brightly.

“I got caught.”

I can't help but care that my work is being handled by other curators.

“There is so much to do that I don’t have time, and the guild leader wondered if Geo could be satisfied with a curator other than the one in charge.”

“Is that what you’re unhappy about?”

“I’m not complaining. I just asked you to take good care of my child. It’s the first time I’ve left him with strangers, so I feel uneasy because he’s like a child left out on the water.”

There was also the problem that no matter how hard he thought about it, he couldn't find enough time to participate in the strategy, but Bisabal wanted to see how Geo interacted with strangers.

“I’m getting along well with Mr. Joo-Hyeon, whom I met through an evil deity, so I wonder if I need to worry that much….”

“There is a difference between a divinity interacting with a single human chosen by the divine and a divinity pretending to be a human and mixing with strangers.”

Garasani continued speaking.

“The fact that the target was that person, Joo-Hyeon, also contributed to the guild leader’s distrust.”

“…Well, that’s it.”

Yoo Seong-un asked with a face that said he really didn't want to know.

“I’ve always wondered, why do you hate Joohyun so much?”

There was something a bit excessive about Bisabal's behavior. It was not like Bisabal, who always maintained a gentlemanly attitude unless it was related to his collecting habit.

Above all, even though Joo-hyun may have wanted to use Geo, Bisabul himself acknowledged that he was not the type of person who could ultimately harm Geo. He himself admitted that all of his ill will was just his own fuss.

Then why on earth?

“There have been many people that the guild leader disliked, but I don’t think there has ever been a case where they showed their malice so openly. They would just smile in front of you and talk behind your back….”

“Do you really want to know the guild leader’s personal circumstances? How dare you ask with that kind of expression on your face.”

“It’s a personal matter and I would avoid it if I could, but the guild leader is trying to tie me, Juhyun, and Geo together in one place. We’re almost on the verge of being treated as a set, so I can’t ignore that.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been controlling his expression, looked up at Garasani and asked.

“I think the floor manager would know.”

He was one of the early executives of the collection, and the first collection acquired by Bisabal. Perhaps the curator Garasani would know the details.

“If my question was rude, you can just ignore it. But I don’t think the guild leader didn’t expect me to have such a question.”

“…….”

Then Garasani opened his mouth.

“Have you ever been treated badly by heroes like Mr. Joo-Hyeon?”

“It was somewhat expected, and that alone is surprising, but… how badly must you have suffered to have such ill will towards a complete stranger?”

“Well, now that kind of person is going to be a total idiot. He’ll be horrified.”

He added.

“The guild leader tried to be patient many times, but the results were not good.”

Garasani clicked his tongue slightly.

“It’s a shame that you got caught up in it. However, no matter how malicious the guild leader may be, he won’t harm you. Rather, he’ll try to protect you, despite his own feelings, so you don’t have to worry about that.”

“I don’t think the guild leader would treat an innocent person like that, but it’s surprising. I thought it wouldn’t be strange if he harmed me since he hated me so much, but it’s the opposite. Isn’t the collector’s effort quite grand…?”

“If I had to put it into perspective, I think it’s a love-hate relationship. I know you hate it with all your heart and soul, but you wouldn’t just sit by and watch Joo-hyun get hurt or something. I’ll tell you again, what you’re worried about won’t happen.”

The malice shown by the sly was a kind of conditioned reflex. It meant that it was not much different from the natural anger and shame felt by someone who was suddenly subjected to an insulting personal attack, or the creepy feeling of a cockroach sitting on the bridge of the nose.

“Especially his eyes and….”

“…….”

“…Um, yeah.”

Garasani, who was about to say something, trailed off when he saw Yoo Seong-un staring at him.

“Should we stop here?”

It was not a good idea to talk carelessly about my superior's personal circumstances. Garasani thought that even this was excessive.

“I told you because I thought you’d soon get caught up in that situation, and I don’t plan on telling you any more. The rest is too personal for me to talk about.”

“…I think it would be a great help if you could just tell me that much. I just don’t understand why the guild master would harbor ill will toward someone much younger than him, and one who is not yet awakened.”

“I don’t think that the guild leader’s behavior is right either. I just accept it. My arms are always bent inward, and from my perspective, it’s completely understandable….”

Garasani comforted his junior.

“When the guild leader hears the badmouthing of someone named Ju-hyeon, he will listen with one ear and ignore it with the other. He will know that it is childish and sly swearing. He would not want you to seriously think about and worry about such worthless nonsense.”

“I know you complain a lot about that, but I understand. I just asked if it would be okay if Geo went on a business trip this time and Joohyun had to go with him.”

“Isn’t it possible that the guild master would send an assassination squad? Of course, if he truly felt only disgust and contempt, he would

have done so, but as I said before, this time is different. Instead, he will send personnel to make sure that Joohyun is not hurt.”

Garasani spoke.

“I’m more worried about Geo-ssi than that. And the identity of that anti-cat named Danara.”

“Ah… I don’t know the details either. I don’t even know what exactly Geo did through Dana that day.”

“I understand that it is an ability related to the soul, but as you said, the gift that the ‘Portrait of Geo’ was supposed to give you is….”

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking as if he knew what he was talking about.

“It wasn’t just a funeral, it was a ‘grave.’ But Geo has never made such a grave before.”

“I also wonder where the spirits of the orphanage led by Anticat Danara went. Their whereabouts are unknown.”

“You’ll know more clearly if you see how Dana performs in this attack. Well, if that doesn’t work out, you can ask her directly.”

Yoo Seong-un said as he stood up from his seat.

“I hope everything goes well.”

Only when this incident ends successfully or without a hitch will there be grounds to let Geo go free.

“If this strategy goes well, I plan to take Geo and Hyun-ssi on a vacation together.”

“I envy you for being able to enjoy your work and vacation.”

“Right? Do you know how kind our child is? He gives her presents and I told you it’s not a joke.”

“Stop it, it’s like you’re losing your arms.”

“There is no work like Geo in the world. Feel free to be jealous.”

“This is really….”

Garasani, who was about to show his annoyance, soon let out a sigh.

“…Okay, see you later.”

I knew that asking about the guild leader's secret, which was unusual, and that this annoying reaction right now was due to unfounded anxiety.

As a senior, he overlooked the incompetent behavior of his young junior.

* * *

Meanwhile, the Solar Church.

“Are you saying that the collector’s curator is coming too? The curator from that gallery?”

An elder priest muttered as if he was embarrassed.

“Huh, how did we get such precious manpower…?”

“I knew that the Visabal Guild Leader was quite favoring Sergio Hunter, but this is unexpected.”

“Isn’t that really a work of art? Well, really, a proper human being.”

“Isn’t it common knowledge that the collector’s box is the jewel box of the guild leader of the Bisabal?”

“But there is a limit… This is a bit excessive.”

In the collection, five more hunters were added, centering around Sergio Hunter. Considering that Sergio, who was the first to be attacked, could not be sent alone, this felt like a bit too much.

“They say that it’s not just the curator, but the ‘head of the gallery’ himself. The head of the 5th floor of the gallery.”

The head of the gallery, which can be called the heart of the collection, is in charge of the entire gallery. Just by joining, you can see how much and in what way the Bisabales cherish Sergio Hunter.

“No matter how many people were drafted from that side, I thought that Curator Yoo Seong-un, who had previously attacked the ‘Deep Sea Country’ with me, would show up….”

“Meteor Hunters are known for being busy.”

“I don’t know the exact circumstances, but even so, since this is the first time I’ve heard of this combination, I’m guessing that the butler wasn’t dispatched based on simple friendships?”

“If a curator was going to be dispatched due to a matter of friendship, Curator Yoo Seong-un would have been on the list. No matter how busy he is, since it’s his first attack, wouldn’t he have been able to make time to do it? However, if there’s just one curator assigned to it….”

“Apart from the friendship, doesn’t this mean that Sergio Hunter needs to have a ‘curator’ on his team?”

“That's what I'm saying."

The curator of the collection was a very special force. It was a completely different feeling from the guild members who usually

worked in the field of the collection outside the guild.

“Has a collector ever tried to manage his guild members to this extent?”

“I don’t remember specifically….”

“I thought humans were treated like humans.”

“But isn’t sending a curator, and especially a floor leader, really treating it like a work of art?”

“Even if all the members of the Collectors’ Guild are from the Bisabal Collection, this is a bit….”

The curator of the collection had a reputation, or notoriety. When a collector's gallery puts in a request for collaboration to utilize an object, the curator in charge of that 'work' comes along.

“I know full well how extreme those curators are.”

They truly loved those bizarre and creepy 'creations' as if they were family or friends.

There was even a curator who shed tears of blood and filed a formal complaint through the VISABUL, claiming that the work he was in charge of was damaged during use. That anecdote was a huge topic of conversation even at the Taeyanggyo.

“As far as I know, isn’t the 5th floor leader a close associate of the Bisabal Guild Leader?”

“Yes, I also understand that the butler was one of the early executives of the collection.”

“Curator Garasani, a loyal follower of the collector, is personally stepping forward….”

A middle-aged priest tilted his head as if he didn't quite understand.

“Could he be a hidden son?”

“Oh, please refrain from being rude.”

“I’m sorry. No matter how much I think about it, I just can’t understand it….”

“It is certainly an unusual case.”

With a few exceptions, curators of collections rarely even leave their galleries, where they work, and are only formally dispatched when the work they are responsible for is related to the project in question.

“There’s no way the leader of the Visabal Guild wouldn’t know about this perception.”

Even so, it was obvious that they had to put in a 5-story building.

“…I guess you’re trying to show how Sergio Hunter is treated by the collectors?”

“…But what kind of treatment should I consider this? He’s not just a simple guild member, what is this….”

It wasn't just the Visa-Bal layer that was inserted.

“I know some of your people, and the two people on this list are members of the gallery’s training team.”

“I don’t know much about how collectors work, but what exactly is a trainee team member?”

“It literally refers to the people who deal with incidents that occur in the gallery. You can think of them as the people between the curator and the regular guild members.”

“Then it seems like this is really being treated as a work of art rather than a human being….”

“Visabal is famous for not touching his own guild members, so this is unusual.”

The purpose of the secret mission revealed in this list was clear.

“These are the personnel to escort the hunter named Sergio.”

And in fact, at this point, it's become a bit ambiguous to even call it 'escort'.

“Isn’t it closer to surveillance? No matter what, to the curator, to the training team….”

“I don’t think Sergio Hunter has any major personal problems.”

“If there were any personal issues in the first place, it wouldn’t have become a collection item of the Bisabal Guildmaster.”

“That’s true. Huh, then why on earth do you do this?”

There was not a single person in the collection of the Victims who had any personality flaws. They were all honest and capable people, and they all had the minimum qualifications to take responsibility for the work they were given.

Of course, the hunter Sergio seemed to have a personality that was far removed from the impression that Bisabal usually preferred, but Bisabal often collected these exceptional collectibles. So it was probably not a problem with Sergio's personality.

“When I saw the recent Anticat incident, I thought it was really something out of the ordinary… I didn’t know that the leader of the Bisabal Guild would come out like this. Why on earth? What’s the problem?”

“There must be something peculiar about him that he is so concerned about, but is it really possible that he is his bloodline? In this day and age, there is no reason for someone to look exactly like their parents.”

“That’s why I’m asking you to refrain from making such rude assumptions about other guild members. Do you have any friction with the collector before even starting the quest? Everyone, just do it in moderation, moderation.”

At that moment, one of the elder priests said with a chuckle.

“I don’t know why he does this, but I know a man named Bisabal. He may be greedy, but he’s not the type of person to ruin other people’s business out of greed.”

If Visabal had intended to ruin and destroy something, he would have shown signs of it from the beginning.

“By officially submitting the documents, taking the time to send in personal information, and supporting this campaign… At the very least, it means that the Collector has a clear purpose for helping with this campaign.”

“That is true, but….”

“There is no reason for us to know everything about the young hunter. We have no right or qualification to do so. If the collectors are willing to help us with our homework, we should be grateful.”

“We’re sorry, it was our fault.”

“Pride is a sin that even the sun abhors. And the young Sergio is also a believer who has received the light of the sun. It was our greed that brought him into this attack, so even if there are variables….”

He looked around and said.

“We must endure, shall we not, brothers?”

“I will reflect on this. Thank you for your enlightenment.”

“Remember, our job is to finish this homework.”

“Yes, indeed it is.”

“It would be nice to become friends with Sergio Hunter, but that would be an added bonus.”

“I think we were too hasty.”

The priests bowed their heads in shame.

“Well, we’re not going to do any background checks, so we shouldn’t be talking like this.”

“What kind of harsh words is this guy calling a background check… We are not the Dalnim Church.”

“Ahem, isn’t it because this is such an exceptional incident that everyone is flustered? Of course, I will reflect on it, but….”

“Still, since so many valuable talents have gathered, I think we can look forward to this strategy. It may be a bit too much, but I’m excited about this.”

“It is said to be a dungeon rich in vegetation and heat. It is a dimension where even a fake sun rises, so if we are successful in conquering it, it will be of great help to our Solar Cult.”

When the mood seemed to have calmed down, one of the silent elder priests turned to look at Kang Seo-dam.

“Brother Kang Seo-dam.”

“Yes, I am listening.”

“Please take good care of me.”

“I'll do my best.”

At that point, Kang Seo-dam thought.

'… The team dispatched for this collection is focused on training and investigation rather than favoritism.'

Of course, he wouldn't let the great mystery called 'Portrait of Geo' go by himself. Kang Seo-dam decided to be thankful that the collector was not thoughtless, which was truly, truly, a blessing in disguise.

That was when.

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam felt the gaze of the goddess.

‘… Are you interested?’

It seems like you really want to become friends with Mr. Sergio.

Not knowing why he was stuck among the gods, Kang Seo-dam began to want to stay in his office.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (168)

168

Episode 168

Meanwhile, there was another person who was having a headache because of 'Mr. Sergio', just like Kang Seo-dam.

“…….”

“What’s wrong, Ruda?”

"…uh…."

It was none other than Iru Da, a student of Kang Seo Dam and a prospective priest.

“Because of the gift I received last time.”

“Oh, the one that Geo hyung gave you? That flower?”

“Yeah, I mean those dried flowers.”

“Didn’t you say it’s a medicine? You said you like taking medicine. Can’t you just take it?”

“…That would be the simplest method, but no matter how much I think about it, it’s not an ordinary medicine….”

It was a medicinal herb that was personally gazed upon by none other than the Goddess of the Sun.

‘Plus, the subtle greed of the divine that I felt at that time… .’

It is extremely rare for a divinity to be greedy for human goods, but this time it was the sun goddess who loved the natural order of fate and pure innocence who showed her greed.

'Basically, you are not the type of person to be greedy about anything.'

It was truly absurd that such a divine being would poke the side of Iruda, a lowly novice priest.

“How did it end up like this?”

“What's the problem?"

“I feel like I have received such a precious gift.”

I had not told Chae Sol about my confusion because I thought things might get worse than I imagined, but today, that had reached its limit. I needed a witness for Iru Da.

“Chaisol.”

“Yeah, how can I help you?”

“Your close brother….”

“Are you talking about Geo hyung?”

“Yeah, is that person originally like that?”

“Uh… what?”

“Do you usually just go around throwing out gifts like this?”

"huh!"

“…….”

I was speechless at the moment when I heard such a cool and resolute affirmation.

"…why?"

“When I see people, I feel so special that I want to give them gifts.”

“Why on earth?”

“There is no reason not to give it, so why can’t I give it to you…?”

“What the hell is the problem?”

“Is that the problem?”

“A gift isn’t just a gift.”

In fact, it felt a bit excessive to give Chaisol a fruit jelly as a gift. Chaisol said that he was a brother who had become close with her by chance, but it was an expensive gift given to a child who knew nothing about her by an acquaintance she had only met a few times.

What's more, the gift he received was even greater.

“The reason I said I liked herbs wasn’t because I really wanted to receive them…!”

Usually, when you say you like medicinal herbs, adults are shocked as if they are seeing something they cannot understand, and then they quickly ignore it. No, in the first place, I didn't even know that there were people who actually carried medicinal herbs around.

“Chaisol, what do you feel from these dried flowers?”

“The smell of sunshine?”

"also."

“Fluffy like a blanket that has been dried in the sun?”

“Anyway, it’s the sun, right? Right? It’s the sun, right?”

“Aren’t the sun and sunlight a little different? One is extremely hot and the other is warm.”

“It’s the difference between squeezing and stroking, but it’s the same hand anyway.”

Contrary to the commonly known image of the solar cult, the actual light of the sun is very violent. The better you can control and manage it, the better priest of the sun you can become.

And making a medicine filled with the sunlight of the sun was an extremely difficult task. If you didn't have talent, you wouldn't even be able to try it, and if you made even the slightest mistake, the fragile medicine would burn up in the sun's fire.

“…….”

As expected, this was a gift too precious to be able to bear.

“…Did you give me this gift just to screw me over….”

“Why are you eating candy?”

“…I was wondering if that Sergio guy was giving me this gift to cause trouble.”

“Huh? No, I don’t think so. Why do you think so?”

“Unmerited mercy condemns the poor beggar by the roadside to death.”

“Isn’t Ruda a beggar?”

“Of course, I am a first-class citizen and one of the wealthiest among

humans, but even taking that into account, I am still a beggar in this situation.”

“You always make things so difficult.”

“It’s too much of a gift for me, so I’m at risk. There are many people who covet such a precious treasure.”

Looking at the current situation, it wasn't just a problem for people.

“And if you don’t have the power to protect yourself from those who covet it, gifts can actually turn into poison. To give an extreme example, someone who covets the gift I received could kill me and take it away.”

Perhaps because the word 'kill' sounded quite provocative, Chae Sol was startled and asked.

“Should I call Geo hyung?”

“No, if you’re a hunter of that caliber, you’ll be busy, so there’s no need for that….”

The quick-witted Iru knew that there was no malice in the gift given by Sergio.

'But you didn't seem like the kind of person who wouldn't know that it would be a gift I couldn't afford.'

And now I have decided to come to a conclusion.

“…Does this mean to buy favor?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, but I think Ruda is overthinking things.”

“If you present the gift that the goddess desires, you will surely receive great protection.”

“I don’t know exactly what it was, but I don’t think Geo-hyung would have thought that far….”

Chae Sol trailed off, not knowing exactly what his partner was thinking, but sensing the depth of his thoughts. He knew that the man in black cloak was just thoughtlessly throwing out presents.

Chae Sol thought as he watched his partner, who seemed to be plotting something similar.

'Smart people seem to live such tiring lives. I'm glad I'm not smart.'

Of course, Geo also knew that his gift could be poisonous to the little priest named Iruda. However, he also gave the gift of the black cloak with peace of mind, knowing that it would not harm anyone.

The baslam flower is a precious medicine with no side effects, so anyone can use it without any problems, and both Geo, who gave it as a gift, and the goddess of the sun approved of the gift. The gift, which was granted under the protection of various divinities, was guaranteed to be safe through providence and fate.

Above all, Geo didn't know how to think deeply, but he knew the depth and breadth of what other people could think. Geo would be happy no matter how Iruda used his gift.

“…I must offer it to the goddess.”

So this was also what Geo had hoped for.

“I’m going to see Father Kang Seo-dam. What do you want to do?”

“I'll go too.”

“If you’re bored being alone, go play with other kids.”

“I just want to be with Ruda, because she’s my partner.”

“…….”

After a while, he slowly nodded his head.

“You’re going to have to live with me by your side for the rest of your life.”

“Huh? Isn’t that how it was originally?”

“It’s nothing, I was just expressing my opinion.”

And Kang Seo-dam, who had just returned from a meeting, said that she was very impressed by the fragrant, warm bomb that her fluffy young student had carefully brought with him.

* * *

A meeting room for the collection.

“Ah, manager.”

“Ms. Yujina?”

The newly formed dispatch team began to gather there one by one.

The fifth floor manager of the collection gallery, Garasani, glanced at the hunter who had just entered the meeting room. The woman he had called Yujina was wearing a suit and cape, the uniform of the gallery’s training team. As the floor manager, she was a familiar face.

“It’s been a while.”

“That’s true.”

The trainee team member sat across from Garasani, smiling brightly.

“Because there’s nothing to clean on the 5th floor.”

“Because it’s not a place where new employees are assigned.”

“I guess it’s because only veterans frequent this place, but I haven’t heard any news.”

“If news from the 5th floor reaches the rescue team, wouldn’t that be a huge problem?”

“Isn’t this all thanks to the care of the floor leader?”

As he rubbed his palms together, Garasani raised his eyebrows.

“Your flattery skills are still the same.”

“Please make it clear whether you like it or not.”

“It’s good, so try it one more time.”

“Oh my, our floor leader has turned on the light on the 5th floor, so peace has come to the gallery and wealth has come in….”

About that time, another person came into the meeting room.

“Wow… what is this?”

“You’re going too far, doing this to someone.”

“Yes, so what are you doing?”

“Don’t you know it when you see it? It’s like flattery.”

“Nothing will come out of flattering the 5th floor manager…?”

A woman in the same department laughed awkwardly at the words of a man working in the field.

“It’s been a while, Manager.”

“Is this the first time you’ve seen me since I was working on the third

floor and then got transferred to the field?”

“Yes, I was able to adapt well thanks to all the support you gave me.”

“Yeah, wherever you are, as long as you do your job well, that’s fine. You’re doing well.”

Curator Garasani turned to his trainee team member, Yujina.

“Didn’t you say that one more person from the training team was coming?”

“I received a request for training on the first floor. Since it’s my area, I’ll just check and come back quickly.”

“It’s always nice to see someone taking responsibility for their own actions. I don’t think today’s protagonist will be offended by such behavior.”

“I was going to call you to hurry up and come up, even if it was just a little bit, but this is unexpected. Mr. Geo is also very generous for a piece of work.”

Yujina and the other trainee team members who were looking around smiled as if they found it interesting.

“I thought Curator Yoo Seong-un would be joining us, but he wasn’t on the list?”

“I can’t help it, he’s such a busy person.”

“No matter how busy you are, it’s your own work that counts….”

“Of course, if you adjust your schedule a lot, you won’t have too much free time. But it won’t be easy.”

And that wasn't the only reason.

“The guild leader wants to see how ‘Mr. Sergio’ reacts among strangers. He wants to see if it is worth continuing to use the name ‘Mr. Sergio’, and if there are any dangers.”

Another field worker asked him.

“But isn’t it dangerous? Why is it that the first raid is an A-class dungeon? The difficulty level is definitely not low. Wouldn’t it be better to take your time adjusting in a safer place?”

“Before we take such measures, Mr. Sergio has already set a schedule for us, so we just have to follow it. And even if there hadn’t been such an urgent schedule, the guild leader wouldn’t have done such a tedious task.”

Don't we all know the nature of the Visa?

“He’s not the kind of person who has the patience to take advantage of a stable opportunity that’s clearly right in front of him. If he were the kind of person who would let such a fun event pass him by, he wouldn’t have become a guild leader in the first place.”

“It’s really hard to refute….”

“It’s ridiculous to ask someone who created the collection from the beginning to exercise self-restraint now. There are also many other aspects that you must have judged worth trying this strategy for.”

Perhaps through this opportunity, the Visaval would decide what position to assign 'Mr. Sergio' to. It was a bold and risky task that could result in someone's death, but it was a process that had to be completed at least once since they had decided to introduce 'Sergio Hunter' to the world.

And there was another reason.

“First of all, I’m not sure if Mr. Sergio can endure such a stable and boring job.”

Surely the collectors could have taken a safer chance. They could have placed familiar faces in low-level dungeons, allowing this mystery to gradually adapt to humans.

However, as I had already heard during this expedition, 'Portrait of Geo' had a thirst for bloodshed. He was said to harbor evil divinity, so he might have found such comfortable enclosures disgusting.

“You shouldn’t do anything that would harm the work.”

“I agree with that part.”

The trainee team members and the on-site staff nodded their heads. More than anything, they were the ones who knew very well what kind of disaster could occur when the spirit of the 'work' was twisted.

It wasn't for nothing that all sorts of horror stories arose at the collection. A former curator and on-site staff member spoke out.

“Still, I feel sorry for the curator, Yoo Seong-un.”

“The work I am in charge of is out of my hands and is active outside the world….”

“That’s your first activity too. You must be nervous.”

For the curator of the collection, the work in question was a very sensitive subject, for managing the strange mysteries that twist fate and delve into the mind was truly nerve-racking.

A curator must love his work, study it, and be aware of its dangers. It is inevitable that he will develop an obsession with it, as he lovingly manages a mystery that could kill dozens of people in an instant if it gets out of his hands.

“Especially the work on the 5th floor.”

If a curator doesn't love and obsess over a piece of art, you never know what kind of disaster could happen.

“You must be very upset….”

“That’s why I’m included in this dispatch team.”

“Can you trust someone like the floor manager?”

“I think it would be better to choose the lesser of two evils.”

And it was around that time.

Knock knock.

“…….”

“…….”

"excuse me."

A knock is heard outside the meeting room.

“Can I come in?”

A soft, gloomy voice was asking for permission.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (169)

169

Episode 169

It is a common tradition that evil seeks invitations.

Even the seemingly omnipotent gods had to ask permission to do certain things. You couldn't enter someone's house without permission, you couldn't leave without help, things like that.

“…….”

“…….”

The guild members exchanged glances.

“…Mr. Sergio?”

A voice outside the door answered the trainee team member's question.

“Yes, my name is Sergio.”

The contradictory emptiness of that voice makes me momentarily doubtful.

The collection of all sorts of strange works was basically a place full of ghost stories. They were clearly waiting for 'Mr. Sergio', but they were worried that their current wrong choice might bring about trouble.

At that moment, the 5th floor curator, Garasani, stood up from his seat.

“Floor manager.”

“What are you worried about?”

“Ah, that’s….”

“…….”

"…sorry."

“Tsk.”

Garasani, who had glanced at his juniors, soon opened the door to the meeting room.

“…….”

“Welcome, Sergio.”

A man with platinum hair stood in front of him.

Hair flowing softly and eyes filled with the summer sea. Garasani did not meet the gaze directly, but bowed down to show courtesy toward the work. He was the subject of numerous works.

“I've been waiting.”

“Am I too late?”

“No, you’re right on the mark.”

The current time was 4:00 PM, the exact time of the appointment.

The trainee team member who had entered the meeting room first saw a large man standing beyond Curator Garasani. Contrary to the warm sunlight, his expression was eerily blank.

'They said it resembled a funeral.'

The air was spotlessly clean, but heavier and gloomy than that… .

“…….”

ah.

‘… our eyes met.’

It gently rolled its eyes.

"Nice to meet you."

Death, resembling a corpse, becomes sunlight in an instant.

It was easy to tell that it was a monster imitating a human.

* * *

The position of the black cloak within the collection was that of a 'free-range work'.

The so-called 'Sergio' could easily be encountered in the collection building. Sometimes he was human, sometimes he was a portrait. And the staff avoided talking about him as much as possible.

There are reasons such as not wanting to be cursed, but the most common reason is… .

'If you get caught, you're screwed.'

‘Absolutely no overtime work…’

'As long as it's not me, it's fine.'

Yes, I didn't want to know the complicated circumstances.

“Oh, why are you so kind to humans?”

“How nice it would be if you had no sociability….”

Even though Bisabal treated his guild members like his collection, that did not mean that he treated them as less than human. He strictly distinguished between human collections and non-human works.

Would such a crazy person let dangerous ghost stories run wild inside the building? In that context, the ghost story of this time, 'Mr. Sergio', was particularly kind to humans, which meant that the more they became friends with him, the more likely they were to work extra hours.

“Look at Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

There was also a very appropriate example.

“Poor guy, he probably can’t even go home.”

“But wasn’t Curator Yoo Seong-un busy to begin with?”

“It doesn’t change the fact that I have been given additional duties related to Mr. Sergio.”

“Oh, that’s true. I must never get involved with that.”

That's what happened.

Because of that, the members of the Collector's Guild tried their best not to recognize 'Mr. Sergio' even when they saw him. They followed the order and tried their best to be polite, but they really gritted their teeth and avoided his presence. They didn't want to get close to the eye of the typhoon and get caught up in a disaster.

There were also many people who were afraid of 'Mr. Sergio' and tried to be cautious.

“It’s friendly, but you never know how it’ll change later.”

“As a member of the Collector’s Guild, I respect the existence and words of ‘Sergio,’ but… he’s scary.”

“Rather than that, do I really have to tell ghost stories and pretend to know everything…?”

They did not consider 'Mr. Sergio' as a human being who needed to be interacted with. It was a kind of natural phenomenon, a ghost story that quietly and eerily infiltrated their daily lives.

There were few people who would want to pretend to know about the ghost stories that still exist in Korea, such as the red mask. Who would want to be personally acquainted with a nurse ghost that roams around hospitals late at night or a woman in a white dress on a deserted street?

“No, well, if necessary, I will do it.”

“I will do it if you tell me to.”

“If you ask, I will do it.”

The competent and responsible staff of the collector never did anything they were not told to do, and this was no exception. Even if they were given orders, they would take it as something like, 'Say something nice to the flower pots once in a while!'

“But isn’t this workplace bullying?”

“…Did that apply to your work as well?”

“Oh, that’s true.”

To them, 'Sergio' was a creepy creation of the Vicaribe. He was nothing more than something in human form, not a real human being, and so they felt no need for any special interaction.

If they were really my coworkers, I would have said something nice to

them at least once. The members of the collectors' guild are not so much individualistic as they are socially incompetent. But isn't 'Sergio' a work of art?

“I ran into Sergio yesterday.”

“You managed to get to work today.”

“You were more gentle than I expected, so… it was okay.”

“I guess you’ve always lived a good life.”

“I was able to get my name and receive a gift without any problems.”

“It’s neat.”

The 'Sergio Response Policy' that Visabal had previously spread also played a part in this atmosphere.

Now, to them, 'Mr. Sergio' is something like 'a creepy piece of work that you can receive a gift from if you successfully talk to him when you encounter him with rare probability.'

So, although he is not a coworker, he is treated as a creepy natural phenomenon that coexists in the workplace. The members of the collectors' guild have adapted to 'Mr. Sergio' in their own way.

“…….”

“…….”

And back to the meeting room where the dispatch team gathered.

‘… Is this the Sergio I’ve only heard about? The black cloak that gives gifts to good people… .’

'It's definitely more intimidating, it looks like a perfect human, but it's more alien because of that.'

'I've heard that you're good at communicating with intelligent life forms, but how far can you go in imitating humans?'

There was a subtle tension in the air. It was a team-up with none other than the famous ghost story within the building.

Since it was a work of art that Bisabal cherished, it was unlikely that they would be in danger, but it was impossible not to feel nervous after directly confirming its existence.

'No matter how I look at it, I get the strong impression that it's perfect.'

‘I feel like I’m seeing something ideal that cannot exist… .’

Its appearance was very beautiful, and its physique was neither too thin nor too thick. Its appearance, which seemed to fit the average ideal, rather strengthened its inhuman impression.

'Is it because they want to make a favorable impression on other humans that they have that kind of appearance?'

It was a perfect strategy, especially in Korea, where people are very attracted to the appearance of their opponents. In fact, there were many guild members who fell in love with her beauty. It was like looking at a very valuable jewel or relic.

“…….”

A silver-haired woman with copper-colored skin surveyed the situation. The fifth-floor manager who had opened the door for 'Mr. Sergio' had stepped back, which was an unspoken pressure to the other employees.

'Is this supposed to suit me properly?'

It's a special situation, so I don't know if I'll be able to receive a gift, but according to the code of conduct, the first thing I had to do was to

exchange names with Black Cloak.

The woman, having finished organizing her thoughts, stood up from her seat and greeted 'Mr. Sergio.'

“Mr. Sergio?”

“Yes, my name is Sergio.”

“I was surprised to find out that you were more handsome than I had heard.”

“Do you like this face?”

“Isn’t it hard not to like it?”

She greeted me with her characteristically coquettish manner.

“Nice to meet you, my name is Yujina.”

“Your name is Yujina. How should I address you?”

“You can call me just now, or you can call me Gina.”

She, a trainee team member, rolled her eyes.

“Please help me with this strategy.”

Indeed, it really seemed human.

'... Don't you know that a slightly imperfect appearance makes you look more human? However, if you look overly idealistic and perfect, the rest of it looks exactly like a human. With this level of mimicry, those who don't know what it is will be fooled helplessly. It's so good that it's dangerous.'

In him, there was almost no sense of incongruity that other strange mysteries reveal in their appearance. That sense of incongruity, too, was nothing more than 'too idealistic', and could not be clearly defined.

'At first I thought it wasn't that good at imitating humans, but maybe it's growing... .'

The growth of an unknown mystery tends to stimulate human fear. Yujina tried hard to shake off the fear she felt and continued the introduction with goodwill.

“This is Kang Neuru and Danmi!”

The field staff looked at Yujina as if they were grateful and opened their mouths.

“Hello, I am Kang Neuru, a field worker at the collection center.”

“I’m also from the same group as Mr. Neuru. My name is Danmi. Please take good care of me.”

Yujina shrugged her shoulders at the smooth introduction.

“One more person from our training team is scheduled to arrive, but it looks like he’ll be a little late because he’s taking care of work on the first floor.”

At that point, the 5th floor manager came out.

“I’m sorry, Sergio. If you permit me, I will go and get him.”

If someone else saw it, they might think, 'Maybe it's a little late, isn't it too humble?', but the other person was a gallery piece. The number of works that were massacred for being late for an appointment was not that small.

The reason they didn't catch the rest of the people earlier was because 'Mr. Sergio' had generous standards. He showed only a little displeasure towards rude people, and showed leniency on the premise that they wouldn't repeat the same mistake.

'But I don't know how far they will tolerate it.'

That is why the 5th floor manager came forward first to examine the work's intentions.

“If you are very offended….”

“I think you might be busy.”

Fortunately, Mr. Sergio did not show any displeasure.

“You said something came up suddenly, so it can’t be helped.”

“Thank you for your understanding.”

“I am truly grateful for the warm hospitality, but on the other hand, I feel sorry.”

He folded his gentle eyes and smiled, mimicking 'embarrassment'.

“Are you scared of me?”

"no."

The fifth floor manager smiled brightly like an old man looking at his grown grandson.

“It’s just an honor.”

That was the smile that curator Garasani showed only to the works.

“We are already familiar with each other, but we are still unfamiliar to Sergio. This is a place for us to get used to each other before the attack, so I hope Sergio will feel comfortable joining us.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

“No problem… Sergio, you usually work in the early mornings and you only show your face so you probably don’t recognize these people’s faces. Let’s talk slowly and get to know each other.”

Even though Curator Garasani had safely placed Mr. Sergio in his seat, he was not at ease. The staff were stiff due to the pressure and near-death aura that this source of existence basically had.

Although I tried to hide it in my own way, Garasani saw it.

'And if it's visible to my eyes, it's bound to look even better to Sergio.'

That was the worrying part.

'I'll have to adapt to the role play that Sergio wants.'

Curator Garasani was able to handle this skillfully due to his extensive experience, but it would be a bit difficult for the training team or the field team. Putting on a play based on the claims of a strange mystery.

Thinking like that, Garasani put down the teacups in front of his team members.

“This is the newly prepared Ajankacha.”

“Oh, the manager’s tea-making skills are trustworthy.”

“Please give me some light reviews.”

I hope they can adapt to each other safely, Garasani smiled.

* * *

Drumroll !

A woman opened the door to the meeting room and came in.

“I’m sorry, the training took so long…!”

And then it hardened.

“Oh my gosh, Mr. Geo, you’re really so funny!”

“You really did that? You’re not joking?”

“Crazy… The smiling tyrant of the sea village… It suits him so well….”

“How can a person do that, and should I call this amazing?”

A friendly atmosphere that I could never have imagined.

“…….”

“Oh, welcome.”

And the blond priest in the center of it all looked at the poor frozen team members who had failed to understand the situation. He spoke in a soft, beautiful voice that seemed to melt everyone.

“My name is Sergio.”

“Huh? Oh, yes.”

“What is your name?”

“This is Kim Nana.”

"okay."

The black cloak asked calmly.

“Would you like to talk to me?”

“…….”

Isn't this a typical brainwashing scene?

‘… What on earth did you do to my coworkers?’

A chill ran down the spine of trainee team member Kim Na-na.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (170)

170

Episode 170

“…Do you know what the first thing I thought when I heard that story?”

Yoo Seong-un said, raising both thumbs up.

“Wow, that’s amazing, how did you do that?”

“You are too kind.”

“I’m not saying that as a compliment, I really thought that.”

The hallway meeting, which was scheduled for 12 o'clock sharp, was held again just before Yoo Seong-un died from overwork. Today, they held a meeting that wasn't a meeting as usual, with Geo's special tea and various snacks.

Joo-Hyeon, who was looking at the worn-out Yoo Seong-Un with pity, coughed in vain and said.

“Ahem, Mr. Geo is more sociable than I thought.”

“Why was such a sociable guy so anxious about not being able to scare people in normal times?”

The black cloak in the portrait answered the pure question like the white snow of a meteor cloud.

“I didn’t scare you. You scared me on your own.”

“Your vocabulary has grown so much since I last saw you. What country does the expression “to scare away” come from?”

“It means I am innocent.”

“No matter how much I think about it, I still can’t understand it.”

Yoo Seong-un asked, rubbing his sore neck.

“How did you create such a friendly atmosphere?”

It was something that was logically impossible.

Geo had a basic sense of class. No matter how well-groomed he was, humans instinctively sense the difference in class and feel a sense of intimidation. Geo, in particular, was a being who had accumulated a creepy kind of class.

“People must have been really scared of you.”

“I put in a lot of effort because I was very scared.”

“I find it so amazing that something can be achieved if you work hard for it.”

“I think it’s fortunate that I have that level of sociality.”

“No, it’s not so much that you have a problem with sociality as… uh….”

In fact, when you consider 'Portrait of Geo' as a human, you can't say that he has bad social skills. He has a side that is so indifferent that it feels terrible, but Geo is very kind and friendly to humans.

'There are some problems that humans are afraid of when interacting with excessive courtesy.'

Anyway, it's a bit awkward to say this as it is.

“…You do look a little scary.”

“I agree.”

Geo nodded obediently.

“There have always been quite a few people who said I was scary.”

Joohyun tilted his head at him.

“Always? Then, when you were Giovanni, were people afraid of you, Mr. Geo?”

“Yes, even back then there were a lot of people who were afraid of me.”

“Mr. Giovanni doesn’t seem like a particularly scary person….”

“To be exact, I should say that I was scared and uncomfortable.”

Although Giovanni was clearly a gentle and kind-hearted priest, many people were unable to treat him as an equal, perhaps because of the authority and noble bearing typical of priests of the Church of the Sun.

“It’s also because I was blond when I was Giovanni.”

“Why blonde again?”

“Because it was a world where there was a superstition that children born with the color of the sun were children of God.”

“Are you a child of God…?”

“In my case, I think the burden was even greater because I was actually a priest of the sun.”

In particular, he was a famous priest with a reputation. It may have been inevitable for the people of that era, when the Sun Church ruled the world, not to treat him as an equal, even though he was called a

saint.

“I don’t remember doing anything particularly scary, but I did it anyway.”

“I heard that Mr. Isser had the nickname ‘The Smiling Tyrant of the Sea Village’.”

“…….”

The portrait changed to platinum blonde hair.

“…Did Isser say that? When?”

“That’s how it turned out, because we were having a random conversation while eating lamb skewers last time.”

“I feel so wronged. Why on earth did I have to become a tyrant?”

“If you don’t accept mercy, they force it on you….”

“I think it’s a good thing because the result was good.”

“Aha, indeed. So that’s why you were afraid even when you were Giovanni.”

“It’s unfair.”

Yoo Seong-un let out his characteristically innocent laugh at Geo's sincere appeal.

“I think it was closer to awe than fear.”

“Oh, I guess so. If I had a neighbor like Mr. Giovanni, I don’t think I would have been able to deal with him easily.”

Joohyun also nodded in agreement with Yoo Seongwoon's words.

“You seem like a person who is difficult to approach in a friendly manner.”

The portrait was once again aggrieved.

“I hope we can be friends.”

“We can live like that, but it can’t be helped for people we’re meeting for the first time.”

When it came to Giovanni, who had a mild and cheerful personality, I could only feel awe, but when it came to Sergio, whose facial expressions seemed to have degenerated, or Arzio, who was a battle-mad maniac, I could only feel fear.

Yoo Seong-woon, who had heard the story of 'Sergio' through Joo-hyun, asked.

“But were people afraid of you when you were Sergio? You probably didn’t perform any special miracles like Giovanni, and you probably didn’t get anxious about seeing blood like Argio….”

“Yes, he was an ordinary teacher.”

“No, well, it wasn’t exactly ordinary. No matter how much I think about it, it’s impossible to get that far. Are you trying to say that it was a normal life like a snake jumping over a wall?”

“It’s unfair.”

The portrait had now returned to black hair.

“I was just scared of the impression.”

“It must have been hard to instill fear with such a handsome face, but I guess I should call this amazing….”

“I have always been a kind and helpful teacher.”

“That’s why I said it’s not a problem of words and actions, but a problem of impressions, Geo. Of course, that could be a problem too….”

That wasn't something that could be resolved by saying it was unfair.

“Yeah, that’s weird. Even when I was just a ‘normal teacher,’ like you said, people were scared.”

Before returning home, Yoo Seong-un recalled the story he had heard from the 5th floor manager in the meeting room.

“How did that guy create such a harmonious atmosphere?”

“I keep saying it, but I just tried hard.”

Geo had that much sociability and sociality.

“There were many people who had a hard time with me because I seemed like a person who was hard to get along with, but in the end, we all had good relationships. If people are afraid of me, then all I have to do is let them go.”

Yoo Seong-un was impressed by Geo's words.

“Then why don’t you usually do that?”

“I'm tired.”

"ah?"

“The return on investment is unclear.”

“Is this a losing business?”

“I understand you well.”

If there were people he had to work with or see for a long time, Geo would show off his talents, but most of them were people he just

passed by. There was no need to waste energy on them.

“It’s true that my basic impression is scary.”

The more Geo treats them comfortably without any effort, the harder it is for the other person to shake off their fear. But conversely, if Geo treats them sincerely, they won't be afraid at all.

“…….”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un and Joo-hyun thought about it.

'... It's impossible to make someone of that level feel comfortable with such a small investment. It's not a mercy that can be extended to just anyone.'

'Isn't the fact that I can't stand on equal footing with an unspecified number of people without making an effort prove that I'm not human?'

As a gardener and curator, Yoo Seong-un understood the fatigue of the work, and Joo-hyun, standing in the position of a friend, pointed out the contradictions in Geo's usual claims. At least, he did not see him as a human being.

Geo noticed the expressions of Yoo Seong-un and Joo-hyun.

'Doesn't anyone know that I'm just an ordinary introvert?'

People are scared by their impressions, which is the default, and Geo had to expend a lot of energy to explain it and ease the tension. That was the life of a scary introvert.

But since this situation was absurd and funny, Geo decided to just accept the current situation. He had no intention of being flattered by the offer to treat him to a precious portrait. Geo wanted to live his

whole life as a portrait.

“…Isn’t it my fault?”

“Oh, that’s not wrong. It actually helps a lot.”

“I felt sorry for the people who would be working with me.”

I heard from Joohyun that the strategy was like a training camp. Or a workshop or a long-term business trip. I didn't want to become awkward with people I would have to spend a long time with.

'It's rare to see such a hell.'

So, it was a hundred times, a thousand times easier to do everything in his power to make a good first impression and spend the rest of the work period in a friendly atmosphere. Geo was really trying desperately to become close with his temporary colleagues.

“However, team member Kim Na-na, who came in later, looked a little surprised.”

“Oh, I heard that story too.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“I thought it was brainwashing.”

“You were very scared of me.”

“I heard that it was eventually resolved after some discussion.”

“It took a lot of effort.”

“I can understand, Ms. Kim Na-na.”

Yoo Seong-woon continued speaking, smiling awkwardly.

“The sight of his colleagues laughing and treating Black Cloak like an

old friend while he was away… Honestly, it would be creepy if they met the moment they met. It's nonsense."

"But in the end, I think he felt comfortable with me."

"That's true too. It's not that you're wrong, from what I've heard, Kim Na-na still doesn't seem to be afraid of you. That part is surprising, too."

Yoo Seong-un asked him slyly.

"You didn't really use brainwashing skills?"

"It's really unfair."

"Oh, yeah, sorry, but honestly, I'm a little suspicious."

"Have you ever seen a portrait cry?"

"I'm curious, but I'll leave that impression for next time."

Joo-hyun looked at Yoo Seong-un as if he was looking at a real crazy person, but he ignored him cleanly. Originally, all the curators of Bisabae were like this. The crying appearance of the artwork? It was an extremely rare sight.

But fortunately or unfortunately, Yoo Seong-un was extremely tired, so he passed on this opportunity.

"If he created that kind of atmosphere purely with his wit, wouldn't that be truly amazing?"

"I am glad to hear your compliments."

Geo felt a little happy when he heard his close friend say, "Hey, you're good at socializing." Geo, who is timid and fearful, felt proud because he thought he did something good.

“I think it’s because I’ve had this happen often in the past and I know how to deal with it.”

“Isn’t it your portrait-like appearance that’s causing the trouble?”

“I’m not sure what portraiture means.”

“You have that thing, you know? The thing about it, you get what you want….”

“Are you talking about something like a stone tower built while hiking?”

“…Similar?”

Geo had the ability to do things the way he wanted without having to take any special action. Yoo Seong-un thought that it was possible because he controlled destiny as part of the source.

“Well, either way, it’s great.”

"thank you."

“If you look closely, you’ll see that he secretly likes being praised….”

Joohyun smiled and added to that.

“I guess you’re still young.”

“…….”

Joo-hyun avoided Yoo Seong-un's tired gaze.

“…personality, yes, personality.”

“What are you embarrassed about?”

“I feel like I said something embarrassing….”

“I don’t know if you’re bold or timid.”

“I would appreciate it if you would stop teasing me.”

Joohyun, her face red, said with a hint of resentment.

“But Mr. Geo, aren’t you definitely on the young side? At 29, at 32, at 24….”

“If it was short-lived, then it was short-lived.”

“Don’t focus on death, but look at your age while you’re alive. You’re still young.”

“Yeah, I died quickly. I know that.”

“Are you saying such a sad story in front of Mr. Geo right now?”

“No, it’s just true….”

For some reason, Yoo Seong-un looked back at Geo, feeling like he was being scolded.

“I don’t think you have any regrets?”

“Ah, how I wish I could have lived longer with our mermaid students….”

“Is this what’s going to happen? Are you going to make me the only bad guy, right now?”

“I'm joking.”

Giovanni wasn't particularly dissatisfied with his lifespan either.

“Isn’t there a saying that a beauty fades?”

“That confidence is really nice to see.”

“It is an undeniable fact that I am handsome.”

“It’s shameless in a weird way.”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“Anyway, I’m glad we became friends without any major problems.”

“Still, it seemed like you were having a hard time with me.”

“Oh, really? Didn’t you say the atmosphere was good?”

"hmm."

After thinking for a moment, Geo continued speaking.

“There have been many similar cases in the past.”

“In what cases?”

“I accept my full-hearted antics as a kind of mercy and awe….”

“Ah, that was a show of brilliance. I see.”

In fact, I tend to interpret Yoo Seong-un as a great mysterious mercy rather than a joke. I'll just ignore it since he seems to want to pretend to be something he's not, but this is just my personal opinion.

“…….”

“Huh? Why?”

“Are you hungry?”

“…I’m a bit annoyed, but what’s the problem?”

“I thought it was because my stomach was empty, because you seemed to be thinking nonsense.”

“Putting aside what a ridiculous thought it is, why are you linking it to stomach….”

Yoo Seong-un was surprised at how even being grumpy could be unified with feeding.

* * *

So the time of the decisive battle approaches, and it is a day of rest before the attack.

“I’m so happy to see the young master of the collectors’ shop whom I’ve only heard about.”

“…….”

“My lord, you wouldn’t cry in the dungeon because the food wasn’t tasty, would you?”

Geo was being provoked unilaterally by a seemingly normal punk.

'You're challenging me to a meal?'

Amazingly enough, the world seemed to have no intention of understanding his vulnerability.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (171)

171

Episode 171

An event room in a luxurious hotel in Samcheok, Gangwon-do.

“…….”

“…….”

An odd silence flowed between the noisy crowd, and Geo was the first of the two to speak.

He spoke plainly, as if he were telling something very obvious.

“I’ll be preparing the meals, so don’t worry about the food being tasteless.”

“…Ah, the young master is going to do it?”

“I have excellent cooking and digestion skills. So I am confident that I can make delicious meals even in a dungeon.”

“This is another novel answer.”

“Thank you for your concern, but I think it’s a little close. Could you step back a little?”

“Oh, sorry.”

The Hunter, with his impressive black eyes that curved like crescent moons, raised both hands with a grin. It was a typical surrender pose, and also a typical mocking gesture. He backed away from Sergio a little.

“I guess I thought I was the only one who became close to Sergio Hunter after hearing his story.”

“Aha, that was the communion doctor just now. I understand what you mean.”

“Our master is very generous, isn’t he? He has a great sense of humor too. I’m really glad to see you like this.”

There were many hunters who pretended not to notice but secretly listened to the conversation between the two with interest. However, Hunter Sergio didn't seem to care much, and the same goes for the blond hunter who had first requested a 'conversation'.

“I have a habit of blurting out what I say without thinking. You understand, right?”

Sergio smiled and responded to the bold provocation of the man walking towards him with long, straight blond hair and a well-proportioned body, resembling an honest knight from a fairy tale.

“You are so humble.”

“Oh, am I being humble? I’m a little surprised because it’s the first time I’ve heard that.”

“It was a pleasant conversation.”

“Don’t you plan on having any more conversations with such a pleasant conversation partner?”

“I was planning to just show my face and then go back. Please

understand.”

“Hmm….”

Hunter, with a face that made it impossible to tell what was going on, stretched out his nasal passages, and Sanarae smiled and retreated. It was a truly pointless retreat, just like when he first spoke to Sergio.

“Let’s have a nice conversation again later.”

“That’s good to hear.”

Curator Garasani, who had been watching the situation, approached him.

“Sergio Hunter.”

As if this unexpected controversy had arisen, there were quite a few people who saw Sergio as a hothouse plant, perhaps because of this collection of collectors.

The collectors who had been aware of this in advance stayed away a little so as not to give the impression that they were 'watching Sergio' or 'playing pranks on him', but this case was an exception.

“Is there anything I can help you with?”

“Well, explain the situation?”

“Yes, you were surprised by the sudden turn of events.”

Garasani continued speaking with an expression on his face as if he had had a hard time.

“This happened as soon as I got to the meeting place.”

Yes, Geo got into trouble as soon as he entered this room.

To explain the current situation, I had to go back in time a little.

* * *

“A hotel?”

Joohyun nodded in response to Geo's question.

“Yes, since it is an event hosted by the Solar Church, I think they put a lot of effort into it.”

“Could you tell me in what sense you took great care of it?”

“I thought Geo-ssi might not know much about these hunter customs, so I compiled them for you.”

Joo-hyun, who stopped by the collection store for the first time in a long time, had a conversation with Geo in a small meeting room.

“It would be nice if the target dungeon to which personnel are dispatched is near the guild involved, but in most cases, it is usually in a completely different area.”

“I think so.”

“This time, it’s a dungeon in Samcheok, Gangwon-do. So, if conditions allow, especially large groups that value their reputation, don’t send their hunters straight to dungeons.”

"then…."

“If possible, find a place where hunters can rest near the dungeon entrance. Think of it as a kind of rest area, which is a custom among hunters.”

Sergio, who did not know much about the current physiology of the Earth, asked.

“Aren’t you going to attack right away?”

“The idea is to get the hunters in top condition before entering the dungeon.”

“Because you’ll lose stamina as you move through the area?”

“That is the biggest reason.”

Joohyun nodded.

“It is possible to teleport individually using the Hunter’s skills or equipment, but in these cases, usually only one person can move. Even that consumes stamina, magic power, or durability.”

Even if a professional teleportation hunter who could move other people and did not participate in the raid helped, it was the same. Above all, it was not the case that the person being moved did not lose stamina.

“To begin with, the number of professional hunters who can help with movement in this way is very small. They are highly skilled workers, and they are difficult to reserve because they are searched for in many places.”

“It may not be a commonly used method.”

“Of course, I know that large guilds like the Collector’s Guild already have several Hunters with such skills… Even if the Collector’s Guild can move in such an easy way, most other guilds wouldn’t be able to do it this way.”

“Then, aren’t there any teleportation locations provided by public institutions? Thinking back to the person named Eunhyuk Cha who used to sell bungeoppang, I think I heard that there was something like that.”

“There are only places where it is installed. It is very limited, but I think Eunhyeok Cha lives in a region where the infrastructure is well-

established. In particular, in Gangwon-do, there are no installed terminals.”

“…What do you mean there is no terminal in Gangwon-do?”

When Sergio asked in shock, Joohyun continued to explain.

“It means that there are no transportation facilities installed by the city or government. There are no terminals dedicated to teleportation, which are considered advanced transportation by human standards, and there are no non-magical transportation methods such as railways, and there are not even proper roads for buses or cars.”

However, most hunters have to use this 'road that is not properly paved' when moving to Gangwon-do. As such, Gangwon-do dungeons are known to be places where marching is quite difficult.

“In terms of various infrastructures, there is a big difference between cities and provinces. Gangwon-do is a region that is still suffering from the aftermath of the great disaster, and the only place that is habitable is Samcheok… It is a very barren area.”

“I understand.”

“So, in this raid, we need to provide even more accommodations for the hunters to rest. Even if it’s not a remote area like Gangwon-do, most raids require rest before they start.”

Joohyun smiled her signature smile.

“So that the hunters can attack in the best condition possible.”

“Seeing you say that, I guess there must be another reason.”

“Mr. Geo, you’re right. So, as I said before, it’s probably a matter of face.”

Geo looked up at Joohyun at the unexpected answer.

"face?"

“Especially because they are guilds in Seoul.”

“Do the guilds of Seoul care about saving face?”

“Well, this is a characteristic of the country called Korea….”

Joohyun explained with an embarrassed face.

“Korea, famous for having the largest number of qualified human resources, is small compared to other countries. And among that small land area, only Seoul and Busan are highly developed and have a large concentration of human resources.”

Geo thought about those words.

‘… What’s different from before the catastrophe? The level of difficulty in survival…?’

Joohyun's explanation continued, separate from the questions of the old Koreans.

“And in this city called Seoul, popularity among the citizens is especially important. SNS is particularly developed, the citizens are tightly bound together, and there are so many guilds that are growing thanks to the support of such citizens.”

“Do you mean image trading?”

“You understand. The image of the guild or religious order is very important to the citizens of Seoul. The stronger and more perfect they appear, the more they can believe that they will be safe. That is also a source of pride for the citizens of Seoul.”

“I don’t understand what kind of pride you have.”

“It’s not hard to find one of the most representative human instincts to think that something is yours even though you know it’s not. It’s like citizens with nothing teaming up with famous guilds. People don’t care about themselves and treat others indifferently like Geo-ssi.”

"oh…."

Sergio, the human who was listening, almost felt a little disappointed for a moment. No matter how indifferent I am, was it right for me to continue to be treated like this? It seemed right. The precious portrait treatment was welcome.

Geo nodded, having finished rationalizing himself naturally, like flowing water.

“I understand.”

“I see. Mr. Geo is smart.”

Joohyun smiled as if he was teaching his younger sibling.

“In that sense, large groups in Seoul must save face. And this kind of large-scale attack is the perfect event to save face. It includes the customs I mentioned earlier.”

“Are you talking about the custom of finding lodging near the dungeon?”

“Yes, even if a guild doesn’t have much money, it’s essential to keep to this custom. Guilds that don’t even keep to this custom… well, they’re perceived as ‘guilds that don’t care what happens to their members.’”

Actually, it wasn't that wrong.

“It’s true that a hunter’s survival rate greatly depends on their condition that day. Unless they plan on openly advertising that they’ll kill their guild members, they tend to find lodging near dungeons.”

Of course, there were exceptions.

“There are exceptions, such as illegal guilds. These illegal guilds don’t need to worry about what the citizens think, and they drive their hunters into danger without any care. Illegal guilds don’t really follow customs.”

“Are all illegal guilds like this?”

“There may be other cases, but that’s how it is in all the places I know. Customs are only observed in groups that need to at least maintain a minimal level of respect, and in those places… I guess that’s how it is.”

“They say there are quite a few illegal guilds.”

“Since the population is exploding, illegal guilds are also thriving. There is an overabundance of manpower in the slums, and it is possible to use third-class citizens or fifth-class criminals from the countryside.”

“The population is exploding.”

It was a surprising change when you think back to the Republic of Korea, which was once on the verge of collapse due to population decline. And the change was so terrible that Sergio was speechless. He was scared.

Joo-hyun, who didn't know Geo's true intentions, continued the explanation.

“The Sun Church and all the guilds participating in this raid, including Geo’s collection, have a reputation of a higher level. They will likely receive a lot of attention, so it seems like they are planning to hold a small party to wish for the success of this raid.”

What does this mean? asked Geo.

“What is the party that wishes for the success of the conquest?”

“Um… This isn’t a custom, but it’s an event that’s often included in the strategy. Depending on the circumstances, it may or may not be done.”

Joo-Hyeon continued speaking as if explaining the human world to a cat that knew nothing.

“It’s literally an event to wish for the success of the strategy. It’s a small, short, and exciting festival that raises the mood without wasting the hunters’ precious energy. People who have had enough rest and festivals in such a nice space are mentally and physically fulfilled.”

“I don’t really enjoy festivals.”

“I know that Mr. Geo doesn’t like noisy atmospheres. There will be a lot of reporters and media people gathered, so there won’t be a small number of people. I don’t recommend blatantly not attending because it could cause controversy… but in this case, it’s okay to show your face for a while and then go back to your room.”

“Is that okay?”

“Not all hunters like these events. Some are shy, and some find the event itself disappointing. Since there are quite a lot of people gathered in one place, there may be some who don’t fit in with you.”

Still, these events are usually well-received.

“The most representative meaning of such parties is fellowship. In particular, they are often held when more than one group gathers together, like in this attack. Since the faces are unfamiliar and they do not know each other’s fighting style, the meaning is that they are expected to adapt on their own while the event is in progress.”

“I understand that your intentions are good.”

“Of course, there may be friction with people who don’t fit in during the process, but that’s also part of the meaning of this event. Before entering the full-scale dungeon, we’re trying to find out which hunters are compatible and which aren’t. The combination of hunters is important when conquering.”

“…I have a question.”

Sergio, an introvert, asked.

“You just said ‘combination during attack’, but doesn’t that mean you only group together members of the same guild?”

“Ah… I’m sure Mr. Geo might feel uncomfortable about that part.”

It was such obvious common sense that I couldn't explain it. Joo-hyun nodded as if she felt sorry.

“The trend is to try to stick with guild members as much as possible, but the most important factor when planning a strategy is the position of the hunter. For example, if a guild sends a lot of healers, those healers will have to disperse to different places.”

That was a very valid point.

“…….”

Geo was really shocked.

'I think I'll be shy the whole time I'm on the offensive.'

Does this mean that I have shown all my sociability to the collection staff?

Joo-Hyeon spoke to him as if comforting him.

“Reporters will probably come to the venue, but that’s okay. There will

be at least one member of the Collector's Guild with Geo… If the event is too much of a burden for you, you can just get your face painted like I said before and come."

"Wouldn't that be rude to other people?"

"I know there are many hunters who don't enjoy such events. If that happens, the organizers will probably remember Geo as a 'hunter who doesn't like commotion' and organize the group accordingly. It's not rude to worry about that."

"If that's the case, then that's good."

Geo felt relieved by Joohyun's kind encouragement.

"I think there won't be a problem if you just show your face and come."

So Geo headed to the only hotel in Samcheok, Gangwon-do with his collection of family members.

As soon as we came down from the designated room and entered the event room, which was the meeting place, we were immediately involved in a fight.

* * *

Back to the hotel's event room.

"If you wish, I will file a formal complaint with the Hae-ryung."

Geo asked Curator Garasani's words.

"Is the person who just spoke to me a member of the Haeryeong Guild?"

"Yes, I bet you were very offended."

"No, it wasn't as unpleasant as you thought, curator."

“If that’s the case, then that’s good.”

“…Haeryeong….”

It was the guild that heard the story from Joohyun.

“…….”

Geo's eyes stared at the man he had just been talking to.

As their eyes met, Argio pulled down his hood as he watched the hand waving slightly in his direction.

“…It’s a shame.”

There was no malicious intent.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (172)

172

Episode 172

In this narrow world, there are two things that only humans can have.

"One is belief, the other is malice."

If you want my wrath, become human.

Even if a beast howls a hundred times, how can I get angry?

* * *

Sergio Hunter, whose face was actually visible, leaves the event room.

"promotion."

A member of Hae-ryung's guild approached the blonde hunter with a friendly face.

“Why did you do that? Just now, to the hunter at the collector’s shop.”

“Yeah, why would that be?”

“Hmm, you didn’t want to be grouped together?”

“Did it look like that?”

“If the leader doesn’t want to work together, he will do so.”

The man called Jojang had his eyes round like crescent moons.

“I don’t always do that, do I?”

“Are you living up to your reputation, you liar?”

“Ah… I hate that.”

“It’s a name given by the association, so I appreciate it.”

“So even if you say you don’t like it.”

“Just now, it was obvious to everyone that they were picking a fight.”

A guild member patted my leader on the side.

“And did you see?”

“What are you looking at? Something changing colors?”

“I saw it all. What are you talking about?”

“When you suddenly put the hood over your head, I can’t help but look at you….”

The blond hunter, with his mouth hanging open, scanned his surroundings. His dark eyes, which seemed to block out even a single ray of light, contained the world.

“It seems like there are a few other guys who noticed besides us.”

When he returned from poking Sergio Hunter, for some reason he smiled and made eye contact, so I gave him a light wave. Immediately after that, Sergio Hunter's eyes, with his hood pulled down, changed color.

“What color do you think it was?”

“Well, it’s strangely dark under the hood….”

“Hmm, is this really an item?”

“When I saw it, it was yellow?”

“I'll bet on gold.”

“Then it must be gold.”

Jo Won asked with a smile.

“Aren’t the collector’s eyes golden?”

“Oh, no. It feels a little brighter over there.”

“What’s that bright feeling? Fluorescent?”

“Isn’t it similar?”

“Anyway… isn’t there a possibility?”

“What are the possibilities?”

“Hey, you know it and you do it again.”

“It certainly is an interesting idea.”

The blond hunter laughed out loud. Perhaps his beloved companion wanted to say, 'Sergio Hunter, whom the collector Bisabele favors so much, may be related by blood.'

“I wonder who I resemble to have such an empty head.”

“Should I shut up…?”

“Hmm, there are probably still members of the Collectors’ Guild left in the hall who have ears, so wouldn’t it be better to be careful?”

“Then I’ll shut up, Captain.”

“I don’t know who I resemble to be so cute. It must be me, right?”

The man who was being sarcastic without meaning to smile and put his arm around my shoulder.

“Let’s be careful, okay? I don’t want to fight with the collector….”

“Because you got scolded by the class president?”

“That too.”

“But hasn’t there already been a huge fuss over something like that?”

“Aha, is that so?”

His eyes rolled again.

“It’s difficult.”

It was the face of a liar.

* * *

“Haeryeong is….”

Curator Garasani continued.

“It’s a guild of typical fighting cocks.”

“Geo, take your hand,” said Hunter Garasani, as he walked out of the room he had been assigned to.

“People who prefer to live without their brains.”

“Without the brain?”

“It doesn’t mean that you’ve literally lost your brain, but that you’ve lost all thought.”

“I see.”

I didn't ask because I didn't know, but Geo decided to just shut up. Whenever he shut up, he always got halfway there.

The 5th floor manager, who was looking at the portrait of the listening man with a happy expression without even smiling, asked Joo-hyun, who was helping Geo organize his luggage.

“Mr. Joo-Hyeon, do you have any information about the Hae-Ryung Guild?”

“Here is information about the guild members participating in this raid.”

“Thank you for your hard work.”

Curator Garasani, who received a transparent tablet from Joohyun, asked Geo.

“Is it okay if I explain further?”

“It would be a great help if you could do that.”

“It is an honor, thank you.”

Garasani, with a tired smile befitting his nickname of 'Butler', continued speaking.

“The name of the person who approached Sergio Hunter in the event room is Sanarae, and his nickname is ‘Pinocchio.’ His position within the guild is the leader. The guild is comprised of regular employees, team leaders, squad leaders, workplaces, and the guild leader.”

“Is it from the production class?”

“You know a lot about the classes in human society, that’s great. The members of Hae-ryung’s guild consider themselves to be a kind of beautician. And beautician jobs are also a type of production job.”

“Do the members of Hae-ryung’s guild consider themselves sanitation

workers?”

“It contains various meanings of beautification. Hae-ryung deals with not only monsters but also 5th-grade citizens who are part of the Red Hunter family. They clean up the dungeon and society, so to speak.”

Garasani displayed the information of the Haeryeong Guild members on the guest room screen.

“But that doesn’t mean we can expect them to be educated to the highest standards.”

“Yes, I think you just said that they are people who live without their brains out.”

“Thank you for remembering. The guild members of Hae-ryung are a difficult workforce to control unless they are their superiors.”

Then, Joo-Hyeon nodded to Garasani for permission and continued speaking.

“If I may add a little more, the members of Hae-ryung’s guild hand over all control to their superiors. They even entrust their own lives to them.”

“Mr. Joo-hyun has mentioned a very important point. Yes, Hae-ryung is usually a gathering place for people who are desperate to die. So, Hae-ryung’s guild members can be divided into three cases.”

Garasani continued explaining one by one.

“The first are those who purely enjoy fighting, the second are those who are terminally insensitive to safety and risk their lives, and the third are those who are addicted to the sense of death.”

He said, pointing to the information about 'Hae-ryeong: Sanarae' displayed on the screen.

“The Sanarae Hunter here falls into that last category.”

“I don’t quite understand the expression ‘addicted to the sense of death’.”

“Literally, I can’t get over the feeling of death… well, I’m an addict.”

Garasani, feeling that his explanation was inadequate, thought for a moment and then continued.

“Sergio Hunter, do you know what kind of behavior a person who is addicted to drugs behaves like? A person who is heavily intoxicated by something that is not necessarily drugs, but something that contains addictions such as cigarettes or alcohol.”

“Yes, I know.”

“I think it would be good to refer to the cases of such people. Sometimes, people cannot control themselves and are ready to die, and sometimes they cannot escape from helplessness. Hunter Sanarae is a much more hedonistic person than that….”

“A hedonistic person?”

“You could categorize him as a kind of hedonist. He often acts like an addict who is addicted to various kinds of stimulation. He may seem to think and act normally, but he is basically not in his right mind. In many ways, he is a person who is burdensome to build personal relationships with.”

Garasani returned to the screen listing Haeryeong's guild members again.

“If I were to come back and explain further, the members of Hae-ryung’s guild obey their superiors.”

“It seems like the hierarchy isn’t clear, but isn’t there anyone who

rebels?”

“The chances of that happening are extremely slim. It doesn’t really make sense for them to be in a position of power.”

At those words, Joo-hyun added with a smile.

“Because it’s a guild made up of people who don’t want to think about headaches.”

“Aha, I get it now.”

In short, they only want irresponsible pleasure.

“Then you definitely don’t want to rise to a high position.”

They probably wouldn't have wanted to do that. They seem to be people who hate using their brains to the point where they say, "Live without a brain," but it was clear that they understood that the higher the position, the more responsibility they had to take on.

“They are special people in a way, because their depth of thought is not shallow.”

“I see, they are wonderful. Sergio the Hunter is truly merciful.”

Garasani smiled gently as if he was watching his grandson's talents of getting into a prestigious university and continued speaking.

“Back to the topic we had earlier, there must be a purpose behind the rude behavior that Hunter Sanarae showed you. At least, he’s not a person who doesn’t have a good head on his shoulders as a leader.”

Garasani stroked my chin.

“Hae-ryung doesn’t like the so-called ‘lords’ and ‘ladies’ very much. This is because the guild is full of people of unclear origins, and there is a lot of negative sentiment toward ranks. It’s a typical example of

rank conflict.”

“Is your origin unclear?”

“Yes, even Hunter Sanarae is from the slums. Hunter Sanarae in particular… I know it might be unpleasant to say this, but he is known for hating Hunters, who are like hothouse plants.”

Despite his appearance as an innocent knight or a prince from a fairy tale, Sanarae's words and actions were closer to that of a gangster. He was good at getting on people's nerves by laughing out loud.

If the strong do not suppress them with authority, they will not listen, and although they kneel down as easily as breathing, they think of something else behind their backs, and they lie as easily as eating rice with an expression that does not seem like it at all, causing headaches for people.

At times he seems mean, but at other times he acts worse than an animal. He calmly utters false oaths and laughs skillfully, so no one can expect obedience or submission from him.

“He has eyes that are clearly not in his right mind, but he maintains a demeanor that makes him seem sane. He is a Hunter who is rumored to have become a 5th-grade citizen if he had not been taken in by the Hae-ryeong Guild.”

Joo-Hyeon nodded in agreement with Garasani's words.

“I think I get a lot of comments saying that I don’t know what I’m thinking. I also get comments saying that I betray people or do strange things without any reason.”

“There is camaraderie, and the members of Hae-ryung’s guild get along well with each other. Conversely, they don’t try to interact properly with other people.”

Garasani nodded.

“I think the class conflict I just mentioned is in a similar vein.”

“Are you talking about the part where he shows a bad attitude towards the ‘Master’ and the ‘Miss’?”

“Yes, not for everyone, but on average they have this weird attitude towards ‘greenhouse plants’.”

“Unfortunately, I am a greenhouse plant.”

Geo spoke confidently, but Garasani just smiled faintly as if he was watching a cat roll over. Seeing that he seemed to find the nonsense cute, Geo kept his mouth shut once again.

He continued speaking.

“Sergio Hunter is very likely to look like that ‘young master’ from the outside. He is greatly favored by our guild leader, and it would be obvious that these personnel are there to assist him.”

“It must have been very clear.”

“Sadly, yes. Sergio Hunter’s sudden fame is also likely to be met with disapproval, saying it is the work of a collector. In fact, it is not much different, but that is why Sanarae Hunter had many psychological reasons to pick a fight with you, the ‘young master.’”

Joohyun said with an awkward smile.

“It was certainly an excessive amount of manpower for a collector.”

“What does that mean?”

“As far as I know, collectors usually….”

To Joo-Hyeon, who couldn't speak clearly, Garasani agreed as if his

thoughts were correct.

“Yes, a collector would not normally invest this much manpower for a single hunter.”

“I’ve heard that new recruits at the collector’s office are usually experienced hunters. They are already quite experienced hunters, so no matter where they are sent, the probability of danger is low.”

“Of course, if it is judged to be dangerous, we do provide generous support, but usually it stops at material support. If not, we send regular field hunters as assistants.”

Geo asked him.

“I’m sure the people who came with me aren’t just field workers?”

“That’s right, I’m a curator myself, and I also have two gallery interns.”

Garasani continued speaking as if he had made a good point.

“The uniforms worn by collectors differ slightly depending on their position. This is so that outsiders can easily recognize the roles of our guild members.”

Field workers wear sleeveless cloaks, trainees wear capes for mobility, and curators wear neat overcoats. If you only wear a suit with a collection mark without a separate uniform, you are classified as a general office worker.

There are many guild members who don’t bother to wear it unless it’s an official event, but this time it wasn’t like that. Garasani pointed to the black cloak Sergio was wearing.

“Sergio Hunter’s cloak is also a type of cloak.”

“Yes, no sleeves.”

“So most people would identify Sergio Hunter as a field worker guild member.”

“Would you think so even though it’s not a collector’s uniform?”

“Hunters are stupid creatures who only use familiar products.”

Clothes that are unfamiliar or uncomfortable to wear tend to not be used often. This is because even a small inconvenience like that can often determine a hunter's life or death.

“In particular, since the Collectors’ Guild considers uniforms to be important enough to be worn outside of official events, they tend to end up with similar equipment. Sergio Hunter will likely be judged in the same way.”

Garasani smiled brightly.

“Will Sergio Hunter also wear the collector’s uniform when the departure ceremony takes place tomorrow or the day after?”

“Yes, I am looking forward to it.”

“I know you may have felt uncomfortable, but thank you for your generous understanding.”

After giving a brief thank you, Garasani continued speaking.

“In these various contexts, it is likely that Hunter Sanarae also had the intention of exploring you. Sergio Hunter has been rumored a lot, but he has not shown much actual activity.”

Geo nodded with his characteristically expressionless face.

“I also felt what Mr. Garasani said.”

“Yes, and if not… maybe….”

Garasani stroked his chin as if assessing something.

“Maybe they didn’t want to be in the same group.”

“Is that so?”

“Sanarae Hunter is famous for often showing this kind of appearance at events the day before entry.”

“Aha, you’re famous.”

“I am a person who seems to swallow what is bitter in my mouth, but ends up spitting it out somehow.”

Joohyun smiled faintly as if she knew what was going on.

“…As I said before, these events provide great clues for planning the personnel combination after entry. This means that there is a high possibility that they are intentionally causing conflict in order to get dropped to another team.”

Garasani smiled politely at him.

“And then, in reverse, there are many times when we end up on the same team.”

“Why is that?”

“Sanarae Hunter does well when she’s with those ‘greenhouse plants.’”

“I guess I don’t like it.”

“There are things that you have to work harder at because you don’t like them.”

“Because you want to finish it quickly?”

“You guessed right, Sergio Hunter.”

Garasani nodded.

“Even if that weren’t the case, I know that the fighting style of those ‘greenhouse plants’ and the Sanarae Hunters are quite compatible. Sanarae Hunters are overly free-spirited, so the stereotypical ‘young masters’ and ‘young ladies’ actually dilute that.”

The two types of hunters often had surprisingly good synergy.

“Still, if possible, we split them into different teams. Especially now that we have enough excellent personnel, there’s no reason to let friction grow between the hunters.”

“I see.”

“Yes, then….”

Garasani asked politely.

“What does Sergio Hunter want to do with that human?”

Now that the portrait had given its desired explanation, all that remained was to ask what he intended.

“I have come here to offer you what you desire. If you do not mind, please let me know your will, and I am willing and able to follow it.”

“…….”

“Sergio Hunter, you can use me as you wish. Can you tell me what you want? Whether it’s intervention, indifference, or even mere chatter, I will do as you say.”

"…well."

Geo continued speaking with those blue eyes and an expressionless

face.

“There was no malicious intent.”

* * *

“There was no malicious intent.”

The straight-haired hunter, Sanarae, spoke with a crescent moon-like smile.

“I just thought it looked fun.”

“…That’s all?”

“I guess I wanted to stab it.”

“What a weird….”

“I was just interested.”

He had a sense that was closer to that of a beast than a human.

“That person, he didn’t smell like a person.”

So I had to know.

What kind of being is with us?

* * *

Geo said.

“It seemed like he was just curious about me.”

“Aha, is that so?”

“So I was a little disappointed.”

Argio stared at the Sana'ra Hunter on the screen with his golden eyes.

“…It’s better to be certain….”

Is this a beast or a human?

“…….”

Of course.

Both would be appropriate qualifications.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (173)

173

Episode 173

The day of the official inauguration ceremony.

“When are you coming out?”

“I think we said we would be leaving at 10.”

“I can still only see the attendants.”

In Gangwon-do, where the aftermath of the great disaster has not yet been fully recovered, people gathered beyond the barricaded danger zone near Hwanseongul Cave in Samcheok, which serves as a small living space.

Even in such a harsh area, it was common for reporters and onlookers to flock to cover a raid by a famous guild. Among those with cameras were reporters, but there were also those who came because they were fans of a particular hunter.

“…….”

Choi Ra-on, once called the 'iron-faced woman', was one of them.

“…The collector hasn’t come out yet….”

As she waited anxiously, a woman who recognized her approached her and spoke to her.

“Hey! Sister!”

“Ugh…!”

“What, it’s been so long!”

“Oh, surprise.”

Choi Ra-on held her pounding heart. Her body seemed tense, perhaps because she had left the safe zone of Seoul and come to the infamous Gangwon-do Province alone.

Luckily, the person who spoke to her was one of the fans who had once toured the country with her to take photos of Hunter. As expected, the woman holding the camera smiled and glanced at Choi Ra-on.

“After that Hunter Black Cloak took you away and left like that, did that Light and Salt appear again? Since you came here, it’s another Hunter?”

“Uh… Hunter. But really, why are you here? Where’s the well you were digging?”

The type of fan who would quickly grow cold like Choi Ra-on was not the type of person who would be welcomed in the same fan club, but the woman was able to become close to Choi Ra-on thanks to her similar disposition.

And they had once met while playing on a stone plate. So, they became friends while being idol fans. Choi Ra-on, who remembered that the last time she saw a woman, she was digging a male idol, was puzzled… .

“…….”

“…Oh, sorry….”

"…no…."

Why would she, who was selling civilian idols, come here with a camera?

'Your well has burst too.'

Since she hadn't heard any news of the group's collapse, it seems her favorite had some kind of accident and was heartbroken. She was also a person who was sensitive to the flaws of her fangirls.

‘Where in the world can you find a flawless celebrity these days…’

Usually, the flaws that cool their hearts were character controversies that had conclusive evidence: videos of them abusing their managers, audio files of them belittling and badmouthing others, and things like that.

Although most celebrities have such 'flaws' in the world, Choi Ra-on had a hard time maintaining her affection when she saw the negative side of the person she loved. And she couldn't get over it unless there was a reason to accept it or if there was a face that didn't even need to be accepted...

I was aware that it was a bit unusual.

‘Still… I don’t know how everyone can endure seeing things like that.’

Out of human courtesy, I didn't say, "What on earth did that kid do?" I was curious, but there were things I could and couldn't say. Why should I put salt in someone's wound?

“…Ahem.”

"greatness."

The two tacitly did not delve deep into it.

“Then who did you come to see?”

"ah…."

“It’s okay, I made a new account too.”

“That’s not it.”

The woman answered with an embarrassed expression.

“Sanarae Hunter….”

"huh?"

“I have a child who is so shameful that I can’t even show him. He’s a crazy guy who always causes trouble with that face and covers it up so he doesn’t become famous.”

"huh…?"

“Hey, just cross the line. Just cross it once. I really won’t let you.”

“Oh….”

Choi Ra-on, who didn't know the hunter named Sanarae, was puzzled by the woman's reaction, but he understood the general context. It seemed like there was a hunter who liked to cause trouble without crossing the line.

At that point the woman asked.

“Who did you catch and come all the way here? Didn’t you even use up half a day to come here?”

“No, I came after using my vacation days.”

“Wow, I guess you’ve caught the right one. Who are you? Which guild? Since you don’t know Na-rae, it can’t be Hae-ryung. Eun-wol? Or

maybe Tae-yang-gyo?”

“Collector.”

“Collector…?”

The woman glanced at the barricades, where only guards were still clearing the way, and then at the distant hotel where the Hunters were staying, and asked quietly.

“Are you Sergio Hunter…?”

“Oh, you know?”

“You know, I heard your name popped up recently.”

“We met last time.”

"…ah!"

The woman looked surprised.

“A woman with a lot of iron.”

“Thank you for not shouting so loudly.”

“No, are you crazy? Somehow, the silhouette looks familiar.”

“Sergio Hunter saved me from the dungeon too.”

“Wow… I really got into it.”

Even though it was a situation where they almost died, modern people risk their lives to live. If they were saved by the object of their fandom without suffering permanent disability or even just a threat, it would be something to be envious of.

The woman frowned.

“I’m jealous, my account could explode at any moment, it’s such a pitiful situation.”

“Are you such a precarious person…?”

“He’s a bit of a… all-round… crazy hunter….”

“How did you catch that guy?”

“It’s been over two years since I first became a fan.”

“Weren’t you digging another stone at that time?”

“I mean, fuck. That fucking thing.”

The woman looked really wronged.

“When I came to my senses, I saw that kid licking the picture.”

“Well, that’s usually how it goes with a Duktong accident.”

There are some people who, like Choi Ra-on, stab their hearts with an honest stance from beginning to end, while others, like women, say, "That's not it? That's not it? That's not it?" but steadily collect photos with their fingers.

“…Oh, I guess it’s about time.”

“Huh? You see that? Where does it come from?”

“The attendants are stepping aside.”

“Oh, I see.”

When conducting an official campaign, the association often sent people to provide convenience.

People like that are often called 'attendants', and by observing the movements of the attendants who are used to welcoming the raid

hunters, you can tell what will happen in the future.

“I guess they’re going to teleport there since they made an empty space. Well, if there was such a way, there would be no need to walk all the way here.”

“It’s not that close to the hotel where the raid team was staying. It would be better to clean it up as much as possible before entering the dungeon so that it can be shown to the public….”

The woman, who was wiping the camera lens, nodded.

“Then see you later, sis. Let’s eat together later.”

“Okay, there’s a kalguksu restaurant in front. They also sell dumplings….”

“Ah, the dumplings are good. This is a place that knows a thing or two. They must be filling.”

The two gave each other a thumbs up and went their separate ways. In a time like now when there are so many reporters, onlookers, and individual fans, the fans also have to move busily to find their own way to survive.

The first to arrive were the priests of the Solar Church.

“It’s the Sun Church!”

“Priests, please give me just one interview!”

“What do you think about the failure of the last attack?”

“Father An Seo-hee, please look here!”

“Priest!!”

As expected, the surroundings were already noisy.

‘Wow, can I take this picture and go back?’

Although Choi Ra-on was a veteran hunter with a long and arduous career, this level of hunter fandom was unfamiliar to her. Sergio was the first hunter to use up his vacation days to film a scene at a military departure ceremony.

Fortunately, the hunters came in groups one at a time, and no hunters from other guilds came right after the Sun Church. Choi Raon decided to relax for a moment and watch the situation.

“…….”

Choi Ra-on was a little impressed.

'As expected of priests, the atmosphere is sacred.'

Even in the midst of such commotion, they were neat and clean without any disturbance. Their immaculate white priestly robes seemed to be made of sturdy equipment, perhaps for battle, and the fluttering cloth seemed to have been woven to enhance their mobility.

Then, I made eye contact with a priest with green eyes, and when I awkwardly nodded, he gave me a small greeting in return. As I watched the priests pass by in a daze, the Silver Moon Guild’s procession came in next.

“Senior, this is Eunwol.”

“They say there are a lot of healers there….”

“I heard that this attack field is completely covered in poison. Could that be the reason?”

“In that case, it’s definitely cheaper to use a healer than a potion. It’s not like you’ll just get sick for a little while.”

“Even true hunters have hard lives….”

“In return, you earn a lot of money. It’s an equivalent exchange. It’s like the price of life.”

After hearing the reporters' conversation, Choi Ra-on turned her gaze back to the Eunwol Guild.

'I feel like it's similar to the priests who passed by before.'

Choi Ra-on was an ordinary person who could not detect even a single sign of movement, but he could not help but notice the atmosphere unique to believers. They followed the Sun Cult, wearing clothes similar to those of the Sun Cult priests but a little lighter, and wearing pure white robes.

‘I can’t see your face very well… .’

Choi Ra-on blinked at the sight of her body wrapped more tightly than that of the priests of the Sun Church.

'Eunwol, is that white robe a uniform? It's the first time I've seen someone's face covered like that at a ceremony.'

The purpose of the guild's inauguration ceremony, which was exposed to the media, was basically to promote the guild. In a world where image is important, it is important to show off a flashy appearance whenever possible, but Eunwol, who had a priest-like atmosphere, seemed very ascetic.

'Come to think of it, the guild that provides manpower to the Sun Church and the Moon Church is called Eunwol. I should have looked into it in more detail.'

The temple attendants were people who performed the priests' orders while keeping their presence as low as possible, as if they were practicing silent meditation. Since there were many such people in the guild, I could understand the atmosphere.

“Oh, this time it’s Daecheong.”

“I heard that you are a big fan of Daecheong.”

“Aren’t you going to take a picture of Daecheong?”

“There probably won’t be anything interesting over there.”

“Hey, still….”

“The main hall is too plain.”

“Then I’ll take the picture.”

The hunters of the guild called Daecheong were all wearing blue uniforms. They looked different from the Eunwol from earlier, who seemed to be characterized by a white cape, but people didn't pay much attention to them.

'I think I've heard of Daecheong before, but isn't it a guild with a high level of recognition?'

Maybe it was my mood, but the flash seemed to go off less often than before.

'Looking at this familiar name, it seems like there must have been at least one collaboration with the guild that I dug up before… Strange, I can't remember at all.'

Around that time, other guild members appeared.

“That’s Hae-ryeong.”

“Hey, they’re still free-spirited.”

“We’re the type of people who hate stuffy things, so what we’re going to wear….”

“Hae-ryung doesn’t originally have a uniform?”

“Isn’t there? Yes, there is a black uniform, but I just don’t wear it.”

“What did the guild leader say over there?”

“They are the ones who don’t hesitate to say anything that isn’t related to combat. They are all kinds of troublemakers gathered here.”

“It’s really scary….”

“The last reporter assault incident happened over there. I told you there weren’t any beasts there.”

Following the reporters' conversation, Choi Ra-on heard a familiar voice.

“-Hunter Sanarae! Please look at this just once! Hunter, please…!!”

It was a woman who had just gone her way, wishing her luck.

A man responded to her voice. Among the hunters who were moving around like a herd of beasts, there was one who was walking particularly neatly. I became curious and followed him with my gaze, and his face was quite splendid.

‘… He looks almost like the commander of the Romance Knights. He still has those stupid genes… .’

His blond hair was long and straight, almost reaching the tip of his tailbone, and his face, without a smile, was devoid of any emotion, but not overbearing either. His actions and manners were somewhat snobbish, and he was quite a flashy person despite his neat appearance.

Perhaps he soon realized his fan's earnestness. The man turned his head toward the sound.

"huh?"

Then, he checked my fan and showed a bright smile on his tired and pale face.

Did those pitch-black eyes suddenly come to life? The smile was so bright that Choi Ra-on, who was absentmindedly looking at her friend's favorite, flinched for a moment.

“Sister! See you again?”

“Na-rae-yaa…! Our Sanarae is so handsome!!”

“Wow, I’m so touched. Should I take a pretty picture of you?”

“I only trust you, sister!!”

The man who had been showing off all sorts of tricks right up to the barricade, Hunter Sanarae, waved his hand and returned to his group. His fellow hunters looked tired of this, but they also looked familiar.

I could hear the reporters talking.

“Sanarae Hunter still provides good service.”

“Even for someone like me, on a weekday, in the morning, I have to provide good service to fans who come all the way to Samcheok, Gangwon-do.”

“Even if you don’t do that, if you have fans who like you, they say you’ll be caught easily….”

“It could be image management, it could be a lack of affection, or it could just be that he finds the squealing reaction funny. What could be the reasons for that punk’s sincere fan service?”

“Anyway, I guess hunters these days have to be good at things like that. It’s a really tough job.”

“What kind of nonsense is this young, young kid doing these days? Just focus your lens properly.”

Choi Ra-on thought to herself as the two talked.

'I feel that way even on normal days.'

The pale and languid Yin-Ki-Nam was so charming. He certainly had the kind of look that her colleagues would like.

‘But, what should I say? It felt a bit dangerous…’

His actions were neat and tidy like a knight and he smiled easily, but his jet-black eyes, which resembled dead fish, were somehow creepy. His smiling face was also a bit creepy because his eyes were thin and curved like a crescent moon, as if he were a fox or snake merchant.

Although he didn't show any particular words or actions, he didn't seem to be in his right mind...

“…….”

It was such a rude thought to meet a hunter for the first time.

‘Nana, you have to do well, why are you impressing others…?’

That was when.

“…Uh, uh! Uh! It’s a collector’s shop…!!”

Choi Ra-on smiled brightly and lifted the camera. The familiar feeling and weight brought her to her senses.

“I’m sorry, I have to go forward! I’m sorry!”

“Oh, what is it….”

“I’m really sorry! Please step aside for a moment…!! Seriously, just this

once!!”

There were some who felt uncomfortable, but there were also many who nodded in agreement at her urgent appearance. Those gazes were filled with understanding, as if to say, “Ah, this is the real deal.” Choi Ra-on almost burst into tears at the warm love for humanity.

She barely made it to the barricade, took a serious pose for the camera, and was amazed.

“Wow…!”

I don't know if it's because it's a guild with a favorite, but it seemed like a cooler procession than all the guilds that came before.

At the forefront of the hunters in their different black and white uniforms was a blonde-haired hunter. She was the light and salt that led Choi Ra-on to this harsh Gangwon-do and made him wait anxiously.

‘Crazy, the collector’s uniform is crazy…!’

I've always seen him wearing a black cloak, but perhaps out of respect for the guild's image, Sergio Hunter was wearing a black and white cloak. Even the collector's suit visible underneath looked great.

'Wow, wow, seriously… I just got off work at the Louvre.'

It was something that truly needed to be designated and preserved as cultural heritage.

“…Ser, Sergio Hunter!! Sergio Hunter…!!”

Sergio Hunter responded as I tried to raise my voice with confidence.

"ah."

“!”

“Mr. Choi Ra-on?”

“Ugh…!”

Sergio Hunter came to the front of the barricade just like Sanarae Hunter did just a moment ago and looked at Choi Ra-on. He felt his heart pounding as his favorite stood in front of him. Choi Ra-on covered his mouth.

“I, I, I… I….”

“You came to see me? I appreciate it.”

“A, a photo… just once….”

“Do as you wish.”

"thank you…!"

When she came to, Sergio Hunter was waving his hand and walking away.

“…….”

“…….”

A woman who had come close to Choi Ra-on asked.

“Did you get on the train?”

“…I rode it….”

"me too."

“It looked like that….”

“I’m addicted to this taste.”

“It was a good thing I took my annual leave.”

Although it was still morning, it was a rewarding day.

* * *

“…….”

A woman with pink hair stared at Sergio like that.

“…….”

“Mr. Youngwon? Why are you like that?”

“No, just a moment….”

The woman's name is Jeong Yeong-won.

“I did some appreciation.”

He was an acquaintance of Yoo Seong-un and a gardener belonging to Eunwol.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (174)

174

Episode 174

Gardeners are literally people who tend 'gardens'.

And the way each gardener tended their gardens was different. Some gardeners spent all day working on their gardens, others stopped by every now and then to tend to them, and others treated their gardens like friends or family.

“…….”

There were also gardeners who worshipped the gods as priests.

‘… That is the Eye of Origin that I heard about from the meteor gardener… .’

Among the hunters gathered by guild at the entrance of the dungeon, the eyes of Jeong Yeong-won, a hunter and gardener belonging to Eunwol, were filled only with 'Sergio'. Looking at her, a fellow hunter said.

“Mr. Youngwon, your eyes.”

"ah."

Jeong Yeong-won adjusted his glasses.

“Are you okay now?”

“Yeah, it looks like a normal yellow color.”

“Then, maybe before a while ago…?”

“Um, scarlet?”

"okay."

She rubbed her eyes.

'The gardener finds this inconvenient.'

Gardeners are so closely connected to their gardens that their eyes and hair often change color. The same goes for Jeong Yeong-won, who tends to the gentle flower gardens of spring.

'It's a garden whose condition doesn't change often, so... could it be because the Eye of the Source is nearby?'

At Jeong Yeong-won's gaze, his fellow hunter spoke again.

“Why does Sergio Hunter keep staring at you?”

“…Ah, because you’re handsome.”

“I guess that’s something to say.”

“I did realize that it was rude.”

“I don’t think I really care….”

“It seems like you have a familiar gaze.”

“If I live with that face, I will become like that too.”

“It certainly seems natural that people are familiar with each other’s interests.”

As if he was a being created for show. Jeong Yeong-won looked at

'Sergio' who was stuck among the members of the collector's guild once again.

“Not just the external aspects.”

Is it because she is a gardener that my gaze keeps going to her?

'No, this is a natural reaction for a human being.'

I clenched and unclenched my fists, feeling a little nervous.

'The source of none other than the eyes, among so many humans… .'

There is still much that is unknown about the source. There is much that has not been discovered. Its mystery is something that humans should not carelessly look into, and at the same time, it is something that cannot be easily examined even if qualified.

It was because it was so huge. It appeared in the world in so many different forms and influenced the world in so many different ways. Jeong Yeong-won thought that 'Sergio' would be the same.

'That must also be one of the ways in which the source influences the world.'

Yoo Seong-un evaluated 'Sergio' as the eye of origin.

'... Then, is it that they implemented such an ideal appearance in order to directly experience human life and create data? In order to collect data more conveniently through human kindness? However, it would be difficult to collect overall human data with just kindness... Or maybe they are only collecting the results of kindness.'

Since the gardener's habits cannot be helped, Jeong Yeong-won said to his leader.

“Senior.”

“Huh? Why?”

“Could you please push me to team up with that person?”

“…I’m asking out of concern, but you don’t have romantic feelings for me, do you? Can’t you cover it up?”

“What the hell is that?”

“Yeah, there’s no way our Jeong Yeong-won would love a human. I was worried for a moment because I thought he was sick.”

Although he never explicitly stated that he was a gardener, one of the gardener's characteristics that inevitably came to light was that he did not easily develop sexual feelings toward humans. The hunter in the leader position nodded.

“I’ll try to talk to him, but isn’t he a priest?”

“…Please memorize the information correctly. I am a trainer, not a priest.”

“Ah, the atmosphere is too much for that. Then you’re not a healer?”

“I don’t know much about that part. There’s not much I know about it… It could be a healer.”

“Hmm, then I wonder if I should put them on the same team.”

“I’ll be mainly working as a trainer, so wouldn’t it be okay to have a healer on Sergio Hunter’s team?”

“I know what you mean, I’ll try to appeal to that sentiment.”

The leader asked with a long smile.

“So, why? What part was so funny?”

“…….”

“Hey, don’t leave me out. Don’t you know what I think of our Youngwon-ssi?”

"…just…."

When Jeong Yeong-won looked at Sergio again, it met his eyes.

“…….”

“…….”

okay.

“…….”

How can you have such beautiful eyes?

The gardener saw the essence of the source hidden beneath the shock of the broken blow.

What appeared to be an iris was like the radiance of divinity, and the deeply sunken pupil was a multitude of indescribable colors.

Ah, a source in human form.

'…amazing.'

I was dizzy from the sophistication that went beyond beauty.

My heart pounded, and I couldn't believe my own existence in those eyes. I was breathless at the strange mystery that made me forget my own existence.

It was so vast. It was so deep and huge that I couldn't even imagine seeing the end.

‘It’s so ecstatic… .’

What on earth is it made of?

'I feel dizzy.'

It smells sweet.

The scent of honey and milk, sweeter and more fragrant than that of her flower garden, a cool and soft sweetness like lilacs blooming in spring.

It was a scent that flowed from destiny, containing both life and death.

“…….”

“…Mr. Youngwon.”

“…….”

“Mr. Yeongwon? Are you sleeping?”

"no."

“Then why don’t you stop talking?”

“Our eyes met for a moment.”

I couldn't come to my senses because I was under the gaze of that source and nothing else.

“What question did you just ask?”

“I asked why you were so interested.”

“It’s really nothing.”

In contrast to her expressionless face, her hands holding the staff were tightly clenched.

“…He seems like someone worth observing.”

Opportunities like this don't come often.

Awe and reverence for the source made a simple gardener happy.

* * *

“Mr. Garasani.”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“If you feel like I’m being hated, please let me know.”

“Who do you think hates you?”

“The one over there with cherry-colored hair….”

"aha."

Garasani, who was looking towards the Eunwol Guild, smiled brightly.

“It doesn’t seem like you have hateful eyes.”

“Then why are you staring at me like that?”

“Your gaze is as sharp as an eagle’s.”

“It’s very burdensome.”

“Shall I go and express my intention to protest?”

“Not to that extent, but….”

Geo couldn't help but think conveniently.

“Is it because I’m too handsome?”

“Hahaha…! Aha, yes, I see. That could be true.”

Garasani, who smiled warmly as if she had seen all the cute antics in the world, comforted Geo.

“You will soon be divided into teams once you enter the dungeon, so don’t worry. Were you uncomfortable with the stares of people? I didn’t see any signs of that, so I didn’t take any special measures….”

“It’s familiar, but it’s not that it’s not burdensome. But you don’t need to take action. It’s just that Mr. Garasani is stubborn and threw a tantrum.”

“Oh, that is truly a great honor. If you continue to rely on me, I could not ask for anything more. Perhaps Sergio Hunter and I will continue to be together even after we enter the battle.”

Garasani smiled and glanced at the church, the organizer of this attack.

“The sect likes to play it safe. Since it is rare for a curator to come out of the collection, they will try to assemble a team according to the collection’s intention.”

“If it’s for the purpose of collecting… are you talking about your consideration for my convenience?”

“You understand. People will think that we have come to guard and monitor Sergio Hunter. The church will reflect that as well.”

“Then I feel relieved. If only one person I know could join me.”

“I can assure you that even if you are assigned to a different team, I will be by your side. If anything happens, I will take appropriate action, so don’t worry, Sergio Hunter.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

Sergio, who quickly became quiet when he didn't know anyone, felt relieved.

'Life is all about connections.'

I can't tell you how fortunate I am to have become a collector's portrait artist.

* * *

Even so, Geo was actually assigned to the same team as Garasani.

“I never dreamed I would see you again like this, it’s amazing.”

“Is that so?”

“I really didn’t know, so trust me. I’m so happy to be on the same team as you, Master.”

“Are you the master?”

“Oh, I made a mistake again. Can you forgive me if I put my hands together and apologize?”

"haha…."

Sanarae was also on the same team.

“…….”

“…….”

Geo, who had been meeting each other's gazes without saying a word, smiled brightly.

“…It’s cute too.”

Before Sanarae, whose eyes were wide open, could react properly, Geo's gentle face returned to normal. He looked at Sanarae as if he was looking at a very cute puppy.

“Of course I’ll take a look.”

"huh…?"

“How can I ignore the fact that you are smiling and apologizing?”

“Uh… really? I just felt like I was being treated less than human….”

“Do you like eating? You’ve lost a lot of weight. A grown man like this can’t exert himself.”

“Hey, hey, stop fussing around. Hey, hey, but Hunter, you’re surprisingly strong.”

“Why did you drag this pitiful body, barely able to stand with just skin and bones, all you have left here?”

“I don’t think I’m that skinny… Hunter? Sergio Hunter? Can you hear me?”

“Since it’s come to this, we have to feed them plenty in this attack….”

“Please give me a chance to retreat.”

Sanarae, who barely escaped Geo's grasp with mercy, asked.

“Are you trying to eat me…? Do you tend to eat human flesh?”

“As far as I know, human meat doesn’t taste very good.”

“Putting aside why I know that, that can’t be an expression of my intention not to eat it.”

“Don’t worry, I’m a stickler for things that don’t taste good.”

“That’s why it’s an expression that doesn’t give you peace of mind.”

Hunter Sanarae, who took a rare step back awkwardly, muttered with an old and tired look.

“It’s strange, why does it remind me of my deceased grandfather….”

“It’s an honor. Doesn’t it mean that I’m as trustworthy and warm-hearted as Sanarae’s grandfather?”

“No… That’s something… Something a little different… What exactly is it? I think I can define it better.”

Leaving Sanarae behind, who seemed lost in a strange sentiment, another woman assigned to the same team intervened. It was Hunter Jeong Yeong-won, who had stared at Sergio as if she was going to pierce him right before entering the dungeon.

“Nice to meet you, Sergio Hunter. Didn’t our eyes meet earlier?”

“Oh, that’s right. I thought you were from Eunwol. Did I say that correctly?”

“Yes, thank you for checking with me. My name is Jeong Yeong-won.”

A woman with creamy pink hair adjusted her round glasses and held out her hand with a blunt face.

“Can you shake my hand just once?”

“…? Of course.”

I felt a sense of determination, even though it was just a greeting. I felt a strange interest in his unique way of speaking, and as I lightly waved my hand up and down, Hunter Jeong Yeong-won blinked.

“…You have excellent strength control.”

“Is that so?”

“I thought you’d catch something more painful than this.”

“Did I really look that shabby?”

“That’s not it, but….”

She nodded and said, as if she had figured it out on her own.

“Thank you for your consideration.”

"what…?"

“My position is a healer, and I will be in charge of healing this team.”

“Aha, I see. Thank you for your consideration.”

So what on earth am I caring about?

Sergio, who was complimented on his strength control while shaking hands, didn't show it on the outside, but was momentarily confused. He wondered if it was any different from being complimented on breathing.

“Oh, then let’s also….”

“? Yes, nice to meet you.”

“Please shake my hand too.”

“Yes, nice to meet you.”

Geo, who had just finished greeting the two hunters from the Daecheong Guild, asked.

“So why was I the only one shaking hands with everyone else?”

“…….”

“…….”

“……?”

Surprisingly, no one could give a proper answer.

“…I see…?”

“Oh, this can be so much fun.”

It seemed like a pretty good combination of illusions.

Geo entered the Class A dungeon, 'Underground Four-legged Rainforest', with a sense of absurdity and joy.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (175)

175

Episode 175

Geo wasn't particularly angry at Sanarae.

“Why do I have to do that?”

“Hmm, I see.”

Sanarae said with a long smile.

“Usually everyone gets angry.”

“I think that could be possible.”

“It’s tougher than I thought.”

Contrary to his previous reputation, Sanarae surprisingly showed a cooperative side.

“If you don’t have any feelings, should we start by looking for a house?”

“Are you home?”

As Geo blinked at his words, Curator Garasani, who was standing next to him, whispered.

“A house is a slang term for a temporary resting space for hunters

inside a dungeon. If the raid won't be over in a day or two, it's convenient to build a hideout or base in advance."

After finishing speaking, Garasani looked around and opened his mouth.

"The temperature and humidity are high, and there are many poisonous plants. If possible, try to find a vacant lot with firm ground, or if you can't find a suitable place, try cutting down some plants to make room."

"Personally, I think it would be faster to just build it. I'm not sure where the other team fell, but it doesn't smell like dry ground around here… Maybe we should walk a bit?"

Sanarae sniffed around as she looked around.

"The humidity here is really high."

The dense vegetation that had grown so thickly that there was no space to step must have also contributed to the humidity. It was as if I was in a sauna, and I couldn't breathe.

"They say that it rains so hard that it drives people crazy, but it gets even more annoying when it evaporates…."

"They said that the time the fake sun rises also changes randomly. It would be a priority to create a space where people can avoid the rain."

At Sanarae and Jeong Yeongwon's words, one of the Daecheong Guild members looked back at Geo.

"I heard you're a trainer… Could you help me find a seat?"

The answer to that question came from Jeong Yeong-won, not Geo.

"It is disrespectful."

"yes?"

“You were disrespectful.”

“Huh, huh….”

The words were so decisive that even the Daecheong Guild members momentarily pondered, 'Have I committed a mortal sin?' and even Geo was caught up in the delusion of 'Am I actually the reincarnation of King Sejong?'

Giovanni, who had just come out of his useless thoughts, smiled awkwardly.

“Mr. Jeong Yeong-won, are you teasing me by calling me ‘Master’ too?”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to….”

“In spaces like this where visibility is difficult, a trainer must step in.”

Wasn't that why they were added to the attack force in the first place?

“Then excuse me for a moment.”

Geo pulled his hood up and looked for his son. He was really enjoying the high humidity of the dungeon, and he was lying down comfortably.

"honey."

“Cur.”

"oh."

Even before Honey could pop out, Sanarae was amazed. When Geo looked at her with a puzzled expression, he saw Sanarae nodding while holding her chin. It seemed like she was amazed.

“When your face reaches that level, the sound of honey doesn’t seem

so bad. That's amazing."

"Thank you for admiring my face. I think I have a pretty face, too."

It was thanks to his mother's sincere and loving care for Sergio from his fetal to newborn days.

"It's pretty well made, huh?"

"Oh, this is another novel reaction. Did you put a knife to your face?"

"No, it's nature. This is a face created by fate."

"Well, that kind of face can't be bought with money. I'm sorry for this."

Sanarae laughed and acted cute.

"I thought you had tampered with it since you said you made it. Your Majesty speaks in a very unique way."

"I apologize for any misunderstanding. We are both responsible, so let's say it's not anyone's fault."

As Geo reached out, Honey climbed on top of him. Geo smiled and muttered softly at the sensation and weight.

"…Have you gained weight?"

"Kung kung kung…!!"

"Even if it looks like this, it can fly."

"Kung kung kung kung kung!!!"

"Honey, help me find a house."

When I lightly stroked it, Honey stopped whining.

"We need to build a decent home before the rain that hurts people

comes.”

“…Gulp.”

“I hope it’s not too far away, is that possible?”

“Cur.”

Honey, with her wings lightly fluttering, flew through the thick trees. The hunters were amazed at her speed, which was very fast compared to her small body. Despite her appearance, she was quite a nimble bird.

The Daecheong Guild member spoke as if he were amazing.

“That’s amazing, Sergio Hunter. A monster that listens so well….”

“Aren’t you a trainer by name?”

“Even among trainers, it is rare for them to be this close.”

In a way, it was natural. How many people did the trainer kill and how many wounds did the monster inflict before it was tamed? From the human perspective, they also didn't want to be unnecessarily friendly.

“Oh, now that you mention it….”

Another guild member asked.

“Where is the anti-cat that was a hot topic this time?”

“Huh? Was that an anti-cat? They’re completely different sizes.”

“Uh… well, I don’t really know.”

“Was Sergio Hunter’s cat really an anti-cat?”

Geo nodded to him.

“If you are referring to the jewel cat that lives in the ‘vein of jewels’, then yes.”

“Wow, that’s amazing. For a monster that doesn’t even come near humans….”

“I separated them for a while because I thought they were sensitive to unfamiliar environments.”

“I see you brought it to the dungeon. Are you using a separate cage?”

A cage is an item that trainers use when moving their tamed monsters, and it usually takes the form of an accessory for easy carrying. Geo smiled his characteristic smile and slightly lifted his cape.

“No, it’s in here.”

“Inside the cloak…?”

“In the shadows, to be exact.”

“…Did Anticat have such an ability?”

“Well, I don’t know because it just happened.”

“This is really amazing.”

The hunter of the Great Blue nodded as if he understood.

“Anti-cats are a species of monster that hates humans the most. From what I’ve heard, it seems like the monsters trust and follow Sergio Hunter quite a bit. So it would definitely be more secure if they stayed by their master’s side.”

Around that time, Honey came back. People were surprised at the little monster's return faster than they could have imagined.

“Gurrrr!”

“Did you have a house?”

“Kkurung.”

Honey placed what she was holding in her mouth onto Geo's hand.

“Oh, that’s….”

“It’s dirt.”

Therapist Jeong Yeong-won approached and touched the dirt. The dirt crumbled from the tips of his pure white fingers.

“It’s dry soil. The texture is hard.”

She looked at the honey-colored water bird with astonishment.

“How did they find this soil in such a humid rainforest?”

“I’m not sure, but I’m glad you found a good spot.”

Sergio smiled brightly.

“Isn’t that so?”

I think my kid did something, but I don't know.

* * *

“…….”

“Father Kang Seo-dam?”

“…Ah, yes, Ms. Yujina. I’m listening.”

“Is there any problem?”

“That’s not true, but….”

All I could feel was the energy of the sun from a distance, and I

flinched.

“…Yes, nothing. Really.”

It felt like the sun god had overused his miracles for such a trivial matter, but Kang Seo-dam, already tired from being dragged to the forest, really didn't want to pretend to know.

He wisely decided to keep his mouth shut.

* * *

Sanarae tilted her head as she arrived at the place Honey had guided her to.

“……?”

“Why are you doing that?”

“Yeah, no.”

Sanarae sniffed.

“Does it smell like sunshine?”

“I guess sunlight does come into a place like this.”

“Um, rather than that… hmm….”

“Sanarae Hunter?”

“…….”

Sanarae, ignoring the words of the Daecheong Hunter, turned to Sergio.

“…….”

“Thank goodness, it looks like Honey found a good spot.”

“…Is this the original location?”

“I don’t know why you ask that, but what other possibilities are there?”

Garasani added to Geo's words.

“Surely such a great location couldn’t have appeared in an instant.”

“I can see no trace of the monster, so I feel relieved.”

Oh my.

‘The two collectors are giving and receiving well… .’

Sanarae scanned the surroundings with her characteristically sharp eyes.

This cavity, which could probably accommodate 50 people, was actually a space created inside an even larger tree.

This tree was a common type of vegetation here, but none of them had pupils like this one.

'So you're saying that this space was created artificially by something?'

There was no evidence of human intervention. The ground was dry and hard, and the hollows of the tree looked natural, as if they had been formed over hundreds of years. There were no unnatural cuts or scratches, and no burnt parts.

Even the entrance to the cave was covered with long vines that hung like doormats to block out the moisture from the outside. This would also be a great help in hiding from monsters.

'But it smells strongly of sunshine.'

And that smell….

“…….”

It's like the scent from that hunter's water bird.

‘… Even so, I guess it’s still something that can’t be explained.’

It wasn't a space that could be created simply by cutting and destroying.

Hunter Sanarae felt a strong vitality here. It was a space that could only be created through a long process of ‘growth’, not something that could be created through a short-term artificial process.

“…Uhhh, I don’t know.”

“What do you mean you don’t know?”

“Something like the master’s true identity?”

"aha."

Sergio Hunter asked with a rather cheerful smile.

“Shall I tell you?”

“Oh, really?”

“I am actually a priest of the sun god from another dimension.”

"huh…?"

“So I prayed earnestly and the sun gave me this wonderful house.”

“…….”

Hunter Sanarae's smile distorted vaguely.

“…Is it because I teased you too much? Calm down, okay? You know I didn’t mean anything bad.”

“Hahaha, that’s another funny reaction. Was that too ridiculous?”

“If you hate being called ‘Master’ that much, then I won’t do anything more….”

“Well, as I said before, I’m not angry.”

Sanarae was impressed because it sounded quite sincere for a common saying.

“It’s amazing because it seems real.”

“What’s so strange about it?”

“I didn’t speak nicely, did I?”

“It’s really wonderful that you have that kind of awareness.”

“Are you really kidding me…?”

“No way.”

Sergio made a face that seemed to be in trouble. His expression was so idealistic about 'troubledness' that Sanarae suddenly felt an indescribable sense of discomfort.

“I don’t know why you thought I was angry in the first place.”

“…Usually you get angry when I talk to you, so I thought maybe Hunter was the same way.”

“Then I guess that could be called a fallacy of generalization.”

“Is this what you usually say in situations like this?”

“Of course I was a little scared at first.”

“…….”

All the hunters, including Sanarae, looked back at Sergio.

“Why is everyone like that?”

“Sergio Hunter has no talent for jokes…. Indeed, humans cannot be perfect.”

“I was really scared, because I felt like I was being picked on by a scary person on my first day at work.”

“Is there a particular reason why not now?”

“Well, I guess….”

Sergio stared at Sanarae.

“…….”

“…….”

For a moment, Sergio smiled as his eyes turned golden.

"…haha."

Sergio said that and smiled brightly, roughly patting Sanarae on the head.

“Eww…!”

“It’s better to be honest in social interactions, Hunter Sanarae.”

“Uhh… Huh? Huh?”

“Let’s stop small talk and start unpacking.”

“Excuse me, Hunter? What did you just do?”

The curator of the collection, Garasani, approached Sanarae, who looked dumbfounded.

“Our guild member has caused some inconvenience. Is there anything that is inconvenient?”

“Huh? No, that’s not it… Is Sergio Hunter originally like that?”

“You are a very assertive person. Please understand.”

“Are you telling me to stop teasing? Anyway, the collector speaks very elegantly.”

Sanarae muttered as she tried to straighten her tangled hair.

“Do you usually think like that?”

He was a really strange person.

'You really have a different way of thinking.'

Well, he's a person who doesn't have any bad connections, but...

* * *

“…….”

And after five hours of general exploration, Sanarae comes to a realization.

“You’re a witch hag.”

“Yes? Are you hungry?”

“Are you planning to eat me after all?”

“You’re talking nonsense. Are you still hungry…?”

“Are you a tyrant? There is no such thing as food torture.”

Sanarae tilted her head while holding something similar to a cream stew.

“How can a plant from the rain forest taste like this…?”

“I supplemented the flavor that plants couldn’t provide with the bacon I brought.”

“So why are you bringing bacon into the dungeon? And how did you get it in the first place?”

“Why not bring some delicious bacon?”

“Wow, that’s amazing. There are so many reasons, but why doesn’t it feel like you’re listening to any of them?”

Sergio's true identity was none other than the witch from the candy store.

“Is this a hunter or a pig….”

The hunters lying down flinched at Sanarae’s words. The hunters gathered in a circle were lying down like defeated soldiers, feeling guilty for overeating.

It was an unspoken rule not to overfill your stomach when going on a quest, but in the face of overwhelming taste, your reason becomes clouded.

“That’s why Hansel and Gretel were so foolishly lured.”

“I am so happy that you praise my cooking so highly.”

“Hmm, well? Strictly speaking, I don’t think it was a compliment….”

“Then what the heck?”

“It’s like an exclamation right before being executed. Or a final cry in the face of a monster.”

Geo asked him calmly.

“Who dies?”

“A hunter must die if he turns into a pig.”

“Then why don’t you become a hunter?”

“Your way of thinking is truly unique.”

He was a really strange person.

“Grandma, here’s another bowl.”

“How good it looks when you eat well!”

“Okay, if you’re going to make a cookie house, give me a call and I’ll come take a look.”

“I like it because it’s a candy store. I’ll use it as a reference when I work on my art.”

And the way he scooped up a bowl of food made me laugh because he looked so genuinely happy.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (176)

176

Episode 176

After eating, the pupil of the tree.

“I said I had no intention of eating tasteless food, and it was true.”

“Why do I have to eat tasteless food?”

Sergio, who had finished organizing the food, became serious.

“There is no such thing as a bad meal since I am the cook for this team.”

“I didn’t know that Sergio Hunter looked so scary when he didn’t smile.”

“So you don’t go around smiling a lot?”

“I didn’t know you were such a big eater. You took out a pot the size of a person’s torso.”

“Who was it that scraped and ate everything out of that big pot?”

“I just wanted to say that it was delicious, thank you so much.”

“I’m glad you had an enjoyable meal.”

Geo looked beyond the entrance obscured by vines.

“By the way, it’s morning again.”

“It was dinner time until we had dinner….”

As Hunter Sanarae became irritated by the unpredictable environment as he had heard, therapist Jeong Yeong-won, who was helping to organize his pupils, spoke up.

“They say that fake suns and moons rise from time to time, and it really does.”

“You kept observing me while I was eating. Did you find out anything?”

“It seems that the time the sun is up is much longer than the time the moon is up.”

“And on evenings when the moon rises, doesn’t the temperature really drop?”

“Although it’s hard to say that there’s a large temperature difference between day and night, the fact that the temperature difference between day and night is quite large is also a characteristic of this dungeon.”

“People with weak bodies tend to catch colds easily.”

“I guess so.”

To begin with, people with weak bodies won't be able to enter the dungeon.

‘… I can’t say that this is a human way of thinking. It’s so absurd that it’s actually creepy.’

It was just the nonsense of an old-timer who didn't know how scary dungeons were, but she, a gardener, didn't think that far ahead. Jeong Yeong-won called everyone together after finishing cleaning up.

“I took a quick look around here before the meal, and with the help of Honey, who helped us explore throughout the meal, I was able to organize it. Most of it was information that I could find in the previous Solar Cult strategy materials.”

For example, there were characteristics of dungeon monsters.

“There are monsters that move when the sun is up and when the moon is up. Monsters that are active during the day fall into a stunned state at night, and monsters that are active at night are a bit docile during the day and become ferocious at night.”

“I think I confirmed that part in the materials distributed by the church.”

“Yes, and this is the additional information that I found out. The monsters during the day never gather together and are each busy searching for something. On the other hand, the monsters during the night gather together and head somewhere when it gets dark….”

Jeong Yeong-won pointed to Honey, who was confidently sticking out her chest.

“Honey figured it out. And Sergio interpreted it for me.”

“Gurrrr.”

“I think it means to give compliments. Everyone, please give a round of applause.”

“Kuruk.”

Clap clap clap clap… .

The ambiguous and uncertain applause time passed.

“So, Sergio Hunter, can you understand what the monsters are saying? Some experienced trainers are said to have that ability, so if you were to interpret the information that the water bird gave you….”

“It’s a connection. Like a couple at a restaurant who nods to each other for napkins.”

“Ah, so that’s what it means to have a bond. I’ve only heard stories about trainers, but seeing them in person is so surprising. I had no idea such cute monsters existed in real life.”

“Our honey is cute.”

After some small talk, Jeong Yeong-won continued his explanation.

“Honey is really capable. I was worried about how far she could move since she’s a small monster, but it was a needless worry. She somehow figured out where the night monsters move. I think it would be better for us to check that out first.”

“Oh, were you moving to a certain point?”

“That’s how I figured it out for now. It would have been difficult if it wasn’t a bird that could freely fly through the complex gaps between plants. It’s fortunate that we have Sergio, who trained small flying monsters, but the movements aren’t exactly clear… It would have been difficult for humans to figure it out.”

Jeong Yeong-won looked at the oldest of them, Hunter Garasani.

“Should we pass this news on to the other teams?”

“It would be better if we just relayed the news and only our team took action.”

“Well, if there is something that is sensitive to the number of people, then even if many people gather, it will only cause trouble.”

“In the same sense, how about not telling Hae-ryung?”

Sanarae, who was a member of Haeryeong, smiled brightly.

“It’s so heartbreaking. Isn’t this discrimination? Are big companies acting tyrannically?”

“When the Hae-ryeong guild members see a good situation, they are eager to fight. Guild members who guess that there is a dangerous monster may act impulsively.”

“Our guild doesn’t act like that many rascals. That’s a very narrow-minded idea.”

“The Hae-ryung Guild has shown too many behaviors to be narrow-minded. Of course, I admit that it is unfair, so I will leave it up to you, a member of Hae-ryung, to decide whether or not to spread this news.”

“Where can I attack when I’m this scared?”

Sanarae looked back at Sergio.

“What should we do?”

“It would be fun to convey that.”

“…Would it be fun?”

“Try it.”

“…….”

“I told you to try?”

Sanarae, who had been hesitating, slightly averted her gaze.

“I won’t do it.”

“That too is the mind of the Sanarae Hunter.”

Geo said with a smile.

“I will follow Mr. Garasani’s words completely.”

“Thank you for your kind words, it is an honor.”

Curator Garasani continued to speak, smiling gently like an old man who heard his grandson say, “Grandpa is the best in the world.”

“You never know when the sun will set again. As the day gets darker, it’ll be harder to avoid poisonous plants, and while the number of monsters will decrease slightly, they’ll also become more ferocious. I think it’d be best to move to the spot Honey confirmed when visibility is clear.”

And so the full-scale exploration began.

* * *

The Class A dungeon, 'Underground Four-legged Rainforest', surprisingly showed traces of humans.

“Is that a villa?”

“Wouldn’t it be more appropriate to call it a mansion…?”

“This place will also end up being a destroyed dimension.”

Jeong Yeong-won muttered.

“Well, there’s no reason why humans had to live in a destroyed dimension….”

“I don’t think there was a story like this in the data.”

“It’s in a place that’s hard to find unless you look for it with a fire in your eyes.”

“The trees and vines are so thick that it feels like it’s hidden further inside.”

“It may also be because it was so damaged that it was almost

impossible to find its original form.”

A team member asked.

“Shall we go and take a look?”

“I think it would be better to move faster when the day is bright….”

“If this were a dimension where humans lived, there might be useful items there.”

“That’s true too.”

Hunters had to carefully collect the harvest from the dungeon to keep their wallets full. They could catch monsters and sell the byproducts, but they also earned a share by collecting equipment and items from unfamiliar dimensions in this way.

“You just have to be careful of traps and curses.”

Jeong Yeong-won, the main healer of this team, spoke with his characteristically blunt face like a porcelain doll.

“Poison can be removed from the body, but curses often affect the soul, so there are many things to be careful about. I advise you to be careful, as you never know when the day will get dark.”

“Don’t worry, you know our guild. Daecheong likes the safe route.”

“If anyone was poisoned on the way here, please let me know in advance. When I asked them earlier, everyone said they were fine, but there are poisons that can cause damage over time.”

“I feel okay so far. I’m a little thirsty though….”

“Then let’s try to enter carefully. It’s very old and broken, so it would be better to enter carefully. And there might be something dangerous

guarding it….”

As Jeong Yeong-won trailed off, Geo blew Honey away.

"honey."

“Gulp!”

Honey, with her small body, went into the ruins and returned quickly after a while. Honey flapped her tail feathers to show Geo that there was no problem.

“I guess there are no dangerous traps.”

“What about the poisonous plants?”

“I guess there’s nothing we can do about it because there are grass and trees growing through the gaps in the collapsed area.”

“That’s no problem, everyone, please come in.”

The ruins, which were estimated to be about five stories high when they were built, were probably once the property of a wealthy person, as there were gold and jewels hidden among the plants. The team members looked around the ruins, collecting each of these items.

“It’s almost completely collapsed, so the only places I can see are the 1st and 3rd floors. The 2nd floor has completely collapsed. The 3rd floor in particular looks like it’ll collapse as soon as I step on it… Will I be okay?”

Sanarae frowned, covering her nose, at the question from the Daecheong staff.

“Why does it smell so bad in here?”

“Yes? Hunter Sanarae, are you okay?”

“My nose feels itchy.”

“Hey, is it poison?”

“It doesn’t seem to be poisonous… It seems to be dusty.”

“It doesn’t seem like there’s any harm in getting out quickly.”

A team member said.

“Then let’s just go up with a few people who are light.”

“My body feels light….”

Hunter Sanarae saw Jeong Yeong-won.

“Are you on the light side?”

“The actual weight will be less than yours.”

As the only woman, she had a relatively small build.

“But if you’re talking about being able to use your body nimbly, that’s not true. I can protect myself, but I don’t think it’d be easy to climb up a hallway that could collapse if you hit it lightly like that.”

“Hmm, I see.”

“In that case, I think Hunter Sanarae would be better. I know she uses her body very well, so wouldn’t she be able to go up and come back down without difficulty?”

“If I go up, everything will fall apart?”

Geo smiled brightly at Sanarae's sad face.

“You have a great talent for talking nonsense.”

“Oh, are you arguing?”

“It was pure admiration.”

“You don’t usually express admiration like that.”

“Normal people don’t lie as easily as eating.”

“Why do you think it’s a lie?”

“Of course not. Excuse me.”

"no…."

“Then I will go and do it.”

Geo put his feet on the broken stairs.

“I’m confident in this area.”

And the stairs didn't even make that usual creaking sound.

“Right?”

“…How did you do it? How can there be no sound like this?”

Another team member glared at the Daecheong Hunter's admiration.

“You must have skills.”

“Oh, is it something like a lightweight skill?”

“Sorry, this guy is new to the industry.”

“I… I’m sorry if you felt offended.”

Geo waved his hand.

“It’s okay. I’ll just check quickly and come back.”

“Yes, please.”

And so, Sergio Hunter's figure soon disappeared from their sight.

“…….”

“…….”

They fell into a strange sentiment.

“…There really isn’t any sound.”

“I can’t feel any movement at all.”

It wasn't just the Daecheong Hunters' feelings.

“……?”

Hunter Sanarae wrinkled her nose.

‘… It doesn’t smell.’

I wasn't particularly conscious of it, but I couldn't smell the sweet and refreshing scent I'd smelled in the hotel's event room. I could hide my presence with my stealth skill, but it was a little strange that my body scent was disappearing.

'And so suddenly?'

Or is your nose finally numb?

“…….”

"…hmm…."

Sanarae, who saw Garasani and Jeong Yeongwon not showing any reaction, immediately smiled brightly.

“Then I’ll go and take a look too.”

“Didn’t you say you weren’t going earlier?”

“Now that Hunter Garasani says so, I really want to go.”

“That is a truly amazing symbol.”

“I was so worried because I was sending my colleague off alone.”

Sanarae didn't listen any longer and went up the stairs.

Squeak.

“Oh my.”

As expected, it is badly corroded.

“Sorry, the stairs are broken.”

“Ugh, thump thump…!”

“Be careful of the dust.”

“All the dust has already been poured out…!”

“Poor thing, you should have been more careful.”

Sanarae waved her hand lightly and soon arrived on the third floor.

'It's in better condition here than on the stairs.'

The floor was the same, as if it would crumble if he stepped on it once, but it seemed better than the stairs that would crumble to pieces just by stepping on them. He looked around.

'Where is Sergio Hunter?'

And then it caught my eye.

“…….”

A waterfall that resembles blood.

"…uh…."

“…….”

“……?”

No, platinum blonde.

And the frame beyond the man's back.

“…Sergio Hunter?”

“You came.”

He didn't show his face.

“There was an interesting picture, and I was admiring it.”

“A funny picture?”

"yes."

It looked back at me and smiled.

“There is a peaceful landscape painting.”

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (177)

177

Episode 177

I could handle my body easily.

'Because I have memories from the Argio days.'

However, the ruins were extremely dilapidated and looked like they would collapse if I pushed down on them even a little. In that case, I thought it would be better to climb up in a way that wouldn't burden the mansion at all.

That's how Geo came up to the third floor through the portrait.

“…….”

“…….”

Sanarae, who was staring at Geo, asked with her signature smile.

"landscape?"

“Yes, it is here.”

“It’s a painting of a hut.”

“Isn’t it nice to look at?”

“It looks good.”

“Is that so?”

Giovanni, who was very good at dealing with people, skillfully managed his facial expressions.

“I didn’t know you would come up this quickly.”

“You didn’t look surprised by that?”

“Because I felt the coming movement.”

It wasn't a lie.

'I felt it as soon as I stepped out of the frame.'

I thought that since it was a Sana-Rae Hunter with a symbol of a tree frog, it might come up on its own if I left it alone. However, it came up faster than I expected and I missed the timing to remove the frame.

'It took me a while to get my expression under control.'

That was the reason why Geo didn't immediately look back at Sanarae and instead focused his gaze on the portrait that had become a landscape painting. In any case, it was fortunate that he didn't seem to have been caught as the portrait.

Getting caught would be fun in its own way, but… .

“Would you like to tour the third floor together?”

“Hmm, that’s what I was thinking.”

“I wish we had come together from the beginning.”

“I’m worried because Sergio Hunter is so quiet.”

“I have pretty decent stealth skills.”

“Everyone thinks so.”

“Don’t you think so, Hunter Sanarae?”

“No, I think so too.”

Sanarae, with her signature smile, pointed to a room on the third floor where there were about three rooms.

“You haven’t looked around yet?”

“I just got up to the third floor.”

“Then I guess I can go with you. Wow, that’s reassuring.”

It was true that the mansion was so dusty that it made her nose hurt, and Sanarae was quite cooperative in searching the ruins, as if she wanted to get out quickly. Gold and jewels were also found mainly on the third floor.

Hunter Sanarae's reaction was a little disappointing.

“I wish I had the item.”

“Are you not satisfied with gold and jewels?”

“Rather than just pretty minerals, wouldn’t it be better to have equipment that can be used anywhere?”

“You’re greedy.”

“Rather, he’s a liar.”

“Well, Pinocchio?”

“I don’t like that nickname, but….”

Dalgrak.

The rusty metal jewelry box was closed.

“There are only jewels here too.”

“Doesn’t a hunter like these kinds of trinkets? Jewels that are pretty to look at.”

“It’s not that common for a hunter to come all the way to a Class A dungeon and enjoy such a simple income…?”

“Why is that?”

“…….”

Sanarae continued speaking after seeing Geo.

“It’s not that valuable. It might be of help to ordinary citizens, but we’re pretty high-level hunters. We’ve come this far, so we’d rather make a killing.”

“I heard that glass is quite expensive.”

“Well, glass can be melted down and used to make equipment or items. It takes a lot of work to make it, and it costs quite a bit of money to increase transparency. That’s why glass is the only expensive gem.”

“Won’t these jewels melt?”

The jewels I draw are melting.

'Is that because it's paint?'

Geo continued.

“I know for sure that gold and silver melt. Is there something wrong with my common sense?”

“…Of course, you can make equipment with gold and silver, but the limit of what you can hold is much lower than that of glass. Because the nature of it is too firm, you can’t make equipment as fluidly and

diversely as you can with glass.”

“Thank you for your kind and detailed explanation.”

“Hunters’ income, in particular, cannot be resolved with just jewels or gold. It costs a lot of money to buy life-saving equipment. There are so many hunters who sell their land deeds or house deeds to buy equipment.”

"this."

Geo asked, letting out a sigh.

“Thank you for the detailed explanation. I hope you’re not being too annoyed by me calling you ‘Master’?”

“Well, is it really ‘Master’?”

“In a way, you may have hit the nail on the head, but I don’t think it’s ever been that big.”

“I see, that’s unexpected.”

“Do you hate me?”

Geo laughed.

“Isn’t that right?”

“I know it sounds strange, but….”

Sanarae spoke with a blank expression, showing no emotion, and in a casual tone of voice.

“Sergio Hunter seems older than he looks.”

“How old do I look to you?”

“On the website, it says you’re 29 years old, right?”

"you're right."

“But I think he looks older than that.”

“I never thought I would hear such a heartbreaking story about not being able to keep up with trends.”

“…That could be the case.”

They searched the ruins sequentially and then moved to the innermost room.

“I guess this was a bedroom.”

There was a bed frame that was too damaged to be recognized, and a large portrait of a woman, barely recognizable, who was as rotten and decayed as the ruins.

The haunted portrait felt strangely kinship.

'Oh, a portrait.'

Hello, this is Portrait.

'... They say surprising things often happen in dungeons... I've never seen a portrait as haunted as mine before. This portrait looks like just another ordinary, old, broken portrait. It's a shame.'

Geo, who loves to draw and is also a painter himself, felt human sympathy.

'Poor thing.'

I wonder if I can do some restoration work.

“…….”

“Sergio Hunter?”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“What’s in that portrait?”

“There is nothing.”

“Then why do you keep looking at it?”

“Isn’t that okay?”

“Come see me and let’s talk.”

"yes."

Only then did Geo turn his gaze to Sanarae.

“What's going on?”

“…….”

The sight of Sanarae just smiling.

“…….”

By then the sun was setting, and Geo was nervous about the strange pressure and plausible atmosphere.

I was terrified as I stood before a group of thugs who were laughing and talking normally and seemed ready to open fire. The timing was perfect, and the sun set in an instant, darkening the abandoned house, doubling my fear.

‘…What did I do wrong?’

I instinctively knew that I had done something wrong. Staring at people like that was either a social gesture or a signal of war. Now, anyone could see that it was the latter.

And Geo realized.

'Ah, this.'

This is the atmosphere when I was being bullied by Yoo Seong-woon and Joo Hyun.

“…Did I do something weird?”

"well?"

“Did I scare you?”

“I don’t know.”

“I apologize to everyone.”

Geo asked, embarrassed.

“Would you like something sweet?”

“…….”

“I guess you don’t like it.”

I suggested that she eat something sweet at an odd time, hoping that it would lighten the mood a bit, but I didn't get a very good response.

Geo comforted himself with the sweet chocolate cookies he always carried in his arms.

'You're a good cookie.'

He just happened to have the wrong owner, he was a delicious enough cookie.

“…….”

“…….”

And I felt a little wronged.

“Don’t people appreciate portraits?”

“No, I appreciate it.”

“But I don’t know why you are persecuting me with your eyes.”

“…Persecution, as expected, is a very unique way of speaking.”

“Is something strange?”

“Even in this situation, you use such everyday words.”

Sanarae said with her signature smile.

"scary."

“Are you scared?”

Aren't you kidding me again?

“Then please tell me why.”

“Then are you going to fix it?”

“That way, I won’t make the same mistake again.”

“I don’t feel like it, Sergio Hunter, I think you can afford to make a few more mistakes.”

“I don’t like this kind of atmosphere. I want to get better.”

“So I think it’s okay if it doesn’t get better.”

“I don’t know why you say that.”

So what did I do wrong again?

'Can't I even look at portraits?'

I was so wronged that I wanted to write a lawsuit, step by step. Why is

it that when I do something that everyone else does, everyone gets scared and makes a fuss?

“I think you’re making fun of me. You’re a terrible person.”

“I know you’re not saying that because you’re angry.”

Sanarae added.

“You just say it because you think it’s the most appropriate thing to say, right?”

At those words, Geo thought.

'It is polite for humans to go through the brain before speaking.'

But he knew that Hunter Sanarae had not said such things in that context. Geo realized what the problem with the current situation was. It was a long-standing problem that had been following Geo's life.

“I know I look scary. I’ve been misunderstood many times before.”

I've seen more than a few people freak out like they've seen a ghost.

“So I went around laughing a lot, but wasn’t it effective?”

“It would probably work for most people.”

“Then what is Hunter Sanarae trying to say now?”

“Do you feel like the more you know, the more scared you become?”

Geo was dumbfounded.

“What do you know, Hunter Sanarae?”

What do you know about me?

'It's been a while since I've seen your face, so I guess I know a lot.'

Geo had never said such things, not even Yoo Seong-woon, the first friend he had made when he was a possessed portrait. Geo felt extremely bewildered by the fact that one side was not welcoming and the other side was showing off their inadvertent and empty friendship.

“I don’t think we’re that close….”

“Are these things only those close to you are qualified to know?”

“Most relationships are like that.”

“Was it unpleasant?”

“What are you afraid of?”

Although she pretended not to, Sanarae was a little anxious right now. Geo couldn't figure out why things had turned out this way. At this rate, there was really no choice but to change her face or live with an iron mask.

'But the people of the world would be afraid of even that.'

It was a very difficult time for a scary person to live in.

“You can’t treat a normal person like a ghost because you’re scared, Hunter Sanarae.”

“Why were you looking at the portrait for so long?”

“I was looking at it with pity in my heart.”

“…….”

Sanarae, who seemed like she was going to say something more, blinked again and her eyes widened like crescent moons.

“What do you like, Sergio Hunter?”

It was a very strange question, but Geo understood. The crazy ones usually had a tendency to jump around topics. Everyone's kind priest, Giovanni, respected human diversity.

“I like food that is delicious and filling.”

“Are you a ghost who died because you couldn’t eat…?”

“I don’t think I’ve ever been possessed by a ghost.”

“Is there anything else besides that?”

“I like good people.”

“Oh, this is a big problem.”

Geo's thoughts were right.

“I’m not going to get eaten all of a sudden, am I?”

“I tell you again, human flesh will not taste good.”

“So, even though it sounds completely unreassuring….”

Sanarae was scared.

Since a long time ago, that is.

* * *

When the two left the mansion, the sun had risen again.

“You came out. Did you get any results?”

“There were mainly ornaments.”

“I see there were no special functions, I understand.”

Garasani, who had been waiting for Geo, continued speaking.

“I received a call while you two were upstairs.”

“Did you hear from another team?”

“Yes, he said that he needs healers, so he asked us to gather together if possible.”

And this team had two healers, Jeong Yeong-won and Sergio. Garasani said while checking the detection equipment.

“Fortunately, it’s pretty close.”

“Is it an injury? Or poison?”

“I heard that you encountered a large number of monsters.”

“I guess it’s both cases.”

Geo laughed, thinking he knew what Garasani was trying to say. I guess he failed at making fruit jelly because of this.

“I think I can help.”

Have you ever heard of the blood ball made by three suns?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (178)

178

Episode 178

Joohyun said and did.

“If you want to imitate a human properly.”

“Imitation? Do you want to see a crying portrait? Is this your first time seeing one?”

“I haven’t finished talking yet, so don’t get ready to cry and just listen, Mr. Geo.”

He was worried that this mindless portrait would return as a false god that mere mortals could not handle. You can get a rough idea of what most evil spirits do when they are having fun.

“It’s better to use items than to do it yourself.”

Joo-hyun was worried about Geo like that.

“Don’t come forward and say you’re frustrated, and then create some strange fanaticism. Just listen to what I have to say.”

“I am a pure sun who does not deal with fanatics.”

“There’s more to Geo-ssi than just the sun inside of him now, right? I have more life experience than Geo-ssi.”

“If you add them all up, aren’t I taller?”

“I guess I worded it a bit strangely. At least I know the criteria for ‘normal’ better than you, Geo.”

“There’s no denying that.”

Geo gave a double thumbs up.

“I’m not very perceptive.”

“I don’t think it’s just a matter of perception, but I heard it from Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

Joohyun asked with a worried look on her face.

“You said that in the old ‘Deep Sea Kingdom’ you made a sea passage in the dungeon?”

“I heard it’s not illegal, but it’s unfair.”

“I’m not scolding you, so keep listening. I heard you even made stairs instead of a slide. Is that true?”

“Of course I would have made stairs. Think about it, Joo-hyun. If you make a slide that deep, how much acceleration would you gain? People would die.”

“I appreciate that you value human life, but humans can’t create a staircase passage in the sea because they don’t want to die. And especially not in a dungeon.”

“I know what you are worried about.”

Geo nodded.

“But I have also lived on Earth for 29 years. Please believe me.”

“After living for 29 years, I’m still in this situation. How can I possibly

believe in anything?”

“Shall I show you a crying portrait?”

“If you want to stop imitating humans, you can keep saying things like that.”

“…….”

It wasn't exactly an imitation, but it was still a little hurtful, so Geo kept his mouth shut. Joohyun nodded as if he was grateful for the cooperation and continued talking.

“But Mr. Geo is not the type of person who would not interfere with the lives of humans.”

“What does that mean?”

“My trust in Mr. Geo hit rock bottom the moment I found out he was nicknamed the Smiling Tyrant of the Sea Village. Isn’t that right, Mercy Bomber?”

“Mercy bomber?”

“I’m not the type of person to be quiet, so I have just one recommendation for you.”

Joohyun said solemnly.

“Don’t come forward yourself.”

“And use the item?”

Geo became sad.

“I am a beggar. I have no items.”

“Surprisingly, Mr. Geo’s cabin is made entirely of items, down to every drop of water.”

“Please don’t disparage my peaceful and comfortable cabin like that.”

“It seems like you already know everything and are trying to avoid it, so I’ll keep talking. Use the item.”

Joohyun gave her advice with all his heart.

“That way, you’ll have something to make excuses for later. Don’t forget that the reason Geo himself wasn’t treated as something like a deity during the last Gangnyeong incident was because there was an intermediary called Dana.”

“So what are you going to make excuses for later?”

“It means that Mr. Geo has a chance to make excuses for being human. This time, you shouldn’t use miracles too much just because you find the humans’ actions funny or pitiful. If you really want to do something, avoid the humans’ gaze and somehow eliminate the witnesses.”

“Does eliminating witnesses mean murder? Very interesting.”

“Don’t come out as Argio only at times like this, Mr. Geo. I’m really serious. Even if the collector is a large corporation, it’s hard to hide it when so many people are participating in the raid. After all, it’s an event hosted by the Solar Cult.”

“I will be quiet and come back later.”

And Joo-hyun never said he would believe until the end. He was a truly thorough man.

* * *

But there was one thing that this thorough Joo-Hyeon missed.

“Blood, has the bleeding stopped?”

“What is it? I feel like the warmth is coming back to my body.”

“…the organs have recovered.”

He should have also placed limits on the types and quantities of Geo's items.

Fallen arms were reattached, missing flesh and organs were regenerated, the wounds of hunters cursed with bleeding were instantly stopped, and corpses that had been gradually losing their body heat were experiencing miracles close to resurrection.

The culprit was Geo's blood ball.

“…….”

I sprinkled about 7 of them.

“…….”

“…Ugh….”

Geo saw from afar, Priest Kang Seo-dam covering his face with both hands and holding back tears.

“Oh, my lord, don’t cry! Everyone has recovered…!”

“Ah… I didn’t know that Father Kang Seo-dam would be this worried….”

“Surprisingly, the priest was a very affectionate person….”

For some reason, despite the warm comfort and gratitude from those around him, the sadness emanating from Kang Seo-dam seemed to have grown stronger. It seemed that it wasn't because of his mood, but Kang Seo-dam had a hard time recovering.

Even though Geo didn’t care about what other people thought, he

couldn’t ignore this incident. Geo ignored the gazes on him and slowly approached Garasani.

And then he whispered.

“I think I made a big mistake.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll tell you about the collectible items.”

"thank you."

Geo thought to himself.

'How do you write a reflection paper?'

He was not the type of person to write a reflection paper, but he accepted it when he received it, and he didn't mind sending his teacher's reputation beyond the dark matter of the universe in the face of a huge mistake. Geo apologized to Joohyun in advance.

'I should write a letter and send it as soon as I have time today.'

Even though it would only be a pretty letter that the recipient wouldn't read, it was better than nothing. Geo felt the signs approaching him and raised his head.

“Excuse me, Priest…?”

“I am not a priest.”

“Ah, yes, Hunter.”

“You must be a bit out of it because you haven’t fully recovered yet. Wouldn’t it be better for you to lie down a little longer?”

“No. After receiving such a precious gift… how could I just lie down…?”

The hunter who had just come back from the brink of death, literally on

the brink of death, was overcome with emotion and had tears in his eyes. Geo felt like he wanted to bury himself in the portrait. It was very burdensome.

“Oh, how could you give us such a… such an elixir….”

“Oh, that medicine….”

At that moment, Geo realized something new.

'This doesn't explain why it was a collectible item.'

Even if I tried to force it, the atmosphere wasn't conducive to that.

The Collector's Guild was not a charity guild that readily gave away valuable items to other guild members, and to anyone who saw it, the owner of this blood feud was Sergio.

“…….”

Giovanni decided to try his luck, relying solely on his own sanctity.

“…The name of the medicine is ‘Pi-gyeong-dan.’”

“Blood ball?”

“Yes, it was a rice cake made with medicinal herbs obtained through the mercy of the god I serve. This time, I was lucky enough to find a colony of medicinal herbs in the place the sun had told me about, and I made the medicine with it the day before I came to the dungeon.”

"that…."

“Actually, I didn’t know the exact effect. However, when I saw the herb, I thought it would be very helpful for stopping bleeding and recovery, so I made it. But I never thought it would be used like this.”

Geo made the sign of the cross with the face of a holy priest.

“This must also be the will of the sun. The divinity whom I love and respect must have wanted this attack to be successful. I am his servant and have only followed him faithfully, so please… I ask that you give me this kind of gratitude, not from me, but from the sun.”

Although it was a story with many holes and questions, the hunters were convinced by the sincere words and actions of Father Giovanni, which were full of 'truth', and his appearance, which was full of excellence.

“Come to think of it, the collector participated when there wasn’t much time left before the expedition….”

“I wonder if it was Hunter Sergio’s divinity that told me to participate in this dungeon?”

“This time, the two suns are praying for the success of the attack…!”

“Yes, if the divine had not helped, people would not have been able to survive like this.”

People who were tired and had no time to think deeply were easily swayed by emotional appeals. Of course, there were still people who had doubts, but when left alone, they resolved them on their own.

“But wasn’t Sergio Hunter a trainer?”

“Idiot, it’s not like only priests can worship God.”

“Oh, really? I didn’t know that….”

“It seems like a rare case.”

“It is difficult for even a priest to be chosen by God, but a trainer….”

“Isn’t he almost a saint at this level? He must be very loved.”

“But since you’re not from the Solar Church, are you a sun from

another dimension?”

“Seoul’s Sun Bridge is a bit of a pain in the ass.”

Since they were hunters who risked their lives, as soon as they recovered from their injuries, everyone became excited. Geo looked at those strong people and whispered to Garasani who was standing next to him.

“How far will it take?”

“If you put your hands on it, it will go quite well.”

“I will also find a way as soon as I get back, so please do it this time.”

“Is there any possibility?”

Geo's excuse was not completely impossible in theory, but it was a rare case that only occurred once in a lifetime. Even they would have doubts once they regained their senses.

But that was only if there was no action. If Giovanni continued to brainwash, or rather, tell the truth, and the big business collectors tyrannized, or rather, provided a little help, then this story would have become a fait accompli.

What, why? What can we do if that's what we're doing? What can you do?

“…….”

Of course, there were some people for whom that didn't work.

“Sun god?”

"yes."

“Sun God….”

"yes."

“…….”

“…….”

Sanarae looked at Geo with a face that had lost even a smile. It was a subtle expression that could not be interpreted right away, but Geo understood it. It was a reaction like, 'Isn't that a bit weak of an excuse?'

And Geo ignored it.

'It's not a complete lie.'

His new father was the sun god. Although he was now in the form of a cute teddy bear, he still had the majesty of the sun.

'You even live in our house.'

How much Geo had supported him in both material and spiritual ways. It was never a lie that he was serving the sun. Even though it had a strong meaning of support, unlike a typical priest.

Fortunately, Sanarae didn't dig any further.

“…I guess I really receive a lot of love from the sun.”

“You’ve seen it, Hunter Sanarae. We’re like family.”

“That would definitely be a saint-level thing, but I don’t know how the Solar Church will react.”

“Those are ominous words.”

Geo asked based on experience.

“Surely you will be branded a heretic, put on religious trial, and stoned by the citizens?”

“Are you crazy?”

“Or you could be imprisoned without trial, locked in a tank, or locked with man-eating fish….”

“What are you trying to say?”

“Being eaten alive isn’t exactly a pleasant sensation.”

In that part, Kang Seo-dam, who had come closer without us noticing, came forward.

“Please do not view the Sun Church as such a primitive sect, Sergio Hunter.”

“Oh, my. Was it primitive?”

“…There may be such a religion somewhere, but it is not ours.”

“Excuse me.”

“As Hunter Sanarae said, we may only see a slight reaction from the Solar Church.”

“What kind of reaction would that be?”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam, who had been hesitating, answered.

“…At least they won’t be hostile.”

“Then what is it?”

“To put it nicely, it’s like inclusion.”

“Isn’t the divine nature that we worship clearly different?”

“If it was a religious sect that cared about such things, it would not

have established itself as the representative religion in Seoul.”

“That is another amazing thing to hear, it’s nice to see you again.”

“…I’ll…try my best to block it, I guess I’ll try my best… phew….”

Sanarae looked at Geo with subtle eyes at the sight of Priest Kang Seodam, who seemed to be crying a little.

“Go ahead.”

“Yeah, it’s nothing….”

“Go ahead.”

“That’s not true.”

"Do it."

“I was wrong.”

Sanarae, who had clasped her hands together and was completely empty, left the place quietly. It seemed that she had gone to say hello to the hunter from Haeryeong Guild who was on the same team as Kang Seodam. The only ones left were Geo, Kang Seodam, and Garasani.

Looking at the messy surroundings, Garasani asked Kang Seodam.

“What happened? I couldn’t hear the exact details because the communication equipment was not in good condition….”

“I think I’ve told you up to this point, but monsters appeared during the fake moon time.”

“We also know very well that monsters during that time period are particularly ferocious.”

“The monsters we encountered are probably quite unfamiliar to you as

well.”

Kang Seo-dam continued speaking, frowning as if he had a headache.

“It was an undead monster.”

“Undead?”

“Yes, it was a rotten, decomposed corpse. It disappeared again quickly after I pressed the light trigger….”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam nodded at Garasani's silence.

“It’s definitely a situation that I don’t quite understand.”

Why are there undead monsters living in this rainforest?

“I thought it was a typical vegetation-type dungeon, but it seems there’s a bit more to it.”

“Then there’s a high probability that it’s a dungeon with a story.”

“And these types of dungeons are often difficult to conquer if you don’t know the story.”

“Have you been able to identify the monsters?”

“It was dark, but I was able to confirm it since I am a priest of the sun.”

“Fortunately, I guess it wasn’t someone I knew.”

“Even the clothes I was wearing were a little different from the Earth’s style.”

“She may have changed her clothes. Did you check her face too?”

“Their faces were too damaged to be recognized, but I couldn’t even

sense a familiar aura… so they couldn't have been priests of the sun."

Before this attack, the Solar Cult had already attempted one attack and failed. It seemed that the priests of the Sun who died at that time had become undead, but Kang Seodam shook his head and said that was not the case.

"It is strange. I can't see my brothers' bodies anywhere."

"I thought the four-legged monsters here didn't eat corpses?"

"Even if the information from the church is wrong, there should be some equipment left, but I can't see it."

"Since this dungeon is so large, there must be many places that we haven't been able to fully explore."

"Yes, but…."

Kang Seo-dam, who had been pondering, continued speaking.

"Our team has discovered some information."

"What a coincidence, we have that too."

"I confirmed that there were traces of something as heavy as a corpse being dragged somewhere."

"Our team has identified that the monsters of the evening are moving towards one place."

"…Then it seems like there is something to be done."

Kang Seo-dam looked at Geo for a moment.

"……."

"How may I help you?"

“…No, this is….”

Kang Seo-dam asked carefully, her lips tightly clenched.

“…If the attack is successful, you may attend the funeral mass of the Sun Church.”

“Of course I will. Is there anything else you need?”

“Yes, of course. I feel a great sense of gratitude for the kindness and mercy you have shown me.”

Geo thought to himself as he whispered quietly so that no one else could hear.

‘Why doesn’t anyone ask me to help with the funeral…?’

Who is there who specializes in funerals as much as I do?

While Geo was secretly thinking, 'Am I not a very trustworthy god, unlike my father? To the point where I can't even help with a funeral? Should I learn something like the art of kingship?', Kang Seodam called the surviving hunters together.

“We will move after completing one maintenance.”

Up until now, it had been a process of exploration, but now that there were this many clues, the story had changed. Now, it was the beginning of a full-scale attack, and the hunter, who seemed to sense this, asked while checking his injuries.

“Excuse me, Father. Where are we going?”

“Further inside.”

Kang Seo-dam answered.

“We’re going to where the monsters gather.”

There was definitely something going on.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (179)

179

Episode 179

Before the full-scale departure, they had some time to prepare.

“Still, it would be better to sleep on it for a while before you go.”

“Many hunters are relaxed, perhaps because of the sudden recovery.”

“If you keep moving like this, you’ll definitely get seriously hurt….”

“Yes, I think it would be better to take a proper rest for once.”

Then the hunters each took their places.

“No matter how much I cut these weeds, they just won’t shrink.”

“Please light a fire here! Any fire specialist hunters?”

The hunter of Daecheong felt regretful as he saw that sight.

“I think the house we found would be more comfortable to rest in.”

“It would be difficult to move that far in this situation.”

“I know. I just felt a little bad about it, so I said it.”

“It was a good place to call home.”

“Especially in a dungeon full of poisonous plants like this one.”

The sun set and rose repeatedly while the hunters were making a place to rest. The hunters looked very tired of such an environment.

“I’m so tired I could die.”

“I don’t feel like I slept at all….”

Not only was it a vast rainforest filled with humid heat and poisonous plants of all sizes, but the sunrises and sunsets were also quite random. It was truly the worst possible conditions for hunters to rest.

Even so, the hunters who had barely managed to find a place to rest sought out healers.

“Please give me some heels.”

“I got poisoned by a weed.”

“Wow, my arm is rotting! Heal!”

It is more difficult to avoid getting hurt while creating a resting space in a dungeon overgrown with poisonous plants. This strategy took this into consideration and secured an above-average healer, and now the effects are fully visible.

Among them, Geo was frequently asked questions.

“Priest!”

“I am not a priest.”

“Ah, ah… right. That, trainer?”

“That’s right. Are you hurt anywhere?”

“Yes, there was a thorn in my hand….”

“It’s already starting to discolor.”

Geo lightly stroked the black venomous line running through the Hunter's flesh and veins. The Hunter receiving treatment and the Hunters around him were amazed at how natural and clean the process was.

“Wow… How on earth do you purify it so quickly?”

“I thought it would be better to treat you as quickly as possible since you must be sick.”

“Still, this won’t be an easy task….”

They guessed that Sergio Hunter had a high-level healing skill. It was rude to ask about the detailed skill window, so they couldn't ask, but it was almost a given.

“Did you make the medicine I gave you earlier using your skill?”

“I don’t have that kind of skill.”

“Oh, so you just made it by yourself?”

“I didn’t think any skill was needed to make medicine.”

“That’s amazing, usually I get help from skills.”

“The inherent power of the material was great. I was lucky.”

“It seems like you serve a truly merciful God.”

“Yes, he is a very kind person.”

From what I've heard, Sergio Hunter seems to be treated almost like a saint by his god. It would make sense that he would be given a potion filled with the power of the sun.

Then one of the priests of the sun asked Kang Seodam.

“Even though it is a sun from another dimension, it is still the same lineage. Don’t you have bad feelings toward our religion?”

“Don’t think of turning good feelings into bad ones, and stop being greedy. You are clearly the son of another god.”

“But it’s not like there haven’t been cases like this before. There are already many gods who have become part of our sun and family. If we try to persuade them well….”

“What are you going to do by persuading me? I know why you are so greedy, but please be humble.”

Kang Seo-dam shook his head, tired of the irritation that was making his back tingle.

The older priests with experience at least knew how to hide their greed and pretend to be humble, but the younger priests often believed in the power of the Sun Church and were steeped in arrogance.

'It's easier to show off your stupidity so openly than to act like a lunatic, which can feel sinister, but it's still annoying. This little brat probably doesn't know who he's talking to right now... .'

The most prominent religious sect in Seoul, the city of Seoul, is the Solar Church, which ranks first or second in the religious world. Priests usually receive education from a young age, are officially recognized as priests at the young age of 14, and begin their full-fledged activities at the young age of 17.

The priests of the sun, who were filled with pride that they were the best, often showed this kind of arrogance. It was arrogance that naturally the other party would consider this kind of invitation an honor.

“Is Sergio Hunter’s reputation that appealing? His abilities seem very useful. Of course, compared to the Dalnim Church, our sect still lacks

saints, so it would be natural for Sergio Hunter, who has such qualities, to be greedy. It is truly amazing that you are evaluating the son of a strange divinity like an object.”

“Oh, no, I just….”

“Put aside your pride. What could possibly be lacking in Sergio Hunter? He is content with his life and is growing in the arms of the divinity I serve. If we seem like a desirable fruit to him, and he would be embarrassed to be offered it to him first, what greed is he showing?”

Kang Seo-dam sighed as he quickly spoke and wiped his face.

“I’m already starting to get worried….”

It wasn't just this young priest's greed. Right now, the information was locked in the dungeon and there was nowhere to escape, but once the raid was over, this news would be relayed to the religious order.

'Then the elders will start making a fuss again.'

As he grew older, his mask only grew more magnificent, and his pride in the Sun Church only grew. The older priests would approach Sergio Hunter in a different, more experienced way than the younger priests.

'Things like burrs.'

It couldn't get any more shitty than this.

“…….”

“I, I was wrong.”

“…Please reflect on yourself.”

The composition just wasn't very good.

'... The mermaids of the deep sea clearly said that their teacher was taken away by the solar cult of their dimension.'

Kang Seodam was a hunter who visited the 'Deep Sea Country' with 'Sergio Hunter'. He was well aware of the story of the dungeon. And its structure was not much different from the current situation on Earth.

'What should we do if the mermaids get angry again?'

The most respected and popular people in the religious world were those who had a unique vessel to hold the divinity. Among the catechumens of the Sun Church, there were Chaisol and Iruda, and among the Dalnim Church, there was their saintess.

The Sun Church and the Moon Church were in a relationship of mutual growth and competition, and the adults that the Moon Church had were not in the Sun Church. The Sun Church was hit hard by the dungeon break incident last year, and is still in disarray… .

"……."

Geo approached Kang Seo-dam, who was standing alone and holding back a sigh.

"What's the matter?"

"…I'm sorry, no, I'm sorry."

It was quite a distance, but there was no way that Sergio Hunter could not have heard the conversation just now. Kang Seo-dam apologized with an anxious heart. Fortunately, Sergio Hunter did not get angry.

"I understand."

"Thank you for your mercy, Hahae."

"I love the sun."

“…Yes, I know.”

“I would like to be friends with you.”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam nodded with a heavy expression.

“Please… I will be careful.”

I had no intention of provoking the mermaids whose anger had not yet subsided.

“I will try to persuade them well so that no problems arise. Since I also have a considerable position within the church, I am sure that the brothers will listen to me to some extent.”

“You don’t have to overthink it.”

“I am ashamed to show such a shallow and greedy side. I will be careful about my conduct to avoid any trouble as much as possible. I am grateful for the mercy you have shown me.”

“…….”

Geo thought about that.

'Do I speak a bit strangely?'

I just made a suggestion for friendship, but she seemed to be thinking too complicatedly, so I said one thing, but she kept spewing out even more complicated words. No matter how I looked at it, it seemed like Kang Seo-dam was living an uncomfortable life.

‘… Anyway, I would appreciate it if you could think about it for me.’

It's okay because it's fun.

“I will now return to my team.”

“Yes, please go in safely. I’ll see you later.”

“I hope you are at peace, brother.”

After all, Geo loved himself because he had a clear mind.

* * *

And no one saw 'Sergio Hunter' that way.

“…….”

This was especially true for Hunter Sanarae.

“Chief? Why?”

"haha."

“What? Why are you laughing?”

“I was looking back on my life.”

“Wow, you do that too? That’s awesome.”

"okay?"

He seemed more awesome than my assistant.

“Take care.”

“You really are saying things that don’t suit you.”

"ha ha ha."

Sanarae waved his hand and left the place naturally. Then he returned to where his team members were resting and sat down as well. He looked at the people sitting in a circle around the campfire.

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

Exchanging glances are Jeong Yeong-won and Garasani, including Sanarae.

The man with his hands clasped asked.

“Is this okay?”

“What are you talking about?”

Sanarae smiled her characteristic smile at Garasani's natural and innocent question, which had a cold impression.

“Isn’t that just too unscrupulous?”

“It would be a great help in understanding if you could provide the exact subject and object.”

“From here? You can hear everything? Are you telling me to go out and die?”

Even though it looked like this, Sanarae was one of those people who knew that her life was precious.

If others saw him, they would ask, 'What the hell are you talking about?' But it was true. He was just a wildling who enjoyed fighting in a dazed state when death was near, and at least he had his own breathing hole open and was running wild.

Well, I've taken the risk I had to take. That's why I didn't leave out the fact that 'Sergio Hunter' was participating in the raid. In the same context, the current situation isn't all that bad...

"haha."

Sanarae laughed again.

'This is driving me crazy.'

At that moment, Sergio, who had come to the meeting after receiving greetings from all the hunters, asked.

“Aren’t you all starting to get hungry?”

“Sergio Hunter is truly a witch hag.”

“Even if it looks like this, it won’t eat you, so don’t worry.”

“I wonder if I can really feel at ease….”

If you can't avoid it, enjoy it.

“What do you want to give me?”

“Do you like fruit jelly?”

“Oh, I like it.”

Sanarae obediently ate the round dried persimmon. The dark yellow dried persimmon, smoother than raisins, had an exquisite clean sweetness.

“How are you?”

“This is really delicious.”

Are you really thinking of eating me when I get fat?

It was a little funny because it was so unfair that even a snack like this could taste so good.

“…….”

Sanarae was a hunter who used her body very well.

His vision was like that of a bird of prey flying in the sky, his sense of smell was like that of a tiger, and his ability to detect danger was as good as that of a herbivore. There were things that such a savage could not possibly not know.

It's like a scent that changes three times within a body.

“…Just give me one more.”

“How good it looks when you eat well!”

“Don’t pour so much out.”

“If it overflows, the ants in the dungeon will eat it.”

“Are there any ants here?”

“Then the monster will eat it.”

“Oh, monster….”

The pitch and volume of a voice heard by the ear.

“How merciful.”

Those stuffed smiles and actions make you guess something even if you don't want to know.

“How far will Hunter Sergio be merciful?”

“If you keep a fool like me by your side, your dinner table will be sumptuous all day long.”

“Uh… I guess so, I guess so.”

For now, I decided to laugh it off.

Sergio Hunter doesn't seem to get angry easily.

* * *

"meow."

A cat cried in the dark.

"meow."

Keep going until you get an answer.

"meow."

Dana waited.

There is a soul here that needs to go home.

“…….”

"meow."

“…….”

Sanarae covered her ears.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (180)

180

Episode 180

One night, when nothing could be seen, something strange happened.

“Huh? What is that?”

“Undead… Aren’t you undead?”

"…wait for a sec."

The hunter's eyes widened as he looked around cautiously.

“Why are there so many?”

It was a monster frenzy.

“Wake up! It’s madness!!”

“A frenzy has occurred! Everyone, get your gear ready!!”

“The undead! They’ll be here soon!!”

At the words of those who were on guard duty, the hunters who were sleeping, the hunters who were checking their equipment, and even the hunters who were treating people's injuries all jumped up. The hunters carefully selected by the Sun Church moved in unison even in sudden situations.

Geo, who had not been sleeping to begin with, muttered.

“Madness?”

“It literally refers to the phenomenon of monsters running wild.”

“Aha, is this also a hunter’s term?”

“Yes, it is not an uncommon phenomenon.”

After explaining this, Garasani continued to speak while organizing his guns.

“But it’s not a very common phenomenon.”

He asked Priest Kang Seo-dam, who was training the hunters on my team.

“What do you think is the cause?”

“I don’t know.”

Kang Seo-dam, who seemed like he would keep his mouth shut, opened his mouth when he met Sergio’s eyes, who followed him. He groaned and immediately squeezed out an answer.

“…First of all, we probably didn’t provide the cause. This phenomenon wasn’t reported in the Solar Cult’s data, and since there were many participants in this attack, it’s likely that another team artificially pressed the trigger. Of course, we can’t be certain.”

The frenzy phenomenon is triggered either by the dungeon itself or by a strong trigger triggered by the hunter's actions. And the former case was extremely rare. For now, the latter had to be considered.

“Now that things have come to this, it would be best for us to stay here until the madness ends.”

“It was worth it to reserve space in advance. I’ll tell my team about that.”

After Garasani left, Sergio asked Kang Seodam.

“Shall I send you honey?”

“…Please.”

“Do you need light?”

“It can stimulate monsters.”

“But it’ll be dark so it’ll be hard to see.”

“The light is too broad….”

“It can be adjusted.”

“Then I would like to ask you to do that as well.”

“No problem.”

As Geo reached out to his neck, Honey, who had been hiding in the hood the whole time, climbed on top of him. He waved his hand gently and Honey flew into the air. The small body of Honey quickly disappeared from sight.

Geo, who had sent Honey flying to search and rescue the Hunters, this time lifted it up by grabbing the end of the cloak.

“Dana.”

From the pitch-black shadow of the cloak, a jewel cat the color of the night sky emerged.

"meow."

“Help your brother.”

"meow."

The cat, which was quite large, disappeared into the bushes. The hunter, who was hurriedly trying to get himself together, was startled. She asked Geo with concern.

“Are you okay? Monsters will be coming soon, and it will be hard to endure without a trainer to protect you. We will do our best to defend you, so if you can heal us from the inside…!”

Geo shook his head at that.

"it's okay."

“Yes? But…!”

“That’s prejudice.”

Turup!!

Geo caught the flying sphere.

“It means that healers and trainers are weak.”

Kkwaddeok !!

Debris flew.

In his smiling hand, something spherical was crushed.

“…….”

“It looks strange.”

"uh…."

“It was quite small, brown, and had a pair of wings as long as its body.”

“Uh, uh.”

“It’s a quiet flying monster.”

Thud, thud…!

As I waved my hand, the monster's remains scattered.

“The monsters have come.”

"…yes."

“See you later.”

The hunter who had left the place in a hurry disappeared, and Geo searched for Garasani with black blood dripping from his hands. He had a question for him out of consideration.

Geo asked, wearing a hood.

“Mr. Garasani.”

“Yes, Sergio Hunter.”

“Would people be surprised if I suddenly turned red?”

“It might be a little surprising, but I’m glad.”

Garasani, holding a gun in both hands, continued speaking.

“It's dark outside.”

"aha."

Argio's hair turned red as if soaked in blood.

“I see.”

The evil deity laughed in excitement.

* * *

Jeong Yeong-won was a typical healer.

“Protect me now.”

"yep…!"

It meant a weak and precious workforce.

“The therapist can be here!”

“We will protect you!”

“But if you could give us some heels…!”

Jeong Yeong-won nodded solemnly in the noisy surroundings.

“If you stay within 5 meters of me, I will make sure you don’t die.”

The hunters were thrilled.

“Thank you, therapist…!!”

“Protect Hunter Jeong Yeong-won! If the healer dies, we die too!!”

Basically, healers were few in number. They weren't so few that you wouldn't encounter them in your lifetime, but they were also so few that you wouldn't have a single healer on your team in your lifetime. To that extent, healers were considered to be high-level personnel who were treated with great respect.

And there were few healers who could provide ranged heals like Jeong Yeong-won.

“Three undead ahead!!”

“There’s a healer behind you, shut up and block it with your body!!”

“I trust you, therapist…!!”

Jeong Yeong-won criticized such zeal, but he continued to hold onto the hunters' lives.

“You brain-dead hunters, if you don’t want to get beat up, buy yourself a body!!”

The reason there were so few healers was because it was very difficult to learn or utilize skills. Skills are not something that can be learned like frozen food that comes out of the oven.

There are means and methods to force the human body to recover, but the actual treatment is extremely complex and requires a meticulous process. There were not many healers who could heal as extensively as Jeong Yeong-won.

“Just stop hurting yourself!!”

“Wow, it’s reassuring to have a healer!!”

“Hey you chicken heads !!”

Jeong Yeong-won, whose back was hot, felt something quickly approaching him.

“Fuck! Up there! There’s a flying monster up there…!!”

When one of the hunters raised his weapon in a hurry.

Crack!!

"…uh?"

Crunch crunch !!!

Something huge flew in, snatching the monster away and sticking it into the tree.

“…….”

“…Who, who…?”

“Oh, no.”

Someone covered in black blood laughed while digging his claws into a tree like an animal.

“You have to be careful.”

A voice that seems to comfort a weak and young thing.

“A monster is flying from the sky.”

“…….”

“You better take care of yourself.”

Golden eyes as sharp as those of a beast.

“Isn’t that right?”

Jeong Yeong-won, who was protected by the hunters, recognized him.

“…Sergio Hunter.”

“See you later.”

Crunch, crunch !!

He climbed the tree and soon disappeared from people's sight.

“…….”

Jeong Yeong-won seemed to hear the beast's joyful growl.

In fact, Argio was in a very happy mood. It had been a long time since he had hunted such wild beasts. These were so cute that he wanted to burst them with both hands because they didn't know the subject.

‘… Good.’

Phew !!

As I put my leg in, a whole head burst open.

'very good.'

Crunch!!

When I pricked my fingernail, dead veins burst like balloons and flesh resembling the bark of an old tree fell off.

'I especially like the ones above.'

There were many beasts on this tree.

The not-so-small figure ran silently through the dark and huge trees. When the bare feet, which had taken off their stuffy shoes, stepped onto the branches, it remained silent without even a slight bounce. The swift and huge figure seemed as if it had wings.

These rainforest trees were no different from Argio's hometown. With such tall trees, the monsters floating in the sky were easy prey for Argio. He climbed between the trees and crushed the monsters in the air.

And Sanarae was watching that scene.

“…….”

He turned his gaze to the man in the sky, slashing at the approaching monsters.

‘… It’s not really flying, right?’

The way it leaped and jumped between trees with its bare hands and feet made it look like it had wings. It was not a small body, but the way it moved elastically gave the illusion that it was as heavy as a feather.

A monster comes into his large hands. He grabs it lightly and it bursts coolly like a water balloon. He smiles as if he is happy with the black blood on his face, hair, and clothes.

The golden eyes filled with reckless joy are eerie.

“Sanarae Hunter, don’t look away!!”

“Oh, sorry.”

Crunch, crunch !!

Sanarae gave a vague response while fighting the monster.

'What is it really?'

He moved flexibly like a cat stretching, cleverly targeting blind spots that hunters could not easily detect.

'It's covered in blood.'

Running on trees, occasionally coming down to the ground to trample on monsters, gently luring them with the tips of your fingers, then quickly and nimbly passing through the swarms of monsters and bursting their heads, necks, hearts, and legs.

‘That’s how it has to be… .’

Doesn't it look like they're dancing happily?

A smile full of joy particularly caught my eye.

* * *

“Whoa!!!”

After the frenzy ended, one of the hunters screamed.

“Stand, stand, Sergio Hunter!! No, Healer!! Healer!!”

“I’m not hurt.”

“Heal…!! Oh, yes? Yes? Oh, you’re not hurt…?”

“It’s not my blood.”

Geo, covered in crimson blood, looked back at Garasani.

“Your clothes are dirty.”

“Oh, I don’t have any spare clothes.”

Garasani asked with a grin.

“Would you like to use this guy’s stuff?”

“What is this, sir? What kind of trouble is this?”

“You too, Yujina, must know the joy of sharing.”

“This isn’t sharing, this is robbery.”

Yujina, who was passing by, saw Geo.

“But if you really need my clothes, I will.”

“No, I don’t think it will fit, but it’s okay.”

“I was just thinking of giving you a cloak…?”

Yujin grabbed the collector on-site staff member next to me.

“I think I can give you these clothes. They don’t fit you well, do they?”

“Oh, why me again.”

“Can you give me one of those for our Sergio?”

“I can give you one, but isn’t this the one? A downward slope?”

“It has to be tormented to be tormented.”

Geo was touched by the warm hearts of the collection staff.

“I appreciate your kindness, but I really don’t mind.”

I didn't really want to wear other people's clothes.

“I was just wondering if it was okay to throw away my wet cloak.”

“You can throw it away as much as you want. Even if it’s not soaked in blood, you can throw it away if you want.”

“I’m not a spendthrift.”

“I was going to pick it up and make it into a family heirloom, so it’s a shame.”

“No, don’t do it.”

“But you should wash it at least once. You’ll feel uncomfortable if you keep doing this.”

“I don’t know if that’s possible.”

At that moment, Honey, who had been flying in the sky for a while, sat on Geo's shoulder.

“Crunch.”

“Honey, did you have a good time?”

“Gurrrr….”

Honey blinked and looked at her father.

“…….”

"honey?"

“Kung kkung kkung kkung kkung kkung!!!”

Geo's son, Naemi, got very upset when he saw his father soaking wet.

“Kung, kung, kung!!! Kung, kung, kung, kung, kung!!!”

“Huh, Honey, why are you doing this?”

“Gurrrr…!!”

Gulp !

The giant honey swallowed Geo.

“Honeyeeee!!!”

“Gyaaaah!!!”

“Geo Ceeee!!!”

Whether the hunters were shocked or not, Honey, who had swallowed my father, soon spat him out.

“Ah.”

“Gurr.”

“Honey, you shouldn’t spit out Dad so harshly.”

“Kung.”

“I collapsed so pitifully….”

Geo, who had fallen in a cautious pose like a princess who had lost all her strength, stood up, dusting off her dusty clothes.

“Are you all surprised?”

“Huh, huh, honey…!! Honey just now…!!”

“It’s okay, I just washed it.”

Thanks to this, the face and body that had been stained with crimson blood returned to their original clean state. In Honey's enlarged body, the crimson blood that had been sucked from Geo was gathering together.

“Kuruk.”

Okay.

The monster blood that had been pooling inside Honey's body soon formed into a jewel and sank beneath her body. It was hard to tell what the blood was as it mixed in with the jewels that Honey had been collecting day and night.

Only then did the hunters realize the situation and looked dumbfounded.

“Ah, that, the washing… you washed it for me.”

“I thought you were going to be eaten in an instant….”

“…Why did that become a jewel?”

Giovanni smiled his characteristically bright smile.

“Because Honey likes jewels.”

“Does that usually make it a jewel inside the body…?”

Although there was no specific explanation, the Hunter, who confirmed that there was no problem, cleared his mind. As the overall atmosphere stabilized, those who had witnessed Geo during the frenzy came up to talk to him.

“That, the one who jumped up on the tree… No, the one who caught

the monster was Hunter Sergio, right?”

“I guess I’m right, since there weren’t many hunters active in the trees.”

“Wow… wow….”

One of the hunters guarding Jeong Yeong-won continued speaking with a pale face.

“I thought I was going to get eaten.”

“I don’t eat it.”

“No, the eyes are, like… something… like… something… so.”

“What does it mean when the eyes are like something or other?”

“You know? You know, this feeling.”

“I don’t know?”

Not knowing was Giovanni's specialty.

“How can you be so fast as a healer?”

“It’s prejudice.”

“You are a trainer, but you sent away all the trainers….”

“It’s prejudice.”

Geo nodded.

“Both trainers and healers can fight.”

“Usually when a trainer or healer has to step in, the strategy is already ruined.”

The fact that the trainers and healers were at the forefront meant that all the other hunters were dead. That meant that the healers and

trainers had a strong role in supporting the rear. It was hard enough to train and study healing, and they didn't have time to develop their combat skills.

Geo said that part with a smile.

“I’m a bit of a battle veteran.”

“…….”

The hunters' gaze turned to the senior member of the collectors' guild, Garasani.

“…How on earth did you train the Hunter…?”

“I didn’t see it like that in the collection….”

“Didn’t the collector say that he treasures his guild members?”

Garasani just laughed.

“Heh heh.”

Are you a part-time worker?

* * *

“It seems like Team 6 provided the cause.”

Kang Seo-dam continued speaking, holding a currency crystal developed exclusively for dungeon exploration.

“I’ve finished contacting you. I heard that you touched a small tree and this came out.”

“What do you mean by small tree?”

“It is said to be a small tree, less than 1 meter long. The leaves and branches shine with a light purple color….”

“It’s heterogeneous.”

“Because there are only these huge trees.”

It was a dungeon filled with huge trees that were so tall that dozens of adult men would have to cling to them to barely be able to wrap around them. There was nothing that could be done about the fact that a small tree glowing purple seemed like the key to conquering it.

“So, first, he attacked the tree, but it only got scratches and didn’t break. The moment he tried to do something more, all the monsters in the dungeon became frenzied.”

Even monsters I had never seen before appeared.

“I don’t know about those sphere-shaped monsters that were flying in the sky. They were a species that I hadn’t seen during the previous sect’s raids, and it was too dark during the frenzy to see them properly.”

“I know what it looks like.”

“Thank you, Sergio Hunter. I think those guys are monsters that only appear when the lavender tree is attacked. We handled it well, so no one was seriously injured or killed, but….”

“Did it happen in other teams?”

“Yes, the number of healers is large, so the wounded can be taken care of, but the number of dead hunters is also not small. It is said that this monster will self-destruct if you approach it, dealing with intruders with heat and poison.”

The heat and poison were so strong that even with so many healers and items, there were still quite a few deaths. Most of the team was now focused on treating the wounded.

“So, I think we need to figure out the situation for sure.”

Kang Seo-dam, who had said so, stopped immediately.

“…I see, there it is.”

“That’s fortunate.”

Geo nodded.

“I think I’ve found a solid clue.”

Fragile-looking branches and lush, cotton-like leaves.

What they found was the lavender tree that had been the topic of conversation earlier.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (181)

181

Episode 181

“Back flower?”

Geo looked a little pleased.

“It looks like a wisteria. The petals are closer to lilac, though….”

“I didn’t know you were interested in flora and fauna.”

Kang Seo-dam was surprised that 'Sergio Hunter' knew the vegetation of the Earth. It may be that he was able to read the characteristics of living things with his divine privilege, but the line just now felt like a symbol.

'It is rare to find a deity that cares so meticulously for the things of the Earth.'

Kang Seo-dam, who was examining the lavender tree with Geo, nodded.

“It looks quite similar to one of the plants on Earth.”

“Judging by the purple color all the way to the body, it’s probably not a plant from Earth.”

“Yes, most of the Earth’s native trees have brown bodies….”

“The colors are so unified that it almost looks like the tree itself is a flower, which is really nice to look at.”

At Geo's words, Garasani, who was standing next to him, stared intently at Gangseodam.

“…….”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam noticed that strange pressure.

'It seems like it means that once we complete the conquest and gain autonomy from the Solar Cult, we will hand over the share of this tree.'

Is this some kind of stubbornness from a grandfather who has never seen his late grandson?

'If this tree is heavily related to the strategy, it is questionable whether it will remain after the strategy, and even if it does remain, it will be classified as an important research material or a hazardous material, making it difficult to distribute… I am sure that this is something I am not unaware of.'

This was along the same lines as asking a person to make flowers bloom in a barren region in the winter without the help of magic. And it was ridiculous to ask for a miracle right away because you wanted to see your beloved grandson.

“What role does this tree play here?”

“…I guess we’ll have to check it out now.”

Fortunately, Geo himself seemed more interested in solving the strategy than in owning the tree. It was fortunate that he was able to avoid friction with the collector for some ridiculous reason.

Kang Seo-dam called a priest.

“Do you feel anything?”

“…I’m sorry, I just can’t….”

“That actually gave me confidence.”

“Is that so?”

“There is no heat in this tree.”

Another team member questioned him.

“There’s no heat? This dungeon is as hot as a steamer.”

“It feels a little cool when I touch it.”

It wasn't particularly cold, but even that was strange. All the plants in this dungeon were soaked in intense heat.

“Because the average temperature of the vegetation in this dungeon is high, the poison spreads even faster.”

“That was certainly the case, but then why was that…?”

“I don’t know about that. It’s even more confusing for us priests of the sun.”

The priest of the sun has a hard time understanding opponents who are not passionate. This is because their hot sexual power and compatibility are not good, so they refuse to be understood from the opposite side. Kang Seodam looked around at the other hunters.

“Does anyone have any further opinions? I don’t think that simply approaching it will cause the same frenzy as just now, so please make sure that you do not harm the tree.”

Then, gardener Jeong Yeong-won stepped forward.

“I’m also quite interested in plants.”

“Is that so?”

“I came here just because they said there was some unique vegetation.”

“Then please come closer.”

“I don’t feel the heat as the priests said….”

Jeong Yeong-won came within a stone's throw of the tree and examined it carefully.

“…….”

A strange light appeared in Jeong Yeong-won's eyes.

“…Your vitality is very strong.”

“Is it vitality?”

“Just as the priests of the sun are sensitive to heat, I am a healer.”

“So you’re saying that you can feel more vitality?”

“Basically, if you can’t understand the energy and atmosphere of a living thing, you can’t be a proper therapist.”

“I understand, Hunter Jeong Yeong-won.”

“I’m telling you this from my perspective.”

Jeong Yeong-won, who had adjusted his round glasses, continued speaking with his characteristic doll-like expression.

“The life force of the dungeon is concentrated in this tree. In human terms, it’s like an important organ. You can think of it as the heart or the brain.”

“Heart or brain?”

“It seems like it goes beyond simply storing a lot of vitality, and also plays a role in circulating it throughout the dungeon. Actually, this part is ambiguous to me. It could just be that the vitality is so abundant that it’s spread out.”

Jeong Yeong-won took a small step back from the tree.

“It’s not clear whether this tree is favored by the dungeon, or whether the dungeon can be maintained because of this tree. If it’s the latter, there are ways to deal with these trees quickly, but….”

The hunter who was listening to the story made a tired expression.

“Um, therapist. No matter what, that’s… We’ll all die. Judging from what the other teams found, there must be a lot of trees. I think we’ll all be wiped out before we can even deal with them all.”

“Yes, and it’s not a surefire way either. From what I’ve heard, it seems like the six teams that touched the tree weren’t able to handle it either. Even though it looks weak on the outside, it’s not a tree that can be easily broken.”

The collector's maintenance and the hunter's intervention.

“What if it’s the former? If the tree gets favored by the dungeon?”

“At least this dungeon won’t be conquered even if everything is destroyed.”

“Then, will this just make the dungeon more irritating? This is a headache….”

It was a situation where many people died and were injured due to one frenzy. It was not a good situation to hastily clear the dungeon by clearing trees.

The young priest had a weary look on his face.

“Even though we have so many great talents gathered here, how is it that we are in this situation? How on earth were we only A-class…?”

“You must not speak weakly in front of the people who have attended our event.”

“I’m sorry. I was so frustrated that I showed a bad side of myself. I will reflect on it.”

The priest lowered his head, but he didn’t look particularly remorseful. The other hunters’ expressions also crumpled.

In this hot and humid weather, with injuries continuing to occur, the world being a poisonous wasteland, and a highly sensitive situation, it was only natural to feel annoyed when I got caught up in arguments that weren't arguments at all, like, "I paid a lot of money to hire you, so why can't you do your job?"

“I will apologize on your behalf.”

In the end, Kang Seo-dam stepped forward.

“After the raid, we will also deliver an official apology, Hunters.”

“Huh? Oh, no. Why go that far… You don’t have to do that when it comes to the honor of the church.”

“He said that sincerity and humility are more important than saving face. I would appreciate it if you could give me a chance to reflect.”

While Kang Seodam was skillfully coaxing the hunters, Hunter Sanarae, who had a sullen expression, slowly approached the lavender tree. Geo greeted Sanarae with a smile.

“Are you here?”

“There was a strange smell coming from the tree.”

“Could it have something to do with that sullen expression?”

“Fat? What a cute expression.”

As always, Sanarae wrinkled her nose as she changed the subject in an odd way.

“……?”

Jeong Yeong-won, who was also observing the tree, asked with that expression.

“Hunter Sanarae, you are famous for your excellent senses. You must know something that others don’t. If you feel something, would you please tell us?”

“Famous, that’s not really it. I feel good receiving such praise. Well, it’s nothing special, but… well….”

Sanarae, whose voice trailed off, spoke with her signature smile.

“Does it smell like a corpse?”

“…….”

At Sanarae's words, Geo called out to Garasani.

“Mr. Garasani.”

“Speak, Sergio Hunter.”

“What did Father Kang Seo-dam say during the maintenance time earlier?”

“They said they found traces of someone dragging something heavy.”

“And we confirmed that monsters move here in the evening.”

“Sergio Hunter is right.”

“Then, shall we check what the monsters do in the evening?”

This dungeon, where the time of the sun and moon were mixed up, would quickly become dark if you waited a little. Skilled hunters hid after erasing the smell and presence and monitored the movements of the monsters, and the information they found was quite shocking.

“…….”

“…Uh, how….”

The priest, still young, sat down.

“How can a priest, a priest…!”

“Calm down.”

“You’re using the priest as manure!”

The face was filled with disgust towards monsters and dungeons.

“These horrible monsters! Filthy monsters! Such evil demons that even the goddess has turned her gaze away from…!”

At night, the monsters brought 'manure' from all over the dungeon. Most of them were monsters that fell asleep at night, but among them were the corpses of previous expeditions that had not yet been recovered.

The priest, who could be called a young man, was appalled by the blasphemous behavior of the monsters.

“I was wondering why I couldn’t see my brothers, and then this happened…!”

“I told you to calm down.”

“Ha, but…! I didn’t know it would be such a horrible dungeon!”

“You are tarnishing the name of the sun.”

“…….”

“Tsk.”

When Kang Seo-dam clicked his tongue, the young priest finally shut his mouth and turned pale. Within the church, Kang Seo-dam was a sharp priest with a strong voice and a clear distinction between public and private matters. It was understandable that he was scared because he had given him a bad impression.

Ignoring the priest, Kang Seodam looked back at the hunters.

“Manure? That was an unexpected method.”

“Well, that’s only natural, since there was no sign of the floor being torn up.”

“I never thought the ground would split open….”

Kang Seo-dam had a tired expression.

When the monsters of the night brought 'manure' and dug their claws into the ground, the ground would split open as if in pain. Then, 'manure' would be put into the gap.

“The hole looks pretty deep. You managed to smell the corpse, Hunter Sanarae.”

“How did it turn out like that? I was wondering what it was because I smelled something strange, right?”

“Thank you for your cooperation, whatever it may be. Thanks to you,

we were able to confirm the location of my brothers' bodies."

"I'm not sure if that can be called a corpse, but…?"

"It's better than not finding it at all."

Even though he saw the place where his family's traces were presumed, Kang Seo-dam's expression did not change. He knew very well what role he had played in this expedition. It was not the time to be weak or show it.

"And I also found out some surprising information."

"If we hide well, the monsters won't be able to find us even if we're near this tree."

"Yes, it is as Sergio Hunter said. I don't know why, but…."

Even if they were hiding somewhere else, the monsters wouldn't be able to figure out their location, but even so, isn't this place near the tree where the dungeon's vitality is concentrated?

Kang Seo-dam muttered, frowning.

"Are you so focused on the tree that you can't look around other places…?"

The hunters expressed their doubts about him.

"Then does that mean favoritism…? If you really cherish it and risk your life for it, wouldn't you look around more carefully? Honestly, if it's such an important tree… I wonder why there aren't any monsters left here to guard it."

"I agree. In the old A-class dungeons, there was a pillar that acted as a heart, and there were monsters guarding it very openly. There were also a lot of traps to keep people from getting close, but there's nothing

like that here, right?”

“It’s strange. It’s true that almost all of the dungeon’s life force is concentrated there, so if it was something… well, something deeply connected to the dungeon’s life and death… wouldn’t it have been more difficult to approach? It’s a class A dungeon.”

Jeong Yeong-won nodded at that reaction.

“Then, at least this tree isn’t the heart of the dungeon. I don’t know if it’s because it’s an invincible tree that can’t be hit, so there’s no need to protect it, but even considering that, I’m concerned that the monsters are so indifferent to it.”

Monsters that are active at night seem to be relatively intelligent. Such monsters would not be negligent in matters that involve their own lives. The more clumsily intelligent a monster is, the more faithful it is to its instincts.

“Then what on earth could it be? The dungeon’s life force is so concentrated, yet the monsters that inhabit the dungeon are indifferent to it. If it’s simply favoritism, then the monsters’ behavior doesn’t make sense.”

“In the first place, what role does that tree play in this dungeon? If it has that much vitality concentrated in it, then its significance must be clear, but for now, it doesn’t really do anything other than cause chaos if you touch it.”

“It doesn’t release poison when touched, it doesn’t attack people, and it looks delicate… If it hadn’t eaten corpses and been stabbed by night monsters, it probably wouldn’t have opened up the ground.”

“Then isn’t it just a plant that has no intention of attacking? Why is there such a plant in the dungeon? And why does it cause chaos if you touch it?”

Geo, who had been thinking about it deeply, said.

“Isn’t this how you usually deal with hostages?”

“…A hostage?”

“As a concept of a leash to handle someone useful.”

Geo continued.

“You have to feed them regularly, and check on their condition every night, but since they don’t have any affection for the object, it’s more of a sense of duty. It’s more like a job that needs to be done rather than something to take care of and nurture. So why do monsters have to do that?”

A hunter answered in an uncertain voice.

“If the monsters in the dungeon feel a sense of duty, then… isn’t that because the dungeon is maintained? They seem like monsters that can’t think in high-dimensional terms… but I think that’s why they’re even more sensitive to their own disadvantages.”

“Good idea, Hunter Dangwoo. Then how would the existence and growth of this tree help maintain the dungeon and benefit the monsters? As I said before, monsters don’t have much affection for trees. They don’t even guard them out of obligation, so I guess they’re not an important part of the dungeon.”

“…It’s not the heart of the dungeon, but it definitely helps maintain the dungeon… Well… I’m not sure. Is this where the hostage you mentioned earlier came from? If so, what, and who is the hostage for?”

“It’s a dungeon.”

Geo continued.

“This is an underground villa dungeon. It’s a space that was created

underground in a cave. Even though it's not connected to the sky, it rains, the sun rises, and the moon rises."

"That's because a dungeon is a space that goes beyond common sense…."

"Let's make a hypothesis. Who is making this rain fall? Who makes the sun rise? Who makes the moon rise? This is not a completely different dimension."

It is a space that exists physically.

"That could be magic."

"That is true, but…."

"I have a question."

Geo looked back at Yujina, the collector who was a magician.

"Ms. Yujina, can humans make it rain with magic?"

"It is possible if Class A is mastered."

"Can a human make the sun rise by magic?"

"Would it be possible if an S-class is mastered?"

"Can humans make the moon float by magic?"

"That's the same, it's not the realm of humans."

"Then whose magic is it?"

Blue eyes curved gently.

"Isn't it human?"

No human dares to make the sun and moon rise.

“Where does the sun set here? Where does the moon go when it disappears? The sun and moon on Earth rise and set repeatedly during their orbit, but as I said before, this place is a villa dungeon.”

"uh…."

“It’s a fixed, physically limited space. Honey tried to fly as high as she could in the sky, and Dana tried to run around the ground as much as she could, but this place wasn’t as big as a planet.”

“…….”

“Then where does the sun go at night? What does the moon do before the sun rises? The sun and moon rise and set here exactly symmetrically. Wherever the sun is, the moon goes, and wherever the moon is, the sun goes.”

Geo looked at the 'sky'.

“Since this place is a cave on Earth, the sky we see now is not actually the sky, but a huge ceiling. Through Honey, we confirmed that the ceiling here is covered by trees.”

He continued.

“And then it rained.”

“…….”

“If it rains from the ceiling, then it must be water dripping from the ceiling?”

The water droplets are so fine and numerous that it could be called a downpour in a rain forest.

“When the moon rises and night falls, the heat subsides a little, and the night monsters come to this tree to feed. And the monsters here don’t

like the heat either. So the day monsters can only sleep when night comes, and the night monsters with high intelligence can be active.”

Here, we assume that 'moon' is a better concept than 'sun'.

“You said that only this tree has no heat?”

“…That’s how it was.”

“And you said that it was a place where vitality was concentrated.”

“It was.”

“Let’s just assume.”

Geo pointed to the 'sky'.

“What if this dungeon is supported by a gigantic ‘something’ and these trees are favored by it? What if these fragile-looking trees are like family members of that gigantic thing?”

He lowered his hand, which had been pointing upward, covered his mouth and smiled.

“If it were me… I think I could endure it.”

I will sustain this great forest for the sake of my family.

“So I brought up the word hostage for a moment.”

"…hostage."

“It’s also very possible that it’s just a delusion.”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam, who had been listening to the story, soon wiped her face.

“…All active personnel will be encouraged to focus on exploration.”

There were bound to be dungeons that required you to know the story to clear them.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (182)

182

Episode 182

In some dimension there was a huge life form.

It nurtured a giant tree, its own child. The tree, which it had grown by taking a part of its life, grew into a divine being, and soon the tree acquired wisdom. It eventually came to love a human being.

“Great Tree of Life, please accept this worthless child.”

“Please accept me as your family, great myth.”

“And grant us humans the blessing of life!”

The tree did not listen to him. It was the providence of life that the life given to humans was limited. No one could arbitrarily receive the blessing of being a child of life.

But as the days went by, the love for the tiny human child grew. The child was innocent, affectionate, and treated the tree as family. But the human child was so fragile.

“The child you loved is dead.”

“I was split into five groups and died, receiving the punishment for daring to disrespect the child of God!”

“This is a just punishment, so please do not be angry and only show

mercy!”

“We humans, including children, are in the embrace of life!”

The tree was so sad that it burst into tears. The tears that it shed as a child of life became a heavenly blessing to humans. Humans became even more cruel. They offered bloody sacrifices to him.

“I offer a sacrifice, please bless me…!”

“Please give us the rain of life!”

One of the humans shouted.

“If not, then may everyone have eternal life!!”

How shameless.

“Then won’t your child come back alive too?”

“Tree, why are you so cruel to humans? Why are the lives of noble humans so short?”

“Give us eternal life! Grant eternal life to mankind!!”

The tree, having fallen for the human's trickery, eventually broke down the boundary between life and death and brought back to life the human child it loved. Life was so angry at the child's behavior that it undermined its authority that it cursed him.

“Ah, disaster! Disaster has come!!”

“■■■■■…!!”

“The sacred tree is possessed by an evil spirit, it must be burned!”

“■■■■■■…!!!”

“The tree has become a beast!!”

The Tree of Life became a beast with four wide legs that were difficult to move, a long neck that could not see humans, and a huge body that could no longer associate with small things. It was a sin of going against providence and being greedy.

“Ahhhh…! The tree, the tree has cursed me!!”

“Please, we have not committed any sin…! Have mercy!”

“Why have you turned us into beasts!!”

Even humans who received the blessing of life without permission all became beasts.

The evil humans who plotted to kill the humans that the Tree of Life loved became monsters of the night who added the curse of sleeplessness, and the humans who dared to enjoy the abundant blessings that the Tree of Life spread became monsters of the day.

“Kkieeeek…!!”

“Kaaa, kuaaa… ahh…!”

“Kueeeek…!”

They were all turned into beasts and abandoned to life.

Their dimension, abandoned by Providence, gradually narrowed, the heat of the sun that life left behind as punishment was hot enough to make them want to die, and their intelligence became closer to that of animals day by day, leaving only suffering.

“■■■….”

There was also a human child inside, who was resurrected by mistake from the beast that was once the Tree of Life.

The poor child who was torn into five parts by humans, united by

beasts, and then divided into five parts again as punishment. This little child wanted to be protected in his arms.

The beast inflated itself very, very large, blocking the boundary between dimensions so that they would not become any narrower. It created the moon to provide shelter from the hot sun, and it shed tears to cool the world.

“Grrrr….”

“Crunch, ugh….”

And the evil monsters who had become four-legged beasts wanted this sweet time to last longer. Even if they had lost their human reason, they wanted this night to last longer and the dimension to expand.

The small beasts circled the small, tender tree that was their beginning. The great beast held all the monsters together for the sake of his small tree, and made the moon rise more often, and visited various dimensions to cool his body.

Yet the terrible heat that life left behind did not go away.

* * *

“…is said.”

Kang Seo-dam, who had been organizing all the clues in the dungeon with the hunters, continued speaking with a tired expression.

“So it looks like Sergio Hunter’s assumption was correct.”

“Oh my, I didn’t know it would be true.”

“But if this happens, I’ll have a headache figuring out how to attack.”

The other hunters also clicked their tongues.

“Then why did the night monsters feed those trees? It rains periodically anyway, so why bother fertilizing them?”

“Oh… That way, there will be more slaves. If those trees grow big, won’t they become the Tree of Life or something? Otherwise, I don’t think there’s any reason to prepare additional fertilizer.”

“Anyway, he didn’t even bother to escort the monsters separately because he knew they wouldn’t kill the tree that he cared for like family. He wanted to quickly create a new tree of life, so he brought fertilizer and offered it separately.”

“Was that frenzy back then led by the Tree of Life? The heart of a parent trying to protect their child…?”

“I guess it’s because all the monsters in the dungeon were running wild.”

Jeong Yeong-won, who was listening to the hunters' story, added his words.

“The rain that falls in this forest is the tears shed by the tree of life.”

Only then did I realize why it drives people crazy when they come into contact with it.

“Well, it would be tears or blood shed by a mythical being in pain and despair… If a mere human were hit by it, it would be enough to drive them crazy. It would be worth investigating.”

“The monsters in the dungeon seem okay?”

“Isn’t it because they’ve already gone mad that this is the result? They’re quite hostile and threatening to humans, so I can see why. It’s strange for them to welcome intruders when they’re sensitive and irritable and out of their minds.”

Basically, they were monsters with a strong hatred for humans, but there were differences. Some monsters hated humans and tried to stay away from them, some monsters made cool-headed judgments and planned out schemes, and some monsters rushed to kill them without warning.

'This is the third case, to be exact.'

Jeong Yeong-won also fell into trouble.

“If you want to conquer this….”

“I have a headache.”

“It’s not something that can be solved by simply beating it up.”

“The religious order that hired us won’t stay still.”

“You have to finish the strategy while making the most of it.”

“It’s definitely a dungeon with a lot of plants that look useful….”

“It’s a place that would be a shame to destroy.”

The poisons in this dungeon were all fast-acting and threatening. If they could be extracted and distributed, they would be a great source of income, and if analyzed diligently, they could even be used to create medicine.

“In a world like today, how precious are poison and medicine.”

At Jeong Yeong-won's words, the hunters' gaze was briefly drawn to Sergio.

“Do you have anything you want to say to me?”

“Oh, no. Sorry, I’ll stop for a moment….”

“I understand. The medicine I gave you must have worked too well.”

Giovanni smiled divinely.

“Please give thanks to the sun.”

“Oh, of course…!”

There were people who started to think, 'Something seems strange'. But Geo wasn't worried. That was because he was the owner of a refreshing brain that didn't worry about buying things.

Instead, Kang Seo-dam was worried.

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam, who had been unable to hide his stern expression, nodded with a small sigh.

“…I am truly ashamed to say this in a situation where there have been so many deaths, but it is true that I would like to maintain the dungeon intact if possible. It was even stated in the contract.”

“Yes, I remember. Don’t worry, Father.”

“Fortunately, we have found the overall story and clues of the dungeon. Now, the important thing is how to conquer this dungeon in a moderate manner. First, let’s think about the criteria for conquering this dungeon.”

The criteria for conquering each dungeon were different. Sometimes you had to relieve the final boss of his wrath, sometimes you had to solve a specific puzzle, and sometimes you had to open a specific door to conquer it.

“Well, if we kill all the monsters in this dungeon… wouldn’t the Tree of Life feel a little better? It looks like it’s been stabbed in the back of the head several times, so wouldn’t it have a grudge?”

“If that’s the standard for conquering, then this isn’t something that can be done in one raid. You’ll have to go back and forth multiple times. And what if the Tree of Life takes revenge and dismantles this dungeon?”

“I’m satisfied, but I might not be able to bear it any longer. No, what should I do with this? Seriously, how should I dig up those little trees and move them to a remote place?”

“I feel like we’re all going to die from the monsters that went berserk while moving it. We’re all tired from figuring out the story, so isn’t there a gentler way? I’ve found the story, so isn’t there a good way?”

Geo stepped forward for him.

“What if the heat here subsided?”

“Huh? Open it?”

“Then the daytime monsters will fall asleep, and we can deal with the nighttime monsters.”

“Uh… So what Sergio Hunter said is….”

Before the other hunters could continue speaking, Sanarae tilted her head and asked.

“Carrot rather than whip?”

“It was not the cold wind but the warm sunlight that took off the traveler’s outer clothes.”

“This dungeon is going crazy right now because of the sunlight.”

“Peace brings more helplessness than pain.”

They groan in pain and fall asleep in peace. Most creatures do this.

“If the Tree of Life simply wanted to protect its family, then let it do just that. All it wanted to do was create a safe and comfortable nest for its beloved family.”

The trees that supported this dungeon were not aggressive, except when disturbed by small trees.

“Then wouldn’t this dungeon be able to be maintained as well?”

“Sure, if this place is a good place to raise children….”

The hunters asked with subtle expressions.

“How is that possible? Even if you can stop by and deal with the monsters as often as you have time, it’s too big to dispel all the heat from this dungeon in the first place.”

“That’s right. If we destroy the fake sun, we might be able to do something, but if we destroy the entire environment, including the sun and the moon, all the plants growing here will be destroyed.”

“It won’t be easy to just take out the heat. It’s not something that can be done with just one or two people who know how to use magic or holy powers. Of course, if it were possible, it would be a great method….”

Geo asked him.

“Can several people do it?”

“Oh, yeah?”

“A person who sucks up heat.”

“…Is there such a person?”

At that point, Kang Seo-dam added his words.

“The priest of the sun can basically control heat. But I am at best a vessel the size of ten buildings, and this young priest is at best a vessel the size of a large tree.”

“Aren’t there other priests of the sun here too?”

“If what I know is correct, there are six brothers left, including us. We alone are not enough. However, if the magicians join forces, we may be able to do it to some extent.”

After thinking for a moment, he continued speaking.

“There are artifacts too.”

The artifact that absorbed heat was a patented product of the Solar Church. They had brought quite a large quantity especially for this dungeon, which was reported to be particularly hot, so it seemed like it wouldn't be completely useless.

“But even so, we can’t drive out all the heat. In the first place, unless the sun disappears, there’s nothing we can do about this heat. But there’s no way to get rid of the sun, and the damage to our side would be huge. We wouldn’t be able to maintain the dungeon either….”

Kang Seo-dam asked.

“What does Sergio Hunter think?”

“Let me give you one guess.”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“It’s like a steamer in here, isn’t it?”

“…Yes.”

“The humidity is high.”

“Yes.”

“Why is that?”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam answered.

“Is it raining a lot?”

“It doesn’t rain that often.”

“That’s quite a lot in a short period of time, but, um, I guess.”

“You can’t create this level of suffocating humidity.”

It was a humidity that would be hard to bear if you weren't a hunter. It felt like breathing with a wet cotton cloth on your face. There was no way that this kind of extreme humidity could have been created by a few raindrops.

“It means there is another water source.”

“I thought so too.”

Geo pointed to the trees.

“The trees in this dungeon are very large.”

“It’s big.”

“The roots will be big too, right?”

“…It’ll be deep?”

“Could it have grown this big if the only water we had was the occasional rain?”

“It’s a dungeon, so there may have been other factors, but it makes

sense.”

“I think there might be a huge body of water sleeping on this floor.”

“It’s a huge body of water.”

"yes."

Giovanni laughed.

“I’m a person who has a lot to do with water, so I feel confident.”

"…aha…."

At this point, it was no different from a divine prophecy.

'I should be thankful that you informed me in such a kind way.'

Kang Seo-dam, who had been biting her lips due to a strange tiredness, soon asked.

“Then, if we pull up that huge water source….”

“The Tree of Life will also be able to catch its breath.”

“Then the moon will stay up for longer.”

“First, we need to check if there really is water and if there is a way to bring it up.”

“Wouldn’t it be possible to know if we uprooted every single tree?”

“…Yes, well… I see.”

I'm sorry, but I wish humans wouldn't expect such miracles.

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam took a deep breath and continued speaking.

“Let’s organize them one by one.”

There was still plenty of food left, and many talented people.

“If it seems like it’s going to be too long, just turn it into a long-term expedition.”

“Does it really have to be this long?”

“Oh, did I mishear that?”

“If you allow me, I’ll try to catch the heat first.”

As he said that, Geo lifted the hem of his cloak.

“…….”

“Dana.”

In the deep shadows, a cat cried.

"meow."

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (183)

183

Episode 183

"meow."

“…….”

"meow."

“…Hunter.”

Sana-rae, crouching down with her long body folded up, asked Sergio.

“Can you do something about this pet cat?”

“Dana really likes Hunter Sanarae, it’s amazing.”

“I find it fascinating, but I also feel scared….”

“That’s a joke.”

“If I tell you, it all sounds like a lie?”

“Ahahaha!”

Geo, whose bread had burst, pulled Dana along.

“No way. I’m sorry. Were you really scared?”

“It wasn’t that scary, but I find this guy a bit awkward….”

“I will take Dana with me.”

“Muuuung….”

Dana was dragged by Geo while making a discontented whining sound. The hunters were amazed by her huge body and thick fur.

“You said this is how Anticat grew up?”

“Yes, we first met at the jewel vein.”

“It’s surprising that a monster can grow this much, but it’s also surprisingly cute.”

“I don’t say she’s my daughter, but she’s really cute and well-mannered.”

“You take care of me like a real child, you’re amazing.”

In a world where it's hard to take care of even an ordinary pet without a certain amount of affection, it's nearly impossible to raise a monster that can eat a person's head at any time with love.

“Is this the level at which you can tame even an anti-cat?”

“I think this really is a world first.”

“The patriotism is crazy. Hunter, where can I go and brag that I know you?”

“Come on, kid. Why are you acting so awkward?”

One of the hunters who was relieving tension by chatting awkwardly asked.

“Me, but… can I drive away the heat with this guy?”

“To be precise, I will call for people who will drive out the heat.”

"oh…."

The hunters became strangely quiet. One of them muttered.

“…Sunshine Spirit Hunter….”

“Shut your mouth.”

"huh."

They also knew how Sergio Hunter had become famous. Hadn't he caused quite a stir by incanting children's ghosts into reality?

Skills related to the soul were not originally that common. The most representative position among them was the necromancer, but no matter how much you analyze the situation, the situation at the time was not like that.

‘… Even if it’s called a platform, what kind of feeling does it have?’

'I know that the skill of handling souls is quite burdensome.'

'Since it is the ability of the monster being raised, is the burden on the trainer relatively small?'

'No one has ever trained an anti-cat before, so… .'

Ignoring the hunters’ gazes, Geo dragged Dana along and asked Kang Seodam.

“Can we begin?”

“…….”

He nodded slowly.

"…please."

The cat cried at him.

"meow."

“…….”

"meow."

The crying spreads.

* * *

Sanarae was still curled up against the wooden pillar and was far away.

“Captain, what are you doing here?”

“That cat is so scary.”

“This joke is really ridiculous.”

“I can’t believe this is so unfair.”

It was true that it wasn't pleasant.

“You don’t believe me….”

That cat summons the dead.

'But that's not its ability.'

Anticat simply acted as a bell that rang according to the master's command. And the master who made the bell was 'Sergio Hunter'. Sanarae watched the situation with a feeling of inward disgust.

The cat's cry was not very loud. It was a clean, simple voice, as if a person were imitating a cat's cry. However, it spread clearly like a jade ball rolling in a quiet room.

"meow."

That was the moment.

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

Among the shadows cast by the trees in the forest, several figures emerged.

“…I, I….”

"…excuse me."

They were dressed in white priestly robes and spoke to Sergio hesitantly.

“Can I stay with you for a moment?”

Their eyes were red.

"…ah."

Kang Seo-dam's face was distorted.

As the situation progressed, the hunters' expressions began to harden little by little.

"…what…."

“…Those people, surely….”

“They are priests.”

“I’ve seen that face.”

“Clearly from the report data….”

“…The previous punitive force.”

Dead people talking to each other as if they were alive.

The hunters who had lost their composure due to the harsh environment began to notice the seriousness of the situation one by one. What they were now seeing were the priests of the previous expedition force who had already died.

A hunter muttered.

“There are shadows too.”

It meant that it had a physical form.

“So, this is….”

“…….”

"…her…."

It means that the dead have returned to the providence of the living.

'As simple as that?'

With just a few cries?

There were no grand ceremonies, no long prayers, no pains to bring about miracles, but Sergio summoned the souls of the priests as if he were calling a passerby nearby.

That calm, nonchalant look sent a chill down my spine.

“…….”

“…….”

The hunters broke out in a cold sweat.

They did not dare to turn their heads, but were aware of the presence of Sergio Hunter standing between them. The Hunters' bodies tensed up in awe that bordered on fear.

At that moment Sergio opened his mouth.

“Welcome.”

And then he continued.

“I need your help. The priest of the sun is skilled in manipulating heat, isn’t he?”

“…Yes.”

“We want to take the heat out of this place and make the dungeon environment much more peaceful.”

“Please speak.”

The priests bowed their heads.

“Even if my soul melts… I will be with you.”

“If I can follow the sun’s will in this way, I am grateful.”

“Tell me what to do and when to move.”

“We’ll try to figure it out somehow.”

“If you please give me a chance….”

Geo laughed at those words.

“There is no need to melt.”

Their role was simply to gather heat.

“My son will be the one to contain the heat that has gathered.”

“…Then we….”

“Don’t worry, we’ll send it to where you want it.”

“…….”

The priests in the shadows bowed their heads.

"…thank you."

Immediately afterwards the images of the priests disappeared.

“…….”

“…Uh, where….”

"crazy."

Only then did the priests' mouths, which had been tightly shut, open.

“W-what did you just say…?”

They were all talking nonsense, but it was only the truth that came from extreme confusion. They couldn't believe what they had just seen, and they couldn't bring themselves to talk about it with others.

Garasani approached him with a smile, not even daring to look at Sergio.

“Then shall we begin?”

“Yes, let’s start with the heat first.”

“What do you want to do next?”

“I think I need to turn on the water.”

“I think it would be good to gather as many priests and wizards as possible.”

“As the heat subsides, there will be monsters that will run wild, so we should prepare to subdue them.”

“In the process, we will be able to eliminate a significant number of threatening monsters.”

While they were talking, the collector, Yuji Na, and the hunter looked around at the raiders.

“What is everyone doing?”

“Uh, that, that… just now….”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

"but…!"

“Hey.”

She said with a grin.

“I have things to do.”

That was pressure.

“…….”

“…That, that’s right.”

Pressure to not dig into Sergio Hunter.

Suspicion began to grow in the hunters' minds. Even after seeing such an absurd miracle, the collector was only cautious of his surroundings. It was inevitable that he would think there was some kind of secret.

‘This isn’t just a monster’s ability…’

They thought.

‘…Isn’t this a joke? He really is a saint…?’

'Isn't this similar to the miracles that the saint of Dalnim Church occasionally shows?'

'Could it be that the collector's pervert had sex with some monster and gave birth to a child?'

‘It could be an S-class disguised as an A-class…!’

Most Hunters assumed that Sergio Hunter was a top-tier Saint or a hidden S-class. Some Hunters thought he was a child created by the insane Bisabal. The collector's tales and notoriety made this possible.

And none of them thought that Sergio might not be human.

"…haha."

Except for Sanarae.

“It’s so scary.”

“I would appreciate it if you could refrain from speaking.”

“I told you I’m scared?”

“You are disrespectful, Hunter Sanarae.”

“…….”

Except for the collectors and gardeners.

“…This is driving me crazy.”

Sanarae finally decided to strike again.

* * *

“ Keeaaa ...

The Tree of Life, sensing the dungeon's turmoil, had once again given it a frenzy, or perhaps it was simply a will to act as the heat had died down. The monsters of the night began to run wild.

“Kaaaah!! Kaaaah!!”

“Kurrrr…!!”

“Kue, kuaaaah!! Aaaah!!”

They made a strange noise and fell upon all the humans.

“Protect the weak wizard, you muscle men!”

“Fuck, these magicians are making the tank feel dirty!”

The hunters who had prepared in advance dealt with it skillfully.

It would not have been strange for a seasoned hunter to have died by now, but all the hunters gathered here were veterans. There was no hunter who was afraid to throw himself into a situation where there were an abundance of recovery items and healers.

“Healer, please have mercy!”

“Here comes mercy!”

"i love you…!"

“The therapist’s grace is endless!!”

“Scream out you sick bastards!!”

“Ahhhh…!!”

“Ahhh, here it is, ahhhh!!”

“Scream louder, I can’t tell you from the monsters!!”

“Khaaaah!!!”

Hunters are basically a profession that lives by risking their lives and throwing away their bodies. There were no hunters here who were afraid of pain, and there were many healers, who were high-level personnel called nobles.

Moreover, the roles of the dealers and tanks here were clear: they had to protect the mages and priests from the rampaging monsters while dealing with the heat, leaving the healers behind.

“You won’t touch a single hair on the healers’ head until you kill me!”

“Hey, we! The wizard!”

“The wizards must survive on their own!!”

“You fucking kids! Do you think we only eat rice!!”

In the midst of the chaos, the priests and magicians looked a little bewildered.

“Hey, how is this going right now?”

“It’s even more absurd that it’s actually going smoothly….”

“Hey, this is real, right?”

They were working on concentrating the heat of this massive dungeon in one place.

“Gulp.”

“How pretty you are when you eat well.”

“Kurung gurung gurung.”

“Wow, you did a great job, you’re so pretty.”

“Gurrrr!!”

“Our honey is doing well.”

The heat that had gathered like that was being swallowed by Honey. For some reason, it seemed like Honey was getting bigger, but the hunters ignored it.

If it was about containing heat, it would have been a burden, but if it was simply about moving it to a certain point, it was quite doable.

“Ugh, it’s so hot…!”

“I knew it when I started to lose my breath!”

“I’m never coming to the Urim-type dungeon again!”

It was by no means an easy task, and the wizards were furious. Some wizards only used their skills or techniques to gather heat, while others gathered heat by drawing in the wind and moisture from the air.

And the priests of the sun silently concentrated on gathering heat.

“…….”

“…Sob….”

Some even shed tears, as they felt an intangible force pulling at the heat they could not bring out.

The priests who heard what Sergio Hunter's Anticat had done tried to hold back their tears. They could not help but feel sad when they thought that this would be their last collaboration with their brothers.

“…Oh, don’t you think it feels a little cooler?”

“Wow, shit, this actually works.”

“I think I’m fucking crazy….”

After about three hours of doing this, the hunters could feel a significant change.

“It definitely makes breathing easier.”

It's not just the hunters, the number of times and duration of fake moons in the dungeon have increased. According to records, the Tree of Life that supports the dungeon is responsible for making these moons rise.

And then, when the long evening that seemed like it would never end finally arrived.

“…….”

“…Is there nothing more now?”

“…I’m going to die.”

There were no more monsters attacking them.

The sweat cooled and a slightly cool air settled down.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (184)

184

Episode 184

The sun no longer rose in the dungeon.

“Will it stay like this forever?”

“I guess it depends on what the Tree of Life thinks.”

“That’s true.”

The hunters loitered around Honey, who had grown to be about 5 meters tall.

“Wow, it’s warm….”

“It’s cold because it suddenly got cold.”

“After consuming all that heat, how can you say it’s only warm? Does that make sense?”

“So what if it doesn’t make sense? Just be kind.”

“That’s right….”

Honey didn't fly, perhaps because her body was heavy.

“Kung.”

“Let’s go home and solve it.”

“Kung kung kung….”

“If you blow it here, you’ll get burned.”

“Kung kkung kkung kkung kkung….”

“Want a snack?”

“Gulp.”

Kang Seo-dam approached Geo, who was putting a bag of snacks in Honey's mouth.

“Sergio Hunter.”

“Oh, priest.”

“Thank you for helping me with this.”

“It was something that had to be done.”

“Honey’s help was also great….”

Kang Seo-dam, who was about to say something more, quickly closed his mouth.

“…….”

He continued speaking shortly.

“…I feel the difference from the initial temperature, but the current climate is very mild. If we compare it to Earth’s seasons, it could be considered spring.”

“Are you feeling much more stable?”

“Just in case, we’ve called in people who are capable of working and are majoring in magic to dig up the ground, but it doesn’t seem like there’s been much progress yet. Even if we don’t pump out the

groundwater, given the current situation… I don’t think there’ll be a big problem.”

"okay."

Geo asked.

“Now, would you like to check out those little trees?”

“Yes, so we are looking for people to join us.”

“I want to go together.”

“I would appreciate it if you could do that.”

So a small number of hunters moved to where the lavender tree was.

Despite the commotion, the small tree remained intact without a single scratch. In the dark night, the tree was emitting a soft light, and Jeong Yeong-won, who carefully examined the young tree, said.

“Even though the climate has changed a lot, the temperature of the trees hasn’t changed much.”

“It seems less heated than before, but that’s what I saw as well.”

Kang Seo-dam nodded and looked back at Sanarae.

“Is there anything you would like to advise on?”

“Thank you so much for relying on me.”

“I understand that this is sarcasm.”

“I don’t have much to say either… Hmm, it smells good.”

“It’s a fragrance.”

“Before the weather got cool, it smelled like a corpse.”

“I think we should definitely see a change.”

That was when.

"meow."

Dana cried in Geo's shadow.

"meow."

“…….”

"meow…."

The tree branches swayed faintly at Dana's cries. No matter how tired they were, the hunters wouldn't have been able to recognize that level of movement. The hunter of the silver moon made a tense expression at the unknown phenomenon.

“…Sir, could this also be a monster…?”

“It’s not impossible, since the child was once human and turned into a tree.”

“Then shouldn’t we prepare for it?”

And before anything more could be said, the tree began to rustle its branches.

Iron Fist.

“…….”

Flap, flap.

“……?”

Crunch… .

The hunters stared blankly at the tree, which was crawling out of the ground, struggling like a puppy stuck in a swamp. About ten minutes passed like that.

Unable to bear this strange silence, one hunter spoke up.

“…Can I, can I help you?”

“…It makes no sense to help monsters.”

“I don’t even know if that’s a monster in the first place….”

Not all living things in dungeons are monsters. While most dungeons are filled with monsters, some also have ordinary trees and wild animals.

But it was hard to see a tree that was alive and moving like this as anything other than a monster. What if it was a normal creature that lived in this dimension before it turned into a dungeon?

“…….”

“…But it looks weak.”

“…We have also become much weaker. There have been many cases where we have been harmed by coming into contact with monsters that appear weak.”

“But isn’t waiting until it comes out like this a pointless worry?”

“Well, I guess I’ll just watch something until it comes out….”

“Just take it out, it’s like this.”

“It doesn’t seem to be that aggressive towards humans.”

It is true that monsters hate and threaten humans, but there were big differences between each individual. In the end, the hunters, with a

puzzled expression on their face, gently pulled out the tree that was trembling and fluttering from the ground.

And then the hunters realized something.

“…! Seal?”

Someone shook their head.

“It has a long neck and four legs. It’s much wider.”

“Then what do you usually call these creatures?”

“I think I saw a similar monster in some dungeon. Well, a water dragon?”

“If we really have to be picky… it would be a plesiosaurus.”

A hunter asked in amazement.

“Are you naming the dinosaurs now?”

“Yes, well, there are dinosaurs that lived in the water on Earth long ago.”

“That’s not what I’m asking, no, how do you do it?”

“Because my son likes it….”

"iced coffee…."

Even though it was an era where many records were erased after the great disaster, records related to dinosaurs remained. Even now, there are many cases where some children can recite the names of dinosaurs.

“Is this what that plesiosaurus dinosaur looked like?”

“Yes. It has a long neck, four legs, is as flat as a plank, and has a tail.”

“I was wondering why I was the only one who wasn’t a beast, and it turned out to be a water dragon….”

“I didn’t recognize it because it was disguised as a tree.”

A water dragon trapped in a dungeon filled with the terrible heat of the sun. You could tell how much suffering life wanted to inflict on the tree. It was like drying fish in a dryer.

“When it was stuck in the ground, it was just like a tree.”

Coming out of the ground like this, it just looked like a dragon with flowers hanging from its back.

A small, lavender-colored water dragon slithered toward Sergio, slapping its tail. It had no particular intent to kill or be hostile, so I just watched it quietly. Then, it approached Sergio. It let out a short cry.

"radish."

A hunter covered his mouth.

"cute."

“It’s a monster.”

“There are lots of cute monsters.”

“There are such tastes too.”

In a world of individualism, Hunter readily respected his colleagues' tastes.

It didn't seem to care much about the hunters' commotion, and the tree that had become a tangled dragon-like shape lifted what appeared to be its head and poked Geo's waist. Geo, who was watching it closely,

picked up his pocket.

“Wow.”

“Are you hungry?”

"radish!"

“That’s amazing.”

Hunter Sanarae asked.

“If you’re hungry, does it matter if you’re a monster?”

“If you eat well, you look good.”

“Hmm… Your taste is really clear.”

One of the hunters said in surprise.

“I guess that monster is a good Sergio Hunter.”

“Is it because you’re a trainer…?”

“No, until you tame them, they’re just enemies, regardless of their trainer.”

“Then why are you doing that to Hunter Seo?”

Anyone who saw it would think it was a baby begging for food from its parents, so someone made a guess and spoke.

“Isn’t it already trained?”

“What did you do…?”

“Just with affection and love….”

“…Does anyone know how the training works here?”

But there was no way anyone would know about the precious trainer's skills. In the first place, they would never reveal their precious secrets to others. Above all, each trainer's training method was different.

Eventually, the hunters came to their own conclusion.

'Even monsters look at faces.'

‘Do you smell something good? Like a pheromone… .’

'There may be a skill that lowers the monster's guard.'

'The abilities of a monster that has already been tamed? There's no way they'd show us everything.'

It was a world where it was considered polite not to ask deeply about others. It was a time when you could only imagine stories that you couldn't ask about. The hunters just thought, 'I guess that's just how it is.'

If there had been a trainer like him, he would have been able to see how absurd this situation was, but the probability of that happening was low. This is a society where idolization and assumptions are taken for granted.

“What should I do? This is all the jerky I brought….”

The hunters were surprised by Geo's words.

“Sergio Hunter, did you bring the jerky too? That muffin wasn’t the end of it?”

“What do you mean, a muffin? I got jelly instead?”

“…Wait a minute, I got chocolate. How many snacks did you bring?”

Sanarae thought about that.

'I'll stop freaking out when I see someone take a pot the size of a person out of subspace.'

Sergio, who had been caressing the dragon that barely reached his waist as if he was touching a dog's cheek, tilted his head. Some hunters turned their gazes to him, while others had already noticed something.

And soon water gushed out.

"……."

"……."

"…it's water."

The quick-witted hunter sorted out the situation.

"I guess he was blocking the water vein."

The hunter who said so heard the communication port. It was to stop the Chinese wizards who were digging the ground, sweating blood, in search of possible underground water.

The hunters exchanged glances, dumbfounded.

"There really was groundwater."

"But can it just keep coming out like that…? What's the principle?"

"Isn't it a bit fast?"

Kang Seo-dam, who was contacted by another party around that time, said:

"Other teams are reporting similar things. Some trees are still struggling to get out of the ground, while others have already come out… but they say water is gushing out there too."

“If things continue like this, won’t this dungeon be locked?”

“I don’t think it will be completely submerged. I don’t know exactly how long the groundwater has been dormant, but the world won’t be submerged just by breaking the water veins of the Earth.”

“That may be true, but….”

Knock, knock…

Jeong Yeong-won raised his hand.

“It’s raining.”

“Huh?! Oh, wait a minute, where should I run to…!”

"are you okay."

Jeong Yeong-won continued speaking, feeling the raindrops on his hands.

“Because I don’t feel sick anymore.”

The painful rain that would drive people crazy just by touching them was gone. It was different from before, not a heavy rain that would hurt the flesh, but a gentle raindrop that fell like the morning dew.

At that time, the hunters were able to check the guidance of my system.

“…Attack….”

“…was conquered.”

“P, Priest. Now…!”

“It’s been conquered now!!”

The 'Giant Back Flower Dragon' falls into a long sleep

Dungeon: Completed the 'Underground Four-legged Rainforest' strategy

Please check your receipt of compensation

“We’re leaving work now!!”

“That is a wise decision.”

Kang Seo-dam nodded.

“Let’s go back.”

It was time to return.

* * *

“Ms. Sanarae.”

"huh?"

“I have a question.”

“Aha, what is that?”

“What is the reward?”

“Receive compensation….”

Sanarae, who was looking at Geo, smiled and said.

“You could think of it as a gift from the system.”

“What kind of gift is it?”

“When you finish clearing a dungeon, the system judges how much you contributed to the clearing and sends you a gift accordingly.”

“How do I receive the gift?”

“Usually, you can receive it from the system. It gets transmitted to the assigned subspace….”

“How do you do that?”

“Why on earth would you ask something like that?”

“Because it looks convenient.”

“…Hmm….”

“…….”

“…….”

A semi-transparent system quietly emerged between them. Sanarae's eyes reflexively checked her notification window.

Compensation payment

From the book ■

A gift from Sergio

: Golden Step Sheep Jerky

“I didn’t see anything just now, you know?”

“Could this be a message you were asked to see?”

“I told you I didn’t see it? Why are you doing this to me?”

“You don’t really like beef jerky?”

Giovanni whispered.

“I asked because I didn’t receive anything from the system.”

“…….”

First, if you were a hunter, you couldn't not know about 'received rewards'. It was basic common sense that you would learn if you lived in human society.

Second, no human being can acquire the technology of a system simply because it 'looks convenient', just as one cannot create the Earth because it looks cool.

Third, there was no reason why a contributor like 'Sergio Hunter' should not receive rewards for his strategy. That is, unless there was no system at all, or a different type of system was used.

“…….”

And there was no reason to tell that to Sanarae… .

“Everyone has left.”

“…That’s right.”

“Now we too are returning.”

“I wonder?”

Sanarae decided to shut up and laugh.

After living, I realized that there is no answer as wise as this.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (185)

185

Episode 185

After finishing the strategy, there was a meeting in the hallway right after.

Yoo Seong-un asked.

“So you came here to share a snack?”

“Was it too hasty of an action?”

“Oh, no….”

Yoo Seong-un smiled as he drank the baslamcha that Geo handed him.

“Why are you saying this so suddenly now?”

At first, I was worried. I knew that if I gave humans too many gifts so carelessly, there would be problems. It didn't seem to be good for either humans or the original being.

But now I'm not too worried.

“You have already spread numerous gifts in the form of the Black Cloak.”

“It’s not like there are a lot of gifts.”

“Yeah, that’s quite a lot of presents. What do you mean you gave that much away?”

Basically, the gifts that Geo gave to humans were safe in many ways, and ordinary people would not even notice that the gifts of 'Sergio Hunter' and 'Black Cloak' had the same effects.

“A quick-witted person might notice that he gives gifts frequently, that he always wears a black cloak, or that the spectrum of his gifts is similar….”

“Then you already figured it out, right?”

“The prejudice of the world will protect you. A portrait as human as you is hard to find on any dimension, including Earth. Most people will think that you are just secretly related.”

“Am I the only one who can believe in the world’s prejudices?”

“We’ll also do some work on our collection. First of all, the gift you gave me when you were Black Cloak is a little different from the gift you gave me when you were Sergio Hunter. From what I know, the effects are probably different as well. And since no one knows that Black Cloak is staying at the collection, it’s hard to think of them as the same entity.”

There is such a huge gap between 'Black Cloak' and 'Sergio Hunter'. Few would have thought that Black Cloak, who makes one feel awe bordering on fear just by looking at him, would actually be good at imitating humans.

Geo asked him.

“It’s difficult, but I think it’s possible to figure out that they’re the same person.”

“Honestly, that’s true. At this point, it seems impossible to deny the

relationship between Black Cloak and Sergio Hunter.”

“I will prepare an excuse.”

“You can’t even call it an excuse….”

Yoo Seong-un laughed innocently.

“Well, don’t worry too much about that, because you can overcome it with a little storytelling. You’re a mysterious character that the world has never heard of, so there are plenty of stories you can make up.”

“It seems like I’m happy, but it also seems like I’m not happy.”

“Actually, even if that’s not the case, I don’t think you care much about spreading gifts.”

When I didn't know Geo well, I had to focus all my energy on how to handle the gift I received. I thought, 'He'll get angry if I share this with other people,' and I was also wary that I couldn't easily give away such an expensive gift.

But now Koreans have adapted to the existence of the 'black cloak'.

“You spread presents through portraits like Santa Claus, and people have become accustomed to that behavior. There is no reason to worry about you spreading presents again.”

Yoo Seong-un asked.

“Is that gift a gift that will be poisonous to people?”

“No.”

“See, I told you it was safe.”

Even if someone came after that precious gift, they were protected by 'The City of Emptiness', one of Geo's portrait children.

Even if that weren't the case, it didn't seem like the favor the black cloak bestowed upon him would be poisonous.

'Geo is not a derived child, but the eye of the origin itself.'

If he were a child of common origin, he would have shown poisonous favor, but Geo was different. He was as skilled in dealing with humans as the Hunters were in the system. It was even better when he was skilled in imitating humans.

“Hey, actually, when we first met, I was really scared.”

“You seemed nervous, but I appreciated your kindness.”

“You were the kind one, Geo. As for me, I’m the type of person who usually does this kind of thing.”

“I think you were very worried about my gift.”

“I guess I have learned a lot as a gardener….”

It didn't matter now that he knew that Geo wasn't among the beings he had learned of. It was just that he had been very anxious at first.

“I know a lot of guys like that. They curse you if you share a gift with others, or they resent you if you take pride in your kindness, or things like that.”

“If that’s the case, what’s the point of a gift?”

“Anyway, Geo, you know very well now that you don’t belong here. You want the world to be a little bit more obese… yeah, closer to pigs. There’s no way you wouldn’t be offended by sharing gifts.”

“I would be happy if my gift could be helpful in any way.”

“Yeah, well… I guess you could say it’s a relatively common

occurrence so I don’t feel the need to be too cautious. So I wouldn’t worry too much about how you shared the food in the dungeon.”

Yoo Seong-un, holding a mug, shrugged his shoulders.

“I ate all the fruit juice you gave me last time.”

“Why did you finish it now?”

“No, it’s not that recent. It’s been around for quite some time….”

This was after Geo became certain that he was the Eye of Origin.

“It tastes better because I ate it with peace of mind.”

“Would you like me to make you a new one?”

"huh…."

Yoo Seong-un smiled bitterly.

“It’s necessary for people like me who work overtime every day.”

"ah…."

Geo became silent.

“I guess it was a good thing I didn’t live outside the portrait.”

“It feels really weird to hear that from someone like yourself.”

“But the current Earth is too barren. I don’t want to live there.”

“But isn’t Seoul a decent place to live? There’s a lot to see.”

Joo-hyun, who had been quietly listening to the story until then, intervened.

“Why are you trying to drag away a person who wants to live in peace?”

“I wasn’t trying to bring it out, I was just saying how I felt.”

“Mr. Geo looks happiest when he’s in his portrait.”

“That is true.”

Yoo Seong-un admitted it obediently.

“Surely the day will never come when the Earth will be as peaceful as the world inside your portrait.”

Above all, wouldn't a portrait feel the most comfortable when it's framed?

“Anyway, if you could make a new fruit punch, I’d welcome it.”

“I’m glad you’re welcome. If it’s alright, I have a new flower tea that I’ve tried out, and I’ll pack it up right away….”

“Stop it, that’s it.”

Yoo Seong-un said firmly.

“What are you going to do with my humanity?”

“I don’t know if giving a gift is something that speaks of humanity.”

“Just by what I have received so far, how much longer will my lifespan have been?”

“I hope we can live in peace for a long time.”

“I’m sorry, but can you please let me die on time?”

At that moment, Geo's hair turned platinum blonde.

“Okay, let’s start there. What is the optimal lifespan for a human?”

“The more you get interested in that kind of thing, the more scared I

become, so stop it.”

Geo nodded again with black hair.

“It was a joke.”

“I need to develop a better sense of humor.”

It didn't really sound like a joke.

“I don’t mind receiving gifts. The snacks you give me are really delicious. So… I’d be happy to give you a lot of small gifts, like cookies or chocolates that you give me when you meet me on the street.”

They usually had effects like painkillers, sleeping pills, and tranquilizers. Of course, they could be excellent drugs, but they were at a level of efficacy that could be easily mass-produced in modern society.

“But sometimes, gifts given this way are a different story.”

“I think you’re talking about things like fruit juice, sausages, or flower tea. What’s the difference?”

“I guess it’s a big burden on my mind because I feel like I’ll no longer be human if I eat it.”

“Isn’t what you are drinking now my gift?”

“Why are you eating this right now, so fatally….”

Yoo Seong-un hugged the mug cup carefully.

“You’re not going to take it away, are you?”

“I am not a malicious person who steals food.”

“Then what are you going to do?”

“I thought you liked it, so I thought I’d give you a few bags.”

“Yeah, how many bags is that?”

“Thanks to my father’s love and affection, who gave me something to do while I was away, we had a good harvest….”

“The main point.”

Geo nodded.

“About 50 bags.”

“Dismissed.”

“45 bags?”

“I reject it.”

“43….”

“Oh my.”

Joohyun smiled awkwardly as Yoo Seong-un shook his head.

“I think it would be a bit burdensome to receive that many ordinary tea leaves.”

“I didn’t even give you a box.”

“But that’s not true.”

“So, about 40 bags….”

"no."

“…….”

A rustling sound was heard from inside the portrait. The familiar sound of wrapping paper. Joohyun asked.

“You didn’t prepare it already, did you?”

“I just packed it up for now.”

“If you pretend to step back like this, it will end up being delivered right in the middle of your house in the evening….”

“I will send Dana in advance to deliver the notice.”

“That’s not the point.”

“Yes, I was joking.”

"okay!"

Joohyun spoke firmly, but with a smile.

“A gift that is too effective is a problem.”

“That doesn’t mean you can make food that doesn’t taste good.”

“Are the taste and efficacy of the food that Mr. Geo makes linked?”

“I don’t know because I’ve never really thought about that part.”

“Well… it would be difficult to be aware of the effect and control it.”

Even ordinary people can cook food that provides nutrients to their bodies. Even if you intentionally destroy only the nutrients in delicious food, it is hard to tell. Geo, the Eye of Origin, would have been in a similar context.

Geo asked while looking at the meteor cloud.

“So, did you eat all the snacks I gave you before?”

“It’s been a while since I received it, and I had no reason not to eat it, so it’s already disappeared into my stomach.”

“It’s nice to hear it again. I’ll make a new fruit punch for you this time.”

“I would really appreciate it if you could do that.”

“You may share the gift I give you.”

“No, it’s a gift I received anyway. I don’t really need to share it.”

Geo's gift was really delicious, and it was especially helpful to modern-day Yoo Seong-woon who lives with overtime work. It was just that he had worried about it at one time, apart from the possibility of it coming true.

“Sometimes the amount of gifts is so large that you need someone to share them or store them….”

The most comfortable opponent was the guild leader, Bisabal. He was the one who originally bought the 'Portrait of Geo', and as an S-rank, he was reliable in many ways, and there was no place safer than him in the safe.

Yoo Seong-un made an embarrassed expression.

“Anyway, I’m sorry if I pressured you too much with the gift.”

“I just meant that you could do that if you wanted to.”

“If something like that happens within the collection, we will do so.”

There was no reason to smuggle out pieces of the artwork and blatantly reveal hints about the relationship between the collector and the black cloak. Doing so would have only raised questions about the identity of the 'Sergio Hunter'.

Yoo Seong-un smiled innocently.

“I keep saying this, but as long as it doesn’t interfere with your social life, you can give gifts to other people as much as you want.”

“Is that so?”

“As long as it’s not too much of a gift for humans.”

“I have something to say about that part.”

“Yeah, I heard that too.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“You resurrected a dead human?”

“He is not dead.”

“Isn’t that a bit excessive?”

“I think it’s greatly exaggerated.”

“I almost crossed the river, but I survived after taking the elixir you gave me.”

“That is correct.”

"haha."

Yoo Seong-un thought to himself.

‘That’s why my heart skips a beat every time I receive a gift…’

I wondered what kind of strange miracle he would perform. He knew his place. He did not want to be distressed by receiving an overly precious gift.

In a similar vein, the elixir that Sergio Hunter had been spreading really needed an explanation.

“You said it was an elixir given to you by the god you serve, but you said you made it yourself.”

“Yes.”

“Mr. Joohyun.”

Yoo Seong-un looked back at Joo-hyun. Joo-hyun didn't look at him.

“Mr. Joohyun, look at me.”

“Do I really have to do that?”

“We have something to talk about now. I told you to take good care of Geo.”

“No… But isn’t it amazing? I told you to use the item if possible, and you kept your word.”

“That item just brought the dead back to life?”

Geo intervened.

“He is not dead.”

“If it weren’t for you, I would have died?”

“Humans don’t die that easily.”

“Surprisingly, it’s easy to die.”

The precious portrait in our house has not changed the fact that the medicine given to us saved the life of a person who was supposed to die.

“First, let’s go with the saint concept.”

“I guess there’s nothing I can do about this….”

Joo-hyun nodded at Yoo Seong-woon's words. Geo expressed his doubts.

“Should I become a saint in the future?”

“Actually, now it’s hard to come up with any excuse other than that.”

There was no divinity that could bestow such an elixir upon a simply faithful believer.

“If you can exchange elixirs like that, then you’re a human who can communicate with the divine. And 99.9% of humans who interact with the divine cease to be human. There’s a high probability that they’ll die or go mad, so what if they receive an elixir?”

“I tried to gloss over it as some kind of revelation….”

“That’s because I don’t think that will work. Even if it’s a simple revelation, it doesn’t make sense. In the first place, a saint is someone who interprets revelations received from the divine and takes on the role of a shepherd who guides foolish humans. This is something that cannot be explained by anyone other than a saint.”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“But then, I think we’ll have to figure out exactly what kind of god we’re worshipping. We’ll have to make it a god who can easily exert influence on Earth to the point where he can grant elixirs….”

Joohyun asked him.

“For example, a black cloak?”

"…aha?"

“The behavior patterns of Black Cloak and Sergio Hunter are somewhat similar. As mentioned earlier, they give gifts of the same spectrum, and they even wear the same clothes….”

“You guys just met each other?”

“After studying it, I found that, except for artificial religious groups like Dalnimgyo, gods and saints who are compatible usually meet. Since Geo-ssi actually has divinity, it is possible that the Black Cloak will be revealed to be a god someday.”

“If you think about it, it might be better to strike first. I get it.”

“The Black Cloak already has a moderate influence on Earth, so even if the worst happens and it is treated as an evil spirit, it is unlikely to be subjugated….”

“Because it’s an image that has become quite familiar to Koreans.”

“I think it can be explained by the degree to which the Association is hiding the divinity as a monster. In reality, there are many cases where the Association disguises the divinities that enjoy playing as monsters or natural phenomena.”

“That way, there will be less confusion among citizens.”

“Yes.”

Joohyun asked next.

“Then what type of saint should I be seen as?”

“I think I should go to the highest saint possible, but this is….”

“Considering Mr. Geo’s nature, it would probably be better to lay a strong foundation from the beginning.”

“Then people will be convinced and won’t dig any deeper. For that, a saint of the highest rank is suitable.”

“I think it will have an impact around that time.”

“That’s why it turned out like this.”

Yoo Seong-un said.

“From now on, you will be a saint. It will be fun, right?”

“That sounds interesting. Which saint, exactly?”

“Let us go to a vessel that can contain any divinity.”

“Does this mean that he is a talented human who can serve various gods?”

“I understand, that’s it.”

One of Geo's identities was the sun god. He would have many opportunities to interact with various deities, so it was much more cost-effective to establish him as a 'vessel of the saint coveted by the gods' in preparation for that.

“Let’s listen to the advice of Father Kang Seo-dam on this part.”

Kang Seodam's increasing worries were to be repaid with material compensation. He might be reluctant to accept it, as it would mean he was also in debt to the collector, but he probably wouldn't reject it outright.

“And… you went wild with Argio?”

“Yes, it was nice to relax after a long time.”

“If it’s to that extent, then you don’t necessarily need your own battlefield, right?”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un, are the cup ramen you eat as a midnight snack and the meals you eat three times a day the same?”

“Ah, that kind of feeling….”

“Snacks are optional, but meals are a must.”

“I understand.”

Anyway, this part was also a problem.

“Since they saw you using your body like that, even if they weren’t aware of it inside the dungeon where you were so out of your mind, they must have sensed something strange by now. Even if that’s not the case, there must have been people who had already begun to suspect you during the raid.”

Joohyun gave her opinion.

“Can we call it a hidden S-class?”

“I guess a lot of people think that way.”

“Because it’s probably the easiest case to think of in today’s world.”

“There are actually quite a few hunters who cheat on their ranks, and conspiracy theories about that are particularly rampant….”

“The story of an S-class with a hidden rank is also somewhat romantic.”

“It feels similar to the story of a hunter who becomes friends with a monster.”

Since it was an era where the idolization of hunters was at its peak, there were several absurd 'romances' about that world. Since it was a subject matter that was familiar to people, people would quickly accept it even if they set the concept in that direction.

“For a saint of the highest rank, for a romantic S-class, what else is there to do?”

“Well, I’m a little cautious about saying this, but….”

“Be careful, Geo, and give your opinion before your identity is

revealed.”

“You said you briefly saw Mr. Argio’s appearance.”

Geo nodded.

“Yes.”

“Mr. Argio has red hair and golden eyes?”

“Are you perhaps thinking of the leader of the Visabal guild?”

“Yes, with him….”

Yoo Seong-woon interrupted Joo-hyun, who was hesitating.

“There might be someone who suspects that you are related by blood to the guild leader?”

“I don’t know if there’s already someone like that, but I think it might be a good idea to go in a similar direction.”

“Well then, that would explain why Geo is being sold out all over the collection.”

“It will also explain why you are hiding your identity as a saint or S-class.”

“Uh… If we do this, will our guild leader turn out to be quite the pervert?”

For some reason, he kept his bloodline hidden inside the collection, and only let it out when he was 29 years old, and he even had surveillance personnel assigned to it.

Even the part that could be recalled as 'some reason' was a bit rough.

“I guess the guild leader… You know, right?”

“He is someone who is obsessed with his work.”

“I think it would be expressed as someone who sees his own son as a masterpiece.”

“But aren’t there already people who are suspicious of that…?”

“Should I have gone on this expedition with you?”

“Can’t we just say it’s the karma of the guild leader of the Visabal?”

“He really isn’t that kind of person, ha, please don’t be so talkative….”

Joohyun added to that.

“I think Mr. Geo’s lack of common sense could also be the basis for that.”

“I admit that I lack common sense.”

“Of course, it’s natural that Mr. Geo doesn’t know much about the current Earth, but other people don’t know that. And they shouldn’t know.”

Yoo Seong-un agreed.

“Because you were raised in a lockup at a collector’s shop, you’ve become lacking in common sense?”

“I’m really sorry to say this, but doesn’t it flow quite naturally?”

“You don’t seem very sorry, and if you keep doing this, people might even say that you had sex with your work and have a child.”

“The Collectors’ Guild has a lot of ghost stories.”

“This kind of ghost story is embarrassing even for a country like me, Joohyun.”

But then all the peculiarities seen in this attack are explained.

“…….”

“Don’t you think there are too many settings?”

“…Geo, you can do it.”

“I’m not sure if cheering will help.”

“You can handle all these settings.”

“Am I an actor?”

“I know your potential…!”

“If this continues, there is a chance that I will merge with actor Geo.”

“But this much is excessive enough to cover you.”

If you add the setting that he is the son of a secret S-class saint who was raised in captivity, wouldn't people be convinced and say, "Wow, he's crazy."

“It has to be such a shocking setting that you don’t want to dig any deeper.”

“So you’re saying I’m going to use shock therapy to numb people’s brains before they find out I’m a portrait?”

“With such a crazy identity revealed, there are probably few people who would think that an even more shocking identity is hidden.”

“I’ve already been caught.”

“Oh? I see.”

Yoo Seong-un humbly accepted reality.

“How many people?”

“Are you going to ask?”

“People don’t have to ask, but secrets have to be asked.”

“Let me just say, two people for now.”

“I know who you’re talking about, Jeong Yeong-won. He’s a gardener like me.”

“Yes, I think he had guessed it from the beginning.”

“Then who is the other one?”

“I am Hunter Sanarae.”

“Sanarae….”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been memorizing the list of targets for this expedition, asked back.

“Pinocchio?”

“Are you known as a liar?”

“First of all, he’s famous for lying. He’s a famous gangster.”

“You became my friend.”

“No, wait a minute, what are you talking about?”

“You have a good sense.”

Joo-hyun, who had been listening quietly, asked with a broken face.

“Yes? But, it definitely seemed like we were picking a fight and getting into trouble….”

“What is this story about?”

“Sanarae Hunter openly picked a fight with Geo.”

“I’ll find out the address soon.”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un, please sit back down, and Mr. Geo, why did you become friends with someone like that?”

Geo asked, feeling something strange.

“Are you more concerned about your relationship with your classmates than about why your identity was revealed?”

“I don’t think he’s a very nice person. Don’t you hate rude people, Geo?”

“It’s hard to say that he was particularly polite, but he wasn’t a bad person.”

Geo answered Joo-hyun's question.

“I wanted to ease your tension because you were afraid of me.”

“…What part of it do you think made you feel scared?”

“I was also wondering, but I think it was probably like that from the beginning.”

“From the beginning… from the moment you started picking a fight?”

"yes."

Geo agreed.

“I guess he wanted to see how I could make him angry.”

He risked himself to see the danger of Geo.

It was because Sanarae cared for her family.

* * *

“Uhm….”

Sanarae, who was hanging out in the guild, twitched her ears.

“My ears are ticklish.”

“Normally, you’re fine even when I swear at you like that. Who the hell are you swearing at?”

“Are you jealous right now? Don’t worry, I belong to all of you.”

“Hey, stop talking nonsense, Captain.”

“Hey… Are you sure you don’t believe me?”

Sanarae lay on the sofa laughing.

“It’s so sad?”

“Just tell some lies.”

“Oops, I got caught.”

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (186)

186

Episode 186

In a world where the hunters' dungeon raids weren't known in detail, this raid had many people talking about related topics, perhaps because of the number of participants and their ranks.

“I heard that one of the Urim-type dungeons was conquered this time.”

“Woorim-hyung? What level?”

“Grade A.”

“It’s been a long time since a B-class or higher level was conquered.”

“There seem to be a lot of guilds participating in the raid, so I guess the church will take the entry ticket?”

Every time a decent dungeon was conquered, the quality of life for the citizens improved. This was because they could obtain a lot of resources from the dungeon. In particular, many people were excited when they heard that an A-class dungeon had been conquered.

“If it’s Woorim-hyung, then something will come out of the vegetation.”

“Um… I’d like something like a crop. Like fruit.”

“Even so, the guild will monopolize everything.”

“It will work out someday.”

Conquering a dungeon meant occupying a new dimension. The citizens were excited by the opportunity to enjoy unknown benefits, and the guilds worked hard to conquer the dungeon because of this atmosphere.

It was an opportunity to gain not only resources but also the praise and support of the citizens.

That is why this attack was a blessing for the Solar Church.

“I was really anxious because of the incident at the last initiation ceremony….”

“I can take a breather now. The mood among the citizens is not bad.”

“I still need to check it out, but the resources you can get from this dungeon are of good quality.”

“Since they sell poison under the name of the sun, if we want to make it into medicine, um… let’s ask the Association for help.”

“Even though it was a villa dungeon, it was quite large, so it would be easy to pay the price here as well.”

“In this respect, the association research institute is certainly trustworthy.”

The priests of the Sun Church were happily thinking about how to use the resources they had acquired this time. They were able to save face as a member of the Sun Church. They had also been considering a long-term strategy, but this was the result.

“I never thought I would be able to conquer it in such a complete form.”

“Father Kang Seo-dam’s activities were great.”

“I heard you became good friends with Sergio Hunter too?”

Kang Seo-dam, who was listening to the elder priests, opened his mouth.

“…We’re not that close.”

“Enough with your humility, brother, you have done a great job.”

“It’s thanks to the help of other hunters.”

“Even if we do that, it doesn’t mean that what happened will disappear.”

The priests' interest was not limited to conquering dungeons.

“Is that really so… Ahem.”

“…There is a story that Sergio Hunter is a saintly vessel.”

“You are serving the sun from another dimension?”

Kang Seo-dam almost closed his eyes tightly.

'It was meant to be.'

Kang Seo-dam also knew that there had been rumors going around for a few days. That Sergio Hunter was actually a saint, or that he was the son of Bisabal. It seemed that the collector had probably done something about it.

'It was probably a ploy to somehow package it as human by making it bigger before things got too big and difficult to handle.'

There is no divine being in the world yet who is so adept at human imitation and disguise that people can't think of it. Through this strategy, everyone who knows about it thinks it's strange.

'So, it was a wise and quick decision to protect Mr. Geo.'

It was just Gangseo Dam that was tired.

“…I don’t know if he is truly a saint, but it is true that he serves the sun of another dimension. He said so himself.”

“Even if it is a sun from another dimension, it is a great blessing to have been given a herb that can revive someone who is almost dead. If it is that much favoritism, then aren’t they truly part of the family of God?”

The priests each went on telling their stories, tired of Kang Seo Dam's story that was told as vaguely as possible.

“It is not enough to simply explain it as receiving grace.”

“Yes, how could a Hunter who has not even awakened as a priest be so loved?”

“The fact that he took the herb and made it into medicine in the first place speaks volumes about Sergio Hunter’s skill.”

“If I had been a human who was only loved by God, I would not have been able to do that.”

“No matter how much I think about it, it sounds like communication with the divine is possible….”

It was when Kang Seo-dam had a tired expression on his face as the priests whispered in low voices.

“…….”

He looked at me and saw an old priest who was quietly smiling for some reason. He was an experienced priest who was called the next bishop.

“Father Kang Seo-dam.”

"…yes."

“Would you like to come to my room later and talk?”

“I will do that.”

Kang Seo-dam thought as he answered obediently.

'The religious world is like a worm.'

Just imagining where I should start and where I should end my talk made me tired.

* * *

Even if Hae-ryung was known as a brainless guild, and that was true, there were bound to be people who did the bare minimum to keep the guild going.

“Hey Narae.”

“Whose name is that….”

“Oh, okay, Sanarae.”

“Yeah, why did you call?”

“Are you crazy about the report?”

The people who usually did that job were the team leader, squad leader, workplace, and guild leader. The squad leader in charge of the team leader, Hunter Sanarae, asked while handing over a sloppy report.

“Do you have any complaints? Then speak up, and don’t do this to precious reports.”

“I drew a pretty picture of a flower and submitted it to them, but they just scolded me… I’m so upset that I’m about to cry.”

“It’s a guild where rebellion happens as easily as eating rice, but this is the first time I’ve seen someone rebel through a report.”

“Is this really the first time? Put your hand on your heart and think, is this really the first time, class president?”

“To be honest, it’s not the first time.”

And it wasn't the first time that Sanarae had submitted a report like this.

"Shit."

Wham!

The foreman, who had torn up the report, asked.

“Do you have the will to write beautifully again?”

“If you ask me something like that after already tearing it apart, I’ll be too scared.”

“It won’t work if you say that with a completely innocent face.”

“Ah, my heartfelt report is being treated like this….”

“So when are you going to release the new one, just tell me. Are you going to come and write with me?”

“I love you guys, but wouldn’t that be too gross?”

“I told you to give me a normal report before you start nagging me.”

A report that only had the sentence 'Have a nice trip' written on it couldn't be called a report.

“If you’re going to rebel, do it with your fists.”

“You usually don’t say much, so why are you saying that today?”

“I don’t think you’re doing this because you don’t know.”

The class president said.

“You saw Sergio Hunter this time too.”

Sergio Hunter has been a hot topic lately.

There were only a few skills related to the soul. There were few opportunities to learn them, and even if they were learned, they were difficult to use. There were some representative magicians, such as necromancers, but they were different.

“I heard that the trainer and healer are both adults.”

“Ugh….”

“There was even a story that he ran wild like a wild boar in the dungeon.”

“Isn’t it closer to a devil than a wild boar…?”

“What are you talking about? Anyway, write down all that information.”

The class president clicked his tongue.

“You were the one who actively participated in this attack because you were interested in that gentleman in the first place. Did you lose interest after seeing him in person and seeing that he is such an amazing young master? What on earth is going on?”

“No, it seemed difficult to call him master.”

“Well… I heard the guys who participated this time say similar things. I thought he was a young master who had never touched a drop of water since he was treated so well by the collector, but he was actually a better person than I thought.”

As he said that, the class president sat down on the sofa opposite Sanarae. Sanarae, who was lying down in her assigned seat as usual, smiled brightly.

“Wow, you’ll play with me? Aren’t you going to tell me to write a report?”

“It’s better for me to hear it all here and write it myself rather than expecting you to write it yourself.”

“This is why I don’t get promoted to class president.”

“You shouldn’t come up here, you little punk. Where are you looking, you sloth?”

The class president clicked and opened his pen.

“Tell me the story.”

“What do you want to hear?”

“First of all, Sergio Hunter’s personality?”

“You made a delicious meal….”

“He's a good person.”

The class president nodded and asked.

“What can I do for you?”

“Cream stew on the first day.”

“Can you do that in a dungeon?”

“Was it possible? He even brought a pot the size of his own body.”

“He looks like he’s not going to do that, so he’s a tough guy.”

“And they gave me snacks too. Like fruit chips….”

“It must have been delicious.”

“For some reason, it was easy to digest.”

“I know how to eat too.”

“I ate it all.”

"know."

After all, Sanarae wasn't a very special person.

“If you cook for yourself, you don’t seem like the type of person who takes pride in anything. From what I’ve heard, you seem quite honest, but have you ever shown yourself particularly angry or irritated?”

Sanarae shook her head.

"doesn't exist."

“There’s a high chance that he’s not in his right mind.”

If you've never been annoyed by that steamer, you weren't a human being.

“I heard he’s a saint. Is he really from that lineage?”

“It felt similar, didn’t it…?”

“What skills do you use most?”

"rice…."

“Other than rice.”

“Hmm, is it the training side?”

“The trainer will train you, Inma. Why are you answering in a questioning tone even though you came here to see it for yourself?”

“How do I know other people’s skill windows….”

“That’s true, too.”

The class president groaned.

“The contract number is two in total?”

“If I’ve already investigated everything, can I just go to sleep?”

“Will that work? Open your eyes and answer. What are the characteristics of a contract number?”

“One is a water bird, one is a cat.”

“The ability to have.”

“Uh… I don’t know.”

“What do you know?”

“There is nothing.”

“I’m bragging, you crazy idiot.”

The class president decided to ask for more details.

“What did that water bird do in the dungeon?”

“I flew around diligently to ask for information. I drank water and got fever….”

“What did the cat do?”

“They were calling the dead by meowing.”

“It still sounds crazy even when I hear it again.”

The foreman said, scribbling down information on the documents.

“Then let’s go back to you. We talked about your personality, your training skills, and your healer that deals damage and is a tank. What the hell is this? Explain it to me.”

“A healer who deals damage and is a tank.”

“Are you deaf? I told you to explain?”

“I corrected it because you were dismissing the facts as nonsense….”

The class president asked with a look of bewilderment.

“Then what is this guy? Did the Collector finally succeed in his human experiment? Is Sergio Hunter a left-handed fireballer dragged from some hell? Is there anything he can’t do?”

“I guess there is…?”

“What can’t you do?”

“Why are you asking me that?”

“You’re this kid, right? You came with me.”

“Why are you so angry?”

“What the hell, how did a kid like this come under my wing?”

“Yeah, but I didn’t hit the reporter.”

“You call this bragging? Is this the time for you to bring up another guy, Sanarae?”

The class president sighed after giving a light reprimand.

“I want to go do some dungeons too.”

“Come back then.”

“I can’t go back because of kids like you.”

“Poor thing. Should I rub your shoulders, class president?”

"go away."

The foreman who was organizing the documents said.

“This is such an absurd rumor that I plan on reporting it privately, but what is this nonsense about Hunter Sergio being the bloodline of the leader of the Bisabal Guild? Do you know anything about it?”

“Sometimes the color changes. It has red hair and yellow eyes.”

“You little shit, these days, how well do hair dyes work? If you really mean bloodline, then I can understand why a hunter like this suddenly appeared without a record.”

It was common for famous hunters to hide their family identities.

“No matter what, this one is a bit creepy….”

Isn't it true that he kept such a talented person hidden until he was 29 years old? It was no wonder he was out of his mind to leave his child like that.

“Anyway, I understand that’s what collectors do.”

“Do you understand?”

“What are you going to do if you don’t go? The situation is just going that way.”

“That’s true….”

“Is there anything else you want to tell me? Like the unique parts?”

“Uhm….”

Sanarae waved her hand.

“I don’t think there are any.”

“Damn, if anything comes to mind, report it to me even if it’s late.”

"okay."

“…….”

The class president asked a beat later.

“…Why did you pick a fight with Sergio Hunter?”

“I did it because it looked fun.”

“And when you came out, you seemed quite friendly, given your personality.”

“The Hunter has a really good personality.”

He smiled with his eyes wide like crescent moons.

“Aren’t you so lucky?”

* * *

Meanwhile, employees who had been on a raid with Geo testified.

“You seem more human than I thought.”

It was a generous evaluation for the work, but other employees seemed to be feeling the same way.

“I guess that’s true, since I haven’t heard anyone say they saw a monster anywhere.”

“The snacks you shared were also delicious.”

“The actions you take are so similar to those of the Black Cloak, yet it’s hard to believe that you’re the same being.”

“Isn’t that why those rumors started? We did something about it, right?”

“When I heard that he was the guild leader’s son, I cried.”

“Why are you crying?”

More than I expected, 'Mr. Sergio' showed a human side that was more natural than I expected.

“You seemed overly competent, but….”

“Still, to that extent, he is a nobleman.”

“Anyway, it was something that could be dealt with.”

This served as an indicator.

“It seems like you’re doing well without a curator in charge.”

'Mr. Sergio' is a person who can skillfully blend in even among strangers.

“It’s good, since we can’t control him anyway.”

“I feel relieved now that I have received confirmation like this.”

I've been with 'Mr. Sergio' for quite some time now, and I've never had any major problems. Even though he's a ghost story, it's a situation where I can feel a sense of stability.

And Yoo Seong-woon, who managed to get a vacation from working overtime, said:

“Let’s go on a trip.”

"yes?"

"oh."

So the sea voyage was decided.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (187)

187

Episode 187

“Is this okay?”

Geo asked Joo-hyun, who was squeezing into the backseat of the car.

“What's the problem?”

“There are a lot of things I want to say….”

As Joo-hyun trailed off, Yoo Seong-woon, who was holding the steering wheel, smiled innocently.

“You’re moving without any luggage. It’s okay. I made a separate request, so the pension will have all the clothes and food you need to wear there.”

“That was a question, but I wasn’t particularly worried about it.”

“Are you surprised by the sudden trip? Well, Joo-hyun might be worried about security issues, but that’s not a problem either. We’re going to a sea where there are no people.”

Geo asked in the car as it moved smoothly.

“Are there no people in the sea?”

“Usually there aren’t many people at the sea.”

“I guess it’s not being used as a tourist attraction.”

“Rather, it is often a food source or a danger zone.”

The modern sea is not a very good place for people to live.

“But the place we’re going to will be even less crowded. Our destination is an unreconstructed area.”

“What is an unreconstructed area?”

Joohyun from the backseat answered that part.

“It literally refers to an area that has not been rebuilt. To put it simply, it is a space where the aftermath of the great disaster remains and it is difficult for people to stay.”

“I see. I think Gangwon-do, where I visited just before, had that same feeling.”

“Oh, let me explain further. It’s a little different from that.”

Joo-Hyeon gave an additional explanation for the immature portrait in the human world.

“The Samcheok area in Gangwon Province that I visited this time was at least minimally rebuilt. There was only one hotel, and there were a few restaurants. Of course, the restaurants only had a variety of food, like bungeoppang, a street food in the city… But that doesn’t mean it’s an unreconstructed area.”

The areas that had been rebuilt even a little were completely different from the areas that had not been rebuilt at all.

“Unreconstructed areas are generally perceived as dangerous. They are not even suitable for human habitation. There is no infrastructure, so it is inconvenient to move around, and it is not a good place to go for a trip, I know that….”

Joohyun saw Yoo Seong-un driving a car.

“…The Hunter’s world looks somewhat different?”

“If you have money and ability, what can’t you do?”

“So there’s a pension in the unreconstructed area? And by the sea?”

The coastal area, where you never know what kind of bizarre monster might pop out, is designated as a restricted area unless it is properly developed.

“How is that possible?”

“With the money of a first-class citizen and the power of an A-class hunter….”

“How do you expect me, a second-class citizen, to react?”

“You don’t have to react, so why are you reacting?”

“I was worried that Mr. Yoo Seong-un might go somewhere and hear people say he’s unlucky.”

“I also have that much respect for myself. I’m just saying this because we’re among ourselves.”

Ju-hyeon, despite being from an orphanage, was not disillusioned or angry about class. He was someone who didn't care about that at all, so Yoo Seong-woon was comfortable talking to him. He also knew how to live in society by being mindful of others.

“There are service areas where you can stay under the premise that you take full responsibility for whatever happens. It’s quite risky and costs a bit of money, but other than that, we can enjoy the ocean alone in a rich environment without anyone around us.”

Joohyun whispered softly to him.

“Money is a fucking joke.”

“Oh my.”

How can you say something like that on a vacation that was torn off?

“Except for the pension, there are no other buildings around. It might be inconvenient to get around, but once you arrive, everything will be ready, and the fact that we’re the only ones here is a huge advantage.”

“That’s definitely reassuring. I was already worried because Geo-ssi has become so famous lately, but if I don’t have to be so careful….”

“Oh, is that what you were worried about?”

Yoo Seong-un asked with his characteristically innocent smile.

“Because it feels like you’re going to explode a bomb and then run away?”

“Honestly, that’s not true either. It does exist.”

The internet community was in an uproar because of the rumors spread by the collector. All the provocative elements, including the saint, the S-class hunter, and the hidden son of the three major guilds, were brought out.

“The city is very noisy.”

“That’s why you have to leave at times like this. If you hold on to someone faithfully, you’ll think, ‘Oh, this person has the will to work,’ and you’ll push them even harder. That’s the reality of Korea. I have no intention of turning our Geo into a rolling pin.”

“The more capable you are, the more you roll, they say, like a hunter.”

“I thought about it, but does it really have to be Geo? Of course, it

doesn’t matter if you want to, but you just finished a big project. There must be an original mystic concept. In this case, it’s okay to jump out.”

If it was a Hunter's custom to take a vacation after finishing a big project, it was a custom in this world. Of course, there were many situations like Yoo Seong-un where that didn't work, but they had everything they needed, so there was no need to stay stuck and watch what others thought.

“Mr. Joo-Hyeon, you have a lot of worries too.”

“Well, I was worried about that too.”

“What else is there?”

“…….”

“…….”

"after…."

Joohyun asked with a resigned face.

“…I was wondering if it was okay for me to fly around with a portrait of someone as dangerous as Mr. Geo.”

“I didn’t know you would ask so openly.”

“If you knew all that, you shouldn’t have kept beating around the bush.”

“Yes, my sin is great.”

Yoo Seong-un asked Geo, who was sitting next to him.

“What do you think about this claim?”

“No one can stop me from going to the beach.”

“That’s right.”

“Yes.”

It may be confusing, but the top speaker at this meeting was 'Portrait of Geo'.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve been to the Earth’s oceans.”

“Just don’t say that in front of other people.”

“I’m not that smart.”

Yoo Seong-un thought to himself.

'You have a brain.'

It was simply surprising that there was an organ called the brain, but no matter how much I thought about it, it was not something I should say out loud. Yoo Seong-woon pointed ahead with his characteristically innocent smile.

“That’s the teleport terminal over there. Is this your first time using a terminal?”

“It is connected all the way by road.”

“You could call it a car-only area. There’s a separate area where only people can move.”

“It’s convenient.”

For a moment, Sergio thought of the drive-thru. He really liked the idea of everything being resolved without having to get out of the car. Honey, sensing the magical aura, suddenly popped out from under Geo's hood.

“Gulp?”

“We’re going to be teleporting soon.”

“Cur.”

Honey went back in quietly. Unlike his father, who was very interested in teleportation, he seemed to have no interest. He was a son without any romanticism.

Yoo Seong-un checked the terminal sign.

“Okay, since we’re going to Jeju Island….”

“?”

"yes?"

“Oh, didn’t I tell you?”

He grinned.

“We’re going to Jeju Island.”

“Why are you telling me that now?”

“I was so busy rushing out that I didn’t notice anything.”

“You call this an excuse….”

The weak Joo-Hyeon couldn't bring herself to hit the A-class hunter. Even if she did, it would only harm her.

* * *

And at the pension they arrived at, Aria welcomed them.

“It’s been a while, gentlemen.”

“?”

“??”

Giovanni, leaving behind the confused Yoo Seong-un and Joo-hyeon, smiled brightly and hugged Aria.

“It’s been a while, Aria! How have you been?”

“When I think of our teacher, I can’t help but feel safe.”

“It’s sad news for dead humans to be told by mermaids.”

“I’m glad you’re happy.”

Joohyun muttered.

“What kind of conversation is that?”

Aria and Geo's conversation continued separately from the humans' delusions.

“I brought some food. Can I join in?”

“The clams of Edlan Village! It’s been a while since I’ve made tomato stew.”

“It’ll be okay to grill it. There were a lot of monsters around here that didn’t even know the place, so I chased them all away, so you can enjoy it comfortably, sir.”

“It seems like Aria is the only one who thinks of you, teacher.”

Yoo Seong-un thought.

'Isn't that just a normal monster territory marker?'

Anyway, there was no human who refused Aria, who had joined the vacation without much thought. In the first place, Joo-hyun was a human that even Geo could sympathize with, and Yoo Seong-un was a gardener who was used to dealing with non-human beings.

“I don’t think the pension has any women’s clothing.”

“You didn’t think I’d be wearing clothes made by humans, did you?”

“I wonder how far you’re willing to go for the sake of showing off.”

“Oh my god, how can someone be so considerate?”

Geo, ignoring whatever Yoo Seong-un and Aria were talking about, called Joo-hyun.

“You must have had a hard time traveling such a long way. Would you like to enjoy some light grilled clams?”

“If someone heard, they’d think you were the only one moving by yourself. I’m glad, but aren’t you tired?”

“I don’t feel particularly tired, perhaps because the terminal is well-suited to my body.”

It is said that some people are physically unable to use teleportation. Fortunately, none of those people were among Yoo Seong-un, Joo Hyun, and Geo. Joo Hyun approached Geo with his signature smile.

“Then shall we prepare together?”

Then Aria intervened.

“I’ll light the fire, sir.”

“Would you mind? The fire Aria lights feels warmer.”

“Even if you praise me like that, nothing will come out of it.”

Aria, waving her hand, went out of the pension. Yoo Seong-un blinked his wide eyes at the sight of her really rolling up her sleeves and cooperating.

“Are you really going to light a fire?”

“The charcoal that Aria polishes smells even better.”

“Are you a princess?”

“Does the princess live without eating?”

“I thought mermaids were a little different.”

“That seems like a very human-centric statement.”

“Okay, I’ll reflect on it.”

Since it wasn't a task that took much time, the preparation of the grilled clams was completed quickly.

Aria actually made a small brazier outside and put an iron plate on it, and while Yoo Seong-un prepared miscellaneous items like chairs and utensils, Geo and Ju-hyeon cleaned the clams neatly.

“Those clams don’t need anything like a sunscreen?”

“Aria said she already did it.”

"aha."

So the four of them sat in a circle and really enjoyed grilling clams.

“…….”

Joohyun was a little taken aback.

“Why is it so natural?”

“Is there something so unnatural about eating a meal?”

“There are so many different types of people here, but we are just casually eating grilled clams.”

“This is the effect of delicious rice, Joohyun.”

“I think Mr. Geo is too much of a foodie.”

“I will reflect on it.”

Aria, who was cutting and eating a long, scallop-like piece of meat, opened her mouth.

“Oh, I just found out about this recently.”

“Please speak.”

“Is it your work that the saint of Dalnim Church went mad?”

A meteor shower was heard.

“Cough!! Kehek, ugh, gulp…!!”

Geo scolded Aria.

“Why can’t people even eat?”

“I didn’t know that someone who is a so-called A-class hunter would be this weak.”

“Even an A-class hunter needs to eat to live.”

“That’s why I didn’t know you’d be this weak.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had suddenly become a weak and frail hunter, cleared his throat and spoke.

“Why are you suddenly talking about the Saintess of Dalnim Church? Geo, what did you do?”

“I didn’t do anything….”

“Yes, I don’t have anything to ask you. Would you like to speak, Princess?”

Aria shrugged.

“I thought you might be a good candidate for the teacher’s Demon King project, so I gave it a try. You seemed so useful in that regard that I thought you might have already done the work.”

Geo felt wronged.

“This teacher doesn’t drive people crazy.”

“I often do that when I’m bored….”

“What do you mean?”

“Um, nothing.”

Aria smiled calmly.

“So when do you plan on becoming the Demon King?”

“Did you come all the way to Jeju Island to ask that?”

“Did you think it would be difficult for me, who is the sea itself, to come to an island like this?”

“That makes sense. It would have been as comfortable as a convenience store in front of your house.”

Geo smiled cheerfully.

“It will take some time.”

Argio hasn't even returned to his hometown yet.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (188)

188

Episode 188

“I will show you my individual skills.”

"suddenly?"

After finishing his meal, Geo ran out onto the shore.

“Taran.”

“…….”

“The miracle of Moses.”

“Cover the road.”

“If not now, then when?”

“Do it at home.”

Geo obediently followed Joo-hyun's words, who was terrified at the idea of splitting the sea in half. The beach near the pension, which had more rocks and stones than sand, was quite deep. Geo lay down on it.

“I don’t have any more individual skills in mind.”

“I think what you are doing now is also sufficiently considered individual skill.”

“Can’t hunters do anything?”

“No way. Hunters aren’t salt shakers.”

“Am I a salt shaker?”

“It looks even worse when you’re lying down.”

“Then I’ll lie down for a while. It’s comfortable.”

"hmm…."

Joo-hyun, sitting on a rock near where Geo was lying, looked around worriedly.

“It’s gotten really dark. Are you okay?”

“If you’re worried about the darkness around you, there’s a way.”

"wait for a sec."

“Please speak.”

“What are you planning to do now?”

“I tried to get the water birds out.”

“Ah, water birds.”

Joo-Hyeon smiled with relief as he thought of the small, harmless bird.

“Excuse me, I’m a worrier.”

“We are being considerate of each other, so how can we say it is rude?”

And Geo sat by the sea.

“……?”

Joohyun blinked.

“Are you sitting down?”

“Yes, I sat down.”

“I know Mr. Geo is a unique case in many ways, but this is….”

“Are you curious?”

"yes."

“Me too.”

"…okay!"

Although he seems to have gotten quite good at it recently, it was still a portrait that was awkwardly imitating humans. It's not like he empathizes with humans just because he puts himself on the same level as them.

“Now how do you plan on getting the waterfowl out?”

“It’s already here.”

“…….”

Something entered Joohyun's field of vision.

"ah."

For some reason, I could see tiny flowers or fruits floating next to Geo's feet, which had become translucent.

It was hard to see because it was so dark and in the water, but it was definitely a trace of a 'water bird'.

“You’re already here. How long has it been since?”

“It’s been here since I set foot in there.”

"aha…."

“Mr. Joohyun, come up here too.”

“I will miss you.”

“I will help you.”

“…Excuse me.”

Slap.

Joohyun did not fall into the sea.

“I feel strange.”

He was walking on water, even though he was not awakened.

“You can see the water birds better here.”

“Do you see us moving among ourselves?”

“Yes, there are quite a few more than I expected.”

“Because they are children who live in groups.”

“But it’s not bright yet….”

“It will get brighter soon.”

Geo sat on the surface of the water and swung his legs under the water.

“If you make this place your nest.”

Only then did the water birds come together and shine.

“…….”

“Okay.”

It seemed like lights were turned on in the sea.

“…It looks like there are fireflies in the sea.”

“Have you ever seen a firefly?”

“I’ve never seen it spread out in nature like this because it’s an extinct insect, but I’ve participated in restoration research separately from that… so I know what it looks like.”

“There are more extinct species than I thought. It’s sad.”

“Is this what it feels like when you actually see it?”

“I thought it looked like a glowing jellyfish.”

“That could be the case.”

A comfortable smile appeared on Joohyun's face.

“It’s golden.”

“I have never seen any other color than this.”

“I think you like it here.”

A color that could only be appreciated from the terrace where the cool spring breeze blew at night while I was at Geo's cabin. The golden color that the water birds gave off when they gathered together was an indicator of their happiness.

“…It’s great.”

The sea shimmered golden.

An enchanting light, as if the sunlight had been captured by melting the sun made of gold. It was as beautiful as if the universe was contained

under the sea.

As we splashed lightly in the water, the water birds inside showed off their cute movements.

“It’s cute.”

“That’s what makes my children special.”

“Yes, it looks like that.”

The unawakened Juhyun could not accurately count the water birds in the water. So all he could see was a feast of flowers, fruits, and jewels, but even that alone allowed him to feel the water birds' affection.

They loved this sea.

“If you think about it, it’s like we went on a trip together….”

Golden scales rippled on Juhyun's hands, on his retina, and on the rugged rocks around him.

“I’m happier when I’m with my family.”

“I think so too.”

“It’s very bright.”

Even though I was on the cool sea, my whole body felt drowsy as if it had been touched by the spring sunlight.

“…….”

“Mr. Joohyun.”

Geo called his friend.

“You shouldn’t go too far inside.”

"…ah."

“Because Mr. Joo-hyun can’t breathe under water.”

It was only then that Joo-hyun realized that he had put his arms too deep into the sea.

“…….”

Joohyun looked back at Geo.

“…Isn’t this a bit dangerous?”

“Our children are not in danger.”

“That’s it, Water Ghost.”

“Isn’t a water ghost a ghost that pulls people into the water?”

“I know there are ghosts that tempt you to come inside.”

“The Earth has become really scary.”

“…Being too beautiful is also a problem.”

Joo-hyun sat cross-legged on the water with an awkward smile on his face. He let out a short sigh and pressed his forehead.

Just now he was entranced by the enchanting light of the water birds.

'Perhaps the fact that I am an unawakened person also played a part.'

If it were Yoo Seong-un, he wouldn't have been so easily fooled.

“Would you please refrain from calling these guys in areas with large civilian populations?”

“Even if I don’t call, the water birds can find the home they want.”

“…Wait a minute, doesn’t that sound like you’ve already moved to

another place? Is that right?”

“It is living water, so I guess it is true that it is leaky.”

“Where did you go?”

“I must have gone into the picture I drew.”

“Into the picture….”

“There aren’t many places, so don’t worry.”

Geo reassured Joohyun.

“There probably won’t be this many of them gathered together.”

“…Will that make you less possessed?”

“It would be embarrassing if you said that I was fascinated by something I deeply admired, but it would just be pretty to look at.”

“That’s fortunate, but….”

“Probably went to the Void or the Four-legged Forest.”

“Why is there a dungeon that has already been conquered… No, could you tell me about that in advance?”

“I will keep that in mind.”

Geo looked under the water.

“You can see a similar scene in the ‘Deep Sea Kingdom.’”

“Isn’t that also said that it was Mr. Giovanni’s hometown?”

“Yes, there you can see the Milky Way floating above your head, not below.”

“The Milky Way… What does it feel like?”

“This is the Milky Way created by life in the ocean.”

Giovanni laughed as he swam through the golden sea.

“I’ll invite you there soon.”

“…….”

Joohyun nodded at the affection and pride in her voice.

“I look forward to it.”

Oh, what a poor man he was.

* * *

“What was Giovanni’s world like?”

Aria looked back at the meteor cloud asking while looking at the golden sea from afar.

“You’re asking that now?”

“Now that you’re here, there are things I can ask you.”

“That makes some sense.”

Aria nodded.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve heard about that person….”

“You asked me to tell you about my hometown, not about myself?”

“Shut up and listen, Manager of the Structure. The only world I know is Giovanni.”

“Then I understand.”

There was something blind about these mermaids.

“How much can you tell?”

“You can tell me anything as long as you have the protection of the teacher.”

“That is truly… amazing affection.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was looking at Geo and Ju-hyeon standing on the shore of a steep cliff, soon asked.

“What kind of person was Giovanni in that world?”

“I think I got the general idea.”

But Aria explained obediently.

“He was truly… the saint of the century. To the people of the world, he was the Son of God incarnated among the filthy humans. To his neighbors, he was a great friend and adult who devoted his life to them. To the religious community, he was a precious genius who raised their profile.”

Aria continued speaking calmly.

“And yet, he died so easily.”

“That’s how all humans are. You can’t expect eternity.”

“That’s why it has a disgusting and repulsive side.”

I felt a murderous urge, as if I had encountered a bug crawling up onto the bed.

“Let’s see, are you curious about the method of execution?”

“If you could tell me, I would be grateful.”

“The first was torture on land. It was barely enough to maintain one’s form….”

“What next?”

“They threw him into a huge tank filled with sea water.”

Aria was looking at a meteor cloud, not a golden sea.

“Then they blocked the entrance and chained them so they couldn’t get out.”

“Why did you do that?”

“The priests of the sun said that if he was truly the son of the sun, he would survive even in the cold tank.”

“What was the result?”

“I survived.”

Giovanni remained in the tank for over four months without dying.

“But still, you didn’t take it out.”

Some of them came to believe that Giovanni was truly the son of the sun, others that he had been helped by the sea deity. Whatever their opinion, they ultimately came to fear Giovanni's presence with great fear.

“If he is truly a child of the sun, there is no way to turn back since he has been treated so cruelly. If he is a child of the sea, then he must be a monster worse than a mermaid… I am saying that he must be killed immediately before he takes revenge on humans.”

The problem wasn't just retaliation.

“Public sentiment may also have been an issue.”

“They are a religious group, so why are they receiving public support?”

“It was a religious sect more powerful than the kings of each country.”

Giovanni was once a perfect son of the sun, loved by everyone in the world. If it were revealed that he was in fact a true child of divinity, it would certainly be unmanageable for even the Cult of the Sun.

“I wonder if it was foolish to say that there was skeptical public opinion even within the church.”

“So how did the Solar Church respond?”

“They took advantage of my poor younger brother who was caught around that time.”

He was tortured on an empty stomach and locked in a tank with Giovanni.

“The intention was probably to create a disgusting scene to allay that sense of skepticism.”

But Isser endured, and Giovanni did not die until the end thanks to the divine protection. The priests of the Sun, who felt that this was some kind of revelation, could not bear the fear and poured a potion into the tank.

“Thanks to that, my blinded brother ate Giovanni.”

“Wasn’t Giovanni supposed to receive the medicine too? If it was put into the tank….”

“Even then, Giovanni didn’t seem to react much.”

Only then did Aria catch sight of Geo sitting on the surface of the sea.

“So they must have thought my teacher was dead and eaten him.”

It's Isser.

It's not that Isser was trying to fill his stomach right away because he was drunk. However, seeing him lying limp like a corpse, did his final line collapse? In the end, Isser ate Giovanni.

“…Does your younger sibling know about that? Is it true that you ate it without knowing in the first place?”

"well?"

Aria never asked about that.

“After doing that, it seemed like they were far from the divine punishment, so the priests stole the remaining body of Geo and used it for the operation of the sect. How do you think they used it?”

“…I’ve heard of something called a basram flower.”

“You got it right.”

The elixir of the century that would wither away without the loving touch of the sun. The body of Geo, who was most loved by the sun, was used to grow the flower.

“That’s why it took so long to find Geo.”

“Where did you find it?”

“I found it in the Pope’s residence.”

“Oh, that’s great.”

“And yet the sun did not punish me.”

It was the same even in severe conditions.

“So I decided to get off instead.”

Neither the deep sea that gave birth to her nor the sun that her brother served brought down divine punishment on these filthy believers. In the end, Aria turned herself into the deep sea and caused the entire world to sink into the sea.

“I know I sinned. I also know it was just venting my anger.”

“But you’re a monster, not an evil spirit.”

“There’s no way that divinity can be easily obtained by venting one’s anger a few times.”

“Geo wasn’t that easy to get….”

“It’s embarrassing when you compare me to your teacher.”

“From what I’ve heard, it seems like you don’t regret venting your anger.”

Yoo Seong-un asked.

“Why are you bringing this up?”

“At first, I didn’t even think it was a sin.”

But after meeting my teacher again, I realized that it was a sin.

“I am the one who lost.”

Although he did not regret it, it was enough to show that the mermaids were impressed by Giovanni. Since my teacher said it was a sin, I could not help but recognize it as such.

“The only time life was heaven was when I was young and with my teacher.”

"so?"

“…Geo said to take responsibility.”

“Then will you forgive me?”

“No way.”

That wasn't Giovanni's job to begin with. He probably thinks so too.

"just…."

Aria laughed.

“It's just a matter of choosing.”

What kind of hell will I walk through now?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (189)

189

Episode 189

Giovanni loved the sea.

The sun was warm but hot. The sea was cold but cool. Everything in the world has its pros and cons, and this world was not only land but also sea. The sea breeze had a clear flow.

So it was only natural that I would take a liking to mermaids.

"aria."

With his familiar bare feet, Geo walked across the surface of the water.

“You know, I can’t swim.”

“Teacher, you are such a unique person.”

with a splash….

The mermaid's fins made a light splash.

“It was very rare to find a human on that planet who couldn’t swim.”

“Strangely, it just kept sinking.”

“You have to relax your body so you can talk to the sea.”

“Maybe it’s because I’m already satisfied with just you guys.”

“You’re good at saying awkward things.”

Aria asked.

“Are you sure it’s okay for me to come this far?”

Pale, thin hands wrapped around Geo's legs.

“A mermaid might eat me.”

“Ahaha….”

Giovanni took the cold hand.

“That sounds good too.”

“…….”

“Can you teach me how to swim?”

"…okay."

Aria also took that cool hand.

“Okay then.”

Splash .

Guided by the mermaid, the priest fell into the sea.

* * *

“This has happened before too.”

Aria continued speaking, hugging the lukewarm body temperature.

“You looked like a prince, as if you were made of sand. I thought that among the children of the sun, there was no one more noble than you.”

“…….”

“I was so interested in what I didn’t have, and the light that sparkled under the water seemed to last forever. Maybe I wanted to hug you and go down to my deep-sea home.”

“…….”

“Even now… it’s like that.”

Even on this dark night, Geo's platinum hair was as warm as the spring sunlight.

Aria raised her hand and carefully stroked Giovanni's cheek, which was floating above her. It was not as warm as it looked, whether it was because the sea at dawn had taken away his body heat, or it was already this cold.

But he was smiling.

“…….”

"…teacher."

Aria laughed and cried, holding her cheek. Pearls flowed out.

"love you."

The child of the land that I wanted to have first when I was born.

The one and only teacher who taught me the world, my heart, and my daily life. A unique human being in all aspects.

“I love you, teacher. I have missed you for countless hours. Without you, the whole world seems so dirty. Oh, the world you loved so much….”

“…….”

“I tried to love you too, but it wasn’t easy. When you were here, it was

easier than swimming, but now that you're gone, it's so hard. Why didn't the sun save you, teacher? Why didn't the deep sea punish you?"

"…aria."

"I know you won't forgive me. The only forgiveness that my brother and I need is yours, but you don't have any forgiveness to give us. It wasn't yours to begin with."

The mermaid regretted it for the first and last time.

"I regret it."

If I had known you would truly come back to me, I would have waited more quietly.

"And my regret is not for the poor lives that were lost to me."

"I know."

"Also, this is not the regret you were hoping for, Teacher. But what can I do, I am such a selfish and evil monster…."

If a monster regrets its sins, how can it still be a monster?

"Am I still human?"

"Is there any reason not to?"

"……."

"Humans can be as selfish and evil as they want."

"…that's right."

Aria hugged her teacher again.

"You know best."

It was his master who died of the most terrible selfishness and wickedness. If Giovanni does not know the ugliness of man, who can?

“I’m just a little cold, and I’m a good swimmer….”

“He is a man who drops pearls when he cries.”

“Whatever the teacher says is right.”

"I see."

“I wish our graves had been the sea of that day….”

Aria fantasized about drowning in the ocean, even though only 'humans' could do that.

“Nothing can be undone.”

Even if we brought back all the dead, fixed the broken families, and returned the sun to the planets that were trapped in the ocean, that day would never come again.

Aria reproached herself for her selfishness.

“I now have only two choices.”

“What is that?”

“I could become a demon and stay with you forever.”

"and?"

“…I can take responsibility for myself and wait for it to be accepted someday.”

“It’s my responsibility alone.”

Warm voice.

“What would you like to do?”

"teacher."

Aria asked like a young student that day.

“…you love us?”

“Of course.”

Geo never knew how to abandon something he once loved.

“I will love you forever.”

In it the mermaid found the answer.

“…….”

“When can I see you again?”

“…when you’re ready.”

Aria laughed, releasing Geo from her arms.

“I will invite humans.”

And so Aria disappeared into the deep sea.

Deep into the darkness, beyond Giovanni's reach.

* * *

“…??”

Joohyun was dumbfounded.

“Isn’t that a declaration of war?”

"you're right."

"…okay!"

Yoo Seong-woon laughed in vain at the sight of Joo-hyun trying hard.

“These days, monsters declare war in a very romantic way.”

“Was it romantic?”

“Yes, it’s romantic. A hug by the sea at dawn….”

“I guess I missed this teacher’s warmth.”

“It feels really strange because I don’t think that’s a wrong statement.”

Yoo Seong-un asked next.

“How long do you think it will take to prepare?”

“Are you asking that of me, a worthless portrait?”

“But among us, you know the most about mermaids.”

“Aria is an excellent doctor and researcher. It shouldn’t take that long.”

“So, can you guess roughly how much that would be?”

“Um… about a month?”

“Oh my.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was deeply impressed, asked back.

“You only have one month left to prepare for an attack on an S-class dungeon?”

“In reality, all that is needed is mental preparation, so it may take even less time than that.”

“Has the time finally come for the Earth to perish…?”

“I don’t think I’ll go until I’m ruined.”

“I thought this day would come soon.”

“It won’t fail.”

Joohyun asked incredulously.

“Then isn’t this not the time for us to be doing this?”

“What’s wrong, Joohyun? Do you know how long my vacation has been like this?”

“To be honest, I think the fate of the planet is more important than my personal vacation.”

“So is it really something that should be buried like this?”

Yoo Seong-un let out a deep sigh.

“…First, let’s notify our guild leader.”

“If possible… I think it would be a good idea to let the association know as well.”

“I don’t know how to use the sea, so it would be better to leave the coastal area alone.”

“If the collectors and associations find out about this, they will also find out about other symbols of eternity.”

“Even so, I don’t think they’ll all come forward. Well, I don’t know about Justitia….”

Geo, who didn't know much about the guild's situation, asked.

“What is Justitia?”

“This is the name of the number one guild in South Korea.”

As always, Joohyun explained.

“It is said that it was named after the Statue of Justice.”

“If the Association is in charge of the overall administration of the Republic of Korea and our collection is the lifeline, Justitia is in charge of the country’s large and small security issues.”

“The Guildmaster of Justitia is one of the symbols of eternity, and is dedicated to protecting human life and eradicating crime. He does a lot of small volunteer work and often takes part in large-scale campaigns.”

“Since the guild leader is a leader by example, if a national disaster occurs, they will probably do something….”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“I don’t think they will directly participate in the attack as they are protecting ordinary citizens.”

Justitia has always had a strong sense of being a 'last resort'.

“Unless the country is in danger of total collapse, I don’t think we can expect much from this side.”

“But isn’t it reassuring in that it can prevent casualties that may occur in the event of an accident?”

“It certainly is trustworthy in that regard.”

However, it was difficult to expect that he would participate in the attack.

“Just because it’s an S-class dungeon doesn’t mean you need the same level of hunters. It’s something where you can win with quantity, and especially since Korea is a country that succeeded with

manpower, hunters are scarce.”

“More than anything, the fact that the S-class is moving has a great symbolic meaning. If they were to step forward themselves, there would be many people who would feel uneasy. Even the president of the association, who puts a lot of effort into administrative management… would try not to step forward if possible.”

“The Symbol of Eternity usually came out when the aftermath of a great disaster was severe. Considering that there are still many people who are afraid of a great disaster, it is unlikely that it will come out easily.”

Geo tilted his head.

“What if we don’t step forward to avoid provoking people’s fears and then a bigger problem arises? I think it would be better to step forward thoroughly from the beginning than to leave a dangerous possibility unattended.”

“That is true, but….”

After thinking for a moment, Yoo Seong-un continued speaking.

“That’s not an explanation. The symbol of eternity is too busy to come forward every time there’s a problem on Earth. You could think of it as a kind of name recognition, but in order to move those people, Korea has to stir at least once.”

“Does this mean that it is a burden to utilize human resources?”

“It may seem a little strange to you. But a country is originally entangled with a great number of interests. It is possible to think that being in a high position has made you feel burdened.”

“Is it a question of status?”

“Um… I guess that’s the gist of it?”

This wasn't just a problem for the symbol of eternity.

“More than anything, if we rely on a few S-class Hunters every time a problem arises, this planet will soon be destroyed. Even now, the world is sustained by the mercy of a few strong people, but if S-classes take care of everything, all the human habits will be ruined.”

This part was a matter decided long ago at a meeting between S-classes from around the world. Unless it was a matter that involved the fate of a nation or a dimension, S-classes were to refrain from intervening.

“The rest of the humans have to adapt to this environment in advance while the S-class Hunters take care of them so that they don’t reach the worst. You never know when their minds might change.”

“It gives you a chance to adapt.”

“No matter how capable an S-class is, that small number of people can’t solve all the big and small problems on Earth. Even if they could, they wouldn’t do it. So it’s hard to expect an S-class to step up.”

They'll keep an eye on this, but they won't do anything about it from the start.

“So, for this part… it would be better to form an alliance with other guilds.”

“Don’t you collaborate with the religious order?”

“That depends on the situation. There are times when you can provoke mermaids for no reason.”

Joohyun nodded at him.

“Then shall we go back for now?”

“I can’t even go on vacation with peace of mind. In my next life, I will definitely be born as an unawakened being.”

“I don’t know if that part is something you want to do.”

Geo intervened.

“Can I help you?”

“Please take care of me when I die.”

“I will try.”

“I don’t know what I’ll try, but I know what I’ll do.”

“Now you are my friends even after death.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un asked hesitantly.

“…Did we just sign some kind of contract?”

“I’ve lived this long, so you should be my friend in the next life too.”

“You’re so positive, it scares me.”

“You are too kind.”

Perhaps he felt the atmosphere had become tense. He smiled gently at Giovanni's face.

“It was a joke, so relax.”

“How is that a joke?”

“Why would you think not?”

“Mr. Joohyun, please say something.”

Joohyun laughed.

“I hope I can be friends with Geo in the next life too.”

“No, if I continue like this, I might be friends with Geo in the next life too?”

“You’re a dependable friend who stays by my side even after I die and come back to life.”

"…okay."

Yoo Seong-un was convinced.

'I've already given up.'

It was a smile of resignation.

“I told you it was a joke?”

“Okay, I get it.”

No one listened to Geo's words.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (190)

190

Episode 190

The mermaid was a child of the sea.

The sea was a part of them, and they were also a part of the sea. Among them, Aria and Isser had the power to interact and communicate with the seas of other dimensions.

And Isser smelled a familiar scent through the sea. Somewhere, like sunlight, the traces of a small, delicate child… .

“…….”

“Oh! It’s silver!”

“…This is Isser.”

Isser was so taken aback by the warm greeting from Chaisol that he asked,

“What are you doing?”

“I was practicing, huh!”

“There must be many people participating in the training for the prospective priests of the Sun Church, so why are there only two people left?”

“They’re all fried!”

"ha…."

At the sight of her sighing deeply, Iruda, who was next to Chaisol, flinched. Isser, who suddenly found himself in a position where he had to take care of the feelings of a young human, spoke with a miserable heart.

“From what I’ve seen, it looks like the two of you were left behind by the other priests. Judging from the fact that the smell of blood only comes from you two, it seems like they intentionally wanted to cause trouble.”

“It’s too difficult to explain.”

“I would appreciate it if you could decide whether to use formal or informal speech. In short, I am saying that the two of you seem to be being bullied or harassed. I believe there is an expression in Korea called ostracism.”

“Yeah, it’s really lethal.”

“I don’t think you don’t know.”

Isser swung his mermaid hand and bit the sea of the dungeon. A familiar smell came from the sea connected to Earth, and I didn't know this would happen. If I wasn't careful, I could have been seriously injured.

'Then the teacher would have been sad.'

I didn't want that.

'This could be Giovanni's first apostle.'

There was no reason not to do something that would help Geo in some way. Isser looked around the quiet beach of the dungeon. It was a

dimension where space was quite twisted.

“Don’t prospective priests have separate priests to guide them?”

“This training was just for us.”

“Even so, given the nature of the Korean Solar Church, there will be people watching.”

“That, that… is that so?”

Instead of the stuttering Chae Sol, Iru opened his mouth.

“…Even if they don’t lead, there will be priests assigned in case of a major accident. However, since we recently had to develop a Class A dungeon, there aren’t many priests left.”

“Are you trying to say that because there are few people available to operate, there are few priests assigned to dungeon training? In that Solar Cult that was teeming with humans? Well, there is a faint smell of humans in this sea. There probably aren’t that many people there.”

“It is true that there are many priests in the church, but there are not many teachers who take care of the prospective priests. Of those, there are probably only two at most, but they seem to have been too busy taking care of the prospective priests who are scattered here and there to even think about us.”

Chaisol grumbled.

“It’s because we did too well.”

“…There might be something like that too.”

Among the entire Sunkyo Knights, the pair of Chae Sol and Iru Da, who were considered to be the most talented, were often evaluated as 'children that cannot be reached'. The accompanying priests would have been keeping an eye on those who were at greater risk of injury.

Isser thought.

'It's barbaric.'

The religious world, regardless of its level, had a blind or forced side. It seemed as if they believed that all the problems in the world could be solved by faith alone. There were no fools.

‘… or perhaps something of a higher dimension has shaped the frame of destiny… .’

He hesitated for a moment, but this was not Isser's specialty. He thought back to the reason why he had come here in person.

“You are being presumptuous. Black Cloak will be sad when you die.”

“Oh, how are you, hyung?”

“I am not a source or anything. If you need information, you should contact me directly.”

Isser, who was giving off a bad vibe, disappeared through the sea just as he had first appeared. Iruda, who had been holding his breath at the sudden appearance of the humanoid monster, soon let out a deep breath.

“…Haaaah….”

“What’s wrong? Were you scared?”

“If you’re not scared, you’re not in your right mind.”

“Me, me…? Then me?”

“Sometimes I feel like I’ve lost my mind.”

“Was I crazy?!”

“Be quiet.”

Iruda, who had instinctively covered Chae Sol's mouth, corrected his words.

“Oh, no. Just explain the current situation.”

“Uh… a monster friend I know appeared and helped us out when we were in danger.”

“Do you really think that’s a perfect explanation?”

“If you have any further questions, feel free to ask!”

“That’s what I was most curious about.”

Then Iru asked.

“Are you close with monsters? Are you a trainer?”

“I was awakened as a priest?”

“Then what kind of confidence do you have to be so friendly with monsters?”

“I don’t think Eunha likes me that much, so we’re not close.”

“It could be dangerous, so why are you being so friendly?”

“I thought we were close enough to have that level of conversation!”

“Chaisol’s friendliness is also….”

It was a sociality that was so cheerful that it was a headache. A monster came to save a human.

“…And there’s something else I’m curious about.”

“Yeah, what is it?”

“Are you really going to become a priest of the Black Cloak?”

"suddenly…?"

“The mermaid I just met said something with that nuance.”

The mermaid clearly said, 'Black Cloak will be sad when you die.'

“Haven’t you chosen to become your own disciple?”

“I don’t think so….”

Chaisol tilted his head.

“I just want to do that!”

“You… If you summon the Black Cloak, be sure to call me. Okay?”

“Huh? Yeah, I told you before that I would do that. Trust me.”

“I can’t believe it.”

Iruda really liked this cheerfulness of Chae Sol, but it was a different story if there was a problem with her personal life.

'Chae Sol isn't the type of person to think about other things later, but... sometimes he acts before he thinks, and it makes the onlookers' hearts sink.'

Hogu's talent was so strong that he had to protect Chae Sol.

“Ah, Sakshin….”

“What is a sack?”

“The muscles and bones in the body.”

“Why are you calling that?”

“It meant that my whole body hurt.”

“Oh….”

“…….”

Unlike Chae Sol, who was acting as usual, Iru Da was on the verge of venting her anger.

‘… these bastards dare.’

Are you leaving me and Chae Sol behind?

I never imagined that I would get stabbed in the back of the head by a human and receive help from a monster.

'I don't know why the mermaid helped us in the first place, but if this is the result of Chaisol's crazy friendliness... it's truly a miracle that we're safe like this.'

Even the monsters, who were obviously displeased with the fact that humans had helped them, were clearly laughing at the sight of the Sun Cult returning.

'Even I would laugh at that.'

The Solar Church is not just some ordinary religious cult. It is a huge religious sect that represents Seoul. Even though they are busy with the A-class dungeon, they manage their prospective priests in this way.

“…….”

No, even this could be part of political maneuvering.

“…Like a dog….”

“Why are you like a dog?”

“You shouldn’t say things like that because I was wrong.”

“You’re telling me not to swear, right? Okay. But really, why?”

“No matter how much I think about it, I feel like I was too complacent.”

There was no guarantee that the religious world would be clean and pure. Rather, modern priests with blind and arrogant faith developed a more political side in a closed environment.

'I was clearly warned by my mother, but it's pathetic that things have come to this.'

There were two ways to gain power in the religious world: either to be loved by the divine, or to be politically successful. Otherwise, it was difficult to even gain a voice.

'I guess I'm not the only one who knows how to use my head.'

A priest who simply has talent without any of this or that can easily wither away under strict guard. It was even worse during the pre-priest period when he was still immature in many ways. He should have overcome that well.

“To try to kill my spirit like this….”

“Who is scared?”

“I think our classmates are determined to kill our spirit.”

Iruda then laughed in vain.

“No, to be exact, I think he was targeting me.”

Chaisol is basically a person who is not hated by people, and objectively speaking, he is very cooperative. At first glance, he even has the appearance of a pushover, so there was no need to keep him in check and build up ill feelings with him.

But he was held in check along with her just because they were a pair.

“What exactly did they do… Did they bribe the priests? Or maybe they simply cooperated to steal the attention of the teachers. Our pair are students who are usually out of reach….”

“Could you summarize it for me?”

“I’m not good at summarizing this either.”

Even though he was a mature young man, he was still only a trainee priest. He had heard a lot and knew a lot, but he had no experience. He was aware that he was hated by his peers, but this was unexpected.

That's literally crossing the line.

“…….”

“…Would you like to start with treatment first?”

“Okay then.”

Iruda didn't ask, "Do you regret being paired with me?" Chae Sol wasn't the type of person to regret something like that. But she couldn't help feeling sorry towards her precious natural monument.

'If it weren't for me and the pair, this wouldn't have been so difficult. No, if only I had been a little more aware of my surroundings and behaved a little better...'

No matter how I think about it, this was an intelligent project. It seemed like a few smart people got together and planned it while the church was in disarray due to the dungeon development. Or maybe one person made up their mind and got support.

'Otherwise, things wouldn't have turned out like this.'

This was not a sect that would leave its precious reserve priests until they were badly injured by monsters and rendered incapacitated for

battle. At least, that was the case with the Sun Cult she knew. And yet, it had come to this… .

As expected, the priest who came to see the two late was furious.

“W, what the heck is going on…! Are you okay?!”

“Suddenly, the other team members left our pair. So….”

“No, I clearly took action…? Why haven’t I heard anything…?”

Before the training, the chaplain said, 'You will go in alone without our help,' but, yes, that couldn't have been true. It seemed like he had taken magical measures to contact the priests if there was a problem.

'But if things turned out like this, then someone must have been bribed or someone must have spent a lot of money.'

Among the prospective priests, there were some children from poor families like Carnation Ai, but there were also many children like Iruda who lived in the city and had first-class citizenship. Since they grew up in an environment with many connections to hunters and the religious order, they would have a wide range of areas in which they could act.

'Even so, this was too much.'

The guy who did this probably wanted to suffer a fatal blow and took a huge loss. Even so, it wasn't something that could be easily overlooked.

As if he had realized the seriousness of the situation, the accompanying priest also hardened his expression.

“This incident is my fault and the fault of the church. I would like to contact the guardians and offer an apology and compensation, but this part… Uh… Can we talk about this after the two brothers and sisters have finished their treatment?”

“Yes, I will do that.”

“I am truly ashamed. I apologize again. I should have paid more attention since it was a training session for the novice priests. I was watching other children, but these precious people… No, I am sorry. Let’s go straight to the treatment room.”

The priest in charge hurriedly moved the two to the treatment room, perhaps because he didn't want to keep talking nonsense in front of the children. And then he saw Iruda.

“…….”

“…….”

One of their classmates glared at them with a very displeased expression.

‘… That kid?’

Iru vowed revenge.

* * *

Hallway meeting after returning from Jeju Island.

“…Do things really turn out that way?”

Yoo Seong-woon laughed awkwardly at Joo-hyun's words.

“The politics of the religious world are quite fierce.”

“But that must be the work of the prospective priests.”

“The younger you are, the more people there are who take advantage of your clumsiness.”

There had always been a war of wits between priests, but even considering that, this incident was quite big. Kang Seo-dam, who had

been preoccupied with the development of a Class A dungeon, belatedly learned of the situation and contacted Yoo Seong-woon.

He said, looking at Geo.

“Father Kang Seo-dam said he was truly sorry to you. He said that he was sorry to the people involved in this incident, and that he was making excuses about being busy and not caring about the class he was managing, which is why this happened….”

Above all, Chaisol wanted to become the priest of the Black Cloak, and the Black Cloak also thought Chaisol cute. It was a wise decision to bow down beforehand in order to avoid incurring the wrath of the divine.

“He said he would gladly accept the punishment.”

“Why do I punish you?”

“I’ll tell you that.”

At that point, Joohyun asked again.

“I asked this before, but does it usually… happen like that?”

"huh?"

“Isn’t it that someone broke the device that could have protected the minimum safety of the prospective priests? Even though it was a training session without a guide, there must have been quite a few people watching from the rear. If it was to that extent, it seems like it would have needed the help of an adult rather than the child’s own work….”

“Aha, that part.”

“The incident is too big to be said to have been committed simply because of hatred for the person involved.”

“That’s true, but….”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“Isn’t that how the world is?”

For a single grain of power, people of all ages and genders would trample on others. This was because the world believed that only by living so viciously and meanly could they protect what was theirs, and that this was also how they were wise.

“What are you talking about all of a sudden?”

“… Well, that’s not something I should be saying, since I’ve fallen into politics.”

“But it is true that it was a rather bold measure for someone of his age.”

“I think there might be more to the story that we don’t know about….”

“There’s no way I could know all the conspiracies in the world.”

“Eventually, the word conspiracy came out.”

“You could call it a ruse.”

Geo nodded.

“I definitely feel like I’m being hated by my other friends.”

“Who? Oh, the prospective priest named Iruda?”

“Yes, I had a few similar situations when I was young.”

Giovanni also knew well the blindness of the priest. He had been not only injured, but also consumed poison that burned his internal organs, was pushed off a cliff, and was falsely accused of being an evil demon.

There were various reasons why they did such a thing. They didn't want to see him show off. They wanted to kill his spirit and make him docile so that they could use him. They wanted to eliminate Giovanni in advance, who would inevitably rise to a high position.

“This case must have had the same context.”

“There are people who claim to worship God….”

“There were times when it was internal turmoil, and times when we joined hands with the outside world. I wonder what it will be like this time.”

“Was there some other big conspiracy?”

“Well, it’s not really a grand conspiracy….”

Geo tilted his head.

“It might have been a tantrum.”

“What kind of complaint is this so vicious?”

“That’s true.”

* * *

The red jewel of the lab became gloomy once again.

“Lord Sankalut…!”

“■….”

I wanted to go home, but it wasn't easy.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (191)

191

Episode 191

Sankalut, the god of suffering and blessing, was a typical evil god who was subdued when the gate to Earth was opened.

But basically, the subjugation of the divine meant sealing. No matter how clumsy the god is, a divine is a divine. Even if they are of equal rank, it is difficult for divine beings to harm each other, so how much more difficult would it be for mortals?

As a result, Sankalut was trapped in a research lab on Earth.

"■…."

There was no malice in it.

The evil divinity born of the hands of humans understood why the Earthlings had imprisoned him, but he never thought that his ways were wrong. That was the way he was made.

Sankalut gradually took over the lab with a pure desire to return to the old days.

"Ah, Lord Sankalut…."

"Please bless us."

"I hope for your salvation!"

People who were already mentally trapped easily accepted his salvation.

“■….”

Poor thing.

Sankalut wanted to return to his home again. There was a sense of security that could only be found in a familiar place. He also raised his children to start anew.

The laboratory was gradually dyed in the color of Sankalut. The process was extremely quiet and secretive.

“ ”

Sankalut knew that the master of ...

He eventually succeeded in bringing one of his research labs into his product. Sankalut scanned the surroundings while regularly receiving food from his children. However, the sprout of a cult leader who would put him back in his place did not appear easily.

“■”

And before it could even reach out to the lab, I found a human being called 'Joohyun'. That child's bowl was very wide and cozy. I wanted to hold it in my hands.

Sankalut knew how to make humans accept him easily.

“Yes, I see.”

“■….”

“That guy… Yes, I understand.”

“■….”

“I will do that.”

In order to narrow the vision of a broad human being, it was necessary to show the limitations of the species. When the best human beings are disappointed by their fellow human beings, they accept faith gently. That is how Sankalut learned.

I tried to do the same to 'Joohyun'.

“……?”

But it failed.

It was so sudden. Something so big had intercepted 'Joohyun'.

Sankalut was saddened by the passing of the good sprout, but he could not help it. The divinity bowed down to a greater and more splendid divinity.

Sankalut, who had lost his precious vessel, broadened his perspective a little. Since it was so difficult to find a decent jewel in a dust pit, he decided to dig for jewels in a gold mine from the beginning.

“■….”

It was extremely difficult to avoid the gaze of the other divinities and aim for the sprouts of their vision, but in the most chaotic place, Sankalut saw some very good sprouts. They were vessels called 'Chaisol' and 'Iruda'.

“■.”

Since one had already been in the arms of another divinity, Sankalut decided to take what was called 'Chaisol'. Now, apart from that, there was no sprout of a cult leader in this land that could safely contain Sankalut.

The vessel was huge and the age was young, so the possibilities were

endless. Sankalut reached out before it was taken away again. He chose one of the lab's limbs who had a child in the arms of the sun. He finished preparing the materials.

“■….”

“Ah, this is….”

“■….”

“Thank you, Sankalut! This will be the greatest blessing for my child…!”

“■….”

“I will raise your child in the arms of the sun, please believe me!”

When it comes to making the best human beings disappointed in others, the most effective way is to make those they hold dear suffer at the hands of fellow humans, because they are insensitive to their own suffering.

He looked around. He had many friends and family. However, trapped in the arms of the sun, the closest thing he could see was the limbs of another deity called Iruda. Sankalut aimed for that.

“ ”

Such a background had already been created.

The precious sprout is rejected by the rotten sprout. Sankalut whispered to the child of the water tribe, and the young sprout who heard his whisper began to feel the anger and jealousy he had long harbored as pain.

It eventually succeeded in cornering 'Chaisol' and 'Iruda', but… .

“■”

No, not like this.

“■¿”

Who would have thought that Sky Blue, who hates humans, would help a human child?

“…■….”

Sankalut became gloomy. He was so unlucky.

It felt like a great destiny. After all, there were many divinities residing in this narrow land, and few coveted vessels, so it was inevitable that there would be fierce competition to embrace such vessels.

But it doesn't seem like it had no effect at all.

“ ”

If I back off like this, I don't know when I'll be able to return home.

“ ”

Little 'Iruda' harbored a desire for revenge, and her own children were still suffering from jealousy. It wouldn't take long for the fragile heart of the vessel to be broken.

Above all, the distrust of 'Chaisol' has already begun.

Sankalut opened his mouth and whispered.

* * *

He was seriously injured while doing it.

“…….”

Chaisol looked at her unconscious friend.

“Rudaya….”

“…….”

"make."

I was a little upset.

“What if you’re the only one sick and I’m not there?”

The partners that the church gave us were said to be a community of shared destiny, so last time I was able to endure the sadness, but this time it wasn't the case.

Chae Sol leaned against the bed where Iruda was lying and wiggled her fingers. She poked Iruda's hand, which was covered in calluses, and then gently grabbed it.

“…….”

It was full of wounds.

“This makes me sad.”

It was said that Iruda, who had found out the circumstances of the last individual training incident, had a fight with the instigator. And that too in another training dungeon. They were angry and fought together, but Iruda was the only one who lost consciousness.

Because the mastermind had collaborated with other friends in a lethal way. Because he had borrowed the power of a terrible tool with the help of his parents. Chae Sol really hated that.

'You smile so much at me, but you treat Ruda so badly.'

Chae Sol knew that too. He seemed easy and Ruda seemed different,

so he attacked the difficult one first. I guess he thought that I didn't cooperate because of Ruda.

'You're stupid.'

I just didn't hold her hand because I didn't like her.

"……."

I hated everyone a little bit.

It would have been better if Iruda had been a little more calm. It would have been better if the instigator had not been so greedy in the first place. It would have been better if the adults had paid more attention to the prospective priests.

'Then we wouldn't have gotten hurt like this.'

No, if I had been a better partner, maybe this situation could have been avoided.

"…What should I do…."

I'm starting to hate this huge white house.

'I miss you, hyung. And you too…'

I thought of my family who loved me the most. This house, where so many fatal things happen, was also happy thanks to Iruda who gave me so much love, but now even that was burdensome. I felt frustrated and sad.

'I just want to go back home.'

In the winter, the cold wind blows in, in the rainy season, the rain leaks in, and even though I couldn't eat every day, I missed the noisy meals I used to have with my family. I also missed my friends in the village.

“…Why, everyone….”

Chaisol buried her face in the bed and mumbled.

“…Is it because I can’t hate that I’m impatient?”

I was scared.

'It's scary here, sis.'

People were all acting so lethally.

The villagers said that they were the same family even though they were born from different ships. They shared crops and food with each other, and they laughed happily even when a child who was not good at playing in the vacant lot joined in. It was a village where the sky was clearly visible.

But this wasn't the case. The building was so big that you couldn't see the sky, and you definitely had friends and neighbors, but they didn't look at each other, and they were so awkward that they were often ostracized, saying they weren't 'qualified' to play together.

'Why do you have to do that?'

The townspeople were busy gathering together, but this place was busy badmouthing and biting each other. If they didn't do that, they acted like they would die.

Maybe that was actually true, and that's why I ended up getting hurt like this.

“…Rudaya….”

I was depressed.

“I want to go home.”

I missed home.

“Home was better. It’s too scary here….”

"that's right."

“…….”

“Are you scared?”

Chaisol lifted her head from the bed and looked at Iruda, who had to have her eyes closed.

Why?

“I understand.”

It was strange.

Something in the shape of my friend comforted him. It reached out and took his hand.

“I want to go home too.”

"…at home?"

“Yeah, being stuck in a remote place is scary.”

"that's right."

“Should I let you out?”

“…….”

When Chaisol closed her mouth, 'Iruda' laughed.

“You’re more suspicious than I thought.”

“Who are you?”

“I want to be your friend.”

"friend?"

“We can help each other.”

“That may be the case, but….”

Chae Sol, who grew up receiving the teachings of her older brother and sister who said, "There are many scammers in the world, so if a stranger who talks strangely well approaches you, rely on a trustworthy adult," took out a piece of paper with scribbles on it from her bosom.

“I think we need to consult with a guardian first.”

"…huh?"

“You speak so well it’s suspicious.”

The paper that Chaisol took out was one on which a black cloak had been drawn before.

“Brother Geo, save me!”

In that way, Chae Sol and Iru were sucked into the painting.

* * *

"too bad!!"

The piece of Sankalut that had borrowed Iruda's body began to cry.

“I was the one who started talking, so why are you asking another brother for help?!”

“As I said before, you speak too well, it’s suspicious!”

“I haven’t even said half of what I need to say yet, because you

brought in another divinity!!”

“Then I did well, because I asked for help before you got possessed by half of half of your class!!”

“I was trying to help, so why did you call another adult…!!”

In the house that had suddenly become noisy, the mermaid Isser smiled bitterly.

“Teacher, can I kick them all out?”

“No way.”

Giovanni approached the two children with his characteristically cheerful smile.

“Student Chaisol, why did you call me?”

“He keeps flirting with me!”

"oh my god."

As Geo Sankalut approached, he hesitated.

“…I, last time… last time that…!”

“It’s the jewel that was used to seduce Joohyun before.”

“Why do you keep intercepting every bowl I choose?!”

“I didn’t intercept it.”

Giovanni declared proudly.

“If a great divinity is present, people will gather around just by remaining still.”

“That, that…!”

“Bees also flock to flowers with lots of honey. In short, it’s because I’m better than you.”

“I worked hard too!”

“Oh, working hard is the basics. No matter how hard the flower blooms, isn’t it ultimately up to the bee that flies in to choose?”

“Ugh…!!”

Joo-Hyeon, who was sitting on the sofa sipping tea while the two deities were talking, thought.

'He's comparing himself to a flower.'

It was a tremendous confidence.

'Is this really a conversation between gods?'

Joo-hyun, who had come to talk to the mermaid before going into full-scale war, felt a strange sense of emptiness. It could be said to be a kind of resignation. Joo-hyun looked at Isser with his characteristically sincere smile.

“Would you like another drink?”

“Yes, this is my first time drinking this tea.”

“They said it was a flower that was obtained with the help of Geo-ssi in the dungeon he conquered.”

“I think the fresh scent is really nice.”

In such a warm conversation, Geo called Chaisol.

“Student Chaisol, would you like to go to them?”

“What about your brother?”

“I must have a conversation with this intruder.”

“Isn’t it dangerous?”

“It’s been a long time since I’ve had a conversation with a deity, so I’m excited.”

“Wow, who else have you talked to?”

“I’ll tell you later while we’re having tea together over there.”

“I’m sorry to disturb you when you have guests!”

“It’s quite special.”

Geo, who sent Chaisol to the side of the trustworthy Joohyun, saw Sankalut.

“Let us have our conversation.”

“Oh, are you going to get angry?”

“We are of equal divinity, so it is not appropriate to call us mixed.”

"lie…."

“You may think whatever you want.”

So Geo disappeared upstairs with Iruda.

“Oh.”

“Student Iruda won’t wake up.”

“I was sleeping originally.”

“Is that so?”

Soon, he returned with Iruda in his original state.

Chaisol asked with pure curiosity.

“Exorcism?”

“It was closer to a conquest through conversation.”

“Aha, I see.”

Joohyun thought about it.

'In this place, even evil spirits as small as Sankalut are treated as evil spirits.'

It was so unrealistic that I laughed.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (192)

192

Episode 192

“Is the original divinity a bit childish?”

“What is this?”

Yoo Seong-woon, who was waiting for Joo-hyun at home, asked with his signature smile.

“I guess you had a lot going on with the portrait today?”

Joo-hyun, who has a bold side in strange places, visited the portrait today. Unlike Aria, who is certain to be the instigator of the incident that will soon explode, he wanted to ask his younger brother Isser what he thinks.

“Why? What did Geo do again to deserve this reaction?”

“Sankalut visited Mr. Geo’s portrait.”

“Oh, I remember that name.”

Yoo Seong-un became serious.

“Why did the evil spirit suddenly appear?”

“Yes, I was also very surprised when the divine being who was supposed to be locked up in the lab suddenly appeared.”

“Is it right to just say ‘I was very surprised’? He’s the evil spirit who has a lot of connections with Joo Hyun.”

“I guess I should react a little more strongly, but I don’t know, what should I say about this….”

Joo-Hyeon, who had been mumbling, soon gave an answer.

“Because it doesn’t feel real.”

“Oh, then I understand.”

Yoo Seong-un quickly understood what he meant.

“Your brain hasn’t accepted reality yet.”

Yoo Seong-un placed a cup of warm coffee in front of Joo-hyun.

“First, drink this to wake up your brain.”

“I’m feeling a bit dazed right now, but I wonder what kind of trouble I’ll cause when I come to my senses.”

“Don’t worry, I was surprised too.”

Yoo Seong-woon, who was comforting Joo-hyun, asked.

“Do you feel like you have a desire for revenge?”

“…I thought about that part too….”

Joo-Hyeon, who had been thinking deeply, soon shook his head.

“Not really.”

“You’re colder than I expected.”

“I also find it surprising.”

“Did you decide that it was some kind of natural disaster?”

“Maybe so.”

Or maybe the situation at the time was so childish that he didn't even have the energy to get angry. He wasn't sure. If I were to describe his current state, the word "bewildered" would be more appropriate.

“I felt like I got slapped while I was sleeping soundly….”

“I don’t think there’s any resentment.”

“I do resent it. I know that mere human resentment is just a snack for the evil spirits, but even so… I perceive it as a divine being who harmed my family and friends.”

“I guess so.”

Although Geo never said anything explicitly, both Ju-hyeon and Yoo Seong-un assumed that the previous tragedy was a plot by Sankalut. And they never took any further action.

Joohyun fiddled with her coffee cup.

“Thanks to Mr. Geo, I think I can be more calm.”

He has already properly buried what happened back then and has come to this point.

“I think it was because Geo-ssi responded so calmly to that sudden meeting that things didn’t get any more serious. I wasn’t even the topic of conversation, so….”

“Yeah, in the first place, why did that evil spirit called Sankalut come to Geo’s portrait? Was it because he wanted to have a showdown with Geo? There’s also the mermaid thing, so it’s a headache.”

When asked about the part that he cannot ignore as a curator, Joo-Hyeon made an awkward expression.

“He, rather than saying he came of his own volition….”

“Could it be that you were dragged here?”

“In my opinion, yes.”

“How on earth did that happen…?”

Even the weakest and most foolish evil spirits can perform many miracles as long as they have divinity. Sankalut, who was worshipped by a planet, would not be an easy opponent, but I didn't quite understand.

Joohyun asked him.

“Do you remember student Chaisol?”

“Geo is a very caring child.”

“It seems like he got scolded by Mr. Geo for talking to that kid.”

“Even if you say it like that, I still don’t understand.”

“I was dragged here, possessed by the body of a child named Iruda.”

"…therefore…."

Yoo Seong-un roughly guessed the situation.

“…In order to do something to Chaisol, he possessed the body of his partner, Iruda, and tried to do something, but for some reason, Chaisol and Iruda’s bodies were dragged into Geo’s portrait, and does that mean that Sankalut’s plan was thwarted?”

“I understand you well.”

“It looks like another strange incident almost happened without me knowing.”

“It seems like an extension of what happened to me.”

“That’s… definitely true.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was familiar with the work of the Source Being, figured out Sankalut's trick.

“It seems like you want a new beginning.”

“I thought it was sealed now, but if that’s true….”

“I think there’s a problem with the lab’s seal.”

“Otherwise, there would be no way that Sankalut could reach the children of the Sun Church.”

“We need to formally protest this to the Solar Church’s research institute.”

“Since it’s related to Mr. Geo, I will contact him separately. Since I met Father Kang Seo-dam last time, I’m sure he won’t ignore my contact.”

“He’s a flexible priest, so he’ll handle it well.”

If they had overlooked it and passed it by, it could have been a big incident, but since Geo had prevented it in advance, it wasn't something for humans to worry about. As long as they handled the aftermath appropriately, the rest would be fine.

Yoo Seong-un observed Joo-hyun's complexion.

“But is it really okay?”

“…I don’t know.”

“…I think it would be better to talk again later when I have gathered my thoughts.”

He changed the subject skillfully.

“How did Isser react? Did he meet you?”

“Yes. Whether it was because Mr. Geo called, or because he was interested in something else, or for some other reason… he complied with my request more readily than I expected.”

“What is your opinion on this matter?”

“I agree with what Aria is doing.”

“I thought it would turn out that way, but….”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“I’m glad you came back safely after the conversation.”

“I didn’t expect any problems to arise as long as Mr. Geo was there, but we’ve had much more cooperative conversations than that.”

“I was worried because Joohyun was so brave.”

“I’m sorry I made you feel uneasy.”

“It’s so strange to lose your fear in such a strange place.”

“Still, I couldn’t help but listen to your opinion. Of course, I will never be the one to start the war between the mermaids, but we are friends anyway.”

Aria expressed her opinion sufficiently, but Isser did not. Joohyun was worried about that, and Isser told him his position and opinion. Joohyun was satisfied with that.

“I know it’s not something I, an unawakened person, should worry about.”

“Thanks to that, we were able to solidify each other’s positions, so it wasn’t a bad thing in the end.”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“Still, you better be careful, Joohyun doesn’t have much means to protect himself.”

“I’ll be more careful in the future.”

“I’m sorry I nag you so much.”

“I know you were worried.”

“Yeah, well, if you think about it that way….”

Yoo Seong-un, whose voice trailed off, sipped his coffee.

“…Any other information?”

“I heard that things will start to happen in about a month.”

“Isn’t it possible that it’s a lie? After all, it was something he said in front of Geo.”

“Mr. Geo didn’t say anything either, so I think he’s being sincere.”

“What a strange method.”

This is what you call the core of a storm.

'Absolutely not, it's peaceful.'

It was a world that had gone absolutely crazy.

* * *

Isserdo returned to the sea, and all that remained in the portrait were Chaisol and the sleeping Iruda.

“Have you calmed down a little?”

“Hyun-uh….”

“That didn’t work out, I knew it.”

“I’m so sad.”

“You still have a great vocabulary.”

It was a great feat for her to be able to express her feelings so skillfully in words at such a young age.

“What were you so sad about?”

“People are cruel.”

“The world these days is really scary for me too.”

“Did you do that too, hyung?”

“Of course.”

It was more than Chaisol, not less. Sergio was an old-time modern man who remembered the time before the great disaster when public order was maintained to some extent.

“The Earth of the past was not as openly dangerous as it is now.”

“The old Earth?”

“I’m talking about the Earth before the catastrophe.”

“How do you know that time? Wasn’t it a very long time ago?”

“It doesn’t seem like it’s been that long….”

Wasn't that something that happened less than 100 years ago?

“Is that why you were sad, student Chaisol? Because people were cruel to you?”

“It’s so scary. It wasn’t like that in our town, but city people are cold-

hearted….”

“I can sympathize with you on that point too.”

Having lived in a kind-hearted mountain village in Gangwon Province and moved to Seoul, Geo also understood Chae Sol’s feelings. Of course, the public sentiment back then wasn’t as vicious as it is now, but it felt roughly the same.

“So you started hating people?”

Chae Sol pursed his lips at Geo's question.

“…A little.”

“It’s so disgusting to see you hate each other so much.”

“I think so. I hope not.”

“But no matter what dimension you look at, humans hate each other.”

“…I don’t like that….”

“Student Chaisol is like me.”

The way of thinking was unique.

“It’s hard to hate easily, so when I see people casually slandering each other, I can’t understand. That’s how they start to feel distant from each other, and eventually they grow apart.”

“…What did you do, hyung?”

“I failed.”

In no case of Geo did people treat him with kindness. They idolized him or treated him as an object of fear. Geo could not bear to ignore that and approach him.

Because that's what they wanted.

“But student Chae Sol is different from me in that regard.”

Chaisol was very friendly.

“It has good stickiness.”

“But what if I live like this and become too distant and start to hate people? Even now, I want to run away to the village….”

“It seems like he wants to rest rather than run away. Chae Sol loves the family of the Sun Church more than he thinks.”

“Do you hate people, hyung?”

“I don’t hate you.”

Basically, that kind of thinking just doesn't work.

“Because I understand them.”

“What do you understand?”

“Why have you become so evil and vile, why are you throwing a tantrum, why are you crying….”

I understood all those things.

“Do you know what I mean?”

“…Are you feeling sorry for me?”

“You understand correctly.”

Geo felt sorry for the people.

“Poor people.”

These are people who end their lives in pain, suffering from worries

and anguish throughout their lives.

“What do you think, Chaisol?”

“It was me and Ruda who got hurt….”

“Oh, I’m not forcing my thoughts on you. I was just asking.”

“…I don’t know what I want to do or how I want to do it.”

“That is a truly sweet answer.”

Unlike the horse, Chaisol chose development rather than running away and avoiding.

“Do you want to be angry?”

“A little bit.”

“Do you want the mastermind behind this to die?”

“No, that’s not it.”

“Do you want to live your whole life in pain?”

“That’s not it….”

“Then you want me to reflect and repent?”

“…Should I say sorry?”

“There are many choices.”

Anything could be done as long as it wasn't buried.

“You can either simply submit to fate and wait for the sinner to repent, or you can help him do so by being there to scold him.”

“I don’t know if I can help you. Ruda, or any of my friends….”

“You seem to lack confidence in yourself.”

“I’m not a god who can do anything. I can try as hard as I can, but what if I end up making things worse?”

“Then another path will be revealed.”

“I’m scared of going down a path I don’t know.”

Chaisol, who had been hesitating, extended his hand.

“Can you help me?”

“How may I help you?”

“Please hug me.”

“It’s not difficult.”

Giovanni hugged the little priest gently, and only then did Chaisole smile as usual.

“…I feel like I have courage.”

“That’s a good thing.”

Chaisol, who had fallen away from him, asked.

“How do I become your brother’s priest?”

“You just have to be my friend.”

“Then be my friend.”

“It’s a happy day….”

Giovanni lightly swept Chaisole's forehead with his thumb.

“Your soul will always remain warm.”

A warm feeling seeped into his forehead.

* * *

“I did it!”

“…What, what is it?”

“Ruda, does anything hurt?”

“What is it, Chaisol, who are you?”

“I’m a healer now!”

“What are you?”

Iruda woke up again in the infirmary of the church and grabbed Chaisol's shoulder while shivering.

“Why do I feel the weight of divinity in you?”

“I decided to be friends with Black Cloak!”

“I told you to consult me before doing anything…!!”

What on earth happened to this natural monument while I was unconscious?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (193)

193

Episode 193

The Divine Contract of Chaisol caused a stir among the elders of the Solar Church.

“Are you saying that the black cloak was divine?”

“No, but in the association….”

“Well, they’re not authors you can trust.”

“How on earth did this happen…?”

The play of the divine being disguised as a monster has already been reported several times. Furthermore, since Chae Sol had directly shown the connection to the divine being, it was impossible to deny the proposition that 'the black cloak is the divine being.'

But the doubts continued to grow.

“Then what on earth is the identity of the black cloak?”

“Shouldn’t we investigate that priest-to-be named Chaisol a little more?”

“This is a child who has just made a contract with the Divine. If the connection is tangled or broken, he may suffer damage, so it is right to leave him alone so that he can find stability.”

“But if the Black Cloak is an evil deity, it would be right to cut the connection in advance.”

“Even that hasn’t been decided yet, has it?”

And most priests, although confused, were not that worried.

“More than anything, student Chae Sol’s position has become a healer….”

“If it were a truly evil deity, would it have granted the power of healing and regeneration?”

“The evil gods hate providence, so the divinity that made a contract with Chaisol cannot be evil.”

“I checked it several times, but I didn’t feel any dangerous aura.”

Why would healers be treated as nobles in the first place? It's because there are so few of them and it's hard to learn. What could be the reason? The power of recovery and regeneration that most of them possess comes from a miracle of providence.

“A traitor cannot give the power of healing.”

“Traitor, even if you are an evil deity, please refrain from making rash remarks.”

“It’s just the context.”

What evil spirit would help heal humans?

“I checked to see if it was a trick of the evil spirit, but there was no defect in student Iruda that student Chaisol had healed. There was no mental confusion, no physical problems, so isn’t it a complete recovery?”

It would be right to assume that the power that Black Cloak lent was

not malicious.

“And the evil deity will show its malice in some way. The fact that there is no abnormality despite all this examination proves the goodness of the being called the Black Cloak.”

“That makes sense, but we can’t be sure of anything yet. It would be safer to take some more time and watch the situation. For the time being, let’s exclude students Chaisol and Iruda from the internship.”

“If we confine ourselves to the church too much, the divinity that made the contract with Chaisol might be displeased.”

“But there’s nothing we can do about it. If by any chance the Black Cloak turns out to be an evil deity, what are we going to do about the aftermath? You all know what happens to a priest possessed by an evil spirit, right?”

“Hey, what if Father Kang hears this…?”

Their confusion gradually calmed down.

“If we can determine that the divine being who embraces student Chaisol is truly the Black Cloak and that the mystery is not evil, then there is no problem. There is no need for us to be anxious among ourselves.”

“That's true.”

The catechumens were literally only catechumens, not full priests of the sun. The catechumens who had not yet entered into a contract could serve any other divinity. That was the custom of the current religious world.

“This is a story I heard separately, but I heard that you can feel the energy of the sun from Chaisol….”

“…The sun? Isn’t there something I misunderstood?”

“It’s not just one person who says this, they said they felt a warm feeling.”

“It could simply be a divinity related to heat….”

“Come to think of it, isn’t there no one who knows the Black Cloak’s true name?”

“What kind of deity did student Chaisol sign a contract with?”

The Black Cloak, who had already established himself as a native monster of Korea. He was famous for denying evil, affirming good, and giving gifts to special people. The number of priests who thought he was an evil spirit gradually decreased.

Eventually, the priests gently coaxed Chaisol to find out his true identity.

“Uh, that… I’m not sure either.”

“I want to get some clues, even if they are vague. It could be a dangerous deity….”

“I don’t think it’ll be dangerous. I mean, the sun… I think it’s something similar.”

“…The sun, is it something similar?”

“He said he gave me sunshine.”

“Aha, I see.”

The priests were very happy when they heard the news.

“Even though she is not the goddess we worship, she is another sun. Doesn’t that mean our family has grown?”

“No, but when I think of the image of the black cloak, it doesn’t seem like the sun at all….”

“Isn’t it literally a being wearing a black cloak? No one knows what’s inside it.”

“There are some doubts, but it is certain that it is a being that has a great connection with the sun. Even Iruda Yang, who is famous for feeling the pressure of the divine, did not deny the fact about the warmth.”

“Then it would be difficult to judge it as an evil deity.”

At that point, another priest had another question.

“I heard that student Chaisol called a person named ‘Geo’ right before signing the contract.”

“…Geo? Are you talking about Sergio Hunter?”

“One of the priests-to-be in the same infirmary fell asleep, but it is not certain….”

“I think I need to check this out.”

And Chaisol obediently agreed.

“I called Brother Geo.”

“Are you talking about Sergio Hunter?”

“Yes, please help me….”

It was already a well-known fact that Sankalut, one of the evil spirits sealed in the association's research institute, had taken advantage of the chaos to reach out to the Sun Cult. The priest of the Sun Cult, who was in the middle of taking action against him, coughed in embarrassment.

“Ahem, that… I apologize again for that part.”

“I already received the apology?”

“Because of our negligence, the evil spirit reached out to student Chaisol.”

“It’s okay because Geo hyung helped me!”

“…Wasn’t it the Black Cloak that helped you shake off that evil spirit?”

“Oh, that’s true, but….”

Chae Sol, who was worried that he might not be able to organize his thoughts, answered with difficulty.

“They both helped.”

“What that means is….”

The priest concluded.

“…It means that the power that Sergio Hunter possesses is the same as that of student Chaisol.”

The priests of the Sun Church realized something that was not so surprising.

“Oh, right, the deity Sergio Hunter served was Black Cloak….”

“I think I know why you never told me about the existence of the Divine before.”

“It would be difficult to say that we worship a deity that is treated as a monster.”

“Even if that’s not the case, isn’t it possible that acting as a monster is Black Cloak’s amusement?”

“Is it that the Divine itself did not want it revealed…?”

“I don’t know if it’s a coincidence, but wasn’t Sergio Hunter’s position also a healer?”

“I feel like I finally understand it.”

The priests each nodded their heads.

“In the previous dungeon raid, it was clear that Hunter Sergio received the herb from the divinity….”

“Isn’t Black Cloak famous for giving gifts to good people he likes?”

“Then is giving gifts just a trait of the Black Cloak? Since ordinary citizens can receive gifts as well, the hypothesis that Sergio Hunter is a saint is….”

“Even taking that into account, I don’t think Sergio Hunter’s vessel can be compared to that of an ordinary person.”

“Yes, the size of the gift received is different. When I listened to the story, I heard that he also heard the intentions of the god he served directly….”

“If this is true, it will be a great success for the Solar Church.”

It was very difficult to witness the power of providence in this world. Traditional gods, to put it nicely, loved nature as it was, and to put it badly, were very lazy. They rarely intervened in human society.

“Why did Sergio Hunter and Black Cloak act so similarly…?”

“Huh? Were the two that similar?”

“I thought they were strangely similar. Sergio Hunter also likes to give gifts to others, especially when those gifts are full of food.”

“Ahaha, you really do care a lot about pleasing others.”

“They say you can’t just sit by and watch a hungry person.”

“They say that the gifts given by Black Cloak are mostly snacks that can be eaten. When I see them so similar, I wonder if they are truly the vessels of an adult….”

And the Solar Church came to a new conclusion.

“Wouldn’t it be better to build a closer relationship with Sergio Hunter?”

“Well, even though his awakening was different, he is definitely a person fit for a priest with that level of talent….”

“There is no Korean who worships a deity related to the sun who does not come to our church.”

“It wouldn’t be such a disappointing story for Sergio Hunter either.”

“Of course, since we are becoming friendly with the Solar Church, wouldn’t they be happy about it?”

The only one who was disturbed by such noise was Kang Seo-dam.

“…….”

The religious world is like a swamp.

'This is truly a den of bugs.'

It was so disgusting.

It was disillusioning that I had gone on an A-class dungeon exploration before I had even recovered from the damage I had received from the 'Deep Sea Kingdom' incident last winter, that the evil spirits had infiltrated the dungeon while I was developing it, and that I was too greedy even in the current situation where I was still recovering from

the aftermath.

'How can you be this greedy?'

I'm just making a big deal out of it when I should be reflecting on my mistakes and focusing on recovering. The result was just barely good, so no major problems arose and it passed amicably. If it hadn't been for that, we would have been blushing.

Kang Seodam had no face to face with his students. He sighed deeply and eventually went to find Chae Sol and Iru Da.

“Student Chaisol.”

“Yes, sir!”

“And then Iruda student.”

“Yes, I will listen.”

“I am sorry to both of you.”

Kang Seodam was only one of the teachers who educated the prospective priests, but he had a lot of responsibility to bear. He failed to properly protect his students, which led to this situation.

“Have you had sufficient conversations with your guardians?”

Chaisol nodded.

“My brother and sister said they wanted me to do whatever I wanted.”

“My mother said the same thing. She also said she was looking forward to your future response….”

Kang Seo-dam also nodded his head.

“Of course. This incident was a huge mistake on our part, so you don’t need to worry about it. Please recover and then go your own way.”

“What path can you take?”

“Since you both worship our Sun Goddess and other divinities, you can stop your education right now and find another path. I can even help you graduate early.”

Before Chae Sol could ask anything, Iruda grabbed her partner's hand and said.

“Even if you want to find another sect or guild, it would be better to get an official priest’s ID. Of course, I respect your opinion, but since things have come to this, the guys who have been bothering us will probably quiet down.”

“Sister Iruda’s words also make sense. The main students who were making the atmosphere bad have already been expelled from the church, and the priests here have no choice but to watch out for you if you are at fault.”

“As Professor Kang Seo-dam said, you may have fallen out of love with this place… but now we have the upper hand. Our peers will be watching us closely, and we have a reason to demand more benefits from the school.”

Chae Sol said to him.

“Summary….”

“There’s more to eat if you stay here.”

“Am I the only one who’s stupid? No…?”

“…I, I originally, um, I heard a lot that I was precocious. It’s not that you’re weird.”

Although Chae Sol, who came from the countryside, has a strong innocent side, Iru hopes that Chae Sol does not consider that trait as a

weakness.

Thanks to Iruda's encouragement, Chaisol quickly recovered.

“Okay then.”

“This is just my opinion, I want to hear what you want to do.”

“I want to continue to be with Ruda. I like the teacher too.”

“Then let’s try to graduate early. It won’t be difficult for us.”

“If I graduate quickly, at what age will I become a full-fledged priest?”

Kang Seo-dam answered that part.

“Depending on the circumstances, it is possible to complete the course in as little as three years.”

“Oh my god, really?”

“The number of internships will increase and you will be busy in many ways, but… if you can handle it, maybe.”

“Then I want to graduate quickly!”

So when two young priests dream of early graduation.

The Earth's oceans were surging from the depths.

* * *

“Let me get to the point.”

Aria asked politely.

“Would you like to be kidnapped?”

"oh."

Geo was amazed by the novel suggestion.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (194)

194

Episode 194

“So what did you say…?”

To Yoo Seong-un's trembling question, Geo answered calmly even though his shoulders were grabbed.

“Of course I declined.”

“I’m so glad that I have common sense to the point where I can take it for granted….”

“How were you looking at me?”

“If you think it’s interesting, just buy it and look at it.”

“It’s not entirely wrong, but it’s unfair.”

Geo also had some common symbols like that.

“Who in the world enjoys being kidnapped?”

“Maybe so, there are too many crazy people in this world.”

“If you put it that way, I have nothing to say, but I don’t think I’m that crazy.”

“I can’t help but feel reassured when you say that.”

Only then did Yoo Seong-un take a deep breath and remove his hand from Geo's shoulder.

“Those mermaid friends are really unique. Do they usually ask the person involved before kidnapping them?”

“They’re not the kind of friends I usually have a relationship with.”

“Why did you say you wanted to kidnap me in the first place?”

“They didn’t give me any details about that part.”

“You don’t have any other guesses?”

“I guess I don’t want to get directly involved in this fight.”

Although he had blond hair and blue eyes, Geo continued speaking with his characteristically blunt expression.

“This is not my fight.”

“It’s not your fight?”

“I’ve never been involved with the mermaid incident.”

“If I say that, wouldn’t there be a lot of people who would think it’s absurd?”

“Strictly speaking, my relationship with the mermaid disciples ended on the ocean planet.”

It was a relationship that ended with the death of 'Giovanni'.

“To put it simply, I am now a spin-off of a certain story. The mermaids began to despise humans after Giovanni’s death, and so they have been destroying many planets, and Earth is no different.”

However, the story was briefly interrupted here by the encounter with ‘Geo’s Portrait’.

“They seem to be taking responsibility by doing the same thing they have been doing all along.”

“So you’re trying to exclude you from this fight? Because if you get involved, their responsibility will be obscured?”

“Or maybe they just wanted to kidnap me once.”

“What are you trying to say when you say it so refreshingly…?”

“I don’t think it was a very refreshing tone. Your voice is shaking, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“Do you look like you’re not nervous?”

The precious source that I would not mind putting in my eyes was almost kidnapped by the scoundrels in the sea. Even though I knew that such an act would not harm Geo, I couldn't help but feel uneasy.

“I’m already upset because the sea has been so chaotic lately.”

“Is the sea very noisy?”

“It seems that those mermaids can influence the sea. I felt large and small vibrations in the deep sea, and upon investigating, I confirmed that it was a giant native monster that had been sleeping and was moving.”

“Oh, should I be worried about a tsunami?”

“I guess I’ll have to prepare for that part too. Well, I’m not really close to the ocean….”

“I understand that you were often sent to sea for that kind of work.”

“It’s true that cold-type hunters have an advantage in the sea.”

At least you can save your own life.

“The east coast is really noisy these days.”

“It was definitely on the side where the entrance to the ‘Deep Sea Country’ was.”

“I’ve relayed the Mermaids’ declaration of war to the guild master, so I’m sure other guilds are making rough preparations as well. Judging from the commotion at the Association and Justitia in particular, I think they’re preparing for possible casualties.”

“Did you declare that you will not conduct a separate attack?”

“Rather than a declaration… I think it’s closer to watching until the worst happens.”

I guess they were keeping an eye on this.

“The sea level has risen considerably. Since there aren’t many areas with human habitation along the coast anyway, it shouldn’t be difficult to prepare for it, but the question is what exactly the mermaids will do to the sea.”

Yoo Seong-un glanced at Geo.

“As your old teacher, do you have anything to say?”

“Well, my disciples at that time were still immature….”

I have never been able to move like I do now, completely immersed in the sea.

“However, mermaids are known to be children of the sea. To be exact, they are said to be children of the deep sea, and as such, they have various powers related to the sea.”

“What kind of power is it?”

“Becoming one with the sea.”

“I already have a headache.”

“Or change the ocean currents….”

“Are you crazy?”

If either of these two conditions were to be established, the lifeline of the Earth would be cut off. The planet Earth could be destroyed at any time by changes in ocean currents alone.

Geo rested his hand on his chin.

“Since the deep sea is said to be noisy, it is not unlikely that it will cause a tsunami. Basically, the sea is a place where natural disasters occur. It is very suitable for sweeping away many people.”

“Is it as easy as breathing?”

“That is not true. The seas of the Earth are not their family. No matter how hard the mermaids, who have not yet embraced divinity, try, they cannot catch a sea in an unfamiliar dimension like a mouse.”

"then?"

“It will take time. However, I don’t think it will take that long, considering the power they have accumulated over time. It seems like they have already prepared themselves mentally.”

“In short, it’s a fight against time.”

We had to strike first before the mermaids passed us by like the planets they had passed by.

“I need to quickly gather a strategy team.”

“Are the hunters gathering like the last time at the Four-legged Forest?”

“I don’t know how many guilds will participate because the risk is high in an unexpected situation and the rewards are unclear, but I don’t think they will be completely uncooperative.”

There was a special characteristic of Koreans.

“This country is characterized by fighting like crazy in normal times, but joining forces when a national disaster strikes….”

As Yoo Seong-un said, quite a few guilds have expressed their intention to participate.

Basically, guilds with high recognition had no choice but to participate, if only to be conscious of the public's attention. The Sun Church and the Moon Church in Seoul had already announced their intention to participate, and Justitia also declared that she would help save lives.

“The coastal area has already issued an evacuation notice.”

“They said Justitia is waiting over there.”

“I wish this commotion in the coastal area could somehow be quelled….”

“What about the residents’ reaction?”

“He said that, other than feeling anxious, there were no problems, perhaps because the association provided separate support.”

“If you have important items or someone you left behind, tell them to bring them in advance. If it gets any worse, it will be difficult to enter. Make sure there are no complaints later.”

“I have also obtained the development consent. Now it seems that we can tear down the house and build a defensive wall. Have we properly obtained the cooperation of the neighboring areas?”

It wasn't long ago that the chaos of the Great Disaster had passed.

Even the guilds with a long history and a high reputation had not yet been able to shake off their fear of dungeons, and they had been preparing with their minds sharp.

So, even if a sudden disaster like this occurred, we were able to deal with it quickly. We were grateful that the monsters themselves declared war.

“But by the way, why did that monster come and talk to me first?”

“I heard you spoke to the collectors who went on vacation to Jeju Island….”

“I heard that news too. I looked it up and found out that Sergio Hunter and Yoo Seong-un Hunter were previously dispatched to the ‘Deep Sea Country’ as part of a rescue team.”

“Did you get to know each other and announce it in advance? I really can’t read the minds of monsters….”

“Did you decide that these people were worth giving that level of warning to?”

Around that time, the story about 'Sergio Hunter' also came up.

“Will that hunter Sergio participate this time?”

“I haven’t received a clear answer from the collector yet, but I don’t think he’ll attend.”

“I heard you’re a hunter who really likes helping people, so it would be strange if you didn’t come.”

“I will participate unless the guild leader detains me.”

“No, why is the guild leader detaining a guild member…?”

“Haven’t you heard the rumor? I heard it was said that he was the blood of a Bisabal who was raised in captivity at a collector’s shop.”

“Let’s stop talking nonsense. Do you really need to say something controversial at a time like this? Are you going to fight with the collector?”

“I’m just trying to say something, you know. It’s kind of weird.”

And the collector also clearly expressed his intention to participate.

“Is Sergio Hunter also participating?”

“I thought it was the rear.”

“I guess there’s nothing I can do since I’m a trainer.”

“No, but I heard that they are fighting….”

“This guy? Are you going to put the trainer in front? Are you the devil?”

“No, really….”

“The position is also a healer, but would you really put a healer in front of the trainer unless you were really crazy?”

In this era, trainers and healers were basically in charge of rear support. This was because both were perceived as being weak.

Those who still did not know the exact information about 'Sergio Hunter' took it for granted that he was deployed in the rear. Those who knew the truth could not strongly refute that.

“Well, he is a trainer.”

“If you put a healer in front, you’re crazy.”

It was just the perception of the world itself. No matter how well they fought or not, they could not accept the fact that the rear positions

were being set up in the front. Thanks to that, Geo was safely placed in the safe zone.

Argio seemed a little dissatisfied.

“…….”

“Mr. Geo, this is not your battlefield.”

Joo-hyun stopped by to check on Geo's condition before going to the safe zone and patted him. Geo nodded to his friend's words.

“I know.”

“Then why are you mumbling like this?”

“You haven’t even opened your mouth yet, what kind of nonsense are you talking about?”

“I can feel it all with my eyes.”

“You seem to know me too well, it’s uncomfortable.”

“I know you’re saying things that you don’t mean.”

Argio, who was 24 years old, was more of a grumbler than the other Geos. It must have been very humiliating for a personality who was used to running wild as they pleased to be tied up at the rear.

And then this good news arrived for Geo.

“S, It’s an attack…!! It’s an attack, all hunters who can fight, please come to your positions!!”

“What do you mean?! Even the coastal front hasn’t received any attack notifications yet!!”

“Monsters are emerging from the hail that falls from the sky, what on earth is going on…!!”

The hunters who had been on guard around the area urgently gathered the hunters who were able to move. The hunters who had gathered in the rear area each took out their weapons and equipment, and soon learned the meaning of the phrase, 'Monsters are emerging from the hail.'

“What the heck is this…!!”

As soon as I stepped out of the tent, I felt a cold, bitter wind, and through the strong wind, large and small hailstones fell to the ground. Crunch-!! The hailstones that fell with a loud noise soon melted and turned into bizarre monsters.

“S, slime…?!”

“Slime doesn’t look like that!!”

“What is that…! It’s horrible!!”

The monster, which seemed to be made of melted flesh, attacked people in a languid manner.

“Request support from all directions!!”

“Communication has been cut off, we have sent Hunters who can teleport urgently!”

“There weren’t any monsters in the sea, so how could there be monsters in the sky…!”

The battle continued, separate from the confused hunters.

“Oh my.”

Kwajik—…!!

Yoo Seong-un, who had stuck an ice spear into the monster, smiled

awkwardly.

“This is really tricky.”

“Is this a surprise attack?”

“If it was a surprise attack, then it was a surprise attack. This is embarrassing, I forgot about the sky because I was so concerned about the sea….”

“I didn’t know that mermaids would attack like this.”

“Geo, how long can you hold out?”

Chook!!

Yoo Seong-un, who had pulled out the window, asked.

“What are the limits of your current body?”

“Not as much as when I’m at home.”

It was talking about when he was inside the portrait. Yoo Seong-un was convinced.

“There will be restrictions. Don’t push yourself too hard. If you get hurt, it will really break my heart.”

“It’s not like it’s going to tear, it was already planned?”

“That’s just how curators are. If there’s even the slightest flaw in what they do, they start to resent the world and shed tears of blood. Do you understand?”

“It’s unusual.”

“It’s unusual.”

But it was better than creating an irreversible situation.

“So I want you to be careful, okay?”

“I will keep that in mind.”

And as if they really had taken note, a few days later they heard that Geo had gone missing.

The sound of Yoo Seong-un lamenting the world echoed throughout the battlefield.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (195)

195

Episode 195

It wasn't just that Geo went off on a different path to satisfy his own selfish desires.

“…….”

No, that's something too.

'It's a prickly feeling to my conscience to insist that I'm innocent after causing this mess.'

Geo tried hard to ignore the surrounding scenery of monster remains.

Perhaps because he had not yet fully become one with 'Argio', there were times when his self as Argio felt separate from Giovanni. Geo wiped the blood off his face with an ambiguous expression.

“…Um, okay….”

“…….”

“Should I say it’s been a while?”

Giovanni smiled awkwardly as he looked at the mermaid standing in front of him.

“I didn’t know you would come to me like this.”

“I didn’t know you’d come all the way to this outskirts.”

“I followed my interest and ended up here.”

“Is that really all?”

“There are people left here, so how can I be the only one to step back?”

Geo tilted his head.

“You were aiming for that, right?”

It was hard to believe that the civilians and vulnerable rear-position hunters who should have been evacuated to this outskirts long ago were isolated by accident. The splendid monsters that had taken away Argio's vision were also likely the work of mermaids.

“Why did you call me here?”

“I understand you declined my sister’s invitation last time.”

“Can you accept being blatantly asked to be kidnapped?”

“Surely you don’t make sacrifices without a reason.”

Isser smiled faintly. It was a seemingly affectionate, emotionless smile.

“So I made up a reason.”

Isser pointed to the humans around him.

“It was injured.”

His speech was long and drawn out.

“It can’t move because its two legs are broken. It’s quite young even for a human. It’s probably not even 12 years old yet. It’s panicking, and it’s so disgusting that it can’t even understand what you say….”

“What is the main point?”

“I don’t think you don’t know.”

He rolled his eyes.

“Come to us.”

“That’s a very ambiguous expression.”

“You may agree to the kidnapping I proposed earlier, or you may join us completely.”

“Both seem like difficult propositions.”

Geo rubbed his chin. As if he were going to refuse, one of the isolated men shouted.

“Huh, Hunter…!!”

"oh."

“Please save me, I don’t want to die…! Please help me!!”

"okay."

As always, Giovanni smiled gently.

“I understand that feeling.”

Whether it was because of those words that gave them courage, or because they had been waiting for it, the people who had been keeping their mouths shut in fear began to cling to me one by one and beg me.

“Please save me….”

The sound got louder and louder.

“Please, Hunter…!”

“I don’t want to die!!”

“It hurts so much, please save me!!”

“Why are you so late!!”

“You should have come sooner, how many people have died!!”

“Please save me! You can do it…!!”

thud-!!!

The mermaid slammed the staff down.

“…….”

“…….”

The commotion died down as if a mouse had died, and Isser asked the still smiling priest.

“They are looking to you for salvation.”

“It seems to me that it is.”

“Don’t these humans who force sacrifices look as disgusting as insects?”

“He just looks so pitiful. He’s scared, of course.”

“You side with humanity until the end.”

The smile disappeared from Isser's face.

“If you won’t side with the deep sea, then come with your body.”

“Is this a threat?”

“You have found the answer well.”

The mermaid's eyes shone with a strange color, like the ripples of water.

“Before I can no longer tolerate my hatred towards humans.”

He held out his hand.

“…You should come this way.”

"otherwise?"

“It would be quicker for these humans to die than for me to die for you.”

“That could be the case.”

Geo could use quite a few means, but Yser wouldn't have been unaware of that. He must have come prepared enough, so even if he couldn't do it, he would be able to kill at least one person.

And Giovanni was a man who did not want even a single death to be allowed to be in vain.

'So what should we do now?'

He thought for a moment about the evil nature of the evil spirit.

“Well… there is also a way for me to ignore these poor people and fight.”

“No, you won’t. I know that.”

“Oh my god, this is impossible. I didn’t know I was such an obvious person.”

“Maybe you’re the only one who doesn’t know.”

"…okay."

Giovanni's smile crooked for the first time.

“It will be like that.”

“…….”

Isser did not answer.

Geo looked around. The eyes of the frightened people were filled with fear and resentment. The eyes of the ordinary people, who could not be called evil, were filled with acrid venom.

He knew those eyes.

“It must have been just one time.”

They were not evil people at all, so they would soon regret it if they got what was theirs back and had their leisure time back. Giovanni could not bear it because it was so pitiful and pitiful.

Why do these people walk the path of suffering on their own?

“Okay, I’ll go to the deep sea. What happens to me then?”

“…The Black Cloak will be locked up so that he can no longer protect the humans of this planet.”

“Is that how it feels?”

Giovanni smiled brightly.

“I understand, it’s interesting.”

This was the mermaids' last act of foolishness and gift. No matter how their responsibility ended, it would ensure that 'Black Cloak' would have a place in the world and continue another story.

If you had prepared such a cute farewell, there was no need to take

the loss.

'People are scared too.'

Geo decided to go along with the mermaids' surprise party. It was the most comfortable way to go, as he would not shed any more blood and had nothing to lose in any way.

“It’s been a while since I’ve been threatened.”

This is so embarrassing.

'What should I do to make everyone happy?'

Geo thought about it for a moment, then came to a conclusion.

Since it had come to this, I thought it would be better to show the world the 'Black Cloak' more clearly.

“…Even if I am imprisoned in your hands, that ghost story will not disappear from the Earth. Even if you kill me, it will be the same.”

“You have to try it to find out. I don’t know if its roots are on Earth, but shouldn’t we at least stop it from spreading its branches?”

This is definitely a tantrum. It seems that the mermaids were not happy with the fact that their teacher had roots on Earth. It was obvious that they were planning to hold Giovanni in their arms.

Geo nodded.

“Do you promise to release these people safely?”

“I swear on the honor of my family and… my right to hold the Golden Bough now.”

“I’ll believe that.”

Then he raised both hands in surrender.

“Take me.”

Now that the everyday story was over, it was time for the mermaid and the human to settle things.

* * *

Meanwhile, as the sea becomes more chaotic, Seoul falls into a state of eerie anxiety.

Joo-Hyeon was extremely shocked when he heard the news inside the collection office.

“…Missing?”

“Strictly speaking, it seems like kidnapping.”

“I think you need to look into it more closely. It was just Geo-ssi who matched the rhythm.”

“As expected, Mr. Joo-Hyeon has great insight!”

Bisabal, who was in the meeting room with Joohyun, smiled his characteristic smile.

“Aren’t you thinking of catering to the mermaids’ whining?”

“Why did it have to come to this….”

“Rather, it must be because it is a time like this.”

“Is this some kind of mercy that Geo gives at the end?”

“Or maybe it’s just work to make the story of ‘Black Cloak’ more certain?”

“…Would the mermaid help with that?”

Joohyun, who asked like that, held her head.

“No, it might have been a mess for that purpose in the first place. Oh, my head….”

“You really have great understanding.”

The visa holder clicked his tongue.

“I don’t know why I sometimes do brainless things when I have a brain.”

“Excuse me, I’m listening. The person in question is listening.”

“Oh my, did you hear that? It’s really embarrassing that my monologue was heard that far.”

“Aren’t you telling me to just listen to what you’re saying if it’s something that can be heard by an unawakened person like me?”

“When I see you talking back every now and then, I can tell you that you really do have a brain… but you’re really a person…”

Joo-Hyeon asked in a tone that even contained sympathy.

“Why do you keep picking on me??”

“I have a chronic disease of picking a fight with a foolish person.”

“Go to the hospital.”

“I’ll take note of that.”

For the safety of the humans that Geo cherished, Bisabal was specially protecting Juhyun in the inner room of his guild. Juhyun also knew his intentions, so he did not run out of the room despite all the trouble.

But just because my body was safe, my mind was not at ease.

“I heard that when Geo went to the ‘Deep Sea Country’ to rescue student Chae Sol, he came back really badly injured, and I’m worried that it’ll be the same this time too.”

“That is also Mr. Geo’s intention. I don’t think you will disrespect it, but it seems like you can’t help but worry about it, but if you change that foolish attitude, life will be a little easier.”

“I would really appreciate it if you could give me some advice or some bad words. I’m starting to get attached to you at this point.”

“No, this can’t be happening. Are you saying that Joo-hyun was treating me so cruelly? I’m so upset I could cry….”

“I think I’m going to cry, Guild Leader.”

I was so weak and unawakened that I felt like I would die from sadness and not be able to go anywhere.

“…The collectors don’t seem to be very concerned about Mr. Geo’s safety.”

“That is the discomfort that arises because Mr. Joo-Hyeon treats ‘Portrait of Geo’ as a person.”

Visabal continued speaking with a rare calm expression.

“Think of an ordinary piece of art. An artist rips a canvas with a knife to show performance art. What do you think about that?”

“I don’t know much about art… so I guess that’s what it’s like.”

“Yes, that’s the perspective we have on the work. Moreover, this is the path that the work itself chose, so how could a mere viewer deny that choice and block its path?”

“…….”

“Of course, Joohyun would like to say this.”

He still had a pouty face.

“Are you saying that it is okay to treat a being that knows how to eat, how to talk, how to sleep, and how to laugh as a ‘work of art’? Wouldn’t that be so disgusting that you couldn’t stand it?”

“…It’s a bit gross.”

“A bunch of those disgusting guys got together and formed this guild.”

The Bisabal created such a guild. Not wanting to be left alone, he set up a collection shop and displayed his family in this huge display case. Then he managed them diligently so that they would not run away or become corrupted.

“Mr. Joo-hyun’s perspective is not strange. Strictly speaking, it’s not that I and the other guild members don’t know that the collector is on the strange side. But we gathered here for that ‘gross act’.”

“Just for the guild leader?”

“I thought this was a win-win deal for both of us. Of course, Joo-hyun might think differently. I want to respect that, but I personally don’t like it that much….”

“I’m just curious, but how many times a day do you hear that you have a bad personality?”

“I’ve heard it about 12 times. Our guild members are loyal and only say the right thing. Aren’t they cute?”

“That’s sick.”

“I know, I know.”

The visa holder laughed.

“Didn’t I just say that I have a chronic illness?”

“I wonder if there is another disease besides the chronic disease of picking a fight with a foolish person.”

“In the end, it’s all in the same context. The way I treat Mr. Geo isn’t much different.”

He just saw the work as the work, and the hero as the hero.

“I find Mr. Giovanni’s actions really strong and brilliant.”

They just saw things differently.

“When I heard the stories of the rescued survivors, I heard that he sacrificed himself for other humans. Even though he was harshly criticized and betrayed by humans, he only felt pity and stood up for the cause. He is a true ‘hero.’”

That was the path that Geo had chosen himself. He had decided to save so many people on his own. As a result, many people were freed from suffering, and Geo himself was satisfied with that.

“I think that decision is very noble. No one should belittle its value when so many people have actually been saved.”

“…I’m surprised to hear you say that.”

Joohyun asked.

“I guess you don’t hate ‘heroes’ like that.”

“It’s a story about a dead person, so there’s no reason to hate it.”

“Do you hate me because I’m alive?”

“There is a huge difference between a story completed with death and a human being who is still alive.”

Although Bisabal cherished his guild members as collectibles, he never forgot that they were human. So it was true that dead 'heroes' and living 'heroes' felt completely different.

He soon burst into laughter.

“Am I wrong? The actions of Mr. Giovanni are extremely noble. Who else could do such a thing? Not the wise men of the century, not the many saints, not even one could give himself so much and show such affection and mercy to humans….”

“…That is also a part of what Geo-ssi has, but it is only a fragment. Regardless of his essence and origin, he is a human being who can cry, laugh, and feel pain. I don’t think what I see is wrong.”

“That’s right, that’s also one of the aspects of ‘Portrait of Geo’.”

“So you’re thinking that everything we see is not wrong?”

“You saw it exactly, Joohyun.”

They were so different.

“I don’t think we’ll be able to become close.”

“…I agree.”

The world you see is different.

* * *

And Yoo Seong-un spoke with bloodshot eyes.

“Rescue team.”

“Ah, no. Just a moment….”

“When are you going to create a rescue team?”

“I, the Hunters’ maintenance isn’t finished yet….”

“Then didn’t you ask me to let you pass through?”

“You know that you can’t take personal action in a situation like this, Hunter Yoo Seong-un….”

“Do you know what kind of trouble Sergio Hunter is in? Why are you so slow?”

“…Why are you doing this to me….”

The association staff member who went on a dispatch wept in sorrow.

'Hunters are scary.'

I wanted to go home.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (196)

196

Episode 196

“I thought I was used to the hunters’ faces changing all of a sudden….”

The association staff member who came to check on the bloodshot eyes of the meteor hunter muttered.

“I guess it’s not time yet.”

“Don’t worry too much. It’s not common for a meteor hunter to do something like that.”

“Oh, isn’t that common?”

“Yeah, I’m basically a person who’s indifferent to everything….”

The employee, who had experience enough to be deployed in such a disaster situation, looked embarrassed.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve seen you so angry.”

“If you say it’s been a while…?”

“That’s what it’s like for curators to be collectors.”

“I know you’re not an easy person.”

“That’s true, but, you know, there’s a clear trigger.”

It never causes problems as long as you don't touch sensitive areas.

“Because it’s a guild that values saving face.”

“Is that… because of the collector?”

“I guess so.”

The members of the Collector's Guild were all members of the Bisabal collection. They had a duty to maintain dignity that met the standards of the Bisabal. That was also the reason why they wore their uniforms without fail.

“But that doesn’t mean that the members of the Collectors’ Guild take special care to make something up.”

It was just their original personality. People who viewed the world with a cynical perspective but were faithful to a sense of responsibility above average. However, there were times when such guild members of the collectors, especially the curators, failed to do so.

“Usually when there is a problem with the work I am in charge of….”

“What work are you in charge of? Those monsters?”

“Be careful what you say. Yes, about those dangerous items.”

“Curators really do a good job of preserving such horrifying objects.”

“Because it’s also a problem related to those people’s sense of responsibility.”

The overwhelming burden of the 'affection', 'freedom', and 'duty' required by the guild must have been manifested as such an obsession. An employee who had even worked in a research lab for a short time understood that feeling.

“That’s true, but….”

“…Sergio Hunter isn’t that kind of dangerous item, is he?”

“…That’s what makes it special.”

As I said before, this wasn't a common case.

“It’s very rare for a meteor hunter to get that angry.”

It wasn't like this when an error occurred in a function he was in charge of before. The staff member who was on site at the time knew very well what kind of hunter Yoo Seong-un was.

“When I was younger, I was a bit temperamental, but I wasn’t the type of person who would tire out many people.”

“Are you saying that you didn’t pressure other employees like you did just now?”

“To put it simply, yes, I guess. The members of the Collectors’ Guild are the type of people who really hate causing trouble to others.”

“Then why are you doing that? Sergio Hunter isn’t even a ‘work in charge’ of Meteorite Hunter.”

“Well, maybe I’m just looking at it from a very narrow perspective.”

He could have just been worried about his close friend's well-being.

“…But it’s still difficult to understand….”

The guild members of the Collectors' Guild tend to have a very dry sense of camaraderie. If there was a good reason, they could use someone as bait and then discard them without any ill feelings.

It's not that there is no affection or trust. Rather, it's that strong faith is expressed in such a harsh form, but the current appearance of Hunter Yoo Seong-un is far from what the staff knows.

“…….”

“…I heard that story….”

“I know what you want to say.”

It was a sensitive topic, so everyone knew about it through rumors.

'So Sergio Hunter is a collector by blood?'

It is said that Bisabal, who viewed his son as a 'work of art', secretly locked him up and raised him.

'I thought it was a really ridiculous rumor, but when even Hunter Yoo Seong-un shows up like that... I thought it couldn't be true, but for some reason, it feels more believable.'

Sergio Hunter, who often shows a lack of common sense, and Yoo Seong-un Hunter, who never reacts sensitively unless it is a problem with the artwork. And the collector's abnormal affection for the artwork...

“…….”

The employee groaned and cleared his head. It was a topic that had no merit in thinking deeply about.

“It’s not our problem how the collectors turn out. Once Sergio Hunter returns safely, Yoo Seong-un Hunter will come to apologize and offer compensation, so don’t worry too much.”

“Huh? How do you know that?”

“Usually, curators do that when things related to their work are resolved well.”

“Then doesn’t that mean you really see Sergio Hunter as a work of

art…?”

“Didn’t you say it wasn’t our problem to get involved? I heard he’s tall and capable. Don’t you think he deserves to be treated as a work of art? It’s not uncommon these days to lock up children and raise them.”

“It’s disturbing that a large corporation that collects money did something like that.”

“It’s not even a certainty.”

It is a situation where the picture can be drawn quite well.

“I asked about it after receiving a recommendation from the Meteorite Hunter, but the association sent down an official document. Full-scale dungeon entry is not possible until the coastal area is almost completely cleared. Even if we carry out a diversionary operation, they are of the position that at least a minimum of priority suppression is necessary.”

"but…."

“It’s so noisy outside the entrance, how are you going to get to the deep sea? It’s not something that can be done just because you’re impatient. It’s right to start from the front and organize things step by step.”

“Even so, how can I convey this to the meteor hunter whose eyes are still wide open… This time, I feel like I’m really going to get grabbed by the collar.”

“Don’t worry about this, I’ll go and tell you.”

“Is there any problem in the country?”

“I haven’t heard anything about it, so, it’s obvious.”

The employee clicked his tongue as if he knew what he was talking

about.

“Isn’t everyone shivering?”

It was truly the end of the world for such a disaster to strike before the aftermath of the great catastrophe had even subsided.

* * *

There were still many people in the world who remembered the great disaster.

“Ha, Grandma….”

“Hey, come in, hey! This is not the time to go out.”

“I'm scared.”

“What a shame, we live without seeing the ocean. It’ll be okay.”

It was a natural thing for older people.

“Honey, how much food do we have left?”

“I think I can probably last a month….”

“Just in case, let’s save more, I even used up my vacation days.”

“Wouldn’t it be better to talk to the person next door?”

“No, in times like this, it’s best to stay still.”

“It’s really scary….”

“It’ll be okay, since the big guilds are stepping up like that.”

“I hope this dungeon mission goes well.”

It wasn't much different for the middle-aged and older age groups.

“Oh my, people died on the coast this time.”

“How did that happen?”

“The sea went crazy and jumped around as if it were alive.”

“No, didn’t all the people on the coast evacuate?”

“If there are people hiding all over the place, will it be possible to pull them all out…?”

An era of overpopulation where even conventional life is difficult to sustain.

“Oh, really… Even though you asked me to come live with you.”

“What can I do if I’m scared?”

Most of the people who fled and hid in deep mountains or sparsely populated areas during the great disaster were not registered residents and could not be easily found.

When such disasters strike, those people are the first to die.

“It seems dangerous.”

"right?"

The children were also anxious.

“Why the sea….”

“Aren’t we surrounded by the sea on three sides?”

“What if I get submerged in sea water?”

In addition to being a country closely connected to the ocean, sea levels have been rising little by little since the great disaster, and the

land has been submerged. Children have also begun to feel confused by the emergence of a disaster related to the ocean, a sensitive topic.

It was the same with the Sun Church.

“Chaisol.”

“Uh, yeah.”

“Have you contacted your family?”

“My older sister and brother are at the collection center right now.”

“In the collection…?”

“Because I’ve been helped by you before.”

“That’s unusual.”

Iruda, who had come to see Chaisol out of concern, tilted his head. The collection company had gained a citizen-friendly image through various events, but it was basically closer to a financial company that invested and managed capital.

'Isn't this a guild that is kind enough to care about the safety of third-class citizens?'

But I nodded, thinking that there must be something I don't know.

“Anyway, that’s fortunate, since he’s a collector, I can trust him.”

“Yeah. There aren’t any hunters in the village other than my older sister, but she said she’d help….”

“The collector promised to protect your village as well?”

“No, Justitia? They said that hunters were dispatched from there.”

“Oh, over there.”

Although Chaisol's hometown was not close to the sea, the sea was a factor that could cause many disasters, so it seemed that hunters were dispatched to various parts of South Korea.

“Justitia is famous for its volunteer work.”

“That’s right, I’ve received help a few times before….”

“Are you still worried?”

“It’s okay because it’s not just a village.”

Chaisol received all the help she could from adults.

“…….”

Still, the reason I didn't feel motivated was because I was just scared of this whole situation.

“…They said someone died.”

“…There’s nothing we can do in this situation.”

“I hope no one died.”

“It’s hard to hope for something like that in a dungeon break like this.”

Dungeon Break refers to the phenomenon in which monsters invade the outside of the dungeon. It is not a case of a large number of monsters causing a commotion like in the usual case, but it is also possible to see the same phenomenon in which a small number of large monsters pop out like now.

Iru told me the information he had heard from his mother.

“I heard that all the villages along the coast were completely reduced to ashes. Most of the registered residents were evacuated, but there were a few exceptions, so it seems there were casualties.”

"victim?"

“It’s obvious. People who didn’t register, or people who acted on their own without following the instructions of the association or the government. Or people who hid at their own discretion… and then suffered a disaster.”

“…Could it be that the hunters who came to help couldn’t find it?”

“It’s sad, but there’s a limit to how much Hunters can do to evacuate people one by one. Hunters with search skills could have found them, and there have already been many such cases, but even so, there are still people who haven’t been found.”

I heard that some people were stubborn and stayed behind on purpose. The hunters, who already had a lot of work to do and were burdened, couldn't take care of all of those people. There were too many people who wanted their help to take care of uncooperative people.

“But after this dungeon raid is over, the association or the government will push for a reconstruction project. They’ll also provide places for people who have nowhere to go until then. Well, this is why we collect taxes.”

“Taxes… My brother and sister pay them too.”

“That’s right, the government collects taxes for times like this, and we pay our own. You learned that in class, we, as weak creatures, cannot survive a disaster like this unless we stick together.”

“Yeah, that’s why I said harmony and peace are important.”

“We all help each other. The reconstruction project will be after the dungeon raid is over, but I know that the government is currently working hard to find places for disaster victims to live and provide them

with food.”

“That’s fortunate, but….”

Chaisol, who had been hesitating, asked.

“Won’t there be more damage?”

“Why not? Even the hunters are dying right now.”

I was literally 'dying' and 'going out'.

“They say that the sea is really chaotic in many ways, with strange hailstones falling and monsters turning into monsters, and waves crashing down as if they were alive.”

Although considerable information was being controlled in order to alleviate public anxiety as much as possible, Iruda was able to obtain some information through her mother's authority.

“Not only were the villages that had already been evacuated destroyed, but the aquatic creatures that had been doing their jobs in their respective places were also displaced. The most serious of these is that the ocean currents are gradually changing.”

“What is an ocean current?”

“I’m talking about the flow of seawater. Originally, this phenomenon was often observed due to the movements of sea monsters, but this time it’s a little different. It’s different from before when it could be controlled with magic.”

It's really the sea itself that moves.

“There must have been similar problems during the Great Disaster.”

“What happened then?”

“The climate has changed.”

“What happens when the climate changes…?”

“The weather is so changeable.”

To put it extremely,

“The entire planet would become a steamer or a freezer. It would be so hot that life on Earth would never be able to survive naturally.”

An environment is created where it becomes too hot or too cold for people to live.

“It hasn’t even been a few years since the world’s most capable hunters gathered their heads together to barely manage the aftermath of that time. It’s not for nothing that there are still so many people who fear the great disaster.”

An ecosystem thrown into chaos by the influx of monsters from another dimension. A vicious epidemic that seeps into everyday life due to completely different germs and air. Spatial problems caused by various creatures and objects that invade a small planet… .

Humans had to artificially analyze and adjust these various problems in order to survive on Earth. And they barely managed to do so.

“But then this problem occurred again….”

“So what should we do now?”

“There is not much a novice priest can do.”

“But isn’t there something I can do to help?”

“Of course you and I can do that, because we have the ability. But that’s not okay.”

"why?"

“I got caught.”

"huh…?"

“People are just dealing with it.”

Although there were rare instances of compassionate eyes, in most cases the young and inexperienced catechumens were easy prey in these turbulent times.

Iru decided to endure with Chaisol even if it meant sending them away from the Solar Church.

“That’s why I’m telling you to relax a little. I know people are worried, but you have to realize that the most important thing in this situation is yourself. If not yourself, who will protect you?”

“Ruda…?”

“…Of course we will protect each other….”

“…….”

“…….”

After a moment of silence, Iru opened his mouth.

“Don’t act so cute, I can’t allow it.”

“Luda, sometimes I think you look at me a little strangely.”

“I know you’re a natural monument who likes to help people, but this is not the time to step forward.”

“…….”

“…Don’t be too heartbroken.”

Iruda comforted him as if she felt sorry for him.

“Well, since all the famous guilds are gathered here, it will be conquered quickly. Your family is also in Seoul, so you will be safe. The village also sent hunters to guard Justitia.”

"…huh."

She spoke only of the comfort of those who knew and loved Chaisol.

“…….”

And Chaisol was worried about more people than that.

‘… I’m good at healing. Why don’t I hide in a safe place and heal the injured?’

Brother Geo, I'm worried too.

Chae Sol, who had been left alone in a daze, decided to do something.

* * *

"teacher."

“What’s going on?”

“Tea, tea….”

"yes?"

“Where is Chaisol…?”

Then he asked with a haggard face.

“Where did my round pebble go?”

“What is that….”

“You wouldn’t have sent that little kid to the coast, would you?”

“A dispatch? Sister Iruda, calm down….”

“Hand me back Chaisol! What did you do to my foolish partner!”

“Ah, no….”

There was a big problem with Chaisol's decision.

First, he made up his mind at an odd time and immediately went into the portrait without telling his partner, Iruda. Second, he sent a letter from inside the portrait later, but it was lost in the process of going through the frame.

As a result, Iruda's face became bloodshot.

“What happened to our child!!”

It was the crime of having a capable, well-connected, and quick-acting fool as a partner.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (197)

197

Episode 197

Geo laughed.

“Have you come to see me?”

"that's right!"

Chaisol also laughed.

“But where is this? This isn’t a beach?”

“This is one of the rooms in the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea.’”

“What were you doing, hyung?”

“As you can see….”

Clank.

Geo waved his hand.

“I was tied up.”

“Huh.”

“I think this is your first time seeing someone tied up. Are you feeling okay mentally?”

“Why, why are you tied up? And this isn’t the first time I’ve seen you, I saw it on the news….”

“It’s going to be a little different from those people.”

Geo did not commit any specific illegal act and was not arrested or sent to prison.

“If you think about it, my very existence is illegal.”

“What is that?”

“Okay, what is it?”

It seems like people these days live very complicated lives.

“When I was younger, even if aliens showed up, I just let it go.”

“Wow, really?”

"sure."

Don't you just dismiss it as nonsense? But in today's world, it's not at all strange if real aliens appear, so it's become really hard for portraits like Geo to survive.

“Why did the conversation come to this point?”

“Why are you tied up?”

“Oh, right. Those evil mermaids kidnapped me.”

"galaxy?"

“Yes, that’s what the student Eunha said.”

"uh…."

Chaisol was embarrassed.

“Why the galaxy?”

“He said he wanted to live and die with me.”

“Why is that? It’s too burdensome.”

“Isn’t that so?”

Geo asked with a smile.

“By the way, is it okay for me to stay here?”

The place where he is currently being held was once one of the Pope's residences, the place he usually used when he was staying in the temple. Geo thought that this place was similar to the Jeongjeon or Pyeonjeon of Joseon.

But of course, it was not a safe space like the old temple.

“Even though it looks like this, it’s still a dungeon.”

“No matter how you look at it, it looks like a dungeon.”

“Hmm, I see.”

The atmosphere became quite tense.

The temple was adorned with gold, silver, and marble, but for some reason, it had a chilly air all over it, and it was rusty and broken everywhere, just like a ghost house. The gloomy atmosphere unique to the deep sea was clear.

The tight pressure that can only be felt in front of a giant deep-sea creature. Skeletons scattered everywhere with greedy goods. A temple within a temple with sparkling yet cool water scales… .

Geo was bound to the Pope's throne in the middle.

“Perhaps Isserna Aria also sensed that Chaisol student had arrived.”

“You came through that portrait?”

“Yes, I know very well what happened before my eyes.”

“But you know what? Mermaids?”

“Because this is the home of mermaids.”

It was a sea of mermaids who became one with them.

“Even if it’s through a portrait, there are children who wouldn’t recognize my spirit.”

Chaisol drew 'Portrait of Geo', and 'Portrait of Geo' accepted Chaisol as such. There were some problems because it was a portrait without an owner, but it was possible with the help of the teddy bear father who was at home.

And surprisingly, Chaisol expressed his intention to meet Geo. Geo was not in a state to move and he did not know the situation well until this happened, but Chaisol could go back anyway. If it was now.

“This is a dangerous place, so it would be best to return to the safe Temple of the Sun.”

“But I also want to help in some way.”

“Oh my goodness, this is so wonderful. But it can’t be.”

"huh."

“Kids aren’t supposed to help with this.”

“Say the same thing as Ruda….”

“Iruda is a really smart friend.”

Argio thought that children should not be in a battlefield like this.

“Children have the right to be protected, but they also have responsibilities. The time that only children like Chae Sol can enjoy is extremely limited. I think that only then should they enjoy pure happiness.”

However, Chae Sol's persistence in crawling all the way to the portrait was incredible.

“So you’re saying that I shouldn’t get hurt or get sick?”

“Wouldn’t it be mentally painful to see me like this?”

“The more I look at it, the more I feel like I’m getting used to it.”

“That’s why I’m saying that you shouldn’t adapt like that, because it will diminish the purity of student Chae Sol.”

“I don’t think it’ll be dangerous if I stay with you. Do I really have to go out? I’ll just stay put.”

“I wish I hadn’t gotten involved in this in the first place.”

“I’m going to sit here and chat with my brother. I was going to treat the people who were injured on the beach, but I couldn’t do that….”

“Can’t you hear me?”

“I don’t want to do nothing since I’m already here. I’ll do this because I’ll be bored if I’m alone.”

“I’m so amazed and frustrated that I’m going crazy.”

Geo smiled brightly.

“Go back.”

"no, I do not want."

“Oh, go back.”

Unfortunately, I couldn't send Chae Sol back home because she was tied up by the mermaids. I would have turned her into paint if possible, but the mermaids must have been doing research, because no matter what I did, it wouldn't work.

When Chaisol realized that Geo could not force him back, he crouched down at Geo's feet. Chaisol asked with a bright face.

“You can’t send me back?”

“Even if you don’t tell me one thing, I feel like I know ten.”

“But how did you call me?”

“Please be precise, Chaisol. The student came over himself.”

“The portrait just opened?”

“It was a portrait without an owner, so my father accepted it.”

“Oh, so that’s why Grandpa Teddy Bear….”

“First of all, the frame itself was opened and brought in by student Chae Sol himself.”

“Oh.”

Chaisol blinked.

“You didn’t open it for me?”

“My wishes were not reflected, and strictly speaking, I only gave the key to Chaisol so that she could express her intention to visit. The house key.”

“House key…? Ah.”

He stroked my forehead.

"This one?"

“Yeah, that’s it.”

This is the 'sculpture' that Giovanni gave to Chaisol as the sun god.

“There are some abilities that I can share, but I am a portrait artist. As these characteristics of mine are also shared, Chaisol also gained the ability to draw portraits.”

“My grandfather helped me get in.”

“Student Chae Sol is still immature. She is not a perfect portrait artist like me, so it seems like she can only frame it, but it will be difficult for her to get it in. That’s why my father must have helped me.”

“Wow….”

“I was planning to share the other abilities little by little, but if I had known that Chae Sol was this brave, I would have thought more about the piece I gave him back then. His ability to take action is better than I imagined.”

Chaisol was puzzled.

“You didn’t know I could do this?”

“I’m certainly smarter than average, but that doesn’t mean I know everything.”

“No, but I think you know everything. You’re a god.”

“Not only am I not a proper believer, but then what fun am I going to have in life?”

Geo did not want to master all knowledge and wisdom.

“I really didn’t know that student Chae Sol would come all the way here.”

I didn't know that my father, ignorant of the weakness of this human being, would send this palm-sized child right in front of my nose. He sent the child, the child, knowing how harsh this place was.

“Isn’t it true that Father guided you to the ‘Breathing Sea’?”

“The name of that frame was ‘Breathing Sea’?”

“If you are talking about a painting of the sea, then yes.”

“Then I think that’s right too.”

“Oh, I should have kept it hidden a little tighter.”

The 'Breathing Sea' and the 'Deep Sea Country' were connected spaces. Geo had often wandered around this temple through it before, so he knew the general idea.

“I think my father placed ‘The Breathing Sea’ in this room after hearing straight from Chae Sol, who said she wanted to see me. Chae Sol said it was good and came to me through the picture frame.”

Fortunately, the frame of the 'Breathing Sea' itself still remained. The view from here was of a peaceful cabin, but in any case, a path for Chaisol to escape was temporarily open.

“If you have any trouble, run away over there.”

"yes!"

“I feel really uneasy, so it would be better to go now.”

"no, I do not want!"

“Who do you resemble to be so strong?”

Its integrity and sturdiness were greater than those of bamboo in winter.

“Fortunately, Isser and Aria don’t seem to dislike student Chaisol that much, and they are people I can communicate with to some extent, so there won’t be any major problems.”

“Then can I stay here?”

“You already have it? I’ll tolerate it since you’re quite good at listening to me with one ear and letting it go out the other, because there’s nothing I can do right now. But you must never do that again.”

He could have sent a will to his father and told him to take Chaisol away, but it seemed unlikely that the Sun God would welcome that. His cute teddy bear grandfather had never been human, so he had no conscience.

'I guess they'll just leave Chae Sol alone, thinking it'll be helpful to both of them.'

Above all, Giovanni's hometown was a world where children's rights were not established. It was absurd that Giovanni's father, who was a god there, was now worried about Chaisol's safety.

“Is there such a thing as a one-sided argument?”

“What is a foreign language?”

“It’s a word used when playing a game called Janggi, but it’s also used in situations where you can’t help but lose no matter what you do.”

“Did you lose, bro?”

“Haha, you lost to student Chaisol.”

I guess I'll have to fix that safety insensitivity someday. Kids these

days are so bold and precocious.

“Did you really tell the students and the other teachers properly? If you had told them that you were going to see me on my mission to the coast with the help of Black Cloak, you wouldn’t have come like this.”

Chaisol blinked.

“Uh… I came as soon as I thought of it, so I contacted you later.”

“It was already a certainty that I would get in trouble, but how did you contact me?”

“I received a letter from Grandpa Teddy Bear….”

“I would appreciate it if you didn’t just tell me that you sent the letter.”

“I sent a letter.”

"this."

Geo let out a sigh.

“It probably wasn’t delivered.”

“Yes? Why? I saw you leaving?”

“As I said before, student Chae Sol is not a portrait, so, um….”

“So?”

“To put it simply, it means not being able to pay the phone bill.”

“…Call charges?”

“Even though I am better at drawing portraits than Chaisol, the letters I send are blurry.”

This was a problem that occurred during the process of the picture

becoming reality. When something virtual becomes something of the earth, it becomes distorted during the process of interpretation and analysis. Because of this, there was a problem that Geo's letter was virtually unreadable.

“Then what about student Chaisol?”

“Oh, it’s not being sent…?”

“Even if it is sent, there is a high possibility that it will be lost in the process.”

“…Then I won’t get a reply…?”

“I haven’t even received a reply yet. It’s only one-way communication at the moment.”

“Uh uh….”

Only then did Chaisol's face turn pale.

“I, I came here without telling Ruda!!”

I came here because I judged that it couldn't be dangerous since Geo would be with me, but if I hadn't even sent him a message that said something like, 'I'll go check first, so if it's really safe, would you consider going with me one more time? Of course, if you don't want to, then don't. I'll wait for your reply!', then it would have been out of the question in the first place.

So I jumped up and ran to the portrait.

“Huh?! It’s gone!!”

“Oh, sun….”

Giovanni sighed.

'There's no need to be this childish.'

Of course, even though this incident had the potential to help both Geo and Chae Sol grow, he didn't necessarily want to force the child to develop. If there was an easy path to take, why should he refuse it?

'I guess we'll have to talk about this later.'

It's not that I have any ill intentions towards the teddy bear sun god. For example, I would like to raise the abilities of the characters in the game. I would send them into battle to gain experience points to level up.

The sun truly believed that this path would help them both, and it was also a fact based on affection. However, it would be ridiculous if the sun followed human sympathy and the ethics of a small life.

“Instead, I apologize, Chaisol. It seems like my father has closed the door.”

“Why, why…? It was open just a moment ago?”

“If it seems like Chaisol is in danger, you can open the door again, but until then, it seems like it will stay like this. I guess you want Chaisol to develop during this process.”

“The development is all good, but let me explain to Ruda first… I really need to make an excuse just once…! I knew it wouldn’t be dangerous, so I was just planning to come and take a quick look…!!”

“Considering that, wasn’t the doctor who tried to sit next to me too firm?”

“I was just going to wait with you until Ruda replied because it was safer with you…!”

“Oh, that’s too bad. But Father won’t open the door.”

Giovanni laughed. Giovanni, who had been a believer, had an intuition about how the situation would unfold.

“Student Ruda has a fate that she must accept if she doesn’t know about this.”

Seeing that he couldn't squeeze out such a fate, it was clear that he wasn't a god.

'Is this the true power of God?'

Yeah, I'm average.

* * *

“I guess….”

The priests of the Solar Church have come to a conclusion.

“It seems that the mermaid has kidnapped the priestess of Chaisol.”

“Sergio Hunter said he was in the same situation….”

“Even Brother Chaisol had the same thing happen to him before.”

“Is it possible that the evil spirit from the research institute entered the Solar Church and approached Brother Chaisol?”

“The divinity of the Sankalut Church and the mermaids may have joined hands. Why, the disciples of the Black Cloak?”

“It may be a hasty judgment, but it looks like the mermaids are trying to keep Black Cloak in check.”

“Actually, a mermaid named Isser made a similar statement.”

“What on earth is going to happen….”

Iruda sobbed.

“…Give me back the teacup….”

“I’ll contact you shortly about this, he might be in the dungeon.”

“Do you know how unlikely it is for a kidnapped child victim to return alive…?”

“We are well aware of this, but the order to enter has not even been given yet….”

“I want to go on a business trip too…!”

I had no intention of being safe alone, not knowing when or how my partner would die.

“Send me a dispatch!!”

Everything was according to God's will.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (198)

198

Episode 198

Iruda wasn't the only one who cared about her partner's well-being.

“Take care of the sea.”

“Yes, even if all the cold-type hunters gather together, it’s still difficult to deal with the sea… Even one hunter is a pity. I understand that you are upset, but please lend me a hand.”

"then."

Yoo Seong-un asked with a smile.

“Do you have permission to enter the dungeon?”

The eyes did not smile.

“…Probably so.”

"maybe?"

“Almost certainly.”

"almost?"

“Meteor Cloud Hunter.”

The association staff sighed as if they understood.

“You know, I can’t send just one hunter in this situation. I know that Hunter Yoo Seong-un is capable, but it would be difficult to clear a dungeon with a humanoid monster as a boss in solo play.”

“If you send it to me, I’ll just take out Sergio Hunter and come back. Yes, I’d like to, but the association won’t give me permission. So let’s do it all together?”

“There are already many hunters who are dead or injured, and many who are missing. If we only give convenience to Hunter Yoo Seong-un at this point, how will we explain it to the other hunters? Please calm down….”

"All right."

Yoo Seong-un was also convinced.

“Then, please confirm that permission to enter will be granted as soon as the sea is cleared.”

“…I’ll talk to the association again. It seems like they’ll proceed as soon as the minimum necessary arrangements are made to carry out a diversionary operation, so it should be possible.”

“I'd like to have a definitive answer before I finish organizing everything.”

“The sea is acting strangely. It seems like the monsters are slowly gaining control, so please be careful.”

“I know full well that I am a valuable asset that cannot be lost.”

I hadn't even properly analyzed 'Portrait of Geo' yet, and I already had no intention of dying.

“Let’s get started right away.”

It's easy to say 'tidy up', but it couldn't be as easy as cleaning a room.

The hunters froze a giant wave that moved like a living creature, and had to deal with various sea creatures and monsters that were running wild inside it.

'This is a headache.'

And only after building a barrier against all these seas could we say that we had 'finished organizing'.

Yoo Seong-un was dispatched straight to the scene.

“Meteor Cloud Hunter—!!”

There were many hunters who recognized Meteor Cloud, who was famous for his cold-type abilities. The hunters were very interested in a hunter who handled the same element as me. Meteor Cloud opened his mouth with his characteristically innocent smile.

“Where do I start?”

“I freeze everything that catches my eye.”

“Are you crazy? How are you going to handle this?”

“The words have become harsh, I heard that Hunter Seo was kidnapped and then got into trouble.”

“What’s the main point?”

“It costs money, you know.”

Rather than fiddling around thinking about the capital that would be lost later on as a trainee, it was a much cheaper situation to start out with the determination to write a statement and make a big bet.

“If we delay any longer, we’ll leave the coast and head inland. The seawater has gone crazy and is trying to crawl in like a snake. Not to mention the monsters caused by the hail….”

“Is stopping the coastline an urgent task?”

“That’s right. But you can’t stop the water with your hands, and feeding them seawater isn’t easy either, and even if you build a big wall, they’ll climb up like monkeys, so the only thing left is to freeze them.”

“You don’t use flame-type hunters?”

“There’s already chaos over there, and the manpower is too inefficient to stop this massive tsunami. Let’s stop being sarcastic and get into the ocean.”

“This is really….”

Saaak—!

A chill gathered at Yoo Seong-un's feet, and soon it became daylight.

“Things got really messed up.”

widely!!

I tapped the ground with the toes of my shoes that had turned into skates.

At that moment, the meteor's shadow disappeared. He immediately climbed up the huge barrier and jumped into the sea beyond. A thick sheet of smooth ice formed along his path, which served as another barrier.

“…….”

Phew—!!

Just before crashing down the high wall, Yoo Seong-un looked up from the air.

'One extra-large, six large, thirty-two medium.'

Other miscellaneous small objects were not in charge of the meteor cloud.

"ha…."

Phew—…!!

He thought as he fell rapidly.

'I want to leave work.'

Kwajijijik!!!!!

A meteor has set foot on the 'ground'.

From where he stepped, a huge, solid 'glacier' of the type you would see only in polar regions was created.

The terrible cold spread across the sea surface and even below, instantly freezing the rolling waves. The hunters who heard the loud noise shouted.

“Fuck, it’s support!!”

“Save me, the sea is so fucking shit…!!”

“Wow, Class A is here, clear the way! Clear the way quickly!!”

“Hey you idiots, if you don’t want to freeze, make way!!!”

The hunters who noticed the meteor cloud moved away from their positions, and the meteor cloud quickly passed between them, freezing the sea.

High-level hunters who are skilled at handling the cold wear skates similar to those used by Yoo Seong-un.

If used well, it could not only increase speed, but could also be used as a weapon. There were even jokes that it was influenced by the fact

that South Korea was once famous for figure skating before the great disaster.

'It's true that it's useful, but.'

A cold wind brushes my cheek.

Strengthening my legs, I lightly do a single axel. I smoothly jump over the swaying and twisting ice, and slash--!! I spin around and slash at the monster. I land. I spin around. I avoid the obstacle and move again.

Run fast and bang with the window!!! You hit the ice and jump up. You spin vertically and slam the monster down, and you use the momentum to float into the air. The body fluids of the monster that got cut by the skate blade freeze and fall down.

Just repeating the same thing with a few changes. Using the skates for softness, the spear for destructive power. Go forward, jump, slam down, cut, land, and go again.

'This task itself is not difficult. It's simple labor.'

Bam, bang!

Move while stepping to avoid multiple monsters. Bang!! When you strike, a spear rises from the ice and pierces the monster. Blood flies.

Yoo Seong-un knew what he had to do here. Monsters that had frozen along the ice path he had created as he passed by were breaking the ice and causing chaos, but other hunters were dealing with them.

“…….”

But that wasn't the end of the situation.

'The sea is wide.'

And it's deep.

'This isn't something that can be resolved by just me doing something.'

Even if the meteors blew up and drew on the power of the garden, it would not be possible to freeze all the oceans on this planet. Considering the survival of the Earth, that would not be possible, as it would be beyond recovery.

‘But just a little bit…’

Yoo Seong-un once again took out his long ice spear, held it in his hand, and bang-!!! He hit the ground, and the recoil sent him flying into the sky.

“…Hoooo—”

He levitates into the air and aims his ice spear at the eyes of a large monster.

I took a picture.

“…….”

Paang-!!!

The monster's body burst apart.

“…Ugh, ugh.”

Squeak—.

The meteor cloud, which had circled around and stopped on the ice, spat out the ice fragments that had entered its mouth.

“Oh, really.”

The combination of the monster's fluid and seawater was bound to be

salty.

The meteor cloud, which had shaken off the unmelted ice fragments, quickly skated back out onto the sea surface. In his path, huge glaciers formed and monsters froze.

But this was something that other A-class hunters continued to do.

'It's repeating itself, it's a vicious cycle.'

The Meteor Cloud was a hunter known for creating large, solid ice, especially the polar ice caps. But even with all the capable ice hunters gathered here, the sea continued to crash and crash.

'Then there is only one answer.'

I had to pester the 'owner' of this wave to come out on his own.

“My specialty.”

Crunch. Splash!

The meteor broke through the ice and entered the sea.

'What would happen if all these monsters here were to become cold?'

The training would be difficult, but that was not something for Yoo Seong-un to feel sorry about. After all, the work related to it was a problem that Yoo Seong-un himself would have to solve in the future by working overtime and getting a pay cut.

'And if this works… .'

Yoo Seong-un thought of the gardener, Jeong Yeong-won, who had participated in this war.

'It could be quite annoying.'

He grinned as he watched the sea monsters approaching him. In such

waters, humans, as land creatures, would be at a great disadvantage, but it was different for a gardener in the snowy field whose soul was frozen like that.

A gardener was a worker who took care of the seeds and fruits of the garden.

“…….”

Wouldn't any monster be troubled if another garden bloomed inside its body?

The meteor cloud stabbed the ice sword into my body and cut me. The monsters opened their mouths wide at the sweet scent of blood.

'Let's go somewhere as far as we can.'

A bright red snow flower has bloomed on the sea.

* * *

“The meteor hunter has gone missing!!”

The hunters on the shore beyond the wall, who had retreated with their injuries, were muttering.

“Huh? Where is the Meteor Hunter…?”

“A hunter who can create that much ice wouldn’t be unable to protect his own body in the sea, right?”

“But I confirmed that he was falling into the sea, so shouldn’t he be rescued?!”

“If you say he’s missing, does that mean he’s been gone for some time?”

“I know you’re busy, but I feel I should let you know….”

“No, how many hunters are missing right now?”

However, there was no manpower that could be sent to rescue a single hunter right now. This was especially true if the hunter had fallen into the sea. In this situation, everyone had to figure out how to survive on their own.

Therapist Jeong Yeong-won, who was receiving treatment from the rear, asked him.

“Did you fall into the sea or go in?”

“Huh? That, that’s… well….”

“I think it went in.”

A gardener does not die easily unless he is eaten by the root.

“Look at the sea more. If you look at the situation of the sea a little more broadly than the comfort of a single object called a meteor cloud, it will be easier to figure out what is going on.”

“What do you mean…?”

“…….”

Jeong Yeong-won said, blinking his eyes.

“…The sound is dying down.”

“What are you talking about in this noisy place?”

“Don’t look small, look big. The sound of the waves breaking on the sea is getting smaller.”

"that…."

“Okay.”

Jeong Yeong-won turned around and laughed.

“You can leave that guy alone, he’s doing fine.”

“Ha, but…! If the Meteor Hunter goes wrong, things will go wrong!”

“I told you, you’re doing well?”

And soon, some hunters also felt something strange.

“…? No, wait a minute….”

“Is there really a sound…?”

It was just a moment.

“…….”

“…….”

It became so quiet in an instant that the inside of the wall became cold.

“…What the heck is this?”

“I think it’s almost completely frozen.”

Jeong Yeong-won said with the faint sound of monsters howling in the background.

“Everyone, go and get to work, catching monsters.”

“Oh, yes?”

“And bring me some meteor hunters too.”

“Are you talking about the meteor hunter?”

“It must be lying around somewhere.”

As expected, the hunter in front came running out of breath.

“Chi, healer! Healer!! Healer!!”

“Put it down.”

A bloody meteor hunter was heard.

'I see you've grown up, Jeongwon.'

Jeong Yeong-won understood what Yoo Seong-un had done. She checked Yoo Seong-un’s consciousness while treating his wounds on the bed in the barracks. Then their eyes met.

Yoo Seong-un smiled brightly.

“Is it pretty good?”

“You must have grown a lot.”

“It’s been so cold lately, I feel a bit chilly….”

“It’s a greater force than the last time I saw it.”

“I drank a lot of good tea.”

The garden is growing very well.

“…….”

“The sea is completely frozen!!”

“I told you to go and work?”

“Ah, yes, yes…!!”

The cracking and crashing of ice and glaciers created by the hunters was no longer heard. Instead, there was only the heavy noise of the squawking and flailing hunks of flesh stuck between them.

'It's amazing, even considering it's much quieter beyond the barrier.'

At this point, almost all of the sea visible to us was frozen.

'All the way through.'

Jeong Yeong-won knew what Yoo Seong-un had done.

“Was it effective?”

“That’s usually what happens when you say something.”

Once a seed is planted in one place, it will continue to grow.

“It only takes a moment to harden.”

The meteor cloud used my body as a 'seed' and fed it to the many monsters in the sea. The sea monsters, soaked in his terrifyingly cold blood, instantly froze, freezing the inside of the sea.

It was the cold air of the source, and there was no need to explain its effects further.

“I thought it would be easier to start from the inside rather than just attacking the outside.”

“It certainly seems that way, judging by the way my ears feel more at ease.”

“There were many places that couldn’t be frozen, and the cold air from the garden had a limit to spreading to the deep sea….”

“I understand.”

“Still, it was definitely faster because the other hunters had frozen it.”

It would have taken a long time for Yoo Seong-un to lower the temperature of the ocean from the beginning to create that vast glacier, and it would have been beyond his ability alone, but the fact that capable hunters had already stepped in and lowered the

temperature of the ocean by a considerable amount helped a lot.

All he did was give the sea a plausible starting point on the verge of freezing.

“It was somewhat effective, wasn’t it?”

“That may be true, but it must have been a burden to you.”

Gardeners are punished for keeping them inside the garden and for letting them out.

“Were you that worried about Sergio Hunter?”

“Wouldn’t you be worried in a situation like this?”

Yoo Seong-un knew the mermaids' greed.

“If you’re not careful, the roots might get moved.”

The mermaid's obsession was more than Yoo Seong-un could have imagined.

They had built up such great achievements that they had been the center of attention of many evil gods, even though they did not possess divinity. It was quite possible that they could do something to Geo, who was weakened for a long time because he was not in the portrait.

“So, I had to push myself a bit. How long will it take to recover from this?”

“Those damn dealers clearly have brains as small as chickens. How dare you say that when you look like this? Healers aren’t vending machines for healing, they don’t just snap out of it.”

“No, I don’t know. How much is it? I’m just asking for the period.”

“There are aftereffects of the garden, so it is impossible to cure it in a short period of time. Even if we put in more effort, we cannot completely treat the aftereffects. However….”

Jeong Yeong-won was a pretty decent healer.

“If Hunter Sergio is in danger, I will also take the punishment of heaven.”

And he was a pretty good gardener.

“I will borrow the power of the flower garden.”

“Thank you for this.”

“If you know, please bring Hunter back safely.”

The Eye of the Source gloriously took root on the earth. It was a situation that any gardener who had his own garden could not help but be greedy for, and Jeong Yeong-won in particular was a human who worshipped the Source as if it were his own divinity.

“If he is safe, the painter will be happy too.”

A soft rose-colored glow was felt at Jeong Yeong-won's fingertips.

It was the power of life drawn from the garden.

* * *

“…….”

"…hello…."

"haha."

Geo said with a smile.

“Would you mind taking a look?”

“What? This child who is obviously imbued with the power of the sun?”

Aria also smiled with her eyes wide open.

“I’m so jealous that I want to throw myself into a rage.”

“But still, he is my first believer….”

“If you say so, why kill me again?”

Aria hmm, and rubbed her chin.

“Well, this fight isn’t your fight, teacher.”

“So that’s why you left it in such a remote place?”

“Of course I will satisfy my selfish desires, but if it has come to this, there is nothing I can do.”

She smiled with the politeness that befitted a gentleman of high society.

“Can I use you as a cute hostage?”

“Please don’t get hurt.”

“Don’t worry, if the teacher pleases us, Chaisol won’t have a single hair on his head.”

“You’re talking like a villain again….”

“He is indeed one of the best villains in the dimension.”

Chae Sol was astonished by their conversation.

“Is Geo hyung hurt because of me??”

“Don’t worry, little gentleman. You won’t get hurt.”

“Ha, but just now…!”

“If you know, it will hurt.”

“G, I was wrong to come into the house without permission…! I’ll stay quiet! Don’t make Geo-hyung sick!”

“It’s cute, but no.”

Aria looked at Giovanni.

“I should get to work soon, the sea is starting to freeze over too much for my cute children to handle. Before the person responsible for this incident empties the temple… I have to do what I have to do.”

She stroked my teacher's cheek.

“Are you ready to return to the sea?”

“Oh, how pitiful….”

Geo leaned his face against his hand.

“You need my mercy.”

“Of course, sir.”

Mermaids have always wanted the mercy of the sun.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (199)

199

Episode 199

“What are you doing?”

Aria paused at the innocent question, mixed with a hint of sadness and worry, and then answered after a moment.

“So to speak, it’s like moving the roots.”

“Do people have roots too…?”

“Every being has roots.”

Even inanimate objects.

“Why? Because Chaisol-kun also wants to come to the sea?”

“I like things the way they are.”

“That’s such a shame, if you had come, Giovanni would have felt much more at ease….”

“Why are you coming back?”

“I guess you have a lot of questions because you’re a newbie.”

“If you don’t like it, I’ll keep quiet.”

“You have a good grasp of the subject matter….”

Aria, whose voice was trailing off, continued to refine the system.

“He was the one who should have been in this sea originally.”

This should have been 'home'.

“For now, it’s just been taken away.”

“Who took it?”

“Fate.”

The cruel fate made them like this.

“…….”

“Are you sick, hyung?”

“…It’s not painful.”

As evidence, Geo's face, submerged in seawater, was as calm as a sleeping person.

“I just gave this person back where he belongs.”

“Is this where Geo-hyung was supposed to be originally?”

Chaisol muttered with a sad face.

“It’s so cold here. There’s a lot of shiny things, but it’s too big, there are no friends, it’s quiet… That chair that Geo hyung is sitting on doesn’t even look soft.”

“But that chair had the honor of the century.”

“If I sit for a long time, my butt will hurt because it’s so hard.”

“You sound similar to Giovanni.”

He also often had such absurd ideas. The buildings of the Sun Church

were so shiny that it was tiring for the eyes, or this vast and huge temple was so lonely that it was not a place for people to live…

“Are you really the first apostle chosen by the teacher?”

“My sister said she was jealous of that. Is it any good?”

“Well, if you look at that alone, I’m not sure.”

These were words spoken from the perspective of a disciple who had once been the recipient of Giovanni's affection.

“This person is so special that he can’t be ordinary for even a moment. He has to be swept up in all kinds of tragedy and praise, or he has to be in the middle of it all.”

“…….”

“But… he’s so ordinary that it makes you yawn. In many ways, he was like that. It’s really hard to love and be loved by someone like that.”

Aria suddenly saw the Pope's room filled with sea water.

“Isn’t it beautiful?”

“What is it?”

“It looks perfect.”

It was a position that should have rightly gone to Giovanni.

“All the glory and honor was his….”

How wonderful it would have been if Geo had been the master of that throne when this temple was not as cold as it is now, when the sun had not been destroyed by the hatred of the mermaid. Then the sea and the sky would truly have become one.

If that was the case, then her ugly younger brother wouldn't have had to suffer either.

“…….”

"…excuse me."

Chaisol asked cautiously.

“Why should the roots return to their original place?”

“Are you asking why I’m harassing Geo like this?”

“You can also repot plants to a larger space….”

“First of all, the flowerpot called Earth doesn’t look very good.”

Aria folded her fingers and said.

“Second, I just want to die with you, teacher.”

“That’s really… incredibly… burdensome.”

“The teacher said the same thing. You all are similar after all.”

Strangely, there is no tension.

“Is that all you want to say after seeing Giovanni like this?”

“…….”

Chaisol turned his head and saw Geo tied up in the middle of a room filled with seawater.

He really looked like he was asleep. His calm face, which was not smiling but still enough to calm the viewer, seemed to be swallowed up by the sea water that had swallowed up all sound.

The jewel chains that bound him were shining transparently… .

"…just…."

Chaisol felt a similar emotion somewhere.

“It’s similar to when you climb a high mountain.”

“I wonder what that means.”

“When you climb to the top and look down.”

It was like when the whole world was visible at a glance and you felt 'wonderful' or 'beautiful' for a moment. Chae Sol's young vocabulary was not yet able to explain the feeling. It was just like a masterpiece created by nature.

So I felt sad.

“Brother Geo is a human being, so why are you acting like that?”

“I made it that way.”

“That’s a little different….”

“…That could be the case.”

Aria was like that too.

“Every time something like this happens, my heart skips a beat.”

You led us as a human, but when we reunited, he was no longer human. That brought strange pain to Arya.

“Come here. If you touch that seawater, a little kid like you will easily die.”

Aria bent down and tapped the jewel on a small necklace hidden inside Chaysol's cassock.

“If you get hurt, won’t your lovely friend be sad?”

“…….”

“Don’t worry, as long as Giovanni is there, I won’t hurt you or make you sick.”

“…I’m sick right now.”

“After seeing the teacher locked up there?”

It's so affectionate.

“I hope that affection eats you up someday.”

Like Giovanni.

That was the best blessing and advice Aria could give.

“…….”

“…….”

Chaisol walked holding Aria's hand.

‘…I came here because I wanted to help Geo-hyung and other people.’

It would have been better for both of us if we hadn't been so stubborn when I told us to go. We ended up causing trouble.

'I told him it was okay, since it was supposed to be like this from the beginning.'

And although he knew that it was true and sincere, it was also true that Geo's position was becoming more disadvantageous due to Chae Sol's presence. He couldn't help but fall into worry.

I wish I could help in some way.

'What can I do?'

Now, I couldn't just stay by Geo's side and chat with him to keep him entertained. I thought Geo would be fighting on the coastal front, so I followed him, but I never imagined he would be in a dungeon already.

'Rudarang and the teachers must be worried too. It's different from the village where it was okay to move without thinking. If only I had thought a little more before moving...'

Chaisol suddenly remembered the fluffy sun that had sent him here.

"……."

There is a reason for everything God does.

Oh, I see. Chaisol smiled brightly.

"…Why are you laughing?"

"They said that if you laugh, good fortune will come."

"Well, I wasn't really like that."

"Isn't it because you're from a different world than me?"

"Maybe so."

Aria asked.

"Have you finished thinking about it?"

"yes!"

"Then I guess I should lock him up soon."

"yes?"

Chaisol narrowed his eyes.

"You promised Geo hyung, didn't you…?"

“Yeah, we decided not to kill him right away.”

“I said I wouldn’t hurt you.”

“So I’m just going to lock you up.”

“Adults are lethal.”

“It’s wisdom that comes with experience.”

And then, on the other side of the hallway, Isser appeared.

“Sister, are you going to the sea?”

“So, I entrust you with this child.”

“Where should I put it?”

“Where it won’t hurt.”

Aria glanced down at Chaisol.

“…Put it somewhere where it won’t hurt.”

A cold but gentle hand fell away.

“It looks like humans are running wild in the sea, so it’s time for me to go.”

“From the outside, it is difficult to move the Earth’s oceans as a whole.”

“Do you think I don’t know that? You have to fill the gap left by my appearance on Earth.”

“I’ll deal with the humans who come in here.”

“Yeah, it’s no different than usual.”

Aria walked down the halls of the temple.

“Monsters have their own way of being monsters.”

I don't know what will happen, but the ending has come after a brief, sweet dream.

“I’ve waited a lot.”

"…All right."

A miracle came to me.

Now it was time to go and meet him in person.

* * *

Kang Seo-dam was speechless.

“…….”

“…Turn it off, ugh….”

“…Sister Iru?”

“Tea, tea….”

“Why are you here?”

He looked at the brothers of the Solar Church who had come with him with cold eyes.

“Are you bringing the prospective priest to this battlefield now?”

“Oh, no! We really didn’t want to bring you…!”

“Even if the child was stubborn, you should have stopped him. That is the role of a leader!”

“I brought you here with a condition because you were crying so much that you almost lost your breath.”

“What are the conditions?”

“If Father Kang Seo-dam refuses, I will go back….”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam clenched his teeth at the sight of his colleague who insisted on passing on his work. His face turned red, but he couldn’t bring himself to raise his voice in front of the crying child, so he let out a faint sigh.

He looked down at Iruda, who had a tearful face. He thought he had seen her many times, but this was the first time he had seen her face like this. Even though her thoughts were mature, she was still a child.

'That's why you shouldn't be here anymore.'

Kang Seo-dam bowed.

“Sister Iruda, I heard you came because you were worried about your partner.”

“…Hmm, I got caught, I got caught. So….”

“Can’t you trust the other brothers and sisters here?”

To be honest, even in this situation, Iruda was a helpful person. Especially Chae Sol, who was presumed to have been kidnapped by mermaids. Their talents were so great that they surpassed their years.

But Kang Seodam wanted those clean sprouts to not get hurt here. Not mentally, not physically. Childhood memories are deeply engraved in the brain and not easily removed.

“I promise, I will bring Brother Chaisol back safely.”

“Ha, but….”

After sobbing and trailing off for a while, she sniffled again and opened her eyes sharply. She tried to control herself and make a wise decision.

'Pushing emotionally won't get me what I want.'

She couldn't just be sent back here without having to convince the priests and come all the way to the actual scene. Yes, she really got what she wanted. She just had to do a little more.

“…I don’t think there is a provision that says reserve priests cannot be dispatched to the field. Rather, I think the Seoul church is required to summon reserve priests in the event of an emergency.”

“You’ve been studying.”

Kang Seo-dam was very angry at the current reality where the human rights of young priests are not taken into consideration. If related laws had been created or provisions had been prepared earlier, this kind of trouble would not have happened.

“That also depends on the situation. It is true that this is an emergency, but it is not a critical situation that requires the mobilization of reserve priests. If we call the priests of the church, we will call them, but reserve priests are not a manpower that can be easily handled.”

“But in all religions of providence, partners are considered as one body. I have the right and duty to act for my partner. I have checked several cases of the Sun Church in emergency situations. My actions are fully within the rules of the Sun Church.”

“Even so, it makes no sense to mobilize a reserve priest. Above all, we cannot be sure whether Brother Chaisol is really in the ‘Deep Sea Country’. The timing of his disappearance was just too coincidental, and there is no evidence, so using Sister Iruda, a reserve priest….”

“Z, I have proof.”

My hands, unable to do their job, fumbled around my neck. I wanted to act calmly and cleverly, but controlling my body was not easy. After a few short attempts, I finally succeeded, and with trembling hands, I hastily pulled out a round jewel.

“…….”

“It’s a resonance stone, this….”

Looking closely, I saw that not only the hand, but also the jewel itself was shaking.

"under."

Kang Seo-dam let out a hollow laugh.

Resonance stones are twin stones, and as the brother stones get closer, they have the property of shaking each other. Now, they are processed and used in various communication devices, but this was the pure stone itself.

“I shared it with my partner, Chaisol. I also brought the quality certificate. It is a natural resonance stone that has not undergone any processing or treatment… Its functions may be inferior to those of other artifacts, but its characteristic of reacting when near brothers will never change.”

Kang Seo-dam frowned.

“The being holding the resonance stone right now could be a monster.”

“I, I gave this to you in the form of a necklace. It is an artifact whose necklace chain does not come off naturally. Unless your neck is cut off… you will be together. Even if that really happened, it can be evidence that Brother Chaisol is nearby.”

“If there is this much evidence, there is no reason not to search.”

Kang Seo-dam, who had said that, opened his mouth a long time later.

“…I think I know why you came all this way, even if it meant making excuses.”

“…You could hide the truth about the resonance stone under the pretext of protecting me.”

“It sounds pretty lethal, but it’s true. I may have actually done that.”

There is no law or rule that says we shouldn't mobilize cadet priests in this situation. It's just that small and young people are a burden in this situation, and it's not ethical, so we just don't do it.

'Fuck.'

It made no sense to reject a priest who could do the job well enough when all the pretexts were ready. There must have been some priests who brought Iruda here who thought the same thing.

Kang Seo-dam's silence made him feel uneasy, so he took out the papers one by one again.

“This is the performance report I’ve received so far. I’ve achieved sufficient results while going out for practice. My performance is no less than that of a regular priest, and my position is a tanker… I don’t get hurt or die easily wherever I go.”

“…….”

“Look, I’ve also brought my medical records here. The divinity I serve is watching over me. The sun goddess has graciously given me her gaze, so I’m free from illness, and other… things like that… and my regenerative powers are also good…”

“Please stop.”

In the end, Kang Seo-dam couldn't hold back her sighs.

“You don’t have to say that.”

I couldn't stand to hear a little kid like Iru talking about his own usefulness any longer. Kang Seodam spoke to Iruda, who was once again disillusioned with this world and turned pale.

“I certainly have no reason to refuse Sister Iru’s cooperation any longer. If you have prepared this much information in a chaotic situation, you won’t get carried away by emotions and ruin your work, or get seriously hurt.”

“Well, then…!”

“But there’s something you have to promise me.”

He nodded as if he understood without me saying anything. He was still shaking, but his expression was bright.

“I will never get seriously injured. If I am in a dangerous situation, I will definitely use the escape seat. I will never go out alone, and I will receive ample help from other adults. I will not do anything reckless… I promise this on the trust I have built with you over the years.”

He was a smart kid.

“…….”

“Trust me, just this once… I won’t be stubborn again from now on.”

“…I believe in student Iruda.”

I just distrusted the world.

“May the sun bless you.”

"…thank you…!"

Even if he had been 15 years old, he would have felt better than he did now, but Iruda was a much younger student. Kang Seodam resented the world that could not stop Iruda just because he was 'young'.

Even the one who makes up that world.

* * *

“Oh, really.”

The laughter of the sea rang out.

“It’s a shame to ruin your hometown like this.”

“…….”

“Humans are truly fickle.”

The shape made of seawater and ice, like a jewel, was dark and blinding.

“Isn’t that right, Meteor Hunter?”

“I don’t want to hear that from a monster.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled at me.

“Now you want to fight yourself?”

“I can’t stand by and watch the ocean get destroyed any further.”

“Where did we leave our Sergio Hunter?”

“He is truly moving his roots, from this filthy earth….”

“Aha, you must have been very busy. How did you manage to get out?”

“So you can think of it as an honor. Isn’t it a great achievement for a

human being?”

“You really are good at talking the talk.”

“Isn’t this the characteristic of the humanoid monsters you know?”

“Yeah, I know this conversation is pointless.”

Chae-Ang!

He lifted the window.

“Do you like the snowfield I created?”

“Oh my god.”

Aria burst into laughter.

“This is absolutely ecstatic…!!”

Kwaaaa ...

The icy sea shook with the mermaid's hatred.

“…It’s so hot here, isn’t it?”

The screams of the sea echoed.

“I have tinnitus…!!”

“Ugh…?! What is this…!”

“Be careful under the water!!”

“A large number of monsters are approaching!”

“Right now, inside the sea….”

Someone saw a shadow beyond the ice.

“That’s…!!”

“Hey, mermaid…?!”

A school of mermaids was emerging from the deep sea.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (200)

200

Episode 200

Chaisol was moved to a really safe place.

“??”

It felt like a different world here.

“It’s really bright?”

“It wasn’t that dark elsewhere in the temple either.”

“No, it was dark.”

“As I said last time, please just use formal or informal speech….”

“Then, Galaxy.”

“That’s informal speech. Okay, what’s going on?”

“Galaxy, you can speak informally to me too.”

“I don’t like it.”

Isser was disgusted.

“I don’t want to become that close to humans.”

“I want to become friends….”

“That's your opinion.”

“I thought so.”

Chaisol nodded.

“It’s been like that since the first time we met.”

“…Did you get a lot of tea?”

"huh."

Galaxy's eyes were always cold.

“But I thought it was fortunate that it didn’t seem like only I was the one who hated it.”

“Why did I think it was lucky?”

“You hated everyone else. That must mean something happened in the past that made you hate people.”

“They say there’s a sharp edge in strange corners….”

“Why do you hate people?”

“…….”

Isser laughed.

“I even hate that kind of ignorance.”

“Yeah, so why?”

“Because you took away my most precious thing.”

“Is that you, Geo hyung?”

"you're right."

I dreamed of the priest of the sun when I saw him.

“So, Chaisol, I tried to kill you too.”

I did it because I couldn't stand this disgustingness.

“But now you are the first believer of the Black Cloak. No matter what happens, I cannot harm you.”

“Is there a reason for that?”

“Because I wanted to be in your place someday….”

“My seat?”

“In the arms of the sun.”

When Giovanni becomes Pope someday, under the sky he has created, and also on the earth.

“I wanted to live as my teacher’s only disciple.”

It seemed like a predetermined fate. It felt like a future that would come naturally if I just enjoyed my sweet daily life without any special incidents. There were so many reasons why it would happen that way.

“But humans trampled on me.”

“…….”

“…Teacher too….”

Isser knew.

“…….”

“…….”

He knew very well that he had eaten his living teacher that day.

“…There is nothing I find more horrible than myself. My sister who piled up horrible corpses on my path, the priests of the sun who locked me and my teacher in a tank, and the humans who were busy pointing fingers without knowing anything, I hate them all, but not as much as I do.”

Isser asked.

“What do you think?”

“I don’t know what you’re asking.”

“What do I look like?”

"galaxy?"

“That’s so typical of you.”

But he was not a galaxy. He was not the Milky Way, which is what my name means. He could not be compared to the jewel of the night sky that can be barely seen with the eyes when all the lights on earth are turned off.

“Do you like this room?”

“I don’t think it’ll be dangerous.”

“I put a little effort into it.”

The room, filled with soft dolls, was round without a single sharp corner. The lighting was warm and bright, making it hard to believe it was in an undersea dungeon, and it resembled a spring day with a gentle atmosphere.

“I referenced the teacher’s cabin.”

“Oh, it’s nice there. There’s a lot of delicious food.”

Chaisol said while eating the dried fruit that Isser had given him.

“But it’s different there….”

The warm and cozy atmosphere definitely resembled Geo's cabin, but something was off. It felt damp and unpleasant, like the buzzing of a fluorescent light in my ears.

“I feel like I’m going to get dementia, not a nap.”

“You use some strange phrases.”

“You know.”

Chaisol said.

“I want to be friends with you.”

“…….”

“Ouch, face….”

“…Please don’t be so disgusting.”

He wiped the corner of his mouth as if he was feeling dizzy. Isser barely managed to answer with a pale face.

“Forcing someone to do something when they say they don’t want to is also violence.”

“But hasn’t the galaxy already committed an enormous act of violence…?”

“Surprisingly, you know how to fight back, but you’re wrong. You shouldn’t have even thought of treating me like the same being in the first place.”

Isser was resolute.

“If you are my teacher’s third disciple.”

“…….”

Chaisol's mouth stuck out.

“Brother Geo isn’t my teacher.”

“Be honored to be his disciple.”

“We are friends.”

“How dare you?”

“That’s what Geo hyung said.”

The child asked.

“What happens if the roots are moved?”

“…I will return to the sea.”

That was the last hope the mermaids had.

“It might be difficult though.”

Geo always did what he wanted.

This time it would be the same.

* * *

Giovanni saw the world through his eyes.

“…….”

I looked down at my hands.

"…hmm…."

Young.

'How old am I?'

He seemed to be about 13 years old.

The place he was in was a bustling market place. The clothes he was wearing were somewhat shabby, not befitting his status as a nobleman. Young Giovanni really enjoyed going out into the world wearing these clothes.

“Saint.”

“I am not a saint.”

“Yes, Father….”

“What’s going on?”

“You cured my son last time.”

“It was nothing, it was just my greed.”

“Please accept this.”

An old man with wrinkles on his face handed me an apple and disappeared.

“…….”

It was a very pretty apple, round, unblemished, red and ripe.

“…It’s delicious.”

The old man had a small apple tree growing in his yard. It was a young tree, so it didn't bear much fruit and didn't hang well. So these glossy apples were very valuable.

'I like it.'

I felt good.

“Baby Saint.”

“I am not a saint.”

“Yes, baby priest. Is it hot today?”

“It seems like the sun is in a good mood today.”

“Thank you for blessing our daughter, she gave birth to a child without any problems.”

“It’s not me, it’s your daughter who has shown strength. Congratulations.”

“Please take this water with you. It’s very hot today.”

The water that the old woman handed me was cool. It must have been water that had been cooled deep in the yard of the house, and had just been taken out. She saw me as she passed by, and on this hot day, she went back and forth to that deep place.

It was a grateful thing.

“It’s cool.”

The water in the ceramic cup had a cool forest scent. It must have come from a good water source. It must have been thoroughly managed to keep out dust and bugs.

“There, saint.”

“I am not a saint.”

“Oh, I see. But you treated my leg before, right?”

“I remember, you broke a bone?”

“I brought some honey from home to show my gratitude.”

“It’s what I wanted, no reward required.”

“But, saint, you should eat a lot of sweet and delicious things.”

“Why?”

“Because he is the kind of person who can do whatever he wants.”

“…….”

Honey flows down into the bowl.

"…thank you."

People called him a saint.

They called him the Son of the Sun. They said that he was a god who appeared and became a small body. They said that his smile was like sunshine and that his steps were like destiny.

Then isn't it not human?

'Why is that?'

He was human.

'I'm just living the way I want.'

People have always attributed meaning to it.

Giovanni kept walking. He walked and walked. He came to a familiar town. The warm sunlight, carrying the scent of summer, fell on the land and the sea. Geo realized that he was looking at the sea.

This was the sea. It was the end of the land. It was the dazzlingly beautiful sea of a seaside village.

“…….”

The wind caressed him, and he looked back without realizing it.

“…….”

It was the sea.

I looked ahead again.

“…….”

It was the sea.

“…Have we come too far?”

His feet were already floating above the sea surface. It seemed like it would be really cool to just jump in.

The sun was extremely hot, and there was not a single cloud in the sky. The surface of the sea that touched Geo's bare feet was so cool that he felt a moment of ecstasy.

'I think I fell into this place at some point.'

It seemed that if he went inside, a small and beautiful mermaid princess would welcome him.

“…….”

"teacher."

The little mermaid reaches out her hand.

“Isn’t it hot?”

“Where has the ground I was standing on gone?”

“That’s gone now, I ate them all.”

“How old was I?”

“I think it’s been over 30 years since I was born.”

“Aria, and you?”

“I don’t remember.”

The mermaid, who had become the sea, withdrew her outstretched hand. The beautiful woman whispered as if her young appearance had been a mirage.

“It’s been so long.”

It was a calm and sweet voice.

“It was so long, we could have taken a shorter route.”

“Was it greed?”

“You can say that.”

The mermaid who became the master of the sea had no trace of a small and delicate successor. She was no longer a child, but a wicked woman who had to take responsibility for everything, and also the great sea.

“Draw me a picture, teacher.”

“What kind of picture should I draw….”

“Draw me, my little brother likes it too.”

“This sea is truly beautiful.”

“I really loved the sea you drew.”

“Why?”

“I feel alive….”

The mermaid had already risen to the surface with both feet. Standing upright, she was only slightly shorter than Giovanni. Aria leaned over and hugged Giovanni gently.

“You know what? When you hug like this, you can hear your heart beating.”

“I can't hear very well.”

“That’s right, the teacher is dead.”

She asked innocently.

“Why did you do that?”

Poor thing.

“You could have just run away, obviously.”

“He must have run away and been caught.”

“Wouldn’t it have been better if we all died together? Wouldn’t it have been less horrible than it is now?”

“I didn’t think anything was terrible.”

Even the evil deeds of the mermaids were like that. I understood their choices apart from the weight of their sins. That's how it ended up being.

“Because, as you all said, I am already dead.”

“…My body feels cold.”

Aria asked without raising her head.

“Did you fall into the sea?”

“It was.”

“It wasn’t cold?”

“It was very cold.”

“Don’t you resent humans?”

“I feel resentful and sorry.”

“It must have hurt.”

“It was painful.”

The feeling of salt water rising between his torn flesh and bones was not very refreshing. The shackles that bound his legs were so tight that they seemed as if they would break his ankles, and Giovanni wanted to writhe in pain, but he had no energy and sometimes floated around the tank like a dead ornamental fish.

“I didn’t know that Isser would come in there….”

That hurt so much.

“I am grateful to Isser.”

“Why?”

“That kid killed me.”

“Why didn’t you die before then?”

“I wanted to see you.”

It seems like quite some time has passed, but how much has it grown in that time? What kind of expression will it have? Will it not get along well with humans and starve or become absorbed in strange research? Will it suffer from a serious injury?

“I couldn’t see Isser’s face in the tank.”

My eyes hurt so much that I had trouble seeing.

“But it was nice to meet you.”

“It didn’t hurt when you were eaten?”

“To be honest, it was better because it was more hazy.”

I wondered why the sun kept Giovanni alive.

“It was to let me hear that child’s voice.”

That voice reached my ears. It was thanks to the mermaid's ability to speak even in the deep sea.

“Wouldn’t it be enough to thank the sun for this?”

“…The teacher is so positive….”

“I feel like my arms are getting wet. Is it because I’m imagining things?”

“It must be my imagination.”

Aria cried sadly.

“Mermaids don’t cry.”

I can't cry.

“This is a dream.”

“Can I call you Aria?”

“…I am just her thoughts.”

“So it must be one of your pieces after all.”

“Well… you speak well, don’t you?”

“What is she doing?”

“I bet he’s freaking out.”

“Do you want me to stay here?”

"…haha…."

Awkward laugh.

“…….”

“…….”

The mermaid couldn't bring herself to ask him to stay.

"I see."

And Geo also didn't say anything about going back.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (201)

201

Episode 201

A little way from the coast.

“Hey, does the boss usually come out…? It seems different from the normal dungeon breaks….”

Kang Seo-dam, who was leading the team, answered the young priest's question.

“This rarely happens with humanoid monsters. Monsters with intelligence higher than humans have a wide range of activities. The scale of their power is so vast that they can accomplish various tasks even if it’s not their own dungeon.”

“Then, if we go down like this and the submarine we’re supposed to board gets attacked… I just heard that mermaids are rushing up from the deep sea.”

“That won’t happen thanks to the combined power of the ice-type hunters. Above all, the psychic-type hunters will also be going together to prepare for that. Since we, the children of the sun, can also attack from a distance, we have no choice but to carefully observe our surroundings as we go.”

They were heading to the Mermaid's Dungeon, taking advantage of the gap that was barely created when the dungeon boss came out of its

nest. One side was attacking the boss outside, while the other was attacking the heart of the dungeon.

However, in this situation, they couldn't move around bare-handed, so they had to use a submarine. They moved under the guidance of the association staff. Kang Seo-dam let out a soft sigh.

"I wish Sister Iruda was in the rear…."

"That part has been discussed well, so I will leave it alone."

"That would be the case, it's not that safe that way."

"Because he's a kid who keeps his promises well."

"I think so too, but…."

It was assumed that Chae Sol would be in the mermaid dungeon, 'Deep Sea Country'.

Iru entered this war with great difficulty to find his partner, Chaisol, but he could not take her, who was a prospective priest, to the dungeon. It was an S-class dungeon where many people had died.

"… Well, worrying like this won't help."

Now, all I could do was hope that Iruda would be able to control himself well.

"How far is it until the submarine?"

"I'm sorry, but the mobile hunters can't work in crowded places…."

"No, it was purely a question of how much further I had to go. I also know very well that it takes a lot of effort for mobile hunters to focus their minds."

"Thank you for your understanding, I will be there shortly."

At that time, I received a call from an association employee.

“…Huh?! Oh, no, what is that….”

“What’s wrong? Is something wrong?”

“It is said that the mobile hunters and submarines are under attack.”

“Yes? If we go now….”

“In this situation, the mobile hunter prioritizes retreat.”

“…That’s right.”

Simply put, those with the ability to teleport were like water beings. They had no attack or defense power, but their evasion ability was higher than that of any other group.

They mostly work in safe places, and even if they are mobilized in an emergency, they are legally allowed to run away if their personal safety is threatened. This rule was created after countless hunters were exploited and killed as a means of transportation.

“What happened to the submarine?”

“I don’t think we can expect much from you since mermaids are crawling out of the sea and attacking.”

“But aren’t there any submarines left? Normally, you wouldn’t prepare just one in a case like this….”

“Considering the considerable number of mermaids, the situation does not look very hopeful.”

One of the hunters frowned at him.

“So what are you saying? We came all the way here, so why don’t we go to the dungeon?”

“No, we have to go to the dungeon. If we don’t conquer it, we don’t know when this damn battle will end. The amount of resources could be infinite from the dungeon….”

“That’s why we’re here now. But there are no submarines, and the teleportation hunters can’t be sent straight to the dungeon, so what are we going to do?”

The association staff presented an alternative, although with a puzzled expression.

“There is a submarine that has been placed in reserve. However, it will take quite some time to bring it here. The existing mobile hunters are probably quite tired from moving the large submarine, so we will have to deploy other personnel….”

“I think that will take quite some time.”

The hunter of the sea, Sanarae, asked.

“Can we go back?”

"that…."

“Huh? Can I go back?”

It was a pretty rude and uncooperative question, but it wasn't actually wrong.

The hunters here, who were carefully selected to conquer the dungeon, were at a loss for what to do, and the hunters who went to conquer the boss had no idea how many more would die on the shore while they were preparing a new submarine.

“You can’t just kill time here.”

“What Hunter Sanarae said is correct.”

It was when the faces of the association staff became gloomy.

“…….”

“…Wait a minute, that….”

"frame?"

The hunters detected an anomaly.

“Since when has there been a picture frame there?”

A concrete wall on the shore that still retains traces from before the catastrophe. The hunters sensed something in the picture frame hanging on the old, collapsed wall and approached it.

Sanarae made a tired expression.

“The smell of the sea.”

"yes?"

“…….”

“…Oh, it’s true.”

It was a painting of a familiar temple.

“Black cloak…?”

The picture in the frame swayed at someone's muttering.

"crazy?"

“What, what is this situation?”

“The painting inside is probably the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’….”

“So what do you want me to do? What does this mean?”

“Aren’t you telling me to go in?”

“No, what… Are you saying you’re going to help us?”

The hunters were dumbfounded.

“Why do monsters help humans?”

“But even in normal times, Black Cloak likes to give gifts to good people….”

“Are we good? No. We didn’t do anything good.”

“Does conquering count as a good deed?”

Kang Seo-dam looked at the association staff while feeling complicated about the reaction of recognizing the black cloak as a monster.

“…….”

“…? Why, why are you doing that?”

"no."

Perhaps this side did not know the truth. Kang Seo-dam was convinced.

'Well, even though they're association staff, they won't share all the information down to the lowest level.'

Although it would be impossible to dismiss the staff who had come all the way to the front lines as mere low-level employees, this ‘information’ was too risky to spread anywhere.

Kang Seodam thought about hundreds of things in a moment, but in the end, he decided to follow the will of the divine. If he did not follow their will, he would not be qualified to be a priest.

“…It is difficult to talk about this in this situation, but I will talk about it now. In our Solar Cult, we have determined that the Black Cloak is a type of divinity that embraces a very small number of apostles.”

"…yes yes?!"

“No, what is that…!!”

Not only the hunters, but also the association staff looked shocked. Kang Seo-dam couldn't understand why he had said such things and blamed the world, but as a human being, he had to do what he had to do.

“And the apostles were identified as Sergio Hunter, the collector, and Chaisol, the reserve priest of the Sun Church.”

“Sir, if that’s true….”

“It is not certain, but it is a settled fact within the Solar Church. I too have felt the energy of the Sun since I first met Sergio Hunter, and the ordained priest Chaisol has also testified about this on several occasions.”

“…Ah, so….”

They seemed to know why the 'Black Cloak' had opened the 'door' at this particular time.

“Are you asking me to save your children?”

In fact, there have been several instances where the Divine has been unable to exert direct power on Earth due to interference from the dimensional system and has sought help from humans. In particular, the Black Cloak has already established itself in Korea. It would not have been difficult to open a door like this.

“I’d like to delve a little deeper into this topic, but….”

“Where’s the time for that? I’ll think about the black cloak later. Anyway, if this isn’t a door opened by a monster, then it’s okay to use it, right?”

“It could be a demon, Black Cloak. I don’t know if this door is really safe.”

“But we need to get inside quickly while the coastal hunters are catching the boss’s attention. We can’t just sit still like this.”

“But are you saying that if we act rashly, we could all be wiped out?”

“Are you just going to wander around here while there are hostages captured inside the dungeon?!”

“If Sergio Hunter or the aspiring priest Chaisol were really the disciples of the Black Cloak, then this situation would be understandable. But that doesn’t guarantee our safety!”

“No, no matter what, the situation is like this now…!”

At that moment, something suddenly popped out from within the frame.

"dream."

“…What, what.”

“Huh?”

“…….”

One of the hunters doubted his eyes when he saw something fluffy hanging from the frame like laundry on a drying rack.

“…A teddy bear?”

It was a soft, warm-colored teddy bear with faded fur, but it looked like it had been regularly cared for, and it was filled with fluffy cotton. It was

small enough to fit in your arms, had short arms and legs, and was warmly colored.

“What is this?”

“No, wait a minute. That….”

“…Tae, I can feel the power of the sun.”

The priests of the sun, like Kang Seo-dam, were making a fuss.

“That’s right, it’s definitely the power of the sun! I can’t feel the divinity, but I can definitely feel its traces…!”

“Could it be one of the Black Cloaked Apostles? He, he looks like that, but he really feels like the sun!”

And Kang Seo-dam realized.

'I was wondering who opened the picture frame while Sergio was locked in the dungeon.'

Kang Seodam, who had never been invited to the cabin, knew nothing about this teddy bear, unlike Yoo Seong-un or Joo Hyun. However, he could sense the traces of divinity and the energy of the sun, and he could tell that he had a close connection with the Black Cloak.

‘No, rather this is… .’

It was similar to the feeling I had when I visited the 'Temple of the Deep Sea' before.

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam looked around after reaching a conclusion.

“I can guarantee you that this teddy bear definitely exudes the energy of the sun, and in no dimension has the sun ever been on the side of

providence. That means it is not an apostle of the evil spirit."

"But, but…."

"If you are not sure, let's go to our Solar Church first."

The Sun Church had the aforementioned expression, perhaps because they thought that another sun was helping them. Friendship rather than purity. The priests who had been united with the suns for a long time also treated the suns of other dimensions very friendly.

"I really didn't know that the Black Cloak was the sun deity…!"

"I've heard stories about it, but I never thought there would be an apostle with such a cute, incarnated body."

"It feels similar to the gift you give. Do you like cute things?"

"The black cloak itself is also a gentlemanly and kind mystery to humans, isn't it?"

"I am so grateful that you are so considerate of humans."

The other hunters' expressions also gradually relaxed at the priests' commotion.

"…Well, Black Cloak was always kind…."

"…Is there anyone here who threw away their colleagues?"

"I said that even Black Cloak wouldn't attack unless the person's character was severely damaged."

"Honestly, isn't being picky here just certifying that you're trash?"

"Yeah, fuck, I can't be a self-proclaimed piece of trash."

Although they were still anxious, they seemed to have gained

confidence in the peaceful appearance of the Sun Church priests.

“I still feel a bit dizzy, but….”

“Let’s go in.”

So, the hunters borrowed the power of the black cloak and were drawn one by one within the frame.

“…….”

“…I, team leader.”

“Don’t talk to me, I’m confused too.”

The association staff were shocked to see the 'paintings' of hunters moving alive inside the frames.

“This is not the time. Quickly… Quickly, bring me the upper communication port. I need to ask my superiors what happened.”

“Ah, that, I’ll call the moving hunters right away. This place is close to the safe zone, so they’ll be here soon.”

“I’m going to go back, I don’t know what’s going on.”

There was so much to report.

* * *

“…….”

“…Here….”

Slap… .

A marble floor with shallow water.

“…It is definitely inside the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’.”

“But isn’t the atmosphere a little different?”

The hunters scanned their surroundings with anxiety and caution.

“I’ve been here once before, but it wasn’t like this.”

Dark.

Brilliant.

It's dreamy.

“Something… feels ominous.”

“I feel like I’ve fallen into the hands of an evil spirit.”

“I felt that way too….”

One of the hunters asked Kang Seo-dam, the leader of the team.

“The mermaids in this dungeon, were they evil spirits?”

"no."

but.

“I have only achieved something comparable to that.”

Kang Seo-dam looked at the world of mermaids with a tired feeling.

“…….”

The temple I found again was eerily peaceful and beautiful.

‘… I can see who influenced me.’

It resembles a funeral.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (202)

202

Episode 202

A soft song was heard from the temple.

“Isn’t this a hymn…?”

“I am a believer in Dalnim Church, so I listen to it sometimes, and it is really similar.”

The priests of the Sun Church looked a little offended.

“…If we have to be strict, it does meet the standards of a hymn….”

“No matter how similar it is to the music of Earth, you can’t say that it’s the same as music from another dimension.”

“I don’t know what kind of clue this will give, but I don’t feel good.”

Hymns were music to praise God and increase faith. It was blasphemous to hear such strange hymns in this place, which was once the temple of the sun. It was insulting to the sun and praising evil.

The faint singing that echoed throughout the temple was strange because of its slight dissonance, and its soft melody was languid like the twilight of a summer day, and incomprehensible because it resembled the howling of an animal.

It rippled like the cry of a whale spreading across the sea.

“…….”

"…anyway."

The hunters found their work even in this strange atmosphere.

“Is the most important thing understanding the heart?”

“Yes, there are many cases where the monster itself is a heart… but there are also quite a few cases where it has a separate heart.”

“And securing the kidnapped Sergio Hunter and the ordained priest Chaisol is also important. They are both great talents, and we can’t let them die like this.”

“I think I need to look around.”

Kang Seodam said, holding up a small, round jewel.

“You can find out the location of the prospective priest Chaisol by looking at this resonance stone.”

The resonance stone that he had shared with his partner, Chae Sol, began to vibrate more vividly as it entered the frame. It was beating like a small, living heart.

“It is definitely inside this dungeon.”

“Then Sergio Hunter too…?”

“We will proceed under the assumption that two people will be trapped in the same place.”

“How do you go about finding the heart?”

“As I said above, let’s split into two teams first.”

One side is to rescue the hostage, the other side is to find the heart.

“Sanarae Hunter, please take good care of me.”

“Yeah, I’m good at that. Don’t worry.”

“Even if a strong monster appears, lead your crew well so they don’t run away to another place….”

“Haha, don’t worry, don’t worry. We are really honest people.”

'I can't believe it.'

Kang Seodam met the eyes of the hunters who were on the same team as Sanarae. They also nodded, holding back a sigh. It was an urgent battle, so hunters of all kinds had gathered, but at least there were no random hunters.

'I guess I can trust this one.'

He nodded.

“See you later.”

“Okay, see you later.”

They were divided into two.

* * *

A gardener belongs to the garden.

They called themselves in many different languages. Some called themselves literally gardeners, others called themselves servants, errand boys, apostles, and believers. Still others called the gardeners his sons.

What we can learn from this is that 'gardeners' are those who cannot go against the garden.

“Ah, Mr. Flower Garden….”

Knock, knock…

Blood-stained flower petals fell beneath Jeong Yeong-won, who bowed his head.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Hwa-won. I made a mistake.”

Jeong Yeong-won wiped his eyes with his hands, shedding tears of blood. The rich texture of the flower petals touching his palms was soft.

While she is ecstatic at the pure smoothness like the skin of a newborn baby, she also sheds tears and apologizes at the anger and sadness that the flower girl cries out.

“Hwa-won.”

“Forever.”

“Oh, please….”

“You can’t let your guard down here, you know that, right? Huh?”

“It’s so cold here.”

“Oh my gosh, this is driving me crazy.”

The man was the team leader who managed a team member named Jeong Yeong-won. Even though he didn't know that she was a 'gardener', he knew that she was a being carrying a great mystery. He guarded Jeong Yeong-won, who was locked in a narrow and dark place, with a troubled face.

“What did you do this time to deserve this scolding?”

Jeong Yeong-won's eyes and hair were in full bloom like bright flowers. His fingers were sprouting tender buds. It was truly an eerie sight of a living person being absorbed into nature.

For those who are crazy about art, like collectors, this might be described as “beautiful” or “artistic.” However, for men with ordinary sensibilities, it was simply a horrifying and terrifying punishment.

“Mr. Flower, Mr. Flower….”

“I think it was after the meteor hunter was treated.”

Jeong Yeong-won was one of the best healers in the Eunwol Guild, but even she sometimes overdid it. This was especially the case when she borrowed power from her 'god' without permission.

'Was there a reason to do this?'

Of course, if the Meteor Cloud Hunter hadn't recovered, the place would have been scorched by the boss monster that had just appeared. There were many A-class hunters gathered here, but each and every one of them was a valuable resource.

'If even one person had been missing, it would have been a mess, but even so… .'

In the first place, I couldn't figure out how the meteor hunter recovered so quickly.

It was guessed that Jeong Yeong-won had done something, since it was something that could not be done by human power, but I could not understand everything.

“…….”

The man let out a long sigh and stayed by Jeong Yeong-won's side.

“Get well soon, I’ll stop other people from coming.”

“Ah, ahhh… huh…!”

“Oh my, there’s chaos….”

I don't know what was so urgent that they had to resort to the power of God.

'He's not a stupid guy.'

There must have been a reason for doing so, a reason he didn't know.

The man went out of the room to guard the surroundings. Then, as he closed the door, he saw a small figure standing nearby with a slightly bewildered look on his face. The man blinked and continued to assess the situation.

“Little priest?”

“Oh, yes, Iruda is a prospective priest.”

“Why are you here?”

“Because other people said they would entrust me to the Eunwol faction.”

“Aha, is that what the priests said?”

"you're right."

“Then you should welcome us anytime.”

Eunwol had friendly relations with the Sun Church and the Moon Church. The same was true for the prospective priests of those churches.

“What position do you usually play?”

“It’s a tank.”

“I thought you had already made a contract with God, Sister.”

“Thank you to the divine being who looked upon me favorably.”

“Sister Iruda was famous for receiving God’s gaze as soon as she was born.”

“It was a great blessing, if not for that, I wouldn’t be where I am today. If you ask me to do anything, I will do it above average.”

“There’s no need to say that much….”

He had been forced to stay at the front line, but he was quite humble. Feeling uncomfortable about voluntarily bending down in case he was kicked out, the man smiled awkwardly and waved his hand. The child with an overly large vocabulary was a bit unfamiliar.

“So you’re saying you didn’t come here because you were hurt somewhere?”

“No, that’s not it. I just wondered where I should be….”

“Oh, I see. If possible, I would like you to protect our camp.”

Although it was rare, it was not the first or second time that I had seen a child of Iruda's level step forward. The man was used to organizing Iruda's work and location.

“This place is mostly filled with healers, so they’re all covered in water.”

“I will do the best I can.”

“Uh, and….”

“…….”

“…Did you hear?”

I'm talking about the sound of Jeong Yeong-won writhing in pain.

“Can you pretend not to hear me?”

“I will keep my mouth shut in the name of the sacred.”

“I would appreciate it if you could do that.”

I'm glad I didn't ask why it ended up like that.

'I don't have the confidence to explain it either.'

It wasn't just for a day or two that Jeong Yeong-won was showing off his awkwardness towards 'Hwa-won-nim'. Since he was a close friend of her, he thought, 'Do you have a god you serve?', but he didn't know Jeong Yeong-won's circumstances either.

'But there's no good to be gained by spreading the word.'

Jeong Yeong-won was a good colleague and a decent friend. If there were circumstances that she didn't want to talk about, I would want to hide them from her as much as possible.

“Can you tell me what tanking is like?”

“It’s a method of gathering monsters in one place and then creating a defensive barrier.”

“Is it like a barrier? Then maybe you can just lock it up?”

“It’s not impossible, as it’s the concept of setting up an invisible wall, but I’m not there yet….”

“It’s amazing that you can even build a single wall. I respect that.”

What was I doing at that age?

“What is the shape of that barrier?”

“We have recently succeeded in making it in the shape of a hemisphere.”

“What is the accommodation area?”

“Up to five adult males are allowed.”

“Oh, that’s pretty….”

It was a great thing.

The most effective form of the barrier was the sphere, followed by the hemisphere. However, most barrier hunters felt a great barrier to changing their form in that way.

'But it's already possible to have a hemisphere and can accommodate five people.'

Even though he was chosen by God, his talent was outstanding.

“Hmm, so what if we just build a rectangular wall?”

“If that’s the case, then this tent is possible. All we can do is block the entrance….”

“Then, little priest, let’s conserve your strength as much as possible, and then come forward when the front line is breached and the amount of water pours in.”

“…I don’t want to contradict the decision maker, but is that really the right thing to do? In the situation you mentioned, it would be time to consider retreating, and that would be tantamount to losing this battle.”

“As expected, Sister Iruda is smart.”

But that's enough.

“Sister, your ability is exactly what you need to use at such times. In the final situation, when no one can protect you and the patients here.”

“…….”

“Until then, you can just laze around without doing anything. Do you

understand?”

“I’m so sorry about that….”

“If you’re sorry, at least the healers could help me out. I heard that the Solar Cult learns about first aid from the time they are novice priests. Go find people who need things and help them out.”

“Oh, yes, I will do that.”

“More than anything, I don’t think you need to worry too much.”

The man smiled his characteristic smile.

“I’m not being lazy, I’m trusting people beyond the walls.”

Both the A-class hunters who could operate in the sea and the B-class hunters who could not, were all gathered to block the boss. The man believed that they would not let it in until they reached the mainland.

* * *

“Whoaaaah!!”

“What the heck, who brought that crazy person here!!”

“누가 어리바리래 개새끼야…!!”

Of course, the situation at the front line was not so easy.

“You damn thing, where the hell are you pulling that seawater from!”

Thanks to the activity of the meteor cloud, they succeeded in freezing the surface and the area below it. However, unfrozen seawater continuously rose from the deep sea and attacked the hunters.

Of course, there was a limit to this, as the seawater gradually rose and froze in a fluid manner like slush… .

“What kind of sea water has an ego!!”

“Wow, shit, I’m going crazy…!”

Kwajik! Kwajik! Kwajik—!!

The sea water mixed with hard, thick ice moved like a living snake, flying towards the hunters and slamming them into their sockets.

The hunters had to deal with mermaids crawling up from the deep sea, fighting off living ice and freezing seawater.

“What the hell are those mermaids…!!”

“Hey, someone call some flame hunters!!”

“This isn’t something that can be solved with just this staff…!!”

The mermaids laughed at those humans.

“Ahahahahaha!”

“Hahaha, uhhhh…!”

“Ahhh, ahhhh!!”

with a plop-!!

“Kuaaaah!!”

“Hey, catch that kid!!”

They did not speak a language, but they grabbed the ankles of panicked humans and dragged them under the sea. Even the most skilled hunters would have difficulty surviving if they fell into the frozen depths of the sea.

It wasn't hard to deal with the mermaids made of flesh. You could tear them apart with your weapons or freeze them with cold air. The

problem was the number of mermaids crawling out from the deep sea.

“Why are there so many…!”

An endless stream of mermaids emerged from the sea.

“Fuck, did the attack team actually enter safely?!”

“I got a call that they entered that dungeon!!”

If they had traveled by submarine, there would have been considerable damage, but fortunately, that did not happen. The situation was so urgent that even though they had not heard of any help provided by the 'Black Cloak', the hunters were able to hear some news.

And the meteor went wild.

Paang-!!!

“…….”

The ice on the snowfield is harder than anything else.

He drove his spear into the ground, and used the recoil to fly up and create another spear in an instant, freezing and tearing the mermaid princess's body apart.

Clink! A sound like glass beads or diamonds being scattered spread out.

But it soon subsides.

“Oh, this hurts.”

“Oh, right.”

Kkwaddeok!!!

The meteor landed, creating another iceberg on the glacier, and then ran again.

“The joke is too much.”

A face with a mocking smile, a torso without a heart, legs with obvious decoration.

He flew out like a bullet and froze and shattered the woman's face once more, but the result was the same. Not only Yoo Seong-un, but also many hunters repeated the freezing and shatter, but the mermaid princess was not affected at all.

'I guess so.'

The sea exists even in the polar regions.

'No matter how cold the place is, there is an ocean.'

It can freeze some, but not all. Freezing the entire ocean would be like bringing about an ice age in that dimension. It can't be done, and it shouldn't be done.

'So it's impossible to freeze and hit the mermaid who has become one with the sea… .'

Choaaaak—!!!

Yoo Seong-un held the spear tightly as he slid on the ice.

'All the cold can do is stop its movements for a moment.'

Even just that alone was a great help to the humans. Every time the boss monster moved, it would cause a lot of damage, so we had to freeze it. But this was just standing still.

'The damage on our side is even greater.'

The mermaid was the living, breathing sea, but the humans were not the cold itself. Even if this war of attrition continued, the only one who would benefit was the mermaid princess. That thing could move whenever the humans got tired.

“Ha, shit.”

Yoo Seong-un's face distorted fiercely.

“And then.”

“Meteor Hunter, freeze!!”

“Ah, here we go!!”

Aaaa ...

Kwajijik-!!

Kwakwang, Chae-Ang!!

Freezes the harpoons of seawater flying towards you like arrows, one by one.

The meteor stepped on it and slipped. The moment he was about to approach the princess's body, the ice bridge shattered, but he stepped on more ice, jumped, and flew to reach the princess again.

The moment our breath touched each other.

"hey."

The sea spoke.

“Who will win?”

"I."

Yoo Seong-un smiled firmly at the monster's question.

“Win.”

Kwajijijik, paang—!!!

The princess's face shatters into pieces.

“…….”

Choaak!!

As she stepped onto the glacier once more, the mermaid princess, who had recovered in an instant, smiled.

“…Ahaha, haha…!”

“Why are you laughing?”

“Isn’t it funny how confident you are?”

“Sergio Hunter will be on my side.”

“How can you be sure of that? Do you believe that he loves these ungrateful humans?”

“Well, of course. He was born that way!”

“Do you really think so?”

Aria asked.

“Do you believe that man is the embodiment of compassion?”

“You know this is far from ordinary, right?”

“He was human too.”

“…….”

“I like to laugh, chat, and joke around….”

Love and hate.

"person."

The mermaid says that Giovanni was not the epitome of charity.

“He also feels pain as pain. He knows how to feel pain when he’s in pain, and he even cries when he’s sad. But you only see Geo as a work of art.”

“Do you want to say that I am arrogant? Ignorant? And unreasonable?”

“Oh, yes, it’s so horrible. Humans are truly so disgusting. Why must such a precious being be placed among you and become an idol?! Why must he become a symbol of good luck, a saint of mercy…?!”

The woman was angry.

“He is just a normal human being!!!”

Screamed.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (203)

203

Episode 203

On the vast ocean of dreams.

"…teacher."

The mermaid cried.

"love you."

“…….”

Giovanni is like that too. He loves these little, silly mermaids.

He loved them too much to forgive them. He knew these horrible and cruel mermaids. They were committing sins again and killing innocent lives.

Those fools who think that's really 'responsibility'.

"…okay…."

His innate specialness separated him from all the fates of the world, but no matter how special I am, will it be as great as the time we spent together? In the end, Giovanni, who is only human, decided to reach out.

“…In the end, I will have to drag you to hell myself.”

A mere priest laughed.

“How can you be this stupid.”

And then he cried.

I had no regrets, but that did not mean that my suffering was alleviated. Despite always doing my best to love and give, Giovanni had to die a horrible death.

And now, I have to bear in mind the sins of my beloved disciples.

“I should not have lived such a wicked life that I had to face such sins….”

* * *

“Priest…!”

“Brother Chaisol!”

Kang Seodam saw Chae Sol trapped inside a barrier.

“I wanted to ask this all along, but why are you here?”

“Excuse me, how do I write a statement of facts?!”

“Brother Chaisol, a prospective priest, has enough of a letter of reflection!”

“I don’t know, but please tell me how to use it when you get back…!!”

“I will do that!!”

It was a dizzying experience.

“Can someone analyze this barrier? We need to get Priest Chaisol out of here before another monster comes!”

“I have skills, please step aside!”

The Hunter quickly analyzed the composition and structure of the barrier. He looked back at the priests of the sun with a bewildered expression.

“Is this the sun?!”

“No, what does that mean?”

“It’s the sun, in terms of its composition and structure…!”

“If that was the case, how could we not have noticed…?!”

“Ha, but really…!”

Kang Seo-dam quickly accepted reality.

“They refuse to let us read it.”

“It is absurd that the sun would reject its own child!”

“That ridiculous thing just happened, don’t lose your spirit with nonsense and accept reality! Are you going to look so ugly in front of the prospective priest!!!”

“Eek….”

“Listen carefully, I’m dismantling the barrier before the monsters come!!”

The priests who were trying to refute Kang Seo-dam’s face, which was like a devil, had their shoulders hunched. Kang Seo-dam was famous for being a senior who hated foolish or incompetent priests because he had a clear sense of duty and personal integrity, and did not treat them like human beings.

“Even so, it’s still not readable, so what should I do…!”

“Shut up and get out of the way, you filthy bastards! Don’t waste time, at least give me cover!!”

“Yes, yes, yes!!!”

The hunters who followed along were amazed at the priests standing guard around the entrance in perfect order.

"scary."

“Oh, it’s scary….”

No, I was scared.

'I've heard many times that the religious world is strict from top to bottom…'

'I'm glad I didn't awaken as a priest.'

'When Father Kang Seo-dam gets angry, that's what his face looks like. He's amazing.'

They took their places among the priests after separating out the personnel who could not help in dismantling the barrier. They were all hunters who had studied how to cooperate with the priests in such situations.

Kang Seo-dam and the hunters were finally able to break the barrier after pulling out their hair.

“Brother Chaisol, come here.”

“Oh my goodness, teacher…!”

“I will tell you what happened after we get to a safe place. We cannot bring Brother Chaisol to land right now, so please follow us to safety. Did you hear? We will move to safety. Do you understand?”

“Yes, I’m sorry…!”

“It’s also the fault of the teachers who failed to manage the reserve priests. No. As I said before, let’s talk about this later. For now, we need to quickly join up with the other teams and proceed with the strategy.”

Kang Seo-dam, who had been extremely excited by the numerous monsters he had encountered on his way here, took a deep breath. He asked Chae-sol with his usual cool-headedness.

“Do you know where Sergio the Hunter is? Or maybe the Mermaid Hunter named Isser….”

“I know where Geo is!”

“Good, where exactly are you and what is your condition?”

“The Pope’s room is tied up with seawater in the middle!”

"oh my god."

The other hunters were also astonished.

“Ah, no. Why on earth…?!”

“Why in the Pope’s room?!”

“What kind of special treatment is this…?”

“Isn’t this too brutal to be called special treatment?!”

“That, that means I’m also speechless….”

Come to think of it, the mermaids had a history of using civilian hostages to kidnap Sergio Hunter. Seeing that they even kept Chaisol in separate ‘storage’ like this, it seems like they really had plans to do something to the Black Cloaked Apostles.

'Well, they are talented people who are too valuable to just kill.'

'Considering that the black cloak's frame was occasionally hung inside the temple in the past, I wonder if there really was some kind of connection. It might be worth investigating.'

‘Are the mermaids not on good terms with Black Cloak…?’

Kang Seo-dam let out a deep sigh in the strangely chaotic atmosphere and calmed the people down.

“The orphan priest Chaisol knows the location of the room where Sergio Hunter is imprisoned. We should head straight there. Everyone, be on your guard, as we don’t know if there will be any sabotage along the way.”

“Yes, leader.”

"All right."

While moving like that, the hunters who had been divided into two teams met again.

“No, why are you here?!”

“I’ve almost finished figuring out the story.”

“Aha, then….”

“There was nowhere else to check!”

There have been some truly absurd monsters and traps along the way.

“The pig-human priests are about to eat us…!”

“Was it the same for you too?”

“There was also something like a sweet scent reaching out from inside the pond.”

“I lost three of them there because I had a charm skill….”

“There were also undead chasing us with farming tools?”

“Oh, that’s really gross.”

“There were also some guys who just ran towards me because they were hungry….”

“That was in the old dungeon too.”

“The new mobs are insanely difficult, really.”

But even after wandering around like that, I couldn't find the 'heart'.

“In the worst case scenario, the boss monster might be the heart of the dungeon itself.”

“But the boss monster has already become one with the sea for a long time….”

“Damn, what do you do in this case? Burn them to death with fire?”

“If you keep doing that, there will be no end to it.”

“In the first place, evaporation rises into the sky and turns into vapor.”

“This is why liquid monsters are so tricky.”

“It would be better if it were slime….”

“They even have nukes.”

Most liquid monsters have nuclei in their bodies, and if you destroy them, they die. But the sea, and a mermaid who has become one with the sea. How on earth are you supposed to deal with that?

“First, let’s make sure there are nukes.”

If there was really no way to kill it, then it was a divine realm. However, all the priests felt that there was no such level here. They were just monsters, so there was no way they could not kill it.

“You can organize it step by step.”

“That’s true, but I can’t help but feel anxious.”

“Oh, come on, let’s not talk heavy words.”

“It’s true that it’s a difficult situation, isn’t it?”

The moment I arrived at the Pope's room.

“…….”

“…That.”

Someone opened their mouth at the same time.

“Aren’t you Sergio Hunter?”

“You’re not a mermaid…?”

Isser, the mermaid who had been leaning on her master's lap, opened her eyes.

“…….”

His eyes sparkled with intense disgust.

“You are an intruder.”

“…What did you do with Sergio Hunter?”

“He is moving his roots to where he should be.”

“Where should I be?”

“In the sea.”

Woof—….

The water that filled the room resonated.

“Coming to the sea.”

So I was on my knees and praying.

“This earth is too small a pot for him to be in.”

“That’s not for you, a mermaid, to decide.”

“That may be true, but since when have humans only followed providence?”

“There is a minimum level of good.”

“Then what about my teacher?”

Why did my noble human teacher die like that?

“I hate you guys.”

“Ha, did we kill your teacher?”

“I hate your short life.”

Clank!

A staff full of golden decorations is held in the mermaid's hand.

“You humans hate the fact that you are one of the children of Providence.”

They were evidence of providence and traces of deception. That was the fundamental reason why humans became the target of mermaids' wrath.

Yeah, that's unreasonable.

'But it's okay.'

There was no intention of winning from the beginning. The mermaids had already decided to take 'responsibility' and finished their story. This was just a play to get to the end.

Isser laughed.

“I have put in a lot of effort to welcome you. I have decorated the temple to make it even more beautiful and luxurious, and I have brought out the pigs that I have been saving for the audience who are curious about the story.”

“Is this a story about monsters…?”

“Are you satisfied? No, I know you aren’t. Humans are so greedy that there is no end to it.”

Whew Whew.

Isser's ears change from human to mermaid's.

His ears, which hung like mystical silk, became indistinguishable from his mermaid hair, the color of the clear sky, his teeth became sharper, and his pupils shone even more pearly.

The staff grew lushly, even growing a long tail that resembled that of a water dragon.

"purple."

Hwaaaa ...

A golden staff grows in the shape of a tree.

“The sun grew in the deep sea.”

It began to envelop the entire temple with an ecstatic light like the sun.

“So me too.”

"…under."

“I will welcome you with the sun.”

Chorus.

Isser, too, was soon dyed gold.

“Oh, right….”

Two horns resembling tree branches grew above his forehead.

"yes."

The mermaid, momentarily shedding the cold light of the deep sea, asked.

“Is your sun merciful?”

“At least better than you.”

“Then why don’t you try asking for it?”

“You want me to save you?”

"no."

He smiled broadly.

“Please live.”

The suns of countless dimensions that have been submerged in the sea until now.

Who ended up eating them?

* * *

Yoo Seong-un thinks.

“…….”

Is Giovanni human?

'that's right.'

He was 'once' human.

There was Sergio, an eccentric art teacher from South Korea, and Argio, the demon king who survived in a forest full of poisonous plants. They lived in human bodies without being human, and eventually became non-human.

Is it bad to see him as a work of art?

'I'm already treating him the way he wants to be treated?'

Geo liked that kind of person called 'Meteor Cloud'.

'That's right.'

His cherished portrait, 'Geo', was so generous and kind that it was possible. The mere gardener was so moved by even a single glance from the source's eyes that he didn't know what to do.

Yoo Sung-woon was doing well. He was a gardener and a curator. He was doing his job. Geo was not angry about it, but rather pleased.

Then suddenly my thoughts wandered to another place.

“…….”

Would Geo hate it if I treated him like a human?

‘… No, that’s not it… .’

I know that's not the case because there's a case called Joohyun.

'But I'm not doing anything wrong, am I?'

This is the attitude that Yoo Seong-un wanted, and it is an attitude that Geo does not hate. It is never a sin for a curator to treat a work as a work of art according to a situation that satisfies everyone. Why not?

The mermaid was looking down at the meteor cloud while her entire body was being torn apart and exploded by countless hunters. The princess sat between the throne made of giant waves and the ice sculptures and looked neat.

“Arrogant.”

“Admit it.”

“You are no different from your master.”

“Of course we resemble the guild leader….”

“That’s terribly selfish.”

“That’s just how humans are.”

It was a sound that incited the mermaid's hatred, but there was nothing she could do about it.

“That's true.”

It's a bit unsettling to define humans like that.

“…….”

“…….”

In the battlefield where tinnitus rang and glaciers broke, Yoo Seong-un's eyes grew wide.

"…ah."

Was Geo human?

What was it like to be human in the first place?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (204)

204

Episode 204

One day, a portrait appeared in Yoo Seong-un's life.

“…….”

It had artistic value.

A balanced body that looks like it was carved from the most ideal human being, a stuffed form that never changes, and above all, eyes that captivate people and make them fall into a vast abyss just by their presence.

How could you not be captivated by that?

No, there wasn't.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un was a gardener. He was a curator. He lived like that his whole life since he started taking care of the garden, and nothing changed. He respected, admired, and loved 'Portrait of Geo'.

But could it be a person? Could it be?

“…….”

What was a 'person'?

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un…!!”

“…….”

“Hey, shit, Yoo Seong-un, what are you doing!!”

“…….”

“You fucking punk!!”

Yoo Seong-un blinked slowly. His eyes were dyed the color of glaciers.

“…It’s definitely a topic worth thinking about.”

His superior, Bisabal, divided everything in life into works and non-works. Recently, he confirmed that there was a category called 'hero' in there, but that was none of Yoo Seong-un's business right now.

However, he treated his guild members, who were his collection, as works of art while also treating them as human beings. Yoo Seong-un was moving according to that framework. Then, is it seeing people as works of art or as human beings?

'Or can both coexist?'

Or is there none?

“It’s difficult.”

Yoo Seong-un did not like his own changes that much. His changes were like the changes in the garden and the deterioration of his work, so whenever he changed, there were always sacrifices, big or small.

How many sacrifices will be required this time?

“This is a bit unpleasant.”

Amidst the ear-piercing noise, Yoo Seong-un readjusted his window again.

‘…the sea cannot be frozen.’

This was especially true of the Earth's oceans, which are full of salty water.

It is difficult to freeze easily, and when frozen, it hardens in an instant. And then melts again in an instant. Yoo Seong-un decided to think of another way.

'Flame.'

What if it just evaporates?

'No, that's hard.'

This foul-tempered sea showed that it could rule the sky by using hail. No matter how much the sea water was evaporated, it would just fall again as rain.

'If it's a monster that is the sea itself...'

If freezing or burning doesn't work, then it will still remain in the form of water.

'We have to take the initiative away.'

Someone else had to be eaten, just like those mermaids did.

“…….”

Although he didn't know the method, Yoo Seong-un felt a little sorry for Jeong Yeong-won.

“Ah, what should I do….”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un, have you come to your senses?!”

“My hearing is deaf, move away and speak.”

“If we don’t freeze, go inside, come to your senses, and throw the spear!!”

“It’s not like that’s going to work now.”

“Then what are we going to do? Let’s all die together?! Isn’t this guy a bad guy!!”

“Let’s think about it.”

“Let the others think, you move!!”

“Oh, you’re so rude.”

Yoo Seong-un looked at the hunter he was close to, his ears almost numb.

“Go and call Hunter Jeong Yeong-won.”

“What? Why, therapist?”

“Call all tree type hunters, and also….”

“No, this is sea water, you know?”

They also thought about having other plants absorb this overflowing seawater. If they could just take the initiative, they could eliminate the danger of the absorbed water.

How to restore the reduced seawater is a problem for later, but for now, that's what it was. But the liquid they had to deal with right now was not just water, it was seawater.

“How can plants eat this!”

Unless it was a monster of some kind, it would wither and die. And there weren't many hunters who could grow such a monstrous plant. After all, plants are plants.

“Well, if we just fire whatever we can, we might be able to win with quantity, but that’s not going to happen…!”

“It’s frozen.”

"yes?"

“This is ice, we all froze it together.”

Thanks to the cold hunters' bang bang skills, the sea was gradually turning into colder ice. And the meteor cloud couldn't create this solid ice in an instant, and it took time for it to freeze.

'I almost fell over doing that.'

If you freeze it suddenly and quickly, it doesn't become solid ice. It took time to create such a strong glacier. I'm a little out of my mind, but anyway, what Yoo Seong-un wants to say is... .

“The salt would have sunk to the bottom.”

It's one of the scientific common senses.

“That’s just how seawater is.”

“What are you talking about, no, ah, ah… ah…? Ah!!”

“That's what I said.”

Water and salt have different freezing points.

'Salt after water.'

So if Yoo Seong-un's thinking was correct, that meant that while the oceans around here were frozen solid like vast snowfields, the salinity would have gone down. At least that's what happened to the oceans on Earth.

“I didn’t think about this and put in the effort to freeze it….”

Crunch-!!

I pulled out the spear that had been embedded in the ice.

“If you just melt it on top, there will be no problem feeding the flowers.”

“Fuck, that’s right.”

“Have a nice trip.”

“I’ll call you right away.”

What was needed was a tree type hunter who could grow flowers and trees in an instant, and a fire type hunter who could melt the upper layer of this ice. Fortunately, all of these manpower were available here.

As he sent the contact away like that, Yoo Seong-un thought.

'There's no way that mermaid wouldn't know this.'

A doctor and PhD who has achieved achievements that border on evil and has produced numerous research materials.

'But the fact that these bustling humans didn't do anything until the sea froze over...'

Yoo Seong-un clicked his tongue.

“Are you looking down on me?”

This was a mercy and a condition. If the intelligent beings were too stupid to even think of this, they would all just die.

'He kept saying things like the Earth is too small to be Geo's flowerpot, so maybe he's testing his qualifications in some way before leaving forever... .'

In such a difficult and noisy situation, it would be difficult to think of common sense, but from the mermaids' perspective, even that would be pathetic. Yoo Seong-un felt very dirty.

'… How arrogant of you to be a murderer who doesn't even know the value of life.'

Among the hunters, Yoo Seong-un, who was rare and not a monster hater, was the one who got the most out of it.

"You're tired, aren't you?"

This flower pot was personally chosen by Geo.

It was blasphemous to dare to question the choice of the source.

* * *

"What, what is this…!!"

The priests of the sun were greatly astonished, as were the other hunters.

"The sun's energy is this strong…!!"

"Poem, this is blasphemy! This should not happen!!"

"What on earth is this crazy monster doing…?!"

It was clearly the sun that was felt in the great golden tree that surrounded the great temple, and the priests of the sun belonging to Earth felt that there were many 'suns' gathered there.

That crazy monster has been eating the suns.

"……."

"…Fuck…."

There were also hunters with strange appearances.

'This is… too much… to be a spectacle created by a monster.'

Isn't it sacred?

It was so beautiful. I couldn't help but stare at the enchanting sight.

Warm sunlight shone throughout the temple, as if gold dust was falling, and the various gold and silver treasures decorating the temple shone with a dazzling light that was almost blinding. The hunters hesitated at the sight of the colorful light.

‘It’s really the sun… .’

'And you say it's not divine?'

It was a beautiful sight, as if only the sun's most precious and pure light had been collected.

“…Phew….”

Kang Seo-dam pushed Chae Sol back.

“Stay among the hunters.”

“I’m useless here?!”

“It’s useful, but isn’t Brother Chaisol’s position a healer?”

“Ha, but what if the teacher gets hurt…!”

You seem to have some favoritism that you don't pretend to have.

'Well, if you don't have this much preference for humans, then it must be Black Cloak.'

Chaisol seemed to want to protect Kang Seodam more than a stranger or other priests who had never taken care of him properly. There was

no greater shame than being protected by this small child.

Kang Seo-dam hesitated for a moment, but then spoke strongly again.

“Chaisol.”

"! yes yes."

“Go back.”

"All right…!"

They say that even a rotten tooth is a good tooth, but Chae Sol was a valuable talent who had never rotted. Although he was still a young student, he immediately understood the seriousness of the situation and followed Kang Seo Dam's words.

Kang Seo-dam fixed the staff.

‘The staff I usually carry around has grown into a tree like that… .’

The staff of Mermaid Isser had also seen Kang Seo Dam. It was a golden staff with a wooden texture that had an antique charm. And I also knew that it had once belonged to 'Giovanni'.

'Is that an obsession?'

The mermaids in this dungeon were overly emotional.

“I think the conversation is over.”

“You are so considerate.”

“I don’t want to make a fuss here without manners.”

Isser stood in front of Sergio, who was still tied to the Pope's chair. The long, straight hair of the mermaid, dyed in gold, had something in common with Sergio's and Giovanni's.

However, the mermaid's eyes were the color of pearls, a terribly blue color.

“Let me take this guy.”

A red face appeared on Kang Seo-dam's face.

“You are encouraging sacrifice.”

“Sacrifice? No, that’s not it. It’s a better development.”

“Did Sergio Hunter agree with that development?”

“He promised to stay instead of the weak and incompetent humans.”

“It’s a threat, it’s very barbaric.”

“I didn’t know I would hear that from humans.”

Isser laughed as he came down the steps one by one.

“I’m quite honest and I’m not capable of doing such barbaric things.”

“It’s a truly amazing story.”

“Instead, let me propose a deal.”

“A deal, in this situation?”

“I have been very weak since I was young.”

“…….”

“I’m not that strong even now….”

That's why Isser always did something different.

“Let’s try it.”

As Isser spread his arms slightly, the golden tree shed a bright and

sacred light like the sun.

“This tree will show them dreams.”

"dream?"

“It could be a dream, an illusion, a fragment of the future or the past. It is up to you and these many suns to decide in providence.”

“You’re talking nonsense.”

“If you wake up healthy, you can fight me.”

“What if I don’t wake up?”

“It will become fertilizer for the trees.”

“Can you refuse?”

"no."

The mermaid smiled, carrying her backpack on her back and swinging one hand.

“May the blessings of the sun be with you.”

So, humans lost consciousness.

“…….”

“…….”

Except for one person.

A strange silence flowed, as if behind a curtain after an actor's performance, and the two creatures' eyes met.

Chaisol's pupils shook.

“…….”

“…Uh, uh, uh….”

“Chaisol.”

“Why can’t I sleep…?”

“You know you’ll wake up anyway.”

“Hey!”

Chaisol's face brightened for a moment.

“Just talk comfortably!”

"…okay."

“Are you friends with me?”

“You still say that to me at this point?”

“Even the Milky Way didn’t knock me down….”

"that…."

Isser sighed.

“…How could two people like this be born in the same dimension?”

It's Seo Ji Oh and Chae Sol.

He walked slowly down the stairs. The priestly robes he was wearing caught the golden light and followed him step by step. Soon, Isser kicked away the humans who had fallen in the path without any sincerity and stood in front of Chaisol.

He made a stern face as if he was scolding his younger brother.

“I didn’t tell you to stay in a safe place.”

“I didn’t want to be alone…!”

“I didn’t know you were a lonely person.”

“You too.”

“…….”

The mermaid was momentarily speechless.

"…me?"

"no?"

“…I don’t know.”

“Why don’t you know that?”

“It’s been so long since I’ve been with someone.”

“Huh? Weren’t you with your brother?”

“That may be true, but….”

The galaxy opened its mouth.

“…….”

He said.

“…That’s right, I was lonely.”

This cold dungeon was cozy, damp, and quiet.

“So, wouldn’t you like to talk for a moment?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Just, this and that….”

anyhow.

“I feel like this might be the last time.”

“…….”

Chaisol nodded after a while.

“Okay then.”

It's not that I don't know that mermaids have committed terrible massacres and are still doing so. They are truly bad guys who have committed unforgivable sins.

But the one in front of him now is Eunha, Chae Sol’s friend. Even though everything was a lie, they were once partners…

'I wonder if the will can be heard.'

Because it's really the last one.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (205)

205

Episode 205

“What are you all dreaming about?”

“Happy dreams.”

"happiness…?"

“Then they won’t try to escape.”

Eunha sat on the marble steps reflecting the golden waves with a tired face. Chaesol followed him and sat next to Eunha. It was just a few steps above where Geo was sitting.

He saw human hosts sinking in the Pope's chamber filled with sea water.

“As time passes, the wounds grow.”

The world was not as beautiful as the dream.

“I know human nature, and when a situation is disadvantageous to me, I try to find a solution. My sister and teacher call that ‘growth.’ It’s a very vague word for a mermaid….”

“Don’t mermaids grow up?”

“There may be different types depending on the dimension, but on my

planet, mermaids are not born in the stomachs of living creatures, but in the ocean. At some point, seawater coalesces to create a being called a mermaid.”

“Uh uh uh….”

Chae Sol poked Eunha's bare arm, which was exposed.

“…There is?!”

“Well, that does exist.”

However, mermaids are cyclical beings.

“We are born from the sea, take on a human-like form, and as time passes, we become more and more one with the sea, enjoy its power, and eventually melt away. That is the mermaid cycle.”

It was also the providence of the sea.

“Strictly speaking, I am not as attuned to the sea as my sister.”

“Why? That older sister seemed so smart, why didn’t you help her?”

“Because I lack the qualifications….”

Isser was neither a pure mermaid nor a pure human. Although each mermaid has a slightly different appearance, Isser was born far from the sea. Even his tail was separate like an animal.

“He was not a child fit to contain that vast ocean.”

So, all the seas that had passed by were eaten by Arya, and the sun, whose divinity had been shattered while trapped in the sea, was eaten by Isser.

“That’s one of the reasons I can still imitate the Priest of the Sun.”

“How can you eat it? It’s the sun? Wasn’t it hot?”

“It’s hot.”

The galaxy laughed hollowly.

“That’s why my body is still so weak.”

Although Aria did her best to make him as strong as possible, it wasn't enough. In the end, he ended up 'growing' into something like a key that contained the many divinities and powers of the sun.

“So if we fight directly, I’ll definitely lose. That’s why I usually stay in this safe dungeon and use the weapons and traps my sister made, or borrow her powers.”

“The sun?”

“As you can see, it is not I who contains the sun’s divinity itself, but this golden staff. In order to use the fallen power of the divinities, it had to blossom into a form that could handle that power, and to do that, it had to be made into a large tree like this….”

"frustrated?"

“It was a hassle.”

Knock knock, knock knock.

The galaxy coughed loudly.

“…It can be a lot like this.”

Isser was a worthless mermaid.

“If my sister hadn’t taken me in at first, I would have died on my own because I was so weak.”

“You must be a very strong older sister. My older sister is like that too. She protects me.”

“My sister was like that too….”

“You’re not protecting me now?”

“Because I committed a sin.”

“What crime? What did I do wrong?”

“I ate the teacher.”

“…….”

Chaisol asked with trembling eyes.

“…I’m going to eat it too…? Seriously, you must have left me behind until now….”

“Are you saying that now?”

“Oh, really? I was scared for a moment.”

“Of course I didn’t eat it while in my right mind.”

To begin with, mermaids are born with bodies that cannot digest humans. They don't even have a mouth structure that allows them to easily eat meat. What would it take for such a creature to eat a living human?

He was able to do that because he was crazy.

“Since that day, my relationship with my sister has become strange.”

The two still cared for and loved each other. The form and weight of that feeling remained the same, but after the teacher's death, the feeling of 'hatred' naturally seeped into them. It was inevitable.

“At times like this, the teacher would try to make things right, but after that, it became a bit difficult.”

“Don’t you know how to make peace…?”

“Because I just didn’t bring up the subject.”

“No, why?”

"hmm…."

Isser raised his hand and patted Chaisol's small belly.

“Let’s say you ate something bad and an indigestible thorn got stuck in your stomach.”

“On the boat…?”

“Further inside, down the throat, below the navel, here in the belly.”

"no."

“I guess so?”

“Can’t you take it off?”

“That would require major surgery.”

He took his hand away.

“The thorns are so tangled that it’s not easy to remove them, and they’re not food that can be digested naturally even if you wait. And to do that surgery, you’ll be in a lot of pain, and you’ll have to open up this stomach, and you’ll get hurt when you take out the thorns….”

“…….”

“Well, it costs a lot of money.”

“I don’t have money….”

“I know, that’s why I said it as an analogy.”

But that's it.

“Instead, you can leave it as is.”

“A thorn? It’s inside the boat?”

“Only when you move around very actively will you notice the presence of this thorn. Even if you leave it like that, it doesn’t hurt much. It rarely stings, but it’s not something that bothers you all day long. It’s also not a health problem.”

"uh…."

“Would you still have the surgery? Putting up with the pain, taking the time, and spending the money?”

“…Well, I need to think about it.”

“We did that too.”

I needed time to think about what to do with the thorn in my side called teacher.

“Because it’s something that doesn’t need to be removed in a hurry.”

They had so much time.

“Let me give you another analogy. Actually, it wasn’t a thorn, it was a… resonance stone that you treasured.”

“…What did Ruda give you?”

“That’s right. But if we leave it like this, the resonance stone will remain intact without breaking, but if we take it out through surgery, it will be damaged and broken, and we will never be able to see it or hold it again.”

“I think it would be a shame.”

“I understand.”

The same was true for mermaids.

“I was scared that I would erase you like that, too.”

“Teacher?”

“He was my thorn and my jewel.”

“…But we still have to reconcile.”

Chaisol said.

“Only family is left.”

“You’re right, but I’m a coward.”

I always deviated from the right path. In the past, I only walked the right path, and when I came to my senses, I felt sorry that my hands and feet were all worn out, so I just did that.

“Maybe it would have been okay if I had been born a little stronger.”

Be it body, power or mind.

“If only I could excel in anything like my sister….”

I would have guided my sister, who was crazy about revenge, on the right path.

I wouldn't have been possessed by a drug and eaten the teacher. I wouldn't have been captured by the priests and put on a demonic trial. I could have done a better job of helping people not to fear me.

and.

“Teacher.”

That person might have helped me avoid getting caught that day.

“…I might not have caught the teacher.”

From the beginning, I would not have even stretched out my hand to yearn for the sun.

“It makes me sick to think that all of this happened because of my greed from the beginning.”

“Why is it so greedy to want to be friends with a good person…?”

“I knew you would say that.”

He was a kind person.

“In the end, I still use these tricks to vent my hatred towards humans.”

Isser saw humans immersed in 'good dreams'.

"oh."

"…uh!"

At that moment, a man woke up.

“…….”

It was Kang Seo-dam, the priest of the sun.

“…Why are you sitting there now….”

“Would you like to talk?”

“If you were me, would you do that…?”

Isser smiled brightly at the sight of her glaring like a ghost, her teeth gritting. At the smile that somewhat resembled Mr. Sergio, Kang Seodam frowned, and the mermaid pointed to the empty seat next to

her with her hand.

“This is a place closer to Sergio Hunter.”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam sat down in that place, groaning, once again, blaming the world.

“Did you have a good dream?”

“…Thanks to you, I was able to see my partner’s face for the first time in a long time.”

“Isn’t that sarcasm?”

“No, just….”

He let out a deep sigh.

“…It is true that I am grateful to you.”

Kang Seo-dam had almost forgotten the face of her old partner.

“What on earth are you doing, sitting here and chatting so peacefully?”

“I waited for you to wake up.”

“So, why? For what reason?”

“There is something that Father Kang Seo-dam needs help with.”

“Do you think I can help you right now? When you’re feeling the worst?”

“It’s probably not a bad story.”

Isser pointed to himself.

“Kill me.”

“…….”

“And wake up the teacher.”

Kang Seodam narrowed his eyes.

“What is the reason?”

“The teacher has already decided.”

“What did you decide?”

“To remain on Earth.”

“Why don’t you wake up?”

“This is just a courtesy to us.”

The humans will win anyway, and the mermaids will leave forever.

Isser rose from his seat and leaned back against his master's lap.

“We just need you to spend some time with us.”

“…Are you saying that Sergio, you still have any regrets about your life as a human? Are you really saying that right now? Against this great mystery?”

“This person is an ordinary person who can have ordinary foolish thoughts.”

“Now the divinity of the sun is given to mere mortals….”

“It's a person.”

He listened.

“…….”

I could hear tears falling.

“…I also know how to cry.”

It might have been the sound of falling dream drops.

“I’ll say it again, it’s not such a bad proposition for you humans. With my sister’s death and mine, the existence of the ‘Black Cloak’ in this world will be confirmed, you won’t have to shed any more blood than necessary, and we… can take responsibility for our own responsibilities.”

“Was this your goal from the beginning?”

Kang Seo-dam stared at the mermaid.

“For your ‘teacher’?”

“That’s not all there is.”

But it wasn't just a stage for his teacher.

“No matter the method or process, we all have to end up like this….”

“Speaking of the end, that’s sophistry. How many people have died to you all this time?”

Kang Seo-dam finally revealed his anger.

“Don’t you think it’s disgusting? Even now, you are still talking about the heavy word “responsibility” and committing sins according to your greed. What are the things you have done so far that are no different from those of the priests of the sun that you hated so much?”

“My regret is not for our sins, but for our greed. That is why we are monsters.”

“Even if you wag your tongue quite a bit, you are still a monster. It’s

really a shame that all you know how to do with that intelligence is to repeat the same sins.”

“If everything is a deception, wouldn’t it be cleaner to choose the path that suits you? That’s why you can arrogantly bring up ‘responsibility’.”

Only then could I have even a slight 'chance' of being accepted by my teacher.

‘Perhaps a place called hell… .’

Isser blinked, leaning against the thigh of his master who was sitting on the Pope's throne like a corpse, and straightened up.

“…They will soon wake up. If you kill me while there are no eyes to see, you can avoid a useless battle. I did my part, and I have eliminated unnecessary emotions.”

“…….”

“But it won’t be easy to kill me. My sister made me into a thousand bags of the sun that she had been eating. But as I said before, this body is much weaker and more unsightly than my sister’s….”

“If you put too much sun power into it, it will explode?”

“I think you understand well.”

He saw Chaisol.

“…….”

“…There is.”

The first apostle of Giovanni asked:

“Is it cold here?”

“Yeah, it’s cold.”

On the subject of mermaids, he caught a cold in the deep sea.

“So show me your sun.”

The galaxy prayed.

To return to providence, the sun was needed.

* * *

Kwajijijijik!!!!

"-omg!!"

The heat exploded with a tremendous roar.

“Wh, what is going on…!!”

“Where am I now…?”

“Everyone, wake up, we’re in a dungeon!!”

A loud noise, as if a huge bolt of lightning was crashing through a narrow gap. The hunters who woke up from their sleep due to the great shock were only able to secure their vision after a terrible flash of light passed.

“Cluck, cluck…!!”

“What, where did all the monsters go?”

“Ah, my eyes….”

Only then did silence come.

“…….”

"…ah…."

The golden tree that used to hurt my eyes has returned to its thin branches.

“…Sergio Hunter?”

The apostle of God who was chained to the throne woke up.

“Hey, are you okay now…!”

“Be quiet.”

“No, why…!”

“The condition is strange.”

One of the hunters tried to stop his comrade from coming forward.

“…You’re crying.”

In the sun-ravaged temple, Geo was weeping while holding a golden branch.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (206)

206

Episode 206

Everyone said Giovanni was special.

“…….”

That might have been an undeniable fact.

Giovanni was born in a dark room without windows, receiving sunlight. He grew up in a bed in a location where the sun could not reach during the cold winter days, receiving warm sunlight, and even during his indefinite newborn days, he performed miracles big and small as if they were natural.

The son of the sun. The healing power of sunlight. Words and gazes that bring warmth even in winter. People saw this and made Giovanni a god, an apostle, and a hero.

“… Mr. Geo.”

“Shouldn’t someone go and talk to him?”

“If you leave it like this….”

So Giovanni was always special.

“Mr. Geo.”

“…….”

“Sergio Hunter.”

“…….”

“…Do you need recovery?”

"no."

Those children were the only ones who made me a human being. Just as I loved all my past life, I loved that simple daily life with the same weight of heart.

"it's okay."

They may have seen me as a respected teacher and a beloved benefactor, but Giovanni also had no idea how much joy and peace he had received from his students. The grace had been shared with him as well.

“I know the way.”

“Sergio Hunter…?”

“I can hear your heartbeat.”

Giovanni loved greatly, but he also knew how to resent. He hated the people who hurt him. He hated the townspeople who separated him from his disciples. He hated the world that made it so.

Only the love that won it raised Giovanni up. That was all.

“This way.”

He went down.

The temple was filled with sea water, but it wasn't too cold. I took the steps one by one with my familiar bare feet and headed deeper.

Giovanni never visited here while alive, but stayed after death.

“Hey, is it okay for me to come in?”

“I don’t think Hunter Seo is in his right mind right now….”

“But I might actually have a clue.”

“That’s true, but the condition is a bit.”

He led the people and eventually reached the lowest level.

“…….”

“…What is that?”

“That’s….”

It was a large flower pot.

“What is that?”

“It looks like it’s meant to hold something….”

“Isn’t that a big deal?”

“The decoration is pretty.”

“No, look at the contents.”

And it was water containing molten gold.

“Doesn’t it feel similar to the golden tree we saw earlier?”

“I don’t think it can be compared to that. There’s something, um, a pure energy flowing around….”

“At least it’s not like the tree that used to let the sun shine through it.”

“…But it’s still warm.”

“It looks divine.”

It was the water that 'Giovanni' had melted into.

“…….”

“…Uh, wait a minute.”

“Inside me now….”

He approached the flowerpot before the others could get close. But even from that distance, those with good eyesight could see something, something faint inside the huge, carved crystal flowerpot.

“Are there people there?”

Some sharp-eyed people looked back at Geo.

“…I can’t see that very well….”

“…Doesn’t he look like Sergio Hunter?”

“What the heck is this…?”

It was good anyway.

Eventually, Giovanni shook off the small piece that was holding him back, saying that time was up, and it must have been a painful thorn even to the mermaid of the living, breathing sea. Giovanni felt flowers blooming under the sea where the dark clouds had cleared.

He muttered as he looked at 'Giovanni', a transparent figure that was no different from water.

“…You said you tried several times.”

Aria said that she had tried many times to bring 'Giovanni' back to life, but had failed. Could this be one of those traces? Or the result of a new attempt after reuniting with him on Earth?

The mermaids of my sea had a very blind side.

“It’s heavy.”

Phew .

Giovanni placed a golden branch over his shell of water, where he could not even breathe.

“It’s heavy….”

The mermaids shaped my heart into the shape of their master.

This was another chain that would stay with Giovanni for the rest of his life.

* * *

“…….”

On the sea.

“…….”

Flowers.

White flowers, soft yellow buds, shyly blooming pink, vibrant green that grows brightly, their thin and transparent petals are in bloom.

Infinitely fragile lives bloom in countless numbers.

“…….”

Now, in hindsight, the mermaid born in the sea wanted to see this sight so badly.

“…It’s beautiful.”

It's as if my sea has turned into land.

“When I knew nothing, I dreamed of a sea like this.”

“Wouldn’t someone like you be able to create something like this?”

“It’s different from that, I….”

This kind of thing would be meaningless if it weren't for humans.

“…Ahahaha.”

It's childish.

'Do you still have these thoughts?'

She, too, once dreamed of a world where the sea and the sky, the mermaids of the deep sea and the humans of the land coexisted.

Like my brother, I didn't have any noble thoughts, I just thought it looked cooler and stronger.

‘… a piece of me fell apart.’

Giovanni eventually shook off the dream fragment and returned to Earth, and Aria, who had planted a part of herself in that dream, was hit hard. On top of that, her heart was torn apart, so she had no reason to live and breathe anymore.

I was so exhausted that I lay stretched out on the surface of the water. I felt like a jellyfish, one of those things I'd seen in the oceans of Earth.

“Hey, isn’t it pretty?”

Aria looked at the sky.

The dark clouds were clearing.

“The sun that was hidden has risen, the sea has become a field of flowers, and the sky is clear.”

“Are you sure you’re dying now?”

“Of course. What else can I do now that even the heart of the dungeon has been taken away?”

“What do you get out of this?”

“Maybe… hope?”

It may have been too much for a sinful monster to receive, but he eventually succeeded in robbing it.

There was a hope that came from the tender belief that I would never forget them as I lived through the long years that the human I loved was no longer human.

'How much more serious must it be, since such a deep wound has been engraved.'

Also, with this the mermaids finished their story. They will reach the hell led by their master.

“…….”

After a cool dawn, the sun rose into a clear sky.

“…It’s really over now….”

It was too long.

It was too long, sir.

* * *

“Chaisoooo !!!”

“Rudayaaa ...

The adults looked pleased at the sight of the children hugging each

other and shedding tears.

'So cute.'

'I've done that with my partner too.'

'We're really close.'

Even in this situation, they both did their part and acted dignified. No matter how much the Solar Church proudly boasted about their talents, they were still young. It was a nice sight to see.

As if sadness had soon turned to anger, Ruda, who had been shaking his neck, suddenly fell down. Chae Sol was startled and hugged Ruda. It was a tragic scene that seemed to have come straight out of a classic painting.

“What’s wrong, you didn’t eat breakfast?! I told you not to skip breakfast…!!”

“You… you were kidnapped, how am I supposed to eat alone….”

“Even if I die, the living must live on!!”

“Who… killed… you… Don’t talk nonsense….”

The hunter of the Eunwol faction smiled awkwardly.

“You used the power of the sun like that… I guess it was too much.”

“Well, the god that made the contract with Miss Ruda is not of the sun god family.”

“You must be very tired right now, since you borrowed strength.”

Creating a flower garden in the sea was not as easy as it sounds.

In addition to the tree-type hunters who could make the plants bloom, they also needed fire-type hunters who could melt the frozen seas,

water-type hunters who could clear away the salty ice and water, and even a priest of the sun who could help the plants bloom steadily.

Since the mermaids had already taken over the sky, Iruda, the reserve priest, could not just sit still. He must have had a hard time trying to clumsily imitate the power of the sun among the remaining priests of the sun in the camp.

“But that wasn’t even at the level of a prospective priest.”

“I heard you’re preparing for early graduation. You really are a talented person with a lot of potential.”

Before a novice priest makes a formal contract with the Divine, he is attached to the Sun and uses its power. The initiation ceremony is a ceremony to pray for that contract and mercy, and he learns how to borrow power while staying in the temple.

Considering that many of the regular priests who had not actually made a contract with the divine were working in this manner, it was possible to see how important a role Iru had played as a catechumen.

“…….”

“…….”

"…haha!"

“It makes me laugh.”

It wasn't just Chae Sol and Iru Da who had a tearful reunion.

“…I, I… I’m Geo… My heart really broke….”

“Why are you crying? Judging by the momentum, it wouldn’t be strange to say that these aren’t just tears, but tears of blood.”

“You’re making me cry right now. I’m not the type of person to cry easily, but you’re really amazing.”

“I am so happy that I was able to give Mr. Yoo Seong-un a new experience. Where in the world can you find such a great friend?”

“Of course you are a really good friend to me, but do you really think that’s the right thing to say right now…?”

“Of course I feel sorry. I was wrong.”

“You go home and see.”

“Now that I think about it, Joohyun probably won’t leave me alone either….”

Geo, who had briefly hoped that 'I didn't do anything special, so I guess they'll let this slide', clicked his tongue inside. He was aware that he could have escaped the arrest if he had decided to, but he didn't.

But I have no regrets because I was able to say a proper farewell to my disciples.

'That's me.'

Unfortunately, he was not the type of person to fundamentally regret the choices he made.

“I feel very sorry, so if Mr. Yoo Seong-un steps forward to help with the recovery, I will join him.”

“No? No need. Just go back to the collection point and get some rest. Please don’t come out, don’t go anywhere, don’t use force, don’t get involved with people….”

“What do you want to make of me? A social misfit?”

“I’m asking just in case, but do you ever think about disconnecting from

society again?”

“Do you really want to turn me into canned food?”

“You were like that all along, so what difference does it make if you keep being canned for a few more years? I really wish you could just stay safe and peaceful in the collection store without being noticed by people.”

“People are looking at you strangely, Mr. Yoo Seong-un, so I think it would be better to stop here. We need to save face to survive, after all.”

What is this guy talking about when there is already a rumor going around that 'the collector kept Sergio Hunter locked up until he was 29 years old'?

He might have thought about making the setting more solid, but he was so out of his mind and tired that he couldn't even speak, so Geo tried to calm Yoo Seong-un down.

“I guess you were worried about me a lot. But it’s okay. Didn’t you come back alive and well? Since you didn’t get hurt as badly as last time, it seems like things have gotten better. Thanks to sucking up the mermaid’s power in return, you seem to be stronger than before.”

“I knew you’d do that, but you really have a positive mindset.”

“Oh, of course.”

Geo's ultimate positive mind was not swayed by the mere fact that he had been kidnapped.

'You'll be upset if I say this.'

Geo continued, gathering together the sociality that exists and the sociality that does not exist.

“I’m really sorry for making you worry. I’m so embarrassed.”

“Then next time, even if people are taken hostage, just ignore them….”

“I never promised anything like that.”

“You’re firm. Do you really want to see me shed tears of blood?”

“But shouldn’t we save those in danger?”

“I’m one of those people who really likes that kind of utopian, idealistic altruism, but you’re a bit too much.”

Yoo Seong-un spoke with great greed.

“I wish it was a little less, maybe 94%….”

“Just tell them to go back to the gallery.”

“It would be really nice if it was stuck in the gallery.”

“I don’t like it.”

"please."

“I don’t like it.”

Sanarae looked at the two of them with a resigned expression.

'I know it sounds strange, but I'm saying this.'

As this conversation continued, the ones who would become trash would be the collector's secretary and the meteor shower, but they were talking really well. Sanarae turned her head away as if she hadn't seen anything, and then her eyes met with those of Priest Kang Seodam.

“…….”

“…Haha, I’m glad it ended well. Right?”

“…Yes, I’m glad it ended well.”

There was a strange suspicion in Kang Seo-dam’s eyes as he answered like that.

‘… I’m sure it was awake.’

When dealing with the mermaid Isser, Kang Seodam, who thought he was the first to escape the Golden Tree's trick, thought of Hunter Sanarae who had jumped up without a sound as soon as the loud noise was heard. It was too quick of a reaction to say that he had just woken up.

'But I can't pursue it.'

He wasn't the kind of person who would answer obediently just because you asked him. He would just try to cover it up and run away.

Kang Seodam humbly gave up and decided to bear this burden entirely on his own. After all, the Goddess of the Sun was with him, so it was not a burden he alone knew.

“Geo, just for one year, okay? Just for one year…!”

“This is the truth, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“If you just stay in the collection for a year, I’ll treat you better!”

“I don’t like it.”

“Just once!”

“I don’t like it.”

I found it funny how I felt secure in that childish conversation.

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam looked at the sea filled with floating ice chunks, then looked up at the sun in the sky.

The power that the 'Sea of Hatred' swallowed is vomited out

Dungeon; Completed the conquest of 'Deep Sea Country'

Please check your receipt of compensation

“…Is it finished?”

Now it was time for everything to fall into place.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (207)

207 Episode 207 The disappearance of the Palette residents has been confirmed. Confirmed Palette residents: Aria, Isser "……." Would you like to place them in the Palette again? [Yes/No] "Yes." Color: 'Aria' has been successfully placed [Gray] Color: 'Iser' has been successfully placed [Sky Blue] … … . … … . … I like it * * * The hunters all agreed that this disaster was really tricky. "A living, moving sea, it's really creepy." "Even if I freeze it, they keep pulling up water from the deep sea, and I'm exhausted." "Even the mermaids are getting less tired, but anyways…." Fortunately, there were a lot of skilled hunters gathered for this war. They did their best to block the deep sea water so that the plants they had worked so hard to grow wouldn't wither, and in the meantime, the plants grew luxuriantly according to their master's orders. "But honestly, it was pretty cool." "It wasn't a sight that humans could create." "It was really awesome…." The sea garden created by humans was a sight not easily seen. "If the dungeon raid team hadn't responded quickly, the suppression team would have had a hard time." Aria, the humanoid monster that had slowly taken away the power of the Earth's oceans. She showed signs of great pain a couple of times during the confrontation. "The first time, you said that Sergio Hunter was hit by the backlash from waking up from his restraints, right?" "The second time, you said that the raid team broke the heart of the dungeon..." "But didn't you say that Sergio Hunter broke it in the end?" "I heard that you were able to confirm the heart of the dungeon while you were bound in a dream." "You really are an amazing person to prepare for the raid even in that situation." "If it were me, I wouldn't have even woken up for the raid." "Hey, we didn't even get special

treatment in the first place and died in one go.” Even the dungeon raid notification didn’t appear until quite some time after mermaid Aria’s form had melted into the sea. It seemed like it would take some time for the monster’s influence on the Earth’s oceans to disappear. And naturally, the rest of the cleanup was all up to humans. “…….” “…What the hell….” The hunters who were called in to cleanup couldn’t help but lament the mess the ocean had become. “Fuck, let’s hurry up and do this. We have to finish this before we can go home.” “Hasn’t the association contacted you? If it had gotten to this point, other countries would probably complain.” “Since they haven’t said anything yet, I guess they’re doing a good job of blocking it.” “Let’s hurry up and clean it up while the association is covering it up, that’s why.” The ocean is so huge that even the slightest distortion would make the whole world groan. Since they created glaciers like polar regions in the ocean off the coast of South Korea, climate problems were expected. The hunters had to suppress this ‘climate problem’ as quickly as possible. They worked hard to melt the enormous glaciers and artificially restore the ocean currents to their original state. “Hey, but this….” “Right? It’s a shame.” “Hey, Association staff. Can’t we leave this here?” “It must have been difficult.” “It’s a trace of a fight, but…” The hunters felt sorry when they saw the flower garden in the sea. “Isn’t it a rather historical trace to just clean up like this?” The association decided to preserve the flower clusters that bloomed in the sea, encouraged by the reactions of the hunters and the citizens who said, “It’s mysterious,” and “It’s a trace of a terrible war.” They were not just beautiful, but also a kind of teaching aid and a canary in a mine, warning us of the dangers of ocean fluctuations. “If there’s a problem with this flower garden, it means there’s a problem with the management of the sea.” “The citizens’ reactions are not bad, and it’s okay to leave some of these traces of war. There are many people who think, ‘Oh, we have to be careful’ after seeing traces of such a huge natural disaster.” “The area to manage will increase, but that can be done by forming a separate department...” The association has always been active in

such matters. South Korea was a very small country, but it had an overflowing population, and it had put a lot of effort into creating an environment to control and manage that population. This time was no different. The association quickly created a new department and began managing the traces of the name 'Sea Flower Garden'. Staff members were also dispatched periodically to polish and refine this garden. "Well, this is a way to show off our country's capabilities." "If this recovery goes well, the number of immigrants will increase again. It also seems like a good place to use as a tourist destination." In an era where you never knew when or how you would die, people wanted to belong to a country that would keep them safe. In addition to simply recovering, the image of a 'country that can afford to make another profit by exploiting the aftermath of war' gave South Korea quite a bit of benefit. "There are quite a few dead hunters..." "We apologize and thank the bereaved families, and we will provide compensation that is so generous that it will be hard to even mention it. If we do well at times like this, our hunters will not spare their lives and will rush in again." “Manage it well so that citizens don’t complain. Aren’t you tired of hearing people say that you discriminate between the city and the countryside? Even if it doesn’t change much, it’s better to at least keep in mind that you’re a pillar for them so that they can feel comfortable later.” “The government and the association should always be the ones that the citizens can trust. You all know that when a big problem like this happens, it’s the time to win the hearts of the citizens.” “The guilds have already talked about it. When the time comes, they will participate in donations for citizens who lost their homes and those who have rendered distinguished services to the country. The three major guilds, in particular, have already spoken up…” When a huge war like this breaks out, the government and the association are the ones who get busy. Since the country has a small territory, they can grasp even the smallest places in detail and respond accordingly. However, there was one subject that became the subject of much talk in another sense. “Have you heard the story? Sergio Hunter…?” “I

heard that he was kidnapped by monsters during this war.” “No, not that.” It was the ‘Black Cloak.’ “There’s a story about the Black Cloak’s Apostle.” “…Is Black Cloak a god? No, wasn’t he a monster?” Some people didn’t believe it, and some people immediately believed it, but fortunately, there was no great confusion among the citizens because of the identity of the Black Cloak. “Oh, that could be true.” In an era where individualism reached its peak, the citizens, always suffering from loneliness and desolation, were always kind to creatures who were friendly to them, even if they could be selfish. That didn’t change when dealing with a monster or something mysterious. “He’s not a bad god, considering he gives you food, right?” “So what if he’s an evil god? He gives you food and lets you tour around…” “How many people survived that damn winter thanks to the Black Cloak?” “Whether it’s a god or something, I wish he’d just give me snacks when I met him.” “I heard that some people made a fortune selling it. That’s the lottery.” “If you do a lot of good deeds, your chances of winning increase… A lottery where the odds can be manipulated…” To the citizens of today, the Black Cloak wasn’t a monster that needed to be subdued. He was a gentle and affectionate ghost story that had infiltrated Korea, and no one insisted on capturing or using him, even though he could receive practical help. “Is there a need to kill the goose that lays golden eggs?” “Hey, but he’s a divinity….” “…Oh, that’s right. No, that’s just what it says.” In particular, some unique enthusiasts who were looking forward to Black Cloak’s new work showed an even more active stance of support. “I knew it! There’s no way a monster could create such a noble world!” “Somehow I felt divinity in the uniqueness of the frame. Yes, I knew it. Now that it’s come to this, I can’t just sit back and do nothing.” “Shouldn’t we create an organization to protect Black Cloak? Where in the world is there a divinity that lets you see their own world of art? We have to make sure that no one exploits it.” “Since he likes good people so much, we have to prepare before the evil bugs get attached to him. He’s a divinity with a secretly innocent side….” The enthusiasts already had thick bean

caps in their eyes, and that wouldn't come off if people around them criticized them. They were already immersed in the thrilling exchange with the ominous and affectionate ghost story called Black Cloak. Above all, the fact that 'Black Cloak is kind to good people' boosted their pride even more. They even felt a sense of duty, thinking that they were humans recognized by Black Cloak. It was even more so when they received direct help. "I, I would have lost my life that day if Black Cloak hadn't saved me. Just thinking about the One who punishes evil beings and bestows grace on weak creatures being exploited by evil humans makes me really…" "We understand that feeling too. We need to raise our voices especially at times like this." There were some movements like that, but they were only at the level of simple hobby clubs or salons, so people didn't pay much attention. In an era where there were many small groups that praised cute or useful monsters, it was impossible for a group that cherished a mystery like Black Cloak not to have emerged. This was accepted as a natural phenomenon, like a government being formed when a country is established. "Well, because they are all gentle people." "The fact that Black Cloak hates evil people probably played a big part." "They say they check each other's qualifications very carefully." "They say that people who live nearby gather to do good deeds..." "They say that among art lovers, they even hold charity events. Some even say that they volunteer themselves." "The rich are spending their money like this. This is amazing. Those nobles who see citizens below Grade 1 as separate creatures are actually volunteering." Some people participated simply for the fun of it, others because they seriously wanted to be invited to the work, and others because they had a lasting faith..." "This is truly a good influence. If this is the case, well, do we need to worry?" While everyone accepted Black Cloak's new identity, their eyes turned to 'Sergio Hunter.' "He must have been Black Cloak's disciple from the beginning. I wonder if it has something to do with the fact that the Collector kept him captive." "The humanoid monsters that started the war this time kidnapped the disciples of the

Black Cloak. What was the exact reason? I heard that they made several statements that were in check with the Black Cloak." "They also said that they coveted Sergio Hunter himself. This is a story I heard from a hunter who participated in the raid team, but, well, something that looked exactly like Sergio Hunter was the heart of this dungeon..." "Huh? Why would they do that?" There were several opinions on this part. "In the 'Temple of the Deep Sea,' we were able to learn several stories about the mermaids and their master. The reason the mermaids became monsters was because they lost their masters to humans, and there is a story that Sergio Hunter and his master look quite similar." "So did they try to find a human who looked like their master and develop them into the same being?" "They said that Sergio Hunter looked sad after waking up from his restraints. Isn't that right? The mermaids were trying to synchronize with their dead master by tricking them." "If that's true, isn't it pretty disgusting? Seriously, trying to frame a perfectly good human for a dead person? That's the kind of thing that only evil monsters would do." There were also opinions like this. "Maybe they really were similar beings. The mysteries between dimensions haven't been fully revealed yet. For example, reincarnation… Isn't it possible that Sergio Hunter was that kind of mystery?" "The name of the master discovered in the 'Temple of the Deep Sea' was 'Batlan Giovanni.' I don't know if his usual name was 'Gio,' but since even the names are similar, I think there must have been some kind of fate involved." "They were monsters who had accumulated evil deeds while crossing dimensions. They must have had a strong hatred for humans, but if there really had been no connection at all, would they have reacted so purely with greed? Even if they had tried to use that body to resurrect their master…." "Yes, he must have shown hatred towards humans in the end. If Sergio Hunter was the only one who avoided that hatred, then there must be something. There must be at least some connection." There was also this opinion. "Isn't it just that he coveted a person with a great capacity?" "Yes, from what I heard, he was quite polite to another

disciple of the Black Cloak, a prospective priest named Chaisol. If we go by that, then it's not like Sergio Hunter was the only one who avoided the hatred that is characteristic of monsters." "Well, the fact that Sergio Hunter and his human teacher were similar may have had some influence… Humanoid monsters are highly intelligent." "That's right, they're the type of monsters that don't hesitate to join hands with humans for their own plans. It's possible that they did that to get their hands on Sergio Hunter, the outstanding disciple of the Black Cloak." "He even disparaged Sergio Hunter by saying, 'He's just an ordinary human'… I think he had some basic antipathy towards humans. In the end, he was just a valuable tool for the mermaids." "At best, he was just a cherished subordinate. Maybe he wanted to turn Sergio Hunter into a monster and make him his comrade, but anyway, I don't think he would have had such emotional favor." "That's right. Sergio Hunter actually visited the 'Temple of the Deep Sea' before and came out in a state close to being a corpse. If he truly cared for him, he wouldn't have done something like that." There were also opinions like this. There were various other opinions, but the three most frequently mentioned guesses were the above. The only thing that was certain was that Black Cloak was a divine being, and his disciples were Sergio Hunter and the reserve priest Chaisol. "But he's a little strong." "Huh? What? Everything seems to have been sorted out well..." "Of course, the situation is being handled well, but I wonder why this happened." "Natural disasters like dungeons and monsters don't always have to happen to cause accidents." "I'm concerned that it was a highly intelligent humanoid monster." Some were worried about the mermaids' actions. "You specifically warned against Black Cloak." It was a world where the number of divinities and religions was as diverse as the stars in the sky. It wasn't just that they were hostile to all of Earth's divinities, but that they were only concerned about Black Cloak, which had recently begun to appear. "Uh… That's proof that Black Cloak is friendly to Earth's humans, so I don't think there will be a problem right now. It's also possible that Black Cloak was a nuisance

because he cared so much for Earth’s people.” “Hmm, yes. That could be true.” “I hope Black Cloak will help when another strong enemy appears. I heard that he helped us move when our attack team’s submarine was damaged this time…” “Was that true? I thought it was just a rumor.” “Since he usually gives us small snacks, it seems like it’s true.” And Sergio Hunter disappeared. “Why?” “He’s not going to appear on TV?” “I thought he debuted at this level…” Sergio Hunter’s fan club couldn’t hold back their tears. With this much activity, I thought it would be time to show my face, but the only reply I got from the collector was, "Sergio Hunter is seriously injured in this kidnapping incident and needs to rest." "What kind of fruit is it? A vegetable?" "I've heard that he wears it around like it's his own child's work, but..." "He really deserves his nickname." The only one who got all the curses was Bisabal, who was rumored to be Sergio Hunter's father. * * * Argio clicked his tongue. "Isn't that something you'd hate?" "Isn't this situation fun?" "It is fun." "Then wouldn't you like to match the beat a little?" "Of course, if you want, I'll do it as much as you want, Father." "How can there be such sweet resonance in the world?" Bisabal smiled brightly. "One more time." "Father?" "It's thrilling." "What a cute family." "Should I give you some pocket money?" Bisabal was devoted to enjoying the current situation, whether it was a training session or a sleepover. The secretary who came to submit the documents went in and closed the door and left, but he was a person who could not help but enjoy life 200%. (Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (208)

208

Episode 208

A situation where the traces of war are being erased one by one.

“Are you okay?”

I don't know if Geunwon actually has a body, but it was a situation where he might have had a physical or mental problem.

“Does anything hurt?”

“Yes, it’s okay.”

“Hmm… how are you feeling?”

“That’s okay too.”

A pale portrait covered in black paint continued in a mechanical, blunt voice.

“Contrary to your concerns, I was able to sort things out on my own.”

“If you say so, that’s good.”

Although he said that forgiveness was not his lot, Geo eventually showed affection for the mermaids, calling them his 'cherished disciples'. I was a little worried because there were personalities called 'Geo', so they might not have completely no human feelings.

'... There's something eerie about this part. Usually, people in this situation would feel sad for a long time when someone they cared about dies, regardless of the sins committed by the other person... .'

I would say it was sorted out pretty quickly.

'It seems like you're not the type to be obsessed with death, so is this a reaction along the same lines?'

He might be dry not only at his own death but also at the death of others. That attitude of being indifferent at the beginning and the end of a relationship made Yoo Seong-un feel a chill inside.

Indeed, it must be the source of countless destinies. Yoo Seong-un thought as he changed the subject.

“Yeah, that’s fortunate.”

“Are there any other problems?”

“Are you sure you don’t want me to go outside?”

“Am I banned from my extracurricular activities?”

“Well… I just wanted to ask.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“You’re not the type of person who’ll stay out just because we stop you.”

“Oh, the trust between us is very shallow. No matter what you do, if you stop me, I won’t go out. I know you’re worried, so how dare you do that?”

“Do you think I would believe that? I guess you’ve adapted well to human society now and you seem to be pretty good at lying, but I absolutely won’t believe you. You are a free spirit recognized by me,

by heaven, and by the universe.”

“Wow, how did you know?”

“I didn’t want it to be known that we had become so close. Anyway, what I meant was that I wanted to at least block the official activities of ‘Sergio Hunter’.”

At Yoo Seong-un's words, Geo in the frame tilted his head.

“Is this a wish?”

“I’m so glad you understood.”

I almost cried because I didn't even think about holding back on those precious steps.

“I’ve prepared myself mentally. Now what do you want to do, our portrait?”

“I didn’t really have any intention of doing anything….”

“No? Really? Can I really trust you this time?”

“I’m sorry, but it just happened.”

“This is driving me crazy.”

Laughing as if he was sighing, Yoo Seong-un soon showed his signature smile. It was the smile of capitalism that he often wore.

“So how can I help you?”

“I can just do it.”

“Whatever you do from now on, it is extremely beneficial for the human mind and body to go through me one step at a time, so I am asking you with both hands clasped together to pray for it, right now.”

“You’re so resolute. This is quite a different reaction from before. I wonder if you’ve grown in an unexpected way. This kind of behavior reminds me of Joo-hyun.”

“I learned from watching Joohyun that it’s okay to this extent.”

“That’s why people who learn quickly….”

By the way, Joo-hyun wasn't there. Only Yoo Seong-woon had visited the gallery for the first time in a long time to manage his work, and Joo-hyun was lying in bed in mental anguish, worried about the kidnapped Geo.

Geo tried to deliver the medicine, but was rejected by Joohyun's strong refusal. They say that humans grow while suffering. Geo knew that, but he respected her opinion anyway.

“Anyway, I’m not trying to do anything grand.”

“Like the Demon King Project.”

“I definitely have that in mind, but I know it’s a big deal.”

“That’s good. So what do you really want to do? It seems like you have something on your mind since you’re dragging the conversation on like this….”

“I would like to see therapist Jeong Yeong-won.”

"…ah."

Yoo Seong-un was convinced.

“Everything is fine, but don’t be too surprised if he suddenly starts crying.”

“Isn’t this a situation where you can’t help but be flustered?”

That's how Geo's destination was decided.

Resting is good, but aren't there things you need to finish before you can get some rest?

* * *

The garden is a noble being that dares to be compared to divinity.

When we look at that intricate form with mere human eyes, we realize what an utmost grace it is. It resembles the vast universe, but it is a living thing and also a sparkling destiny.

What an honor it is to be able to carry it in my body… .

“…….”

“Mr. Jeong Yeong-won.”

"…ah…."

“Would you like to talk to me?”

My vision was dark. I still couldn't see ahead, but the most compassionate voice was engraved in my mind.

“…Sergio, sir.”

He crawled in a lowly manner, groping with his hands.

“Mr. Geo, ah, I… I you….”

“I am in front of this.”

“What should I call you without being disrespectful?”

Could it be possible for a lowly human mouth to contain this great and beautiful mystery? Yes, the flower gardener had made beautiful flowers bloom and obstructed her view, clearly teaching her to be

respectful to the source.

“Black Cloak? Portrait? No, your… there must be a much deeper and more appropriate definition….”

“Mr. Jeong Yeong-won, you can call me Geo.”

“Do you dare let me do that?”

“Of course, aren’t we friends who have been counting together?”

“I’m glad you call me that, weakling.”

He wasn't really that far away.

“May I kiss your feet…?”

“If we were friends, we wouldn’t do something like this.”

“It was an arrogant wish, and I apologize for saying something I didn’t want to do.”

“I would appreciate it if you could speak more comfortably.”

“Yes, Mr. Geo. I will do that.”

As I felt my hand, I felt the cold touch of her feet.

“…Did you like the flowers that the gardener made?”

The gardener could tell without even looking. Her room must be in full bloom right now. Even the floor of the room where Jeong Yeong-won was sitting was filled with soft, noble flowers, and the fragrance that enchanted the brain was filling it.

“Will the sight of me being punished please you…?”

It could be called a presumptuous worry. The eyes of the source could not possibly be offended by a mere human being who was being

punished. However, I was aware that this appearance was far from human. Since a precious person had come to visit, I should have proper manners and behavior, but it was also foolish.

“If I could only receive a little mercy, just raise your hand… just once….”

“Would you like to shake my hand?”

“Oh, thank you. You are so generous with your love.”

I felt the shape of a smooth, cool hand, as if I was holding a well-cut, smoothly sanded piece of marble.

“It is a great honor….”

A stinging pain surged through my eyes that were soaked in emotion.

I felt warm blood flowing down my cheek. The flower garden was delighted. The flower petals were full of life and bloomed glossy, and the leaves were green and stretched out toward the sky.

A soft and fluffy feeling, like the dolls that make up a child's room, filled Jeong Yeong-won's insides.

“Oh my, there’s blood flowing.”

“I couldn’t help but shed tears at the grace that the flower garden bestowed upon me.”

“Instead of tears, flowers have bloomed in Jeong Yeong-won’s eyes. She is beautiful, but she does not look comfortable. She seems to be in pain. Am I mistaken?”

“Of course not. Whatever you see is correct. That is the truth and the rule.”

“They see me as a god.”

"sorry…."

“I understand that Mr. Jeong Yeong-won. The world is dark and painful, so it can’t be helped. The confusion of the senses really tires people out.”

His cold hand slipped out of Jeong Yeong-won's and gently swept over her eyes as if he were holding a bouquet of flowers.

“So I will take this flower.”

In a moment.

The pain has stopped.

“It’s a really beautiful flower.”

“…….”

“It smells good.”

"…thank you."

The view has opened up.

“Thank you, Mr. Geo.”

Deep, dark eyes appeared.

In the enchanting room where even the lights were covered with flowers, the huge eyes wrapped in a black cloak were in harmony with the darkness. All that could be seen were the elegant flowers that the flower garden had made bloom through me and the white hand holding them.

Yes, I saw the hand. I also saw the bare feet of the source bending down to meet my gaze. I couldn't see the face smelling the scent of the

flower blooming in my eyes. However, those eyes were still staring at Jeong Yeong-won.

“…….”

Be ecstatic.

"I am."

It can be this beautiful.

“Living in destiny… in the arms of a flower garden, among the flowers….”

“I'm listening.”

“I will meet my humble end in the arms of the compassionate gardener.”

“Okay, what next?”

“Please bloom as another flower and stay in the source….”

In the splendid destiny contained in those eyes.

“…will become one.”

“Your ambitions are great.”

"thank you."

“Then I think it’s time to go to sleep now.”

“Would you please let me sleep?”

“If you don’t mind, I’ll do that.”

“There’s no way I would hate it.”

How could you do such an impious thing?

“You are merciful.”

“What a grand gesture of gratitude.”

A large, pale hand came up and landed like a butterfly on my blood-soaked eye.

Jeong Yeong-won felt the heartbeat and blood movement stabilizing as if being comforted and guided, and he closed his eyes and fell into sleep, feeling the happiness of a flower garden immersed in peace.

The even breath stayed in the room surrounded by flowers.

“…….”

And Geo.

"…hmm."

I saw Jeong Yeong-won lying down, filled with regret.

'Mr. Yoo Seong-woon told me not to be too surprised when Ms. Jeong Yeong-won cries.'

I was quite surprised because it wasn't just tears, it was tears of blood.

'He is a very sick person, so let me understand.'

It was natural for people's judgment to become clouded when they were sick and in pain.

Above all, Giovanni was once called the son of the living sun because of his unique divinity. He had been praised for just breathing, so this kind of treatment was something he had experienced all his life, so it was not unreasonable to not follow suit.

'Well, when you're sick, you need somewhere to lean on.'

He understood Jeong Yeong-won.

Geo quietly left Jeong Yeong-won's bedroom so as not to wake her up. Even if he hadn't, he wouldn't have made a sound since he was so light.

* * *

“…….”

“I also came here to treat Mr. Jeong Yeong-won.”

"…okay!"

Joo-Hyeon, who was lying in the hospital bed, asked.

“Does anyone know about the incident where Hunter Jeong Yeong-won was treated?”

“First of all, Mr. Yoo Seong-un knows.”

"also?"

“With Joohyun….”

"also."

“I guess Mr. Jeong Yeong-won knows.”

Joohyun's smile became stronger.

“Then, inside the Eunwol Guild where Hunter Jeong Yeong-won’s bedroom is located, we will find that Hunter Jeong Yeong-won, who has become overloaded for an unknown reason, has also suddenly recovered and fallen asleep for an unknown reason? Right?”

“You said that you don’t let other people into your room when you’re in that state, so I think it’ll be okay. Even if you were to be discovered like that, it would only be your coworkers who are close to Hunter Jeong

Yeong-won. Don't you think Jeong Yeong-won would take care of covering it up?"

"It seems like he knew everything from start to finish and did it, so I can't say what to say… I can't say it was a wrong thing to do, but it was a really bold and extraordinary action."

It was a bit absurd.

"I know very well that Mr. Geo, although he is a bit unusual and has many great qualities, has a heart no different from that of an ordinary human being."

"I know this is a long explanation, but it's not. I'm just a human. I'm just more versatile than average, so you're just confused."

"We'll settle the pros and cons of that later. Anyway, even considering that, you know very well that Geo-ssi's appearance and abilities are not ordinary, right?"

"That is true, but."

"And then you say you are just an ordinary person and turn Mr. Jeong Yeong-won's long and eloquent praise into nothing more than the nonsense of a sick person? At this point, you might be able to accept it."

"I'm not Jeong Yeong-won's god…?"

"……."

Geo continued to state his argument to the speechless Joo-hyun.

"First of all, I am different from those gods who have such great and amazing history. While they are like artisan patisserie cakes with 300 years of tradition, I am like a home-made cake made by a single-person household with castella and whipped cream."

"…her…."

“So, it is true that there was a bit of a problem with the subject and method of Mr. Jeong Yeong-won’s long praise. It seems that Mr. Jeong Yeong-won reacted that way because he was very sick and tired.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been sitting quietly next to her, opened his mouth at the outrageous remark that he could not bear to listen to.

“Don’t disparage my portrait like that.”

“I’m sorry, but I was just being self-critical, not disparaging.”

“Who can call that self-objectification?”

How dare this stubborn portrait try to change the dictionary definition of Earth. It was even more absurd because it seemed like it was just a joke, even though it knew it was a stretch. It made me a little sad.

“I wish you would be humble in a different sense.”

“I will keep that in mind.”

“Are you just going to refer to it again?”

“I am very happy that we have become close friends.”

Joo-Hyeon asked while holding her head, which was shaking while the two were talking.

“Why did you go to Hunter Jeong Yeong-won in the first place?”

“I think I overdid it a lot because of this attack, so I came here to get compensation.”

“I certainly heard that Mr. Jeong Yeong-won played a major role in this war.”

Even tree-type hunters couldn't make life bloom in the wasteland. That's why they usually carried seeds, but even considering that, it was difficult to control life by force.

However, Jeong Yeong-won, a hunter with a healer position, was a tree type hunter with a license. She successfully created a flower garden in the sea with me and my colleagues while wearing a hood.

“Did Mr. Geo feel grateful for that?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“Then I understand why you treated me, but….”

Basically, 'Portrait of Geo' followed the 1:1 rule. If he received something as a gift, Geo had to return it. It seems that the case of Jeong Yeong-won was similar.

“…….”

Even so, it wouldn't have been an easy task.

“…Therapist Jeong Yeong-won is a gardener like Mr. Yoo Seong-un. It’s impossible to treat the suffering of a gardener due to the influence of the garden he works in with general healing, right?”

“I guess so?”

“But Mr. Geo, you did it with just one touch.”

“It was.”

“At this point, wouldn’t it be a good idea to acknowledge your own extraordinary abilities?”

“I know that I am extraordinary. I don’t deny it.”

Geo felt wronged.

“I’m just saying that I’m not the one who deserves Jeong Yeong-won’s praise. I’m not a god that Jeong Yeong-won worships, we’ve never had a proper relationship, and I’ve never done anything great that could help the world.”

At first glance, what he said seemed to be correct.

“…….”

“…….”

If only 'Portrait of Geo' hadn't been the eyes of the origin.

“…? Wait a minute, Mr. Yoo Seong-woon.”

“Huh? Huh.”

“Have you ever explained to me what kind of being Mr. Geo is?”

“…I don’t think it was there, but do you think I should tell you?”

"aha."

“Really…?”

Finally, I found out why Geo was being so stubborn, but that didn't stop him. Even after listening to Yoo Seong-un's lengthy explanation, Geo remained steadfast.

“Is it that important?”

“I thought this would happen.”

It was clear from the beginning that he had no intention of giving in.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (209)

209

Episode 209

“So you came to see me?”

Sanarae asked with her signature smile.

“Are you worried that your way of thinking is so different from other people’s?”

“I’m not particularly worried.”

“Then why did you come?”

“I thought it would be a fun topic to talk about….”

“Wow, this is so much fun.”

“Don’t try to finish the story already.”

Geo was visiting the Haeryeong Guild.

“You’ve come all this way, so do you intend to send your comrades who fought in the same battlefield away like that?”

“Well, that can’t be true. I love Sergio Hunter so much. It’s a really shabby corner of the house, but if Sergio Hunter wants, I can give him one of my rooms.”

“Rather than that, wouldn’t you like to go shopping together?”

“…Shopping?”

Sanarae was the first to show interest.

“Hmm, clothes? Accessories? Gear?”

“All of them.”

"call."

So Sanarae ran away from Haeryeong, leaving behind only a note that said, 'Sergio Hunter kidnapped.' The guild was turned upside down by the note with such crazy content, but neither Geo nor Sanarae cared.

Sanarae rented a private shopping room.

“Voila, no matter what I say here, it won’t get out. And if I die, I’ll be the only one who dies, right?”

“I’ll ignore the gossip. Hmm, I guess it was a good idea to come find Hunter Sanarae.”

“If you want to go shopping, you should come to me. Of course. No one looks at clothes as well as I do.”

“I don’t have many clothes so I needed someone to help me, and luckily I did.”

“Huh? You don’t have any clothes?”

“After all, painting portraits is a jackpot….”

“Oh my.”

Sanarae, who had been taking out her fancy suit, hung up her clothes in their place.

“Even if you don’t have to worry about the conversation leaking out, isn’t this too comfortable?”

“Isn’t it useless to act coy when you already know everything?”

“The person’s face suddenly changes so much. I think that red hair I saw last time was this one.”

“As you live, don’t you meet people whose colors change quickly?”

“If I refute each and every one of them, I’ll just get tired, so I’ll just do this for now.”

If you keep your mouth shut, half the job is done.

“I thought he was pretty good at imitating humans, but I didn’t know that he wasn’t just imitating, he actually thought of himself as a human.”

“You really didn’t know?”

“Oh, oh, I kind of figured it out, but? I thought you were just obsessed with imitating humans. No, maybe you’re still like that now? Anyway, what are you trying to say in the end? I’m sad that my friends don’t understand my true feelings.”

“Now that we have a mouth, let’s say something. We already know each other’s true feelings, and we just came here to figure out a solution.”

“Are you asking me that when all my relationships have failed? Sergio Hunter is truly amazing. He has a unique way of thinking. I think we should learn from him.”

But it was interesting.

“Well, we don’t have any kids here.”

“I see, you were scared last time because of the Haeryeong Guild members.”

“If you say something so specific, I’m afraid that I might get revenge, so I’m scared again. Could you promise me, even if it’s just a little, that I won’t take out my grudge on my family even if I act a little cocky? Oh, right, you know that humans die if you touch them, right?”

“I have no intention of taking revenge on the Haeryung Guild, I am just human.”

“I really appreciate the first part, but the second part was the most amazing story I’ve heard this year.”

“It hasn’t been that long since the year started.”

“It’s already spring, why are you saying that?”

Sanarae put her hand on her chin.

“So, our Sergio Hunter doesn’t think his powers or divinity are a big deal? It’s just a kind of individuality, but you think people are too great because of that?”

“In summary, yes.”

“I’m sorry, but it’s too much.”

What on earth is the problem with this mysterious mystery?

“You don’t like great things?”

“I don’t hate the ordinary.”

“Oh, in that context….”

“It’s not my fault that I’m so great, is it?”

“If we really have to judge right and wrong, isn’t it Sergio Hunter’s fault?”

“Can’t you read the mood?”

“You promised not to harass our guild members, right? Well, no matter how much I think about it, I can’t help but conclude that Sergio Hunter is not very good at objectifying himself.”

Or maybe you're just not doing it.

“It’s true that Hunter-nim is truly incredibly great. And originally, human beings are made to show different reactions depending on their position and abilities. In my opinion, Sergio Hunter-nim is the one being unreasonable.”

“That is also true.”

"aha."

I understand.

“So you meant to just shut up and go with the beat?”

“Did you know that now?”

“Save me.”

“I won’t kill you.”

“Live nicely.”

He didn't want to be sent back for something that wasn't even a battle. However, since he had promised not to bother his family, Sanarae wasn't as scared as before. He assessed the situation objectively.

“But if you want to live among humans, you have to take their perspectives into account to some extent. If not, you have no choice

but to change or brainwash people’s perceptions every time you go….”

“How can you be this barbaric?”

“Savage follow-up is Hae-ryung’s specialty. Anyway, I know that Sergio Hunter really cares about humans. I also understand the gist of the current situation.”

Sanarae winked.

“You really came here to play?”

“I understand you well.”

Geo smiled and clapped his hands as if to say, "Well done."

Yes, Geo didn't come here to ask for serious advice. He just happened to have an interesting topic to talk about with Sanarae, so he brought it up while he was bored.

“Since the conclusion has already been reached, there is no reason for me to think about it seriously.”

He would see his position and power as nothing more than a 'personality', but he could also understand why those around him would be in awe of or fear Sergio's power. He could just live his whole life with such different thoughts.

Isn't it absurd to think that all humans think the same way? There is no obligation to do so, and it couldn't be. That was the context.

“In other words, I didn’t think it was a big enough problem to need to be solved.”

“If that’s the case, then it must be like that.”

Sanarae thought.

'That meteor-cloud guy must be tired and about to fall asleep.'

There's also a manager named Joohyun.

This terrible mystery, despite understanding all its own singularities, believed itself to be human, something most humans never do, so it was obvious that errors would arise from this difference of opinion.

but….

“This is good and that is good too?”

“Because not only one view is right.”

“There must be more than one or two opinions that see Sergio Hunter as an incredible being.”

“I’m okay because I’m one against a hundred.”

“You bark, I’ll go my own way, is that it? Well, it’s the way that people gather who know how to dance to the beat of the first person to dance.”

“Something is very distorted? I don’t tell you to bark.”

“Hmm, you really are strangely stubborn.”

In short, it's like, 'I'm right and you're right, so let's just live like this.' It really couldn't be anything but a strangely broad capacity. It accepts everyone, whether they're dogs or cows, but in the end, it only does what it wants.

“Are you sure there won’t be any problems?”

“Isn’t that kind of ambiguity what makes it so interesting? Every story is more interesting when it includes hardship and adversity.”

“Strangely enough, his personality is bad….”

“Thank you for your kind words.”

“I understand why people say he’s the son of the leader of the Visabal Guild.”

“My father and I have quite a few things in common.”

“…….”

These days, Shinbi is also talented at lying.

'It's a scary world.'

Divinity, which is living nature and destiny itself, was originally bad at lying. It was because lies were the antithesis of their natural identity. Of course, if it were an evil spirit, it would be a different story.

‘Seeing how respectfully Priest Kang Seo-dam treats him, he doesn’t seem like an evil deity… .’

It couldn't help but be a unique mystery in many ways.

“Anyway, you’re really good at imitating people.”

“How many times have I told you that you are human?”

“Oh, yeah, I understand that you’re an ordinary person with a colorful personality.”

“I’ll let you see it if you just close your eyes and pretend not to notice.”

“I’m so happy I could die.”

“In the past, Yoo Seong-un also felt this way, but I don’t know if his feelings have changed since I last saw him, but he doesn’t keep up with the rhythm.”

"oh…."

Were you such a brave person?

'Grow tall.'

Sanarae, who was amazed, asked.

“How has it changed?”

“Compared to the past when no matter what I said, they’d say, ‘Yeah, if that’s how you are, then that must be it,’ these days, it’s more like, ‘But that’s not wrong.’”

“Hmm, isn’t the direction of respect different?”

“I think they treat me a little more comfortably.”

“You already know everything, so why are you asking?”

In Sanarae's eyes, it was the difference between a curator cherishing a work of art and a person cherishing a friend.

“I don’t think either of them look bad?”

“Me too.”

“Then what are you dissatisfied with?”

“There are also advantages to just saying yes and no….”

“You’re greedy.”

“Isn’t it natural to want to enjoy all the pleasures the world has to offer?”

“That’s because we usually don’t think about making it happen.”

Those who try to make their ridiculous utopia a reality are usually not in their right mind. If we consider it as a human being, that is, and since 'Sergio Hunter' is not a human being in the first place, it makes

sense.

“So you’re complaining now?”

“It just finished.”

“Then do you want to look at some clothes? This house is fine.”

“I wish I had clothes as fancy as a crow.”

“You mean clothes with a lot of sparkle on them? Hmm, that would suit you well.”

“The parts that don’t match are replaced with the face.”

“I totally agree with that. That’s a great confidence.”

The two finished their enjoyable shopping while chatting away.

On the way back, there was an incident where Sanarae trampled and crippled a strange man who was running towards Sergio Hunter, and Geo healed him and left him in front of the police station, but anyway, that was how it was.

* * *

“I guess there’s a strange rumor going around.”

Joo-Hyeon reported the situation with a pale face.

“Sergio Hunter is a saint….”

“I believe that was a rumor that we started.”

“So I guess that’s why there’s a rumor going around that eating Geo-ssi will grant you eternal life.”

“Why on earth would that be?”

“The rumors were probably exaggerated because the mermaid herself was the one who kidnapped him. Fortunately, in the case of the prospective priest Chaisol, the church seemed to be doing a good job of blocking it….”

Geo wasn't that surprised since Chae Sol was okay too.

“There have been many similar incidents in the past.”

“I have a vague idea, but was it really Mr. Giovanni’s time?”

“No, when Argio was….”

“……?”

Joo-hyun looked at Geo with eyes that said, 'Did I hear something wrong?'

“Mr. Argio? Why?”

“What’s wrong with me that makes you do that?”

“When I hear the story, it seems like he wasn’t the type of person to be deified like that…?”

“Isn’t deification just another form of deification?”

Argio shrugged.

“It may sound terrifying to say that it is the Beast of the Black Forest, but in another way, it means that it is special. It is the most vicious and cruel beast in the Black Forest, which is full of rare jewels and medicinal herbs, so it is only natural that rumors spread that eating it would grant eternal life.”

“Ah, yes… something like that….”

It sounded more like hunting a beast that could be used as a rare

medicine than purifying oneself with the blood of a holy saint. Juhyun became even more tired.

“I’m saying this because I’m really worried, so why don’t you take care of yourself a little?”

“I won’t get hurt.”

“That’s a separate issue.”

Joohyun was just upset about the whole thing.

“I wish Mr. Geo would not be involved in such a disgusting incident. Even if it is not a particularly visible blow, it is something that damages Mr. Geo’s dignity. It is true that it is difficult to just sit back and watch.”

Geo laughed.

“Aren’t you guys going to protect me?”

“…I don’t know if that would be a good topic to discuss.”

“I will comfort you when you are tired and in pain.”

“If that seems necessary…?”

“Then it seems to me that nothing will be a problem.”

“Mr. Geo is so positive.”

“So, it is convenient to eat and live.”

So Geo beat his friends again today.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (210)

210 Episode 210 Yoo Seong-woon's reaction to visiting the gallery at dawn was not much different from Joo-hyun's. "I cleaned them up myself." As a competent hunter, he showed a bit more direct action. "A crazy swindler who attacked Sergio Hunter while he was resting from physical and mental damage and enjoying an outing with an acquaintance. There's no way a collector would leave that guy alone, right?" "I didn't know that Mr. Yoo Seong-woon, who is busy, would step in himself." "I don't think you really didn't know, but as you know, my job is to manage the portrait of you. Because of that, I got scolded for neglecting my duty and even wrote a report." So it was natural that Yoo Seong-woon would be in charge of the follow-up to this incident. "It's true that my attitude toward you has become lax lately, so I've been properly punished. At times like this, if I don't follow the company's rules, problems called exceptions arise here and there." "It seems like group living is really hard." "Anyway, nothing happened, so don't worry too much." Yoo Seong-woon, who had a blank smile, continued to ask, "Did you enjoy shopping?" "Of course." Geo smiled brightly at Yoo Seong-woon's question. "I really like the clothes that are coming out these days. The quality of the fabric is also quite high, so it seems like you'll be comfortable wearing them and heading out to the battlefield right away, and there are a variety of unique weapons and accessories with special powers." "You're Argio." "Now you can guess even if the color isn't red." "I wondered why Hunter Sanarae and I got along so well, but we had this unexpected commonality… It's fortunate that nothing as scary as the Hae-ryung Guild was in an uproar." Among the members of the Hae-ryung Guild, Sanarae was

one of those who used his face particularly well. I wondered why such a dirty and unpredictable thug hung out with Geo. ‘Looking at it this way, it seems like Argio also likes to decorate himself.’ You could tell just by looking at the dazzling images that occasionally appeared in the picture frames. That was the biggest difference between the other Geo and Argio. The other two were on the plain side. It’s because their faces were flashy. “I’m glad Hunter Sanarae stepped up for me this time.” “Yes, thank you for handling it so cleanly.” “I heard it wasn’t so clean.” Didn’t Geo personally treat the madman who was supposed to become paralyzed? “Do you know why Hunter Sanarae stepped up?” “I think it was to protect the world from the bomb that was me.” “That’s surprisingly similar to what I thought. Well, I heard that you also figured out your true identity.” “You’ve been quiet until now, so I guess you have no intention of opening your mouth.” “In the end, that must be a reaction to protect your comrades. Before I heard your story, I never imagined you would care so much about your guild…” “He’s a remarkable young man.” “If that’s the case, then so be it.” Yoo Seongwoon asked. “Since we’re talking about shopping, would you like to go with me next time? I think it wouldn’t be bad to invite Joohyun and have a suit made for us all. There’s a master I often visit who lives in the house.” “You must be busy, right?” “Time is a problem that can be solved if you make it.” Thanks to the situation where things are somewhat under control after the war with the monsters, Yoo Seong-woon’s workload was gradually decreasing. Above all, accompanying Geo on his schedule could be seen as a type of work… “…….” “Mr. Yoo Seong-woon?” “Um, I had a different thought for a moment.” “Can I ask what you were thinking?” “I thought you were human.” “Oh.” Fortunately, Geo didn’t tease him after hearing his dull worries. “Did you think that’s what you were thinking?” “I think it’s a perspective worth thinking about, so I’m trying it out. However, I’m not sure if this is really the right path or if it’s not a foolish idea. I think it’ll take a while until I come to a definite conclusion.” “No matter what the outcome is, I respect Yoo Seong-woon’s judgment.” “That’s a heavy word.” This

mystery did not divide all paths into right and wrong. So even if Yoo Seong-un was dissatisfied or walked a path that was immoral, Geo would not tell him that it was wrong. ‘No, this guy doesn’t judge the world by right and wrong in the first place.’ Geo doesn’t distinguish between good and evil in random events. If we organize it like this, the proposition that ‘Gio’s portraits like good people’ would be contradictory, so to be more precise, he didn’t put selfishness into it. As evidence, Geo didn’t ‘punish’ evil people when he dealt with them. He simply ‘classified’ them. He affirmed the existence of all concepts, but he only made choices that suited his ideals and tastes. ‘It feels creepy to a mediocre person like me.’ So Yoo Seong-un couldn’t rely on Geo. At least this time. ‘The choice and responsibility are entirely his own.’ He had no choice but to think carefully. His soul and body would be tied to the snowy field until he died. ‘As a human. As a gardener and a curator. And as a person named Yoo Seong-un… .' How should I judge the existence before my eyes? Or what should I do to have the least regret? “…….” He needed time. “…….” “People really live hard lives. Do they enjoy suffering?” “I’m trying to set the mood and think seriously, but will this continue?” “I feel very sorry, but I wonder if this is something I should think seriously about, dear Yoo Seong-un.” “Not all beings are as clear-cut as you are about everything.” Of course, there must be people who make simple and clear judgments and decisions like Geo, but at least Yoo Seong-un couldn’t be that person. There were too many burdens hanging under his feet and on his shoulders for him to think and act easily. Anyway, this was just Yoo Seong-un’s personal circumstances. He wiped his neck and then smiled and asked. “…Then what are you going to do now?” “I’m going to take a break.” “Honestly, it’s nice to hear that.” “I’ve been too active so far.” He finished all the things he had to do. “I’ll see you later.” The introverted Sergio needed a break. * * * And so Geo was locked up in the house again. “It’s dangerous outside the blankets.” “Muaang...” “You agree.” The giant cat, which was overflowing with coolness just by touching it, was the perfect friend to

hug. Geo rolled around on the bed while hugging Dana. Geo's figure was swallowed up in the cloud-like softness. "Hoo..." Geo's blunt face, which had been lying still, softened a little. "……." He stroked Dana's long, soft body. He caressed the cold jewel cat's belly. "How many people are in here?" "Meow." "Yes, I see. There are more than I thought..." "Meow." "They're all sleeping inside you." However, it was too bad to keep Dana locked up inside like this. 'I have to finish the gravestone for Joohyun.' I had covered it up for a while because I saw Joo-hyun trying to overcome the past and move forward, but now that the mermaids who were jealous of the new painting had quieted down, it was right to finish the work. When Geo got up from the bed, Dana, who had been staring at him, also slowly got off the bed. Dana, who had grown considerably larger, boasted a body almost as big as a wolf dog. Geo patted his daughter. "Shall we go to the studio?" "Meow." Honey flew over to the two and landed gently on Geo's head. "What did you do?" "Gururuuk!" "I see, I'm glad your brothers seem to be doing well." "Gurur." "I should visit soon. What should I bring to make it taste good…?" Geo entered the studio while having a light conversation. He sat in front of a blank white canvas. The small, round wooden chair that he had made to recall his memories as a student was well-finished, smooth, and warm as it caught the sunlight. Geo held a palette carved from wood. He said with a low laugh. "Not yet." A firm voice as if teaching. "It's not your turn." "■■…" "You have to wait." Geo stared at the clean white paper with a brush in his other hand. "……." He was not afraid of death. Not only was there no fear, but there was also no despair. There may be sadness, but the path after that was something that should be let go. Folly only belongs to those who were left behind, so it is right for the dead to continue their fate in unknown concepts and spaces. Geo's thoughts were slightly different from the religions he knew. This place was a narrow and biased world that only accepted those who liked it, not like heaven or hell, and it didn't even go around in a circle like reincarnation in Buddhism. 'It's just a state.' Just like catching a cold one day. Just like crying when

you’re sad and smiling when you’re happy. To Geo, death was just that. ‘How is it different from falling asleep?’ Some call it a very long sleep, and Geo agreed. 'Everyone will experience it at least once.' Whether it's their own or someone else's. People encounter deaths big and small as they live. Even the death of a small bug that they step on and kill along the way, don't they bury it in that insincere land without knowing it? "It's okay." Geo stroked Dana's cheek, who was standing next to him, with the back of his hand holding a brush. He spoke as if he was soothing a whining child who didn't want to go to sleep. "You decide where you will be." It may have been intentional or unintentional. They may have liked it or not. There may have been happy memories, there may have been painful memories, or there may have been no memories at all and it just remained. It remains. This is their home, their traces, their daily lives. 'We have lived, occupying the volume of each other's worlds.' What should I call you? "....." Geo drew a picture frame with nothing drawn on it and named it. "...Let's call it a diary." Dana cried. "Meow." In the frame of the cats, the lovers were died in the war. It was a person who had a good time. In the early days, I would have been a closed house with him, and I had to live my life. I keep having dreams of that person being dragged beyond the wall into the sea. 'Would things have been different if I was with him?' 'At least if I was with him, he wouldn't have been scared. He's so timid, I need to be by his side...' 'What's the use of this, someone who's already dead?' Dozens of times a day, he'd blank out and suddenly come to mind, and after suffering for a while, he'd barely manage to escape. When he fell asleep like that, he'd have another nightmare. The longing and guilt would spread like ink and he'd have trouble breathing. Then one day, an acquaintance in an alley said this to me. "Do you know Black Cloak? I heard a new series came out..." "Is that what you were calling me to tell you?" "No, listen until the end. This is really valuable information, but I'm telling you because I feel so bad for you." "You don't feel bad at all." "Is this how I repay the debt I owed him last time?" "Who on earth could this punk draw..." "He said he

drew heaven." "..." I asked back. "...What?" “Black Cloak drew Heaven this time. He said that all the young and kind people are in it.” “What nonsense are you talking about? You’re talking nonsense. Even if Black Cloak really is divine, that’s… that’s absolutely….” “But it’s not like you have to lose to find it, right?” He said that it wouldn’t be easy to find. He said that because so few people have seen it and the few people who have kept their mouths shut, the information didn’t spread. “…….” He drew Heaven? “…….” A Heaven filled with only the weak and kind? ‘… That’s nonsense.’ While thinking that, the woman went in search of the white frame that said Black Cloak’s new series. She knew it was nonsense, but she looked around carefully, being careful about her actions just in case. The rumor hadn’t spread yet, so there didn’t seem to be anyone who looked like her. However, since she couldn’t find anyone, she tried another method. She brought the frame over here. “…Black Cloak said he likes good people.” So she did something good. “Uh, over there.” “Huh?” “…Should I help you move your luggage?” “Oh my, all of a sudden? That’s fine.” “If you’re worried, I’ll just help you with these stairs.” “No, I’m just so sorry….” She helped the old man, who at first glance seemed to have no energy, carry his luggage. She felt impatient, but she didn’t act too harshly. In this world, who would easily believe someone offering help? But surprisingly, the old man smiled and expressed his gratitude. “I wasn’t worried. Are you one of those people, young lady? People who do good deeds?” “Huh? Good deeds…?” “Or not. There have been so many honest young men lately that I thought they were in the same club.” “What kind of people are they? Well, it’s not for me to say, but if you trust strange people in this world….” “People who make a fuss about the black cloak are not dangerous.” “…Ah.” The woman had heard that story too. “They say you have fans.” It’s funny to say it’s thanks to them, but it really was thanks to them that the woman could easily interfere. People who didn’t believe in good deeds and avoided them had let their guard down a little thanks to the black cloak enthusiasts. “You seem lost… Where are you going?” “Mom, no, that…” “I, that’s it. A black cloak

enthusiast. I'm doing a good deed to see the black cloak." "Oh! I see, oh my. Then can you tell me where the grocery store is in this neighborhood? I moved here…." "That's on the main street. I'll show you." "Thank you." After giving directions, the woman received a zucchini from the new resident. "Um, this is…" "Do you have any eggs at home? Crack an egg and fry it. It's delicious." "I'm sorry… Take it back." "I'm so grateful." It had been a long time since she had seen such clean and fresh vegetables. Since she had received such a precious gift, it was a shame to throw it away. In the end, the woman went to the market that day and bought some eggs. Thinking about it, she didn't have any salt to put in the eggs, and she didn't have any cooking oil to keep them from sticking. Thinking about the empty house, the woman picked up a few more ingredients. It wasn't a very good life, and the eggs were monster eggs, but they tasted good. "……." It's been a while since I've had Jeon. "…Hey, I burned it a bit. Eat it yourself." "……." "You always cook… I tried my best." I made excuses for the empty seat. I thought I should make a better Jeon next time. Thinking of my lover who was much better at cooking than me, I cried again with the Jeon in my mouth. I felt like an idiot. Still wanting to see him, the woman continued to go out of the house. Thanks to the black cloak lovers, it was definitely easier to poke around here and there. The woman gradually got used to this routine. "Oh, here it is." "Who…" "I heard you helped my mother." "Who are you talking about?" "No, you don't have to be wary… I just wanted to say thank you." "Oh, yes…" "This is a side dish my mother made. She has such big hands…." The middle-aged man bowed his head and left. "You don't have to return the container!" "No, wait a minute…!" This kind of thing happened often. "……." When she came to her senses, she realized that there were quite a few more people who recognized her face. Unlike the faces in the back alleys when she was young, they were faces filled with affectionate interest, gratitude, and joy. Feeling ticklish, she cried in the middle of the street. "Huh? Hey, sis. Why are you crying? Did someone bother you?" "What's wrong? Don't do this here.

Come inside and have some tea.” “Oh my, something bad must have happened...” “It’ll be okay, okay? Why are you crying so sadly?” Ah. It was an instinctive intuition. ‘… If I keep doing this, I’ll forget you.’ And you probably want that too. ‘I don’t know how many times I’ll have to repeat this before I can see you..’ She thought that this kind of life wasn’t so bad. Not long after, the woman resumed her job as a hunter. * * * This is information that requires identity verification. Verification has been completed “…….” Identification Number 0S-000-B Correspondence Level F(-) Object Type Object Name White Frame(-) Power Diary(-) Another framed picture drawn inside a white wooden frame. It is understood to be the third work of Black Cloak (0S-328-D), following Breathing Sea and City of Void, but considering the importance of the concept, it is recorded as a separate mystery. It is rumored that one can see the deceased who lived a good life, but no witnesses have actually seen it. The probability of seeing it is extremely low compared to Black Cloak (0S-328-D)’s previous works. Some citizens who take this into consideration are starting social activities to summon Black Cloak, and this work has a high probability of existing near such specific objects. “Ah, I received a tip and will organize it into an audio file. Uh… This is the case of an 82-year-old man. His name is Lee Jeong-ha, and he lived in Yesan, South Chungcheong Province. Black Cloak has already reached the provinces… He is expanding his scope of activity faster than I thought, so shouldn’t we take action? No, anyway. This isn’t it.” “I heard that he lost his granddaughter during the recent ‘Sea Flower Garden’ incident. Her name is Seo Yoon-ha, she’s 19 years old. She’s a C-class hunter… and her position is a dealer. She’s a cold type, so she seems to have participated despite her relatively short career. She’s the kind of person who died and the living person that the temporary name ‘White Frame’ requires.” “Lee Jeong-ha passed away on the 15th, and it’s said that there was a pure white diary in her arms. People around her say that she said she saw the frame a while before she died… Since other people couldn’t see it, they probably thought it was a

hallucination. I think they didn't immediately suspect this phenomenon because there wasn't much information in the area." "The research team checked the 'White Diary' with the consent of the bereaved family, but they couldn't read the contents. The letters can't be deciphered, and the form looks different depending on who's looking. However, Lee Jeong-ha's fingerprints were detected in the diary… Well, it seems that only certain people among those looking for the 'White Frame' can see the frame and read the diary." "What is the difference between Lee Jung-ha and the other witnesses? I think it lies in their attitude toward life. Like the extent to which they miss their dead loved ones… or their will to return to society… or their remaining lifespan. Lee Jung-ha was said to be calm even though she was close to the age of natural death and her granddaughter died." "I don't know what the white frame is trying to do. Even if they start their social activities to see the 'white frame,' there are those who see it and those who still can't. I also wonder why it exists only in the peripheral areas where those who are looking for it can't see it. And what's written in the diary created by the frame." "That's it. Ha, I wonder if anyone else has seen it properly…." "……." This is information that requires level 0 identity verification. Verification has been completed. Would you like to continue reading the content? [Yes/No] (Continued in the next episode)

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211 Episode 211 Authentication is complete. Would you like to continue checking the contents?] [Yes/No] Identification number 0S-000-?? Response level ?? (-) Object type ?? Object name White frame (-) Authority diary (-) "… Additional report." "Before that, I'd like to tell you in advance that only 'Level 0' employees who can be authenticated can view this. To those employees who are not 'Level 0' among those listening to this file right now, yes, I want to make it clear that the association and I will in no way be held responsible for any disadvantages that arise after listening to this file. It would be best to get out of here on good terms." "Continuing my report. Ha, it's truly amazing. I made direct contact with the Black Cloak. The contact area was Anseong, Gyeonggi-do. Just like the previous file, I encountered the Black Cloak while investigating the Object name 'White Frame.' I saw his frame. A portrait." "That person really seemed perfect. The peaceful forest he lived in looked so beautiful. I could definitely see the ideal of Black Cloak. He seemed to prefer things that were peaceful and beautiful. I could tell by looking at his eyes, his eyes, his eyes…" (deleted content) "……." "…I will organize the information about the dangers of Black Cloak separately later. However, it is so that just looking at it can make you lose your mind that I wonder why there hasn't been a religion yet. I almost got disposed of too…" "Please refrain from sharing unnecessary information, sir." "Oh, right. Even after receiving treatment, this is still happening." "If the hospital bed is uncomfortable, should we move?" "Even so, it's just going to the interrogation room, right? Let's do it here. Then, I will continue the story about the 'white frame' from last time. To make it easier to

organize… um… let's just cut out that part…" "There are conditions for being incorporated into the entity. They must have lived a good life that Black Cloak would like before they died, or they must be very young souls who have not yet learned good and evil. Judging from reports that no similar cases have been found overseas, it is presumed that souls are collected only in some areas of Korea." "Black Cloak said that this is not a work of art created for appreciation, but rather a concept close to home. Then, when asked how he could explain some of the unusual cases reported recently, he said that it is not a function of the work itself." "If it is not a function of the work itself, are there additional factors?" "That's right. He said that if the soul inside the 'White Frame' and the soul of the living being outside the work resonate, they can show arbitrary interactions. Well, as expected of a divine mystery, even this statement is very vague and fairytale-like… In summary, it is not much different." "The initiative always lies with the soul inside the frame. If the living being strongly desires it, the will can be recognized through resonance, but if the soul does not want it, the living being can never recognize the 'White Frame'." "In addition, in situations where there is a risk of destroying the balance of life and death, it is understood that they do not reveal themselves, regardless of the degree of their will resonance. It seems that there are limits to what is allowed for the residents in the frame… I have not heard a clear answer on this part." "I think you have a guess." "I will explain that later." "Thank you." "The black cloak said that this is not a prison, but a home, and that they can go wherever they want. So this seems different from the afterlife of the divinities that we commonly know. However, if they 'can go anywhere,' this could be heaven, the path of reincarnation, or perhaps… they could possess another person? Of course, this is a guess. There are no confirmed cases." "Now, I will answer the question you just asked. It is about the scope allowed for the residents in the frame." "I interpreted this as 'only helping the living continue their remaining lifespan.'" "Based on the cases identified so far, direct encounters with the 'White Frame' have been extremely

rare. Such exceptions were usually when the being was stable enough that even if they directly perceived the soul's resonance, it would not upset their balance." "Can you give me an example?" "There were patients who had accepted their own deaths, or the elderly, or people with very strong mental powers who did not care about life or death." "It sounds like there are some similarities." "It seems that the more the living accept the death of the deceased with great significance, the more difficult it is to encounter." "Among these, if the living are accepted into the realm of the deceased, or the 'White Frame', while still alive, they will receive a 'diary.' The living cannot know exactly what is written in it. However, judging from the reactions of those who received and read the diary, it is presumed to be a kind of kaleidoscope." "What is certain is that this 'diary' helps the precarious life that will soon pass to the 'White Frame' to end its life in a stable and peaceful manner. Is it a reward or a gift for the life it has lived? In this case, it could be said that the living were pleased with the Black Cloak, and since the Black Cloak especially likes good people, it could be that it was a history worth receiving compensation for…." "There aren't many cases to begin with, but the above case is expected to be an extremely small number of cases. If the 'White Frame' were to spread overseas, it would probably be worth more, but it's a shame." "This 'White Frame' said that even the living can enter." "…Are you sure?" "He answered that those permitted by the Black Cloak can. He didn't say who exactly. If I were to guess, it could be Sergio Hunter, his apostle, or the acolyte of Chaisol. Since the Black Cloak especially values balance, he wouldn't do anything that would ruin the current Earth, but it's definitely something we need to be careful about." "That's all I can explain verbally. I'll report the rest in writing." "Thank you for your hard work." [Additional Report] In a later interview, Sergio Hunter, the Black Cloaked Apostle, stated that "visiting is difficult, although the door can be opened through the Contract Beast (presumably: Anticat 'Dana')." Another Apostle, the Pre-priest Chaisol, responded by saying that he didn't know about the existence of the

‘White Frame.’ Just as not all Apostles are given the same amount of information, there are differences in the powers that are granted. Some of the residents of the ‘White Frame’ have been revealed to be able to temporarily transform into something in exchange for good deeds. They are confirmed to be unable to communicate, but their forms can be found in places where there are few people. Their form, behavior, and ease vary greatly from individual to individual, but they all show no desire to interact with the living. Some gardeners have speculated that they are ‘Children of the Origin.’ There is ongoing discussion about whether or not to define them as monsters, so until further records are made, they will be referred to as ‘Residents of the White Frame.’ Strict control of this record is requested. * * * “…….” “Would you like to visit?” Juhyun blinked at the white frame that appeared in front of him. “…Is it heaven?” “As I said earlier, it’s just a house.” “It’s wonderful.” The house I’m in now is so lonely. Juhyun was very grateful for the spacious and luxurious house that the collector had kindly given her, but on the other hand, she thought back to the messy and noisy orphanage. Although she only lived there until she was 16, it was always Juhyun’s ‘home.’ ‘They say all the good, young people are in here.’ She carefully swept the frame with her hand. “…….” Juhyun received a letter from Geo today. “…That’s why you gave me an invitation.” It was still a letter that was hard to read, but Juhyun was able to find the word ‘invitation’ in the intricate patterns that were intertwined like the picture. Could it mean that ‘Geo’s portrait’ was becoming more and more human? Maybe so. She waited with a slightly excited and quite worried heart, and this pure white frame appeared. Geo was waiting for her not in the peaceful forest where she had always been, but in an empty frame with nothing drawn on it. “Do you want me to visit here, Geo?” “The choice is always yours.” “Come to think of it, Geo has always been like that. I’ve never forced anything on you.” “I didn’t feel the need.” “Even though it was a gravestone made for me.” That day, the day Geo called out Joo-hyun’s dead friends. “…Haha…” I wondered where my family that Dana had

swallowed had gone. “…They were all here.” “Would you like to visit?” It was the same words as before. The same pitch, the same voice. “… No.” Joo-hyun felt a distant emotion, but at the same time, the whole situation was funny. “It’s okay.” “Is that so?” “It’s too big of a gift.” Geo had made this ‘for a friend’. What a naive person he was. What a simple and clear-headed person he was. Joo-hyun couldn’t help but laugh whenever Geo gave her a gift that she couldn’t handle. “You’re really amazing.” I felt childishly grateful for his easy-to-see favor. “When did you make this? I haven’t heard any news of a new Black Cloak piece.” “It’s been quite a while. However, Yoo Seong-woon said that important people in the government and the association are worried that it could cause problems in various aspects and are preventing the information from spreading.” “That’s true. Oh my, what are we going to do if we create an afterlife instead of something else…?” Geo crossed his arms, as if he wanted to express his dissatisfaction. “But I couldn’t keep Joo-hyun’s family in Dana’s body.” “Don’t be sincere in the strange parts, because every time Geo-ssi becomes sincere, difficult incidents break out.” “I’ll take note.” “Are you going to take note of my story too?” “Everyone is making fun of me for that.” “I was just joking.” Joo-hyun gained the strength to laugh anew every time he saw this great mystery’s human favor. This straightforward gift was twisted in its method, but its essence was simple. And Joo-hyun was always someone who looked at the inside rather than the outside. 'Geo's Portrait' was the same. Joo-hyun was embarrassed by the clean and pure gift that Geo gave her, but in the end, she was grateful. "Thank you, it's a really pretty house." If he was truly mysterious in nature, there would be no such gift. "You wouldn't cause trouble with this, right?" "Of course." "I trust you, Geo." "I'll repay your trust." "Yes..." There were so many things that made my head hurt, but now it felt a little better. "..." After all the opportunities given to me pass, I will also enter here someday. If Geo allows it. '... That's enough.' There was no need for heaven for someone who was alive and breathing. Because I could still walk a long way. * * * Meanwhile,

'Underground Four-legged Rainforest'. "...." Rustling. "...Uh..." Rattling rattling rattling!! "Uh..." Yoo Seong-woon blinked. "Yoo Seong-woon Hunter, what's wrong?" "No, I see a familiar new monster here for some reason...." “What are you talking about? Are you hot? How can it be new when it’s familiar?” “There is something like that.” Yoo Seong-un laughed in vain at the ‘water bird’s nest’ he came across in an unexpected place. ‘It’s nice to see you here.’ It seems like Geo is planning to swallow the Earth. (To be continued in the next episode)

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Episode 212

The familiar yet new monsters that Yoo Seong-un encountered were not only found in the 'Underground Four-legged Rainforest'.

Dalgrak.

“…What is that?”

"…bird…?"

At some point, a monster was captured randomly appearing in multiple dungeons.

“No, is it water?”

It was living water in the shape of a bird.

Although it does not have vocal cords and does not make sounds, it makes faint noises using plants and minerals it carries inside its transparent body. The main targets are ripe fruits, fallen leaves, and jewels.

“What? If it’s water, can’t I drink it?”

“You don’t even know exactly what kind of creature it is, so how can you treat it so rashly….”

“Hey, wait a minute. This could be some kind of living elixir.”

"no…."

Hot.

“…….”

"…uh?"

The hunter looked at his comrade trapped inside the transparent body. Their eyes met. His comrade, who had belatedly realized where he was, opened his mouth as if he wanted to scream, but not even the usual air bubbles came out.

And then it melts away in an instant.

“…Ugh, huhhhh!!!”

Information about this unusual monster has become another hot topic among hunters.

The victims are mostly humans with malicious intent. Even if the malicious intent is not directed at the monster, they will be attacked if they harbor impure thoughts. The hunters who heard information about this unique monster felt a sense of familiarity for some reason.

“…Isn’t that a black cloak?”

“Oh, right, you brought it up well. My awkwardness just got resolved.”

“I thought it looked familiar, but it was a black cloak….”

Among them, some hunters who participated in the recent dungeon raid called 'Underground Four-legged Rainforest' were able to make additional predictions.

“A bird made of water?”

“It looks similar to the contract beast that Sergio Hunter carries around.”

“Oh, I see. That… water bird… called Honey. Right?”

“It may look a little different, but even taking that into account, there are definitely a lot of similar parts.”

“I thought you had tamed it in some remote dungeon, but it turns out it was a completely separate group.”

It wasn't that rare for a trainer to tame an unidentified monster. There were definitely some dimensions in the dungeons that could never be visited again, and it was common for trainers to tame the monsters that lived there.

In particular, in a world where individualism is deepening, even if they are public figures, hunters do not easily reveal their personal information. Even though the number of contracts for the 'Sergio Hunter' was not well known due to his efforts in collecting, the hunters who directly participated in the strategy were a different story.

Although they had not actually witnessed it, they realized through information released to the Association community that the main character of this rumor was very similar to the contract holder of 'Sergio Hunter'.

“So, is this monster’s species name confirmed? I think Sergio Hunter just said it was a water bird….”

“The emotional response is just ‘water bird’.”

“What kind of name is that so insincere? I thought it was easy to call me a water bird since I’m a bird made of water.”

“It’s probably a bird that lives in water, so I guess that’s not such a wrong statement…?”

“Anyway, how did you tame this guy? Judging by its similar habits, is it a monster that lives in the Black Cloak’s dungeon?”

Even though we thought about it that way based on similar characteristics, different opinions did emerge.

“It could just be that they’re just hanging out together because their personalities match. You know, there are monsters like that. Their habitats are unknown, but they keep being found in places with similar characteristics…”

“Oh, that’s right. There are monsters like that.”

The gardener calls this mystery 'the child of the source', but the hunters also call it by another name.

“Is it a share monster?”

This was a term for a 'monster that borrows other dungeons', and strictly speaking, it was a slightly different type of mystery from the 'Child of Origin'. However, because they had similar characteristics, it was difficult to distinguish between the two unless you were a gardener.

“It’s not uncommon for monsters with similar characteristics to share a dungeon.”

“That’s true, it could be a newly appeared Share Monster.”

Dungeons are simply another dimension. Even if the gates on Earth don't open, new monsters will come in as they fight each other. It's not strange for unfamiliar monsters like this to suddenly appear.

And as is always the case with the introduction of new monsters, there were a few mishaps.

“…Uh, uh, right now. What is he doing?”

“Where is that kid going now? Hey! Hey!!”

“There… there’s a tree, a tree….”

“What’s wrong with you? Stop it, you’re going to fall down now!!”

This living water bewitched people.

"pretty."

They were mostly found in nature, with flowers and trees in full bloom.

We would huddle together and make puddles under trees, or sit on branches in the forest while it rained and look down on people.

If there were only a few water birds gathered together, it would be indistinguishable from a normal puddle of water, unless there were some miscellaneous jewels or fruits.

But at night, the story was different.

“Look, life is melting in it.”

It shone red and blue, but there were rare times when it shone with a dazzling golden light that was impossible to take one's eyes off. People were captivated by its light without realizing it.

But the situation was not serious enough to be called 'possessed'. Even if a few small water droplets gathered together, they would only form a puddle, and unless they were gathered in a deep place, they would be just a shallow stream.

but.

“There’s a lake over there right now…!!”

“Catch him!!”

Sometimes that wasn't the case.

-with a plop!!

In places where a large number of water birds cannot be simply counted in dozens, deep holes, or already-formed lakes or seas, the water birds that sparkle and shine like living water ghosts.

However, life and death depended on the good or evil of the victim. Those who lived good or ordinary lives were able to come to their senses, even if they were belatedly taken in by such a delusion and drowned in water.

Hot! Exactly!!

"ouch!!"

Knock knock knock knock!!!

It was because the water birds rushed in and pecked at me hard as if to say, 'Come on, you idiot.' It was clearly water I couldn't even catch with my hand, but strangely enough, I felt quite a stinging pain.

“Gah, what is this all of a sudden…!”

“You just tried to fall into the waterfowl lake!!”

“Me, me??”

On the other hand, the evil and wicked people just drowned themselves in the water. They did not directly chew and swallow them as they would when someone showed their malice, but they acted indifferently as if it did not matter to them that an evil person drowned.

People nodded their heads as they watched such behavior.

“I guess it’s true that you’re on the Black Cloak side.”

“They really do look alike….”

And of course, Yoo Seong-un was listening to all this gossip.

* * *

“I heard you’ve been seeing your kids a lot lately.”

Yoo Seong-woon smiled faintly during the hallway meeting that he had not held in a long time.

“There was even talk of him being an angel in a black cloak.”

“I have never painted an angel.”

“Well, in this day and age, angels are often compared to workers handled by the divine. I think that’s probably what it means. I don’t think you’re one of those children portrayed in that context….”

Where would the source have the intention to create children? Would a tree think and bloom?

Unlike the divinity called fate and nature, which has a will, Geo would have simply created life.

'That would be even scarier.'

It was such an easy thing to give birth to a single life.

“Do you like the work you created this time?”

“There is no reason to draw a picture you don’t like.”

“I see….”

Yoo Seong-un glanced at Joo-hyun, who had a calm expression, and Geo, whose face was covered.

‘… Did you guys figure out how to talk about this?’

Perhaps the 'white frame' that created deep and calm waves this time was a concept similar to the 'tombstone' that Geo had mentioned earlier. However, Joo-hyun looked no different than usual.

Their eyes met.

“Why do you look at me like that?”

“Um, nothing.”

Anyway, if there are no problems, it doesn't matter.

'Mr. Joo-Hyeon is not the kind of person who would cause an accident because he can't control his greed.'

Yoo Seong-un also wasn't that interested in the 'White Frame'. It's not that he wasn't interested at all since it was another child created by Geo, but it was just that much. Even if it was a visualized heaven, he wasn't that interested.

He was already a gardener who contained in his body a great mystery no different from purgatory.

“…It’s embarrassing that we’ve all gathered here but we don’t seem to have anything interesting to talk about. Right? Does everyone know what’s going on with Chae Sol? I just found out, so can I talk about it?”

“There is nothing that can’t be done.”

“First of all, I heard that you got scolded a lot by Iru Da students.”

“Ah, I see… I see….”

“It seems that he told his students that he was not kidnapped by the mermaid, but that he had fallen through the frame himself. How could he not be angry when his partner ran off to such a dangerous place without saying anything?”

Chae Sol was quick-witted and hid it well, pretending not to know anything. It is said that he even wrote a letter of reflection and submitted it, and that he told the truth only to Priest Kang Seo Dam, who knew Geo's true identity.

“They also said that there were achievements separate from that.”

"achievement?"

“I heard you did a pretty good job with this attack?”

Geo nodded at that.

“He was a great help in dealing with Isser. That’s why my father pushed student Chaisol into that dungeon. I think he wanted him to learn how to properly handle the power of the sun.”

Additionally, he would have wanted to gain 'experience in killing creatures that can communicate'. From the perspective of the divine, there was no better opportunity than this. Since the target of the killing had accepted the end of his own accord, the burden would be less.

“I am worried because I think you want student Chaisol to grow up to be an outstanding priest of the sun.”

“Oh, I’m worried….”

“Children are busy just being healthy.”

“Mr. Geo, you seem to know children surprisingly well.”

“Even though he looks like this, he was a high school teacher.”

“Isn’t it a bit too much to call someone over 17 a child…?”

They were modern people who had slightly different perspectives from Sergio, who was a modern man from an old era. Nowadays, even if you turn 15, you are considered 'all grown up'.

“It’s fortunate that student Chaisol didn’t seem to be greatly shocked.”

“Well, it wasn’t something that Chaisol did alone. I heard that Priest Kang Seodam was with him when he dealt with Isser. Since they did it together, it probably wasn’t such a difficult situation.”

“No, it was a tough situation.”

“That’s really decisive.”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“…I agree with what you said that it’s fortunate that Chaisol didn’t get too shocked. It seemed like he was quite friendly with the mermaid named Isser, calling her ‘Galaxy.’”

This was a situation where he had killed someone he considered a friend with his own hands. Although he might have been overwhelmed with self-reproach at a young age, Chae Sol looked as cheerful as usual.

Geo opened his mouth.

“I think he understood that this was a necessary process for Isser. Chaisol and I have a lot in common, so he doesn’t put too much weight on the state of death.”

“…That sounds a bit creepy.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“Will Chaisol grow up to be like you?”

“It’s probably very different from mine. It’s just that their way of thinking is similar, but it doesn’t mean that their attitude toward life and the surroundings is the same as mine. Chae Sol is a very sociable student.”

“It did seem that way.”

He asked, rubbing his chin.

“Is this the gift you gave to Iru Da Yang?”

“Yes, you mean the Basram flower tea?”

“Did you expect that to happen too?”

Yoo Seong-un and Joo-hyun share information with each other. Thanks to that, they also know that Geo gave Iru-da a car as a gift when he visited the Taeyanggyo the other day. It was quite a coincidence.

'Thanks to that, Iru Da Yang was able to play an active role in this strategy.'

She offered the gift she received from Geo to the Goddess of the Sun under the care of Priest Kang Seodam. I don’t know if it was the joy or happiness of the divine, but it was an offering that she liked, as she recently showed outstanding results in handling the power of the sun.

'And with that power, Ms. Iruda helped kill the mermaid Aria.'

Geo answered immediately.

“I just thought it might be useful in some way.”

"okay?"

I should say that it is surprisingly spicy.

'Will this be my reaction even if I die?'

I asked with a blank smile, feeling curious.

“As expected, the response was cleaner than I expected. Are you sure it’s okay? It might not be the other Geos, but it was a meaningful

relationship for Giovanni alone.”

“That’s a tricky question.”

Geo answered in his usual, mechanical tone.

“But it’s really okay. As I told you last time, I’ve sorted things out in my own way.”

"…wait for a sec."

"yes."

“I think I answered like that before, but it’s a bit strong. You said it was your own way of organizing it, right?”

"yes."

"uh…."

Suddenly, the thought occurred to him that 'the tone of voice is similar to that of the black suit that lives in the empty city' occurred to him for a moment, but then Yoo Seong-un realized a hidden meaning that he had not noticed before.

“…Did you take any action? Like putting it in your white frame.”

“Those two are not the type of people who fit into the ‘Diary’.”

“Or maybe he resurrected it?”

“What’s dead is dead, and it can’t be undone. That’s why it can’t be done.”

“I’m surprised now that I got a more sensible answer than I expected.”

“We only collected the corpse that had melted and remained.”

“……?”

Yoo Seong-un looked back at Joo-hyun.

“Were there any mermaids’ bodies left?”

“…Oh, no? They both turned into water and melted….”

Geo nodded.

“Mermaids are born in the sea, and when they die they return to the sea. It must have been part of that.”

“Then how did they collect the body?”

“They were already residents I had taken in.”

"people?"

“It was a resident on my palette.”

“…Does this sound a bit ominous to me?”

“Mr. Joohyun, you don’t have to worry about anything.”

The portrait spoke, as always, without any euphemism.

“The mermaids are dead, and now they can’t hurt anyone.”

“…….”

Joohyun answered after a while.

"…okay!"

“Yes.”

“But could you please be more specific and precise?”

These mysterious guys should have gone to speech school.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (213)

213

Episode 213

What Geo did was simple.

“I brought them onto my palette.”

“I think I asked you to speak more clearly and specifically.”

“…….”

“Don’t make that look like you don’t know how to explain it any better.”

“I’ve never made that kind of expression.”

“You can see it just by looking at it, so don’t avoid it.”

“It’s unfair.”

It took quite some time for Geo to explain what he had done. He had now become a blond-haired priest.

“…You need paint to paint, right?”

“It’s hard to explain, so it became Giovanni. Yes, that’s true. But?”

“So, in other words, a picture is something painted with paint.”

“Right?”

“The same goes for me now. I am in a frame and I am made of paint, or you can define it as a concept similar to that. I think that is natural.”

It was in the same context.

“The mermaids, and the ‘breathing sea’ where their roots came from… or the ‘land of the deep sea’, were connected to my frame. In other words, you could say that they were both a frame and a painting.”

Geo said calmly.

“Then wouldn’t our mermaid friends be made of paint too?”

“…Is that how it is? Why? It’s so sudden.”

“But it goes without saying that a painting is actually a combination of paints.”

“…….”

Finally, Joohyun was speechless.

Joo-hyun was so shocked that she couldn't even respond with the usual '... I see!', but Yoo-seong-un, who was used to the novel incidents and accidents caused by the beings of the origin, was immediately convinced.

“I kind of understand.”

In the end, Geo is also a 'portrait'.

“But then, does that mean that all the beings drawn on your frame are residents on the palette? If that’s the case, then Nana and Joohyun have been there too. Even Chaisol.”

“You are not Palette residents.”

“I guess there are different standards?”

“The roots must be connected.”

“Roots, ra….”

As a gardener, I knew that roots played a very important role in the formation of existence. If we talk about the roots of the soul, which is the most fundamental concept, then that is all there is to it.

“Are you saying that simply using the same flower pot is not enough?”

“Yes, again, there has to be a ‘connection’. In terms of plants, this would be the situation where the roots and stems become attached to each other even if they are not in the same pot.”

“If we compare them to people, it would mean that they should be like conjoined twins, not just lovers, right?”

“I think it’s more like the relationship between organs in a person’s body. It’s similar to how the nutrients you chew and swallow are converted into fat that is stored in the body forever.”

“It really has to be completely ‘rooted’.”

It seemed like we had to go beyond just 'sharing' and become 'one'.

“Then what can we do? What will change?”

“You can call it.”

“What? They were already dead.”

“Aren’t the inhabitants on the palette paints?”

"…ah."

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“Well, it’s not a matter of life or death.”

Even Geo, though dead, was stuffed to perfection.

There was already such a case right before my eyes, so there was no guarantee that others wouldn't be able to do it too. I guess I'll need a lot of help from Geo.

“So now, those mermaids… have become paint?”

“It became a color, to be exact.”

"color?"

"yes."

Mechanically, the portrait recited the truth.

“Aria turned gray, and Isser turned sky blue.”

“…….”

“You will find them in my shadow and in my works.”

“…That’s right….”

Yoo Seong-un hesitated and then continued.

“…That’s cool.”

I was sincere.

“That has nothing to do with death.”

“They are as indifferent as I am.”

“What do you mean by ‘color’?”

“It’s literally just a color.”

“Can you speak? Can you converse? Are you able to communicate?”

“If you mean it, it can be done.”

“Is Easy still there?”

“If you want it.”

“Are they already dead?”

“Yes, I became something that was far from life.”

“…Haha, that’s really romantic…!”

Laughter burst out naturally.

“I really want to see it. Where can I see it? If it doesn’t bother you, I want to see it with my own eyes. If I’m not being rude, can you tell me the way?”

“You can find it by going to the ‘Temple of the Deep Sea’ or the ‘City of the Void.’ You can also find it easily in the cabin I’m in.”

“Do I need to find the picture frame?”

“It doesn’t matter either way. After all, visible colors are everywhere.”

“That’s amazing….”

Joo-Hyeon made a flustered expression at the conversation between the two.

“…Am I the only one who doesn’t understand right now?”

“There is a world that our Joo-Hyeon cannot understand.”

“I feel like I need to understand the world that Geo-ssi is a part of, but I can’t help but feel a strange sense of rejection. Am I being narrow-minded… Am I being set in my ways…?”

“Because Joo-Hyeon is an honest person.”

It was natural to feel resistance.

“It can’t be helped since we’re looking at things from different directions.”

“…I will try to adapt little by little.”

Joo-hyun finally broke the smile of social life and let out a deep sigh. Since the person he was serving was considered to be the source of an incredible mystery, it was time for him to improve in various aspects.

'but….'

He saw a meteor shower with a happy smile.

“…….”

“Huh? Why?”

"no."

Joohyun smiled back.

“I thought you might have a headache.”

“I’m always like that.”

Still, Yoo Seong-un has not been able to define Geo.

* * *

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un was in the 'City of Emptiness'.

“…There are water birds here too.”

“It’s one of the houses I built, so it’s natural.”

“The population has increased considerably since I last saw it.”

Looking around, I saw several figures covered in a blotchy black light, as if they were covered in ink. They were probably 'evil people' who had been caught making a fuss in front of the 'Empty City'.

'Still, it's not as much as I thought.'

I thought it might be full by now, since it was an era overflowing with evil people. No, maybe there were other places besides the space that Yoo Seong-un was looking at right now.

'It's a long road with no end in sight.'

The 'Empty City' took the form of a road in the middle of the walls of huge buildings standing on both sides. It seemed as if one could go through the alleys between the buildings, and continue on beyond the road, which may or may not end.

‘The sight seen through the frame is merely a fragment… .’

Water birds sat on the head and shoulders of the meteor cloud as it looked around.

“Wow, what is it? Why is it like this?”

“I think it’s the water bird that met Mr. Yoo Seong-un at the cabin last time.”

“Ah… ah, that time.”

It's been a while since that happened, but I thought you had a good memory.

'I saw some water birds sitting on the trees before I was first invited into the cabin.'

It seemed like they were those kids back then.

“…….”

When I stretched out my hand, it sat down on top of me.

“…It’s gray?”

“It’s natural, since this space is gray.”

“That’s true.”

Because water is so transparent, it was natural for it to absorb the colors around it.

'Here too, these guys are all paintings.'

The water bird that landed on Yoo Seong-un's hand poked his hand or tilted its head. It seemed to be responding as if to say, 'I don't know why you're here.'

'Is it because most of the people who come here are evil? Should I be thankful that they don't treat me like a bad person?'

At that time, a black figure was caught in the eye as it was being eaten by a water bird.

"oh."

That's how you handle it.

“Are your children going to burst their bellies?”

“That’s not necessarily true. It’s more of an activity focused on play than eating….”

“If you call something like this a game, the person listening will get a little creeped out.”

“That’s a joke.”

“You need to listen to people at face value.”

“Are you enjoying the view?”

“…I’m definitely less nervous than before.”

That doesn't mean it's comfortable, though.

'I'm not the target of hostility, yet I'm in this state.'

It was a place I had visited before, but it was still an eerie place.

Just the process of breathing in and out of it felt like my existence was being erased. It felt suffocating, as if my lungs were filled with plaster dust.

'I guess I can endure this thanks to Geo's favor.'

There was a reason why even the most skilled hunters could not respond to the 'City of Void'. Once they were captured by the work of the Black Cloak, they could not escape unless they personally showed mercy.

“Uhm….”

Yoo Seong-un tilted his head.

“…Where are the mermaids?”

“It’s hard to call you a mermaid anymore.”

“Then I can’t even call you by your name anymore?”

“No, because your name won’t disappear just because you die.”

“Should I say it’s merciful or terrible…?”

Then, a dark gray color entered Yoo Seong-un's eyes.

“…….”

ah.

"…eye…."

“Yes, it’s snow.”

“…Are you looking at me?”

“I am watching.”

It was an eye made of color.

'These are the eyes of a mermaid.'

A strange silver color, like the reflection of water scales. No, it resembles the color of pearls.

A sparkling pupil surrounded by an iris like the aurora of the polar regions. There were not two, not one, but dozens and hundreds.

A hand suddenly appeared. Buried in color, made of color, it had an unclear shape and was swaying within the set color. There were thousands of them, not just one or two.

I couldn't figure it out exactly.

'Are you alive?'

Or maybe it's stuffed.

‘This is too lifelike to be called a stuffed animal… .’

So life itself is not felt at all.

It was like a thin film of oil on oil painting. Even though there was no wind, it floated leisurely along with the strokes of the brush, and it seemed to resemble the tail of a mermaid in real life.

'Is it gross?'

It was beautiful.

'Should I say it's horrible? No matter how evil a person or monster they were, isn't it right to insult someone who is already dead?'

It was no different from a portrait.

Literally, it was a 'color'. Gray. Just as the sea during the day is different from the sea at night, the difference in light and dark that permeates everywhere is clear. I wondered why a mermaid born in the sea turned gray.

“…….”

It was a gray sea.

‘… color didn’t matter.’

It was flowing gently like the spring sea.

“…It doesn’t look like there is any, is that right?”

“No, that’s not true.”

“Then why don’t you show hostility towards me?”

“Because it is just a color. Paint cannot express or possess its own will.”

"I see."

Yoo Seong-un looked up.

“…I understand.”

A twilight that does not live up to its name of emptiness flows by,

covering the 'sky'.

'This is the hell that the mermaids chose.'

They decided to remain by Geo's side as tools.

In the old days, there were two paths for mermaids.

Will he become an evil spirit and spend eternity with Geo, never to be forgiven, or will he remain as a tool and wait for the day when he will be forgiven?

The mermaids chose the latter.

“I was going to ask, ‘Now that you’ve created heaven, are you going to create hell too?’”

“I do not create heaven or hell.”

“I know, you just wanted to create a home for the things you like to live in.”

“I’m glad you seem to know.”

"…okay…."

But if this isn't hell, then what is?

“…I keep saying this, but it’s cool.”

Yoo Seong-un wanted to go to a hell like this when he died.

In this bizarre hell, resembling a fairy tale.

“…….”

… Will the day ever come when I see you as a human being?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (214)

214

Episode 214

“I think it might be the most beautiful form of death.”

“…….”

Joo-hyun, who had been listening to the story, nodded after drinking some coffee.

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un sometimes feels a little bad.”

“To be honest, I do have that awareness.”

“What can I say, the feeling of your eyes sparkling as you look at something strange and incomprehensible… that kind of unpleasantness….”

“You’re being quite specific.”

It wasn't the first time he had seen such a reaction, so Yoo Seong-un just let it go.

“Mr. Joo-hyun, don’t you have that kind of romanticism?”

“Has there ever been a topic of conversation we’re having right now that could bring up the word romance?”

“If you could choose the afterlife, which one would you go to?

Something like that….”

“No matter how much I think about it, it’s not a topic that can be romantic.”

Even though he was groaning, Joo-Hyeon answered sincerely.

“Well, I’m not as strong as you guys or have any special powers. I’m so busy thinking about tomorrow that I wonder if I’ll have time to think about what happens after I die.”

“But you have Geo by your side.”

“That’s something to think about when the time comes. Isn’t it a waste to live just waiting for the day you die after being born? You can do so much more if you live.”

“Should I say it’s serious, or should I say it’s heavy…?”

“I think it’s normal.”

It was natural that only the living could dream of the future.

“Mr. Geo, that’s a little different story.”

That's really an exceptional case, and usually it's for ordinary people like Joo-hyun.

“I don’t know about people who have no will at all, but I have a lot of things I want to do. These are things I don’t want to hand over to someone who will likely live longer than me, so I have no choice but to rush to live my life.”

“I’m just making a hypothesis.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled brightly. He seemed to be in a good mood, perhaps because he had seen the masterpiece of the Black Cloak.

“Can we just have some small talk?”

“That’s not wrong either.”

If it's just a passing joke.

"…hmm…."

But, well.

“…I can’t think of anything specific. I think it will probably go the way Mr. Geo wants. Since he gave me a gift, if I’m lucky, it might end up going towards the ‘white picture frame’.”

“I guess it’s you.”

“Don’t take it too seriously. You never know what will happen to a person’s future. Which afterlife do you think Mr. Yoo Seong-un will go to?”

“The most likely outcome would be to fall asleep in my snowy field.”

“If you say snowy field….”

“I mean the garden I am tending.”

If Geo had helped, he might have been able to sleep in a warmer place, but considering the realistic possibilities and Yoo Seong-un's personal preferences, this was the right choice.

“Gardeners usually end their lives in their own gardens.”

“And you said you were going to live another life?”

“To be exact, it would be something like a sculpture, a tree, a flower, or something… an element that makes up a garden. But I think it’s a bit of a stretch to call that ‘life.’”

“So I’ve heard that gardeners consider ending their lives as human

beings to be the ultimate luxury. Is that right?”

“I remember it well.”

Of course, there were exceptions, such as therapist Jeong Yeong-won, who wanted to belong to the garden of Mosin. But at least Yoo Seong-un wasn't like that. Since he was born a human, it was true that he wanted to remain a human when he died.

“In a world like this, even death cannot follow the natural order….”

“This is a world where even evil spirits rule.”

Joohyun laughed awkwardly.

“I almost got into trouble right away.”

“Oh, right. Is the topic of Sankalut now something you can talk about comfortably?”

“It wasn’t that uncomfortable before either.”

If it was a disaster sent down by the gods, it felt more like a disaster than an incident. They could imitate humans, but they were never humans, so it was ridiculous for Joo-hyun, who only knew how to endure, to complain.

“To put it simply, I was just unlucky.”

“I don’t usually think that way.”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

'This one isn't ordinary either.'

Not being concerned with life and death is usually a characteristic of a priest, but it is also a condition of a saint.

'If everyone lost their attachment to life just because they believed in God, the religious world wouldn't have become so complicated today. After all, humans are humans, and their vessels have limitations.'

No matter how much I thought about it, it felt strange that Joo-hyun was gradually becoming Geo's best friend. That is, the apostle named 'best friend'.

"……."

Yoo Seong-un smiled innocently.

"…Come to think of it, I don't know how that gentleman, Sankalut, has been doing lately. Surely he wasn't completely destroyed by Geo's ordeal or something in the past?"

"I haven't heard any such news…."

"so do i."

The evil spirit Sankalut was an important document stored in the association's research institute. If such a person had really been destroyed, the research institute would not have been this quiet. Even the news did not reach Yoo Seong-un, who was listening closely.

'Above all, something divine cannot die so easily.'

Even among the divine beings, it is not easy to kill each other, so there were many cases where they were forced to coexist. Even in the current Earth, why would the providence and imbalance that do not fit its nature remain together in this narrow dimension?

"Well, of course, if it were Geo, it would be possible…."

"I think it would be faster to ask Mr. Geo directly about that part."

"What if Sankalut still exists? Are you planning to take a step back without Geo's help this time?"

"no."

"huh…?"

When I looked back at Joohyun at the unexpected reaction, I saw him smiling brightly.

“I have already received help from Mr. Geo in that regard. It was the same when I first met him and he comforted me, and when I ate the porridge he made for me in the warm cabin. The new white gravestone he made for me was also in the same vein.”

I tried to refuse, decline, and pretend not to see his great favor, but eventually I did.

So that's what happened.

“So I wasn’t surprised. When Mr. Geo said he had done that grand piece for me, I was just grateful. I’ve received such miracles many times before.”

“It’s a miracle.”

“Yes, it’s a miracle. Who would want to reach out to a mere loser like me? And that too without any greed or jealousy, just out of pure desire to be friends.”

“…An opportunity like that won’t come again in your lifetime.”

“Mr. Geo is a very kind person.”

Joo-hyun didn't really like receiving help from others. Not only did he have no one around him to ask for help, but he never got what he wanted when he asked for help.

But the first one to help him was the evil deity known as Argio. He has been helping Juhyeon up until now, and the same goes for the matter of Sankalut.

“If Mr. Geo gives me a chance, I would like to talk to him.”

“Conversation…? I wonder if it’s okay, but Joohyun-ssi is not awakened.”

“I’m quite fond of the shield of being a non-awakened person, but I don’t want to hide behind it until this point. I have responsibilities that I have to shoulder, and Geo-ssi has helped me with a lot.”

“That’s quite a bold response.”

"are you okay."

Joo-hyun trusted his friend named Geo.

“Even if you can’t give back as much as you received, you should at least show a minimum level of courtesy. That’s what a relationship is.”

Perhaps, even until the day he died, Joo-hyun would not be able to repay all the favors he had received from Geo. But he had to know how much of an opportunity and help he had received. And he had to take the right stance.

“I don’t want to be an arrogant person. I’m not a fool who turns a blind eye to the favors I’ve received. The reason I refused Geo’s help was because I’m just an ordinary person who would eventually change if I were to receive a miracle easily.”

“I’m sorry, but this isn’t ordinary at all.”

Yoo Seong-un's words were lightly ignored.

“If I could speak to the evil deity named Sankalut, I would do so.”

“So what are you going to do?”

“We have to finish it.”

Like mermaids who were happy in the sweet reality but ultimately took on 'responsibility'.

“It’s no good if my story drags on too long. I keep saying this, but I’m just an ordinary person.”

“…….”

“Does Mr. Yoo Seong-un have a story to tell?”

“…There’s no way a gardener would have something like that.”

Yoo Seong-un gave a rare, awkward smile.

“I belong to the garden.”

If he had a story to finish, it would be the garden's, never the meteor's. For he was a gardener before he was a human, and a slave to the source.

“I guess I’ll live like this my whole life, buried in mystery….”

“Why did you become a gardener?”

“Because I want to live.”

"I see."

Joohyun nodded.

“I did that too.”

“Similar, then.”

Both of us couldn't survive without living like this, so we ended up here.

* * *

“Sankalute?”

Geo tilted his head.

“Do you want to talk to him?”

“Yes, of course, if it’s possible….”

“That’s possible. I’ll just call him, but if that’s enough for you.”

“Of course I am satisfied.”

How easy is it to summon a divinity? It might be relatively easy if it was an evil spirit, but it would require a price to be paid often. There were very few cases where one could safely interact with an evil spirit like this.

Geo rested his hand on his chin.

“Then it would be better to talk at my house.”

So Geo called Joohyun and Yoo Seongwoon.

“Wait a minute, why me?”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un, since you’re here, why don’t you eat something before you go?”

“You’re not really going to turn me into a pig, are you?”

“You must have been physically and mentally exhausted during this attack, as you missed a lot….”

“Even if you look at me with such a sad face, it’s not convincing at all.”

I only lost 0.4kg.

“I’m a hunter for whom speed is important. If I keep feeding like this, no matter how much I eat, I’ll gain weight. And that’ll affect my career….”

“Aha, so you don’t have to gain weight?”

“That’s why the Mysteries can’t let their guard down even for a moment. Bring the contract, the contract. Let’s carefully organize our position from A to Z.”

“That’s why experienced curators.”

“It’s getting more and more evil?”

Well, I guess it's fine.

“Please give me a normal meal.”

“I think I’ve always had an ordinary table.”

“Even if you have no conscience, you can’t be this conscientious.”

“Tch….”

“Now you’re really tongue-licking.”

And Geo brought a blanket.

"blanket?"

“Yes, it’s sudden, but….”

“No, I was a bit surprised because it happened so suddenly.”

“You look cold.”

“How did you know that? No matter how you look at it, this isn’t a blanket. Whose leather is this? Why is it so soft and warm? How can it be this warm? Oh, it’s warm…?”

Joo-Hyeon smiled bitterly at the sight of Yoo Seong-Un slowly sinking into the soft golden fur.

“Are these the words of a man possessed by mystery?”

“Who can decide the ending as they please?”

“Even if you say that while you are completely obsessed with fur, it is not convincing.”

“Do you know the cold of the snowfield…?!”

Geo nodded at the sight of Yoo Seong-un hugging his fur tightly. His characteristic expressionless face was still there, but he could hear the voice saying, 'I knew you would like it that much.'

“I was worried because you looked cold.”

“Did I look that cold…?”

Joo-hyun shook his head at Yoo Seong-woon's question.

“…No. I’m sorry to say this, but I didn’t notice it at all until Mr. Geo told me. I thought it was no different than usual, but now that I look at it, it seems like you really were cold….”

“Don’t be sorry, it’s normal not to know.”

Geo, who suddenly became abnormal, pointed at himself with a questioning '??'

“Am I not normal?”

“If you take the average human as your standard, then yes, that’s probably true.”

“Well, it would be difficult to say that the portrait is of a normal human being. You may praise my specialness.”

Geo's understanding was quick.

“Guests who come to my house must always be peaceful.”

“Isn’t that scary in its own right?”

“You can use that blanket today.”

“This house treats its guests well.”

"thank you."

Geo was very satisfied.

“It’s nice to have friends over to visit after a long time.”

I knew this would happen, so I prepared a gourmet road trip.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (215)

215

Episode 215

After finishing the meal, Joo-Hyeon found a place to talk with Sankalut.

“…It smells delicious….”

“…Do evil spirits also feel hungry?”

Sankalut was summoned, possessed by the body of a water bird. The living water, which had no color or vocal cords, soon turned into an ecstatic red, but fortunately, Juhyun, who was protected by Geo, was not hit.

Sankalut, trapped in a tiny body, was depressed.

“I want to go home.”

"uh…."

Joohyun looked back at Geo at the unexpected reaction.

"help."

“Oh, can I join in?”

“I have a feeling that the conversation isn’t going well.”

“In that case, I have to step forward.”

By the way, Yoo Seong-un fell asleep in the guest room on the second floor, hugging the golden-step sheep fur blanket and the Basram flower tea that Geo had given him. Geo, who felt a sense of accomplishment from satisfying his friend, sat confidently between Joo-hyun and Sankalut.

Sankalut groaned as if he were a small judge. He was a water bird with no expression, but the divine communicated with his soul, not his appearance.

“It’s clear that he called me to scold me.”

“I’m sorry, but I’m here to ensure smooth communication.”

“You scolded me last time too.”

“That was a total mess.”

“I also chose a body that I had put a lot of thought into so as not to take what belongs to adults….”

“That’s why I said last time that that wasn’t the problem.”

“You only say difficult things.”

Joo-Hyeon looked back at Geo again, who was speaking in a childish manner.

“You’re a bit… younger than I thought.”

“Because it is tailored to the soul of the water bird that lent its body.”

“Oh, the spirit of the water bird?”

“I guess you could call it a wavelength, to be exact.”

That was the way Sankalut's ice was made.

“When you take over another being’s body, you take on the form of

that being. That’s why you were able to handle that young body without any problems when you borrowed the body of student Iruda last time.”

“Such a secret…?”

If you think about it, it is certain that an evil divinity could not fit into the body of a young child. If it weren't for Sankalut's consideration in the first place, that is. Of course, it would have been for his own convenience and not Iruda's, but fortunately, it was a fortunate thing.

“Mr. Sankalut.”

"yes."

“The reason I called Mr. Sankalut today is because Mr. Joohyun here requested a conversation.”

"hello."

Although it was a rather innocent greeting for a demon, Joo-Hyeon accepted it calmly without being flustered any longer.

“Hello, my name is Joohyun.”

“Yes, Mr. An Ju-hyeon.”

"uh…."

“Aren’t you going to use the abandoned name?”

“…I didn’t know you would hit a sore spot from the start.”

“That’s more convenient.”

“……”

Joo-hyun abandoned the surname 'An' because that was the only way to be registered in the other orphanage. He was once obsessed with

self-reproach over this issue, thinking, 'I gave up my memories of my family in order to live.'

'… Is it true that the evil god is an evil god?'

You're suddenly hitting on my weak point.

"……."

That's just for convenience.

"…I'm so glad it was you, Argio, who spoke to me that day."

"I cannot thank you enough for appreciating my excellent taste."

In an instant, Sankalut's eyes lit up as his hair turned red.

"What a great color! What a great color! I love that color!"

Sankalut was once a simple jewel that boasted an enchanting light, but through the process of humans who were bewitched by the color that resembled its blood offering it blood, it became an evil god. It was impossible for such a Sankalut not to like Geo's hair.

"What color is your blood? Show me the color, it'll be great."

"Really… I feel like we're not having a good conversation."

At Joohyun's embarrassment, Geo smiled and said.

"Because you're young."

"You're young? Divine?"

"It doesn't know how to talk, my friend. It knows human 'language' and it knows how to organize its 'thoughts', but it has no idea how to communicate."

“However, Sankalut was once an evil god of a religion worshipped by humans throughout the entire dimension.”

“Mr. Joo-hyun, when cute puppies come running towards you, barking and wagging their tails, do you know what that means?”

“You know… don’t you? When a tail wags, it seems to mean that it likes something.”

“Yeah, it’s one-way. Can you understand what a dog is saying when it barks?”

"iced coffee…."

There really was no communication.

“You don’t know anything about humans.”

“If you want to be specific, you will know ‘how to use it.’”

“Like a trainer taming a monster?”

“Not similar.”

“Then I understand.”

Joohyun became quite upset.

“…….”

It was just, a little bit disappointing.

‘… My family and friends were killed by an ignorant child.’

This was just a kid who really didn't know anything.

“Mr. Sankalut, can you talk to me?”

“Show me blood, blood. Deal with me.”

“They’re already proposing a deal in case anyone thinks they’re evil.”

Joohyun let out a sigh of relief.

“…Mr. Geo, I’m sorry, but can I have a fly?”

“It wouldn’t be a wise decision to just give in to the demands of this reckless kid.”

“I know, the more you give in to their demands, the more they want in return.”

“If you knew that.”

Argio held out a pin that had been stuck in his hair. It was a gold, jeweled pin with quite an ornate decoration, but it was harder and sharper than he had expected.

“You were walking around with something like this stuck in your head?”

“It’s hair, to be exact….”

“…I guess this was also some kind of weapon.”

“It was useful as a dagger.”

"aha."

Talk.

Joohyun lightly touched the tip of his finger.

“Okay, here you go.”

“Blood! It’s a big drop of blood.”

“Are you satisfied?”

“I am satisfied.”

The water bird, Sankalut, tilted its head.

“Can I try it?”

“We didn’t trade up to that point.”

“I feel sorry.”

Even as he said that, perhaps because Geo was watching, Sankalut did not forcefully propose a deal. Sankalut, who had become gloomy, continued to speak.

“Ms. An Ju-hyeon, you can talk to me. What would you like me to tell you?”

“I didn’t come here to make a wish.”

“Do you want paradise?”

“I can create my own paradise.”

“Humans cannot create paradise, unfortunately.”

“It doesn’t have to be paradise, that’s okay.”

“I liked you after all.”

The sankalut flapped its wings lightly. It seemed more like a water bird adjusting its posture, as it often does to maintain its watery body, rather than a particularly meaningful gesture.

“Couldn’t you have been my son?”

“If Mr. Sankalut had approached me with a favor, it might have been so.”

“‘Goodwill’ is not effective in moving people. People are the fastest and strongest when they feel anger, hatred, and fear. Don’t you want world peace?”

“The peace I want is one without anger, hatred, or fear.”

“I liked you after all.”

“Is that so?”

“I liked you, An Ju-hyeon. I want to go home.”

The little bird tilted its head.

“Do you blame me?”

"yes that's right."

“Do you want to kill me? If you do, will you become my son?”

“Ah… I absolutely hate that.”

“…Everyone hates me….”

Joohyun looked back at Geo again. Geo answered with a smile.

“I am imitating my child’s speech patterns.”

“… Mr. Geo’s water birds don’t have vocal cords, right?”

“Dad, you can’t hear anything.”

“Parents are truly great.”

Anyway, let's say that's the case.

“Phew.”

Joohyun looked up at the ceiling and then at Sankalut again.

“…There was a big war recently. It was a war started by two mermaids, and because of that, the entire sea off Korea was in chaos. There was even news that it had some effects overseas, and it almost became a global problem.”

“I know, strong mermaids. I think we could have been friends.”

“The reason they started the war was to ‘take responsibility.’ I don’t think that’s the right way to take responsibility. But the mermaids’ regret was not for the victims they had killed, but for themselves and Giovanni, so maybe it was for the best.”

“Don’t you like it?”

“Yes, but there was definitely something to learn. Regardless of the sin I committed, there was nothing to gain by dragging the story out. I also thought that my situation was no different.”

“So you saw me?”

“So I see you, Sankalut.”

Joo-Hyeon didn't think that he, a mere human, could do anything to Sankalut. He was weak, had no power, and had already failed many times.

But that is why he was a being that could become better.

“I know you were born that way from the beginning.”

Divinity was fate and nature. No one could criticize the cruelty of fate and nature. It was no different from the planets created by the universe, so even human resentment could not reach it.

“So I want to pull you away from fate and nature.”

“Can’t I go home?”

“I can’t go.”

“This is too much…! I want to go home! I want to be loved!”

“I will show you another home and love.”

After all, doesn't the divine survive even when one dimension dies?

“How about we think of it as a little bit of fun with a new game?”

“Do you want to die with me?”

“If you can.”

“It’s impossible.”

“In the universe, all kinds of impossible things happen in reality.”

“I don’t like it.”

“If you cooperate, I will send you home.”

Joohyun looked at Geo.

“Can you help me?”

“Oh, of course, buddy.”

Argio smiled with satisfaction.

“I respect your judgment.”

“…….”

Joohyun felt great trust and affection.

This was a kindness received because he had received only a few letters that he could not read. It was a relationship and time that would grow distant as the portrait was taken away. Nevertheless, Joo-hyun did not worry because he believed in his humanity.

This red and evil divinity will always make an unfair judgment. As long as he is a divinity destined for rebellion, it was inevitable that Juhyun would receive unfair support and praise.

In this huge favoritism, Joo-hyun always felt that Geo was human.

“…If it’s available, you should use it.”

“Of course.”

Argio shrugged.

“If it’s too straight, it’ll break.”

All beings were like that.

“This is especially true for those who call themselves heroes.”

“…Can you stop calling me that hero?”

“Am I having fun?”

“I’m not having fun.”

“Oh, I see. Then I guess I should keep my mouth shut.”

“You’re talking about being teased in strange places….”

Joo-hyun, who had been looking at Geo, looked at Sankalut again.

As if it had sensed something, it no longer moved busily or made much noise, but simply stared quietly at Ju-hyeon with its red eyes filled with a dazzlingly beautiful light.

“Are you going to make me human?”

"…that's right."

“It’s impossible.”

“That shouldn’t frustrate me.”

“It seems inefficient, Hyun.”

“For some reason, you’ve become more earnest and polite.”

I know, this was the authority that Joo-hyun enjoyed by carrying the divine power of Geo on his back. It was like a fox wielding the might of a tiger, but in the end, Joo-hyun was just an ordinary human.

If he couldn't use what was available to him, he would be the one to lose.

“I have already seen cases like yours, Mr. Geo. Even this immense mystery has humanity, so I am sure that you, Sankalut, can do the same. I will believe that.”

“I don’t like it… That path is bloodless and sparkly. I’ll become dull.”

“I see, that’s great.”

This was the most responsibility and revenge Joo-Hyeon could do.

“Mr. Geo.”

“Tell me anything.”

“Can you give Mr. Sankalut a body?”

“Hmm, body….”

Argio smiled brightly.

“I’ll make you a cute child.”

* * *

Yoo Seong-un woke up and blinked his eyes at the sight of a snake with bright red skin.

“…So this is Sankalut?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“This is the first time I’ve seen a god enter a snake.”

The snake rose up in a straight line.

"hello."

“Oh, he says.”

“I have no legs, no arms. A body without wings is very inefficient.”

“Why does the way you speak seem so similar to Geo’s?”

“I follow my body’s memory.”

“You really look alike. I couldn’t tell because of your blunt speech, but were you complaining?”

“Would you like to take a look?”

“Of course, if you give me permission.”

As a gardener, Yoo Seong-un was highly immune to this new phenomenon, and Sankalut was caught in Yoo Seong-un's hands and trembled. Leaving the two alone, Geo went back up to the guest room on the second floor.

It was the room where Joohyun used to stay.

“Mr. Joohyun.”

“…….”

He was sitting on the bed, his head bowed.

“Mr. Joohyun, are you tired?”

“…I’m very tired.”

“Do you blame yourself?”

“Did I do something wrong?”

Joo-Hyeon opened his mouth as if confessing his sins to the priest.

“I didn’t know what the right choice would be. But Mr. Geo was always kind to me, and I didn’t want to miss the opportunity. I’m such a selfish person.”

“That’s what it means to be smart. It’s not that he didn’t want to miss the opportunity, he wanted to take responsibility, and Joo-hyun found the most effective and reasonable way.”

“I’m not sure if I did the right thing. But I pushed on, because I thought a miracle like this might never come to me again. I thought it was crazy….”

The hand covering his face trembles slightly and falls down.

“Will my family hate me?”

He was crying.

“Will my friends resent me?”

“Mr. Joo-Hyeon personally confirmed that this is not the case.”

“I can’t say anything harsh to Sankalut, who is clearly my enemy, and I can’t decide to cause him pain. All I can do is drag him down to the human world… That’s all I can do….”

“That’s all.”

Geo respected Joohyun.

“I thought Joohyun was really cool.”

“Don’t lie.”

“I thought it was great. Anyone can get angry and criticize, but not everyone can get back up and look forward after collapsing.”

“This is just me struggling, asking for Geo’s help because I don’t want to carry the heavy burden. It’s very… selfish… and arrogant.”

“You have to use what you have.”

“I don’t have Mr. Geo, and I don’t want to mistake what you give me for mine. That would be too ugly. Besides, I can’t even give you back what I’ve already received.”

“Does your friend need that?”

“…….”

Joohyun already knew the answer.

"…no."

The friend he knew, and the friend Geo knew, wasn't something like a business relationship. Joo-hyun also knew very well that the gift Geo gave was no different from a joke thrown out lightly.

Something makes me sad, and without me knowing, my feelings spill out through my lips.

“I fear that one day I will come to fear you.”

“We’ll still be friends then.”

“…….”

"look."

Geo declared.

“I respect you for being alert and clever in seizing opportunities. I am grateful to you, Joo-hyun, who fears me but respects my humanity. I

am greatly helped by your consideration in holding the gift I gave you lightly, even though it feels burdensome.”

So we could be friends.

“I don’t think Joo-hyun can do that easily, but if you really want to, you can respect me. It’s not like it’s hurtful or disrespectful of me.”

“Then what hurts Mr. Geo?”

“I get hurt when I don’t get to do what I want.”

“…Isn’t that just a tantrum….”

“Similar.”

Geo declared.

“I am simpler than you can imagine, Mr. Joo-Hyeon.”

I wish you'd just play with me, that's what deep people are for.

“I am grateful to have the calculating and altruistic Joo-Hyeon as my friend.”

“…I’m so glad you don’t find it gross or annoying.”

Joohyun's voice gradually became calmer.

“Am I sure I’m not going down the wrong path?”

“Only Joohyun can decide that.”

“That’s right. Even if we go down the same path, right and wrong differ depending on the person.”

“Think hard and go the path you want.”

Joohyun was enough for that.

“And eat the food I give you.”

“…Why does the topic of food always come up every time we meet….”

It's not that I don't like it, though.

“…….”

He was special. He was a very special person.

He was a man of great character and compassion, easily bestowing favors and never sparing affection. He was also stronger than anything else, never regretting or breaking down. So anyone would want to rely on him.

'Just like I am doing now.'

So Joo-Hyeon dared to feel pity for this person.

‘… The time I spend in your long life will only be a moment.’

Even for that brief moment, I was afraid that I might not be able to treat this poor friend as a human being.

I was afraid that I would rely on his specialness and eventually forget that he was just a childish person who enjoyed simple pranks and exchanging letters. I was afraid that I would forget that I had such a friend and end up praising his omnipotence.

I am just an ordinary and insignificant human being… .

“…Don’t be so kind.”

“Why is that so?”

“I’m saying this because I think Geo might get lonely.”

“Everyone goes through times like that.”

His voice was flat.

“Eventually I will make friends again.”

“…….”

I feel sick to my stomach.

‘… If that sounds like resignation, that’s because I’m just an ordinary person.’

Still, he is truly a pitiful person.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (216)

216

Episode 216

Since that day, one thing has changed for Joohyun.

“Mr. Joohyun, that is…?”

“It’s a tame snake, so don’t worry too much.”

“Ah, yes. But I remember that Mr. Joo-Hyeon was a non-awakened person… No matter how I look at it, it doesn’t look like a normal snake.”

“He is a friend that Mr. Geo tamed and gave to me.”

"aha…."

The snake, which was a little thinner than a child's wrist, had a splendid red skin and its tail was swaying. The two round, sparkling eyes and the cat-like, curved mouth looked completely harmless and cute.

The collector's staff nodded.

“It’s a gorgeous snake, just like Sergio Hunter’s taste. It sparkles like a jewel, and looks like a monster that would be easy to charm. Did you make it yourself?”

“Hmm… I guess it’s similar.”

“There must be a reason you came today. If you tell me the general characteristics and habits of the water bird, I will register it with the association as an existing monster. It won’t be a hassle for you to work that way.”

“I would appreciate it if you could help me out like that. Mr. Geo gave me some snacks as a gift. Is there anyone who would like to share them? There’s so much….”

“In that case, I think the secretary’s office would be the best option.”

“I will send you a separate message when I have time. For now, please register this friend first.”

The red snake coiled around Juhyun's neck raised its head.

"hello."

“Oh my, that’s surprising. He’s talking?”

“I would appreciate it if you could call me a mountain.”

“Um… yes, nice to meet you, Mr. San.”

As expected of a collector who witnesses all sorts of strange sights, she wasn't particularly surprised. She just turned to Joo-hyun and asked him additional questions.

“What does this child know how to do? If Sergio Hunter has put him in charge of something, he must have something special, but is there anything that you would consider dangerous?”

“There are some dangerous parts, but it’s okay since Geo-ssi is controlling it. If I had to be specific, I would say it’s a mental monster. It has a great talent for charm and brainwashing.”

“Considering Mr. Ju-hyeon’s safety, I think a direct physical attack would be better than a mental attack, but of course, Sergio Hunter has

his own thoughts. Okay, I understand."

The red snake became sullen at the conversation between the two.

"I am weak."

It wasn't that he was reproaching himself for being too weak for a contracted escort, but that he was dissatisfied with the red snake body Geo had given him because it was too weak. Ju-hyeon, who understood the gist of it, stroked the snake's head.

"I'll give you a snack when I get back."

"Oh, I like it. I like the bright red berries from last time."

"Be quiet for a moment, I'll ask Mr. Geo…."

"All right."

Joo-hyun, who registered Geo's new contract number 'San' with the help of the collector, returned home. Geo, who was waiting in the form of a picture frame inside his house, welcomed Joo-hyun when he returned home.

"Did it end well?"

"Yes, thanks."

From now on, Sankalut would be trapped inside the body of a harmless snake and spend time with Juhyun. Normally, he would stay by Juhyun's side and protect him, but if he eventually received Geo's permission, he would be sent back to his 'home'.

Sankalut was satisfied that he had not been captured and destroyed by the powerful divinity. It was said that divinities could not be easily killed, but it was different when facing the Portrait of Geo. Sankalut made a request as if he was now used to it.

“Give me some fruit, fruit.”

“I think you are talking about the goji berry.”

“Sweet and sour fruits suit my taste very well.”

“I’m glad there’s food I can enjoy.”

Yes, Sankalut was eventually turned into a pig by Geo.

“I wish I could gain more weight.”

“Uh… Then wouldn’t it be a bit heavy for me?”

“I know there is something called lightweight magic.”

“If it gets any bigger here, the attention will be drawn to it too much.”

“That would be difficult.”

Sergio, who was introverted, quickly understood the burden that Joo-hyun felt and gave up. In any case, Sankalut’s skinny body, which contained divinity, would not easily grow in size if he ate a lot.

“You can stop by often and get some snacks.”

“I will do that.”

A visit to the hut became essential, if only to maintain the Sankalut.

“While we’re on the subject, can I visit now? The mountain has eaten all the goby berries, so I’d like to pick some. Otherwise, they won’t listen to me….”

“One of the easiest things to find in my forest is the berries of the goby. Feel free to come in and pick them. The water birds will help you.”

As if hearing Geo's words, the transparent water birds, including

Honey, sat down on the frame one by one. He laughed in vain as they looked up at Joo-hyun as if to say, 'When are you coming in?', 'Now?', 'Come in now?'

“Excuse me for a moment.”

Joo-hyun visited 'Geo's Portrait' quite familiarly.

“…….”

“Are you okay?”

“…I feel a little bit motion sickness….”

“I think it’s because of Mr. Sankalute.”

The bright red snake raised its head as if it felt wronged.

“I am innocent.”

“Because just being there can have an impact, especially in a portrait.”

“…Ms. Joo-hyun is too weak, she needs to be reformed.”

“Joohyun will live her life on her own, don’t interfere.”

“It’s unfair.”

Joohyun looked a little tired of their conversation.

“Strangely, Geo’s way of speaking overlaps with mine.”

“There’s nothing I can do about it, since it’s a body that actually follows me to some extent.”

The two walked. The most common fruit in Geo's forest was the goby fruit. Water birds that had left their nests after a long time sat on Geo's body. Geo and Juhyun were absorbed in collecting goby fruits for a long time.

When the basket was almost full, the two went to the stream and lightly rinsed the berries.

“I never thought that evil spirits would like fruit.”

“I like red, give it to me. I’m waiting.”

“And then what are you going to do if you really turn into a pig…?”

“You can diet. Trust me, Joohyun.”

“Can snakes go on a diet too…?”

It wasn't that long ago, but within a few days, Joo-hyun and Sankalut had adapted to each other.

Of course, Joo-Hyeon is determined to cook this somehow, whether it be by roasting or boiling it, and Sankalut seems to be a good fit because he thinks, "If I keep doing this, I might be able to find a gap and exploit it one day."

Anyway, on the outside it looked very natural.

“Since you’re here, would you like to have a meal?”

“I was wondering when that would come out.”

“Did you expect it?”

“No, I’m prepared.”

Still, the meals Geo prepared for Joo-hyun brought up a strange sense of burden. It felt like he was consuming something that humans should not eat in an absurd and familiar way.

“What is this meat?”

“It’s rabbit meat. Doesn’t it have a unique flavor? The texture is chewy too.”

“As far as I know, the rabbits that live in Geo’s forest don’t have such large bodies….”

“Recently, animals have been creeping in through the picture frame.”

“Beyond the frame? Are you talking about the painting?”

“Yes, it’s called ‘Animal Kingdom.’”

“What an intuitive name.”

“First of all, I didn’t build it.”

It was intuitive.

“I tried to see if it was possible to raise them, but most of them went into a state of frenzy. I think I would have to visit the world beyond the frame to find out the exact cause, but I’ve been putting it off because it’s too much trouble.”

“It’s contradictory to say that you’ve been putting it off so hard.”

“I’m glad that the food suits Mr. Sankalut’s taste.”

“Are you changing the subject?”

The snake, which had been listening to their conversation with one ear and letting it out the other, raised its head. It tilted its head. It chewed and swallowed the rabbit meat in its mouth, bone included, and then opened its mouth.

“This is really delicious, it’s full of anger.”

Joohyun looked puzzled.

“Angry? Why are you angry about rabbit cooking?”

“It seems like the tingling sensation on the tongue is expressed as

anger.”

“No, if you look at it that way, shouldn’t it have been expressed as pain…?”

“…….”

“…Mr. Geo?”

Geo didn't answer and just looked at the snake again.

“I thought Mr. Sankalut would enjoy fear more than anger, which is surprising.”

“I’m not a picky eater.”

Then he chewed and swallowed the bright red peppers on top of the dish.

“But red is good.”

“…If the people at the Institute found out that the evil spirit of pain and fear, Sankalut, actually liked anything that was red, they would definitely be shocked.”

Joo-hyun said that with a look of disappointment, but in fact, if it weren’t for the ‘red food’ that Geo had prepared, Sankalut wouldn’t have been this satisfied. Of course, Joo-hyun knew that too.

'It's just that I find it ridiculous to see an evil spirit enjoying a meal.'

Humans are animals with weak eyesight. Even if the things presented before our eyes are a mass of mystery, aren’t they ultimately in the form of food? It is true that it feels strange to see a deity with a long history replenishing its body with nutrients.

“Come to think of it… Mr. San liked the blood of children and the blood of the elderly.”

“Yes, I like it very much. I prefer it.”

“Looking at it now, it seems like everyone likes the color red, but was there a reason for distinguishing between age groups?”

“They are the children of Providence who stand at the beginning and the end.”

It meant a kind of delicacy.

“They are also worthy of entering my paradise.”

“I know very well about the paradise of the Sankalut religion. The sacrificial lambs who have offered up all their blood, pain, and fear are said to spend their entire lives in the most ideal paradise that no one can describe….”

“Yes.”

“…Is there really a paradise?”

“Of course.”

Sankalut was licking his lips as he enjoyed the rabbit dish with lots of peppers.

“It’s like Mr. Geo’s diary.”

“That’s a bit hard to believe….”

As Joo-Hyeon blushed, Argio's eyes sparkled with interest.

“An afterlife created by another divinity? That’s a story I’d really like to hear. Could you elaborate a little more?”

“…It’s not as great as Mr. Geo’s….”

“I just wanted to point out that I was just drawing a picture. I’m curious to see what kind of afterlife a proper divinity would create.”

“…Ugh….”

The snake, which had been curling up as if it was extremely burdened by Geo's interest, soon began to speak.

“…I gave them everything they valued. If they had a family they had lost, I gave them a family. If they had a mate they wanted, I gave them a mate. If they had a child they wanted, I gave them the seed they could conceive.”

Joohyun's eyebrows twitched.

“But they were all dead, right?”

“I am alive in my paradise.”

“I want to call it sophistry, but it’s hard to refute since I’ve never died….”

“Humans classify life and death and assign value based on the physical activity of the body. I think it is a very foolish and inefficient way. I treated their souls very well.”

“Where are those souls now?”

“It’s in my stomach.”

The snake spoke as if it were a given.

“It’s a part of me that I ate. It can’t be anywhere else. They are continuing their happy story while experiencing the feeling of happiness.”

“Using those souls to plot evil schemes….”

“That’s a difficult question, so I would appreciate it if you could explain it to me in simple terms.”

“Are you changing the subject?”

Geo waved his hand.

“It seems like you’re asking because you really don’t know.”

“Was what I said that difficult…?”

“If I had to use an analogy, it would be like someone asking Joo-hyun, ‘Can you plan an evil scheme with the rabbit meat you ate today?’ If you look at it this way, isn’t it a question that doesn’t even make sense?”

"uh…."

“Questions about such trivial and obvious things that don’t even need to be chewed over seem to be difficult for a young divinity to understand. As I keep saying, it seems that Mr. Sankalut was not a divinity who enjoyed communicating with humans.”

“…….”

Joohyun rubbed his chin.

“As expected… the more I hear about the world after death, the more difficult it seems.”

“There is no need for living people to worry about the afterlife, there would be various side effects.”

Argio nodded as if he understood.

“The reason why most divinities sell human life cheaply also makes sense when viewed from that perspective. The body is just a shell, and human life depends on the presence or absence of that shell.”

“Do you think so too, Mr. Geo?”

“Then would I be eating like this?”

“Oh, that’s true….”

Once again, Joohyun's mood became subtle.

‘… It really seems that the disasters caused by the divine are not malicious.’

Evil, good, all of those things were ultimately just standards created by humans. Divinity was truly nature with a will and destiny. It could never be distinguished as right or wrong.

Just like you can’t tell the difference between the top and bottom of a star floating in space… .

“…….”

Of course, it was definitely wrong for Sankalut to try to spread his cruel nature even on Earth, where such 'righteousness' was absolutely wrong. Even if it was divine, shouldn't he know how to read the situation and adapt?

After reaching a conclusion, Joo-hyun's interest turned back to Geo.

“What is the concept of this ‘diary’ that Mr. Geo created?”

“It’s literally a diary. It could be someone’s home, a travel destination, a transit point.”

It was like a villa where Geo's friends could come in and be friends with anyone he wanted. They could just sit there, rest for a while, and then move on to wherever they wanted.

Sankalut tilted his head at that.

“Aren’t you going to eat?”

“I am not so hungry that I should have to eat my precious guests.”

“It must be delicious….”

“Is that Mr. Sankalut’s opinion?”

It was indeed interesting.

“…It’s fun.”

He may have possessed divinity, but he cannot be called a proper god.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (217)

217

Episode 217

The cabin after all the guests have left.

“What is God?”

When Geo asked the 'sky', the sparkling night sky blinked. I could see its blind gaze directed at me from the way it swung its tail and tilted its ears, but still, there was no answer.

He didn't ask with the expectation of an answer either.

“Hmm, well….”

The stars that were dotted across the 'sky' sparkled with curiosity. The 'gray' stars that resembled pearls. Geo narrowed his eyes at the behavior of the Milky Way fluttering with determination.

I feel like I have something to say… .

'It could be my imagination.'

I still don't know.

“What does your father think?”

"dream?"

“This time, you didn’t ask me to take the form of a divinity.”

“Kyuu….”

The teddy bear furrowed its brows as if to say, 'I didn't expect you, a red-haired man, to take on the role of a deity,' but it sincerely agreed with its son's concerns. It gave an answer.

“Kku? Kkuu.”

“A bystander as nature?”

"dream."

“Was it really the sun?”

The sun never sets on earth unless it gives off light.

“That would be a disaster.”

Geo hugged the fluffy teddy bear. Then Dana, who had been quietly watching the two, came over and wrapped her arms around them, and at that movement, Honey, who was wondering 'what's going on?', briefly stepped out of the hood and then went back in.

The natural series of events was something that Geo liked, but he still had a concern. He really had a long life ahead of him.

“…….”

Something needed to be noted.

* * *

“Brother Geo!”

“How have you been?”

Ji-oh lightly hugged Cha-sol, who had come running. Then, as

expected, Priest Kang Seo-dam and Cha-sol's partner, Priest Iru-da, who had come out to greet him, caught Ji-oh's eye.

Giovanni smiled gently and asked about the situation.

"Are there any other problems?"

"The mermaids' business has been resolved, so where could there be a problem? There was absolutely no problem to worry about, Sergio Hunter."

"You're still polite."

It was so formal that I felt embarrassed.

Geo, who had put down the tea, soon found his gaze on Iruda. Iruda met his gaze as if he had been waiting for his gaze to meet hers. She hesitated for a moment before opening her mouth.

"I feel like I haven't been able to thank you for the gift you gave me last time, so I came here to tell you, even if it's late. Do you feel uncomfortable with me coming to greet you?"

"You say it's inconvenient, but I feel very happy to have such a kind friend come to greet me. Would you allow me to enjoy this pleasure longer?"

"…Ah, that, yes. Thank you for saying so."

Iruda was a little embarrassed.

'Do you usually answer like this?'

Most adults would be embarrassed if a small child tried to talk to them as politely as possible.

Then, Iruda was able to find some leeway in that gap. It was a surefire strategy that Iruda had learned, even though he was at a disadvantage

because he was young, and he did not want to lose to the adults.

'This person is a bit uncomfortable.'

It's not that I don't like it, but when I see that kind face that says, 'I know everything, but I forgive you,' my shoulders just slump.

For Iruda, who had always received only objective and cool evaluations from adults rather than respect and consideration, he was a very difficult person to deal with.

‘I won’t be able to properly express my gratitude like this…’

Kang Seo-dam swallowed a sigh at the sight of Iru Da struggling and said.

“It would be inconvenient to talk here, so I think it would be better to move to the reception room. I was wondering about the current status of the prospective priests, so I would like to move with you. Is there anything else you would like?”

“No, that’s enough.”

“I think the prospective priest Iruda also has something to say, but let’s talk about it at the appropriate place. There is a place and attitude that suits every conversation.”

Iruda blushed at the thought that her shallow trick had been discovered.

“…I was very rude.”

“I didn’t mean to be rude, so please raise your head.”

Geo was just amazed.

'Kids these days are really precocious.'

To be honest, he seemed to be more intelligent and socially adept than Sergio, a 29-year-old adult. He understood why Iruda had been talking to him with sparkling eyes.

'Do you think that if you don't have even a little bit of an instinctive advantage, you won't be able to even express your gratitude skillfully? I felt it last time, but Iruda is basically very wary of adults.'

It wasn't disgust or hatred, but it seemed like there was an ingrained perception that 'adults are dangerous'. Geo knew that if he pretended to know more, it would be seen as 'Just watch what you think' rather than 'It's okay', so he just moved on.

“I heard that student Chaisol wrote a 33-page reflection paper.”

“Ah… that’s….”

Iru nodded, understanding his consideration.

“Professor Kang Seo-dam suggested a one-page guideline, but as he wrote, it grew longer, so he insisted on bringing a wad of paper. The teacher sent it back, saying that it wasn’t necessary to go that far.”

Kang Seo-dam intervened in the conversation.

“I asked him to summarize it again in one page. Nothing is good in excess, and I needed to show that Chae Sol had reflected on it.”

“I understand why.”

Kang Seo-dam seemed to feel guilty about 'giving extra homework to a child who was already tired from writing 33 chapters', but his judgment was wise. In any case, shouldn't there be a reflection that will be recorded in the Taeyanggyo?

'It would have been difficult to record all 33 chapters as they were.'

Even though Chae Sol had been careful to hide the 'truth', she was still

a child. In the process of writing 33 chapters, there must have been some content that was difficult to record, so it was right to go through some process.

“Father Kang Seo-dam, you work really hard to take care of your students. Thanks to you, Chae Sol and Iru Da are growing into even better priests, and I am very happy about that.”

“I am so embarrassed that you say that. It would be better if you didn’t say that. These are basic matters that I should have done as a teacher and senior priest.”

“I know it’s not easy to stick to those basics.”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam closed his mouth.

'... I don't know what to say to the person who died after being killed by a religious order that didn't even follow the basics. I don't think he'd be angry, but it's not a good story to tell.'

They eventually went to the reception room, each lost in their own thoughts. The only one who was chatting away was 11-year-old Chae Sol, who was excited that the garden had become even more beautiful with the arrival of spring.

The reception room we arrived at was quiet and empty.

“It’s quiet.”

“I left it there because I thought it might be uncomfortable to talk about.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

“No, we have some for us too….”

Although Iruda couldn't tell him about the fact that he was a 'black cloak', there were plenty of topics of conversation that would be good even if there were few ears listening. Kang Seodam lightly grabbed Iruda's shoulder.

“Iruda, the prospective priest.”

"yes."

“Would you like to tell a story?”

"…thank you."

As expected, Iruda hesitated and nodded.

“I apologize for my previous poor behavior.”

“I think I told you before that it was nothing to apologize for.”

“Now that you mention it, I will shamelessly say what I originally wanted to say. The flower cart you gave me last time… was really a great help to me.”

It was the story of the flower cart that Geo gave as a gift without thinking much about it.

“I offered it to the Sun Goddess, and she blessed me. Thanks to the gift of that treasure that my limited knowledge could not recognize, I was able to make a contribution in this war, however small it may be.”

Hearing those words, Geo thought.

'I wish you would speak like a child.'

When I was young, I would never have dreamed of children talking like that in front of me. It was something I never dreamed of, let alone joked about, so Sergio, a modern man from an old world, found it

absurd.

Of course, Giovanni's steadfast demeanor was radiating compassion and forgiveness with his entire body, and seeing that he showed no sign of displeasure, Iruda straightened his shoulders a little more and continued speaking.

“If Sergio Hunter hadn’t given me that gift in advance, I probably wouldn’t have been able to do anything even after Chaisol was captured. I wouldn’t have been allowed to go to war, and even if I had insisted on going, I would have only been a burden.”

“You can speak more comfortably.”

“…Open, relax?”

"yes."

Geo, who had not heard of it, made a suggestion quietly.

“Wouldn’t a simple thank you for your help be enough?”

“You gave me something, but you can’t use it however you want and then do something so rude….”

“What I gave to Sister Iruda was literally a gift. I gave it to her lightly because she enjoyed chewing on healthy herbal medicine, and if she was able to use it to save Brother Chaisol, it was Sister Iruda’s ability, not mine.”

“Ha, but… what I received was worth it….”

“I have heard of Sister Iruda’s exploits. Despite being a novice priest, she bravely went to the battlefield, protected the patients as much as her partner, and even made flowers bloom in the icy sea.”

“…I just tried to do as you told me.”

“What a diligent student this is.”

Geo, who had been having a hard time hearing Iruda's overly mature thanks, decided that this was the moment to start his tongue. Iruda wasn't the only one who could express praise and thanks to the point of making the other person embarrassed.

“I can’t tell you how grateful I am to hear the story of student Iru Da. Even if it was a partner’s work, it must have taken a lot of courage to stand on the battlefield where life could be taken in an instant. It must have also required strong friendship and trust.”

“…Ah, no… I….”

“Thanks to you, Chaisol was rescued safely. Although Iruda is not confident in what she did, it was a great help. As proof, isn’t Chaisol, who went through hardships and escaped, still smiling comfortably?”

"…that…."

"Thank you for your effort."

“…….”

It was achieved and then shrunk again.

"…thank you."

“It’s me.”

Okay, I made it into a cute little thing!

'It's me after all.'

Legally, there is no such thing as a 'child worthy of being called a child,' but I liked this better.

If there was any sign of displeasure, I would have stopped

immediately, but even though she blushed, she didn't show any sign of displeasure. In fact, she pretended not to be, but it was clear that she wanted to be treated like a child.

Geo, who had hit the nail on the head with a calm demeanor like he was breathing, looked at Chae Sol.

“Is student Chaisol a little upset?”

“Yes, I did a lot! I won’t do it again!”

“Good posture.”

Although Chae Sol was still young and inexperienced, he was by no means stupid. He was a child with good judgment and intuition, so I believed that if a similar situation arose again, he would be able to control himself and make a wise decision.

'If I were to appear in the middle of a battlefield like last time, I think I'd go crazy.'

After organizing his thoughts, Geo looked at Kang Seo-dam.

“Was there anything else that happened?”

“…There is nothing more than the fact that voices within the church are gradually growing louder, following last time, to make Sergio Hunter a saint of the Church of the Sun.”

“Oh, that.”

■■■■■—….

“…….”

“…….”

“Excuse me.”

Pongdang!

Geo picked up the gray paint that had suddenly appeared from his shadow.

“This guy is inflexible.”

“…Excuse me, but could you tell me what I just saw?”

“If Father Kang Seo-dam is really curious, I can tell you more, but it might be a bit bothersome. Is that okay?”

“I made a slip of the tongue, it would be better if I didn’t know.”

As he said that, Kang Seo-dam instinctively felt the essence of the 'gray paint' he had just witnessed. The coolness that instantly lowered the temperature in the room, and the pearly white and fine texture that rippled like water scales...

It's definitely a characteristic of a creature I've seen somewhere before.

'Up to here.'

Kang Seo-dam consciously stopped thinking.

As Sergio Hunter had said, there was no point in delving any deeper. He cleared his throat once and asked cautiously, “Ahem.”

“…Are you the contract worker you’ve been training recently? I’m truly sorry if I’ve caused you any inconvenience. I absolutely did not intend to make you feel uncomfortable.”

“Even if you’re not so careful, this won’t attack Priest Kang Seo Dam. I wasn’t offended either. What you just saw… It’s like this guy’s spinal reflex, so to speak.”

“Spinal reflex….”

“Don’t the nerves of a living creature still move and live immediately after death? That’s right.”

'Spinal reflex' followed by 'immediate death'.

"…yes."

Anyway, it was fortunate that Kang Seo-dam seemed to agree with the excuse that he was a 'newly trained contract beast'. Kang Seo-dam and Geo's eyes, having finished organizing the settings, naturally fell on the children's surprised reactions.

Chaisol's face was filled with joy and excitement, while Iru's face turned pale as if he had seen something absurd. Geo smiled at the obvious contrast.

“Are you okay?”

"…yes."

“Excuse me, my companion whom I recently adopted as a family member is often disobedient. I have put him away properly, so I am sure he will not repeat the same rudeness again.”

“Well, that’s a relief.”

Iruda hesitated and then asked.

“I heard you’re a trainer. Do you also tame these monsters…?”

“It’s more of a single mysterious mass than a monster with a survival instinct, but of course, I’m always recruiting diverse families.”

“Oh, so you were a member of a collector’s association?”

I forgot about him because he didn't seem like that person.

'It wouldn't be strange for someone from that guild to be taming a few

dangerous objects.'

Iruda decided that what he had just seen was not a living creature like a monster, but rather a dangerous item with the characteristics of a living creature. Like the monsters commonly found in collections.

'Is he really a Hunter that is rumored to be a hidden S-class?'

Iru looked at Sergio Hunter with admiration without realizing it.

'There are not many hunters like this in the world.'

It was a marked difference from his previous reaction, when he had been gripped by a bit of fear, but to Iruda, who admired strong and capable people, Sergio Hunter, who handled many dangerous and unique contracts, seemed that impressive.

"…me too…."

That's why stories that didn't need to be told leaked out.

“…When I was young, I wanted to be a trainer.”

“Aha, I see.”

Geo thought.

'Aren't you young now?'

He smiled and nodded.

“How is it like now that you are working as a priest?”

“I am grateful that I can do my part.”

“Are you having fun?”

“…….”

Iruda was speechless for a moment.

“…….”

Are you happy?

‘… That’s a strange type of question.’

Adults always wondered what she could do.

Adults mostly asked me if the work I was doing was suitable for my aptitude, if I was achieving the results I wanted, what I was learning recently and how I was going to use it. Even though I was still young, it was natural for me to do my part as a hunter.

I didn't have an immediate answer as to what to say.

'Are you happy? This? My situation right now…?'

I never once considered that aspect.

"…that…."

At that moment, Iru Da met Chae Sol's eyes.

"…? me?"

“…I’m happy.”

Only then did my mouth open.

'It was fun.'

It would be a lie if I said I didn't have a single regret or mistake, but now that I think about it, my current life has been quite enjoyable. Being here has allowed me to make unique friends like Chae Sol.

For some reason, I felt relieved. It was because I felt a little better sitting in a quiet and comfortable confessional with sunlight streaming

in. I continued speaking with a slightly embarrassed feeling.

“I think I have been given many good opportunities because I became a priest.”

"okay."

“Even if I had awakened as a trainer, there would have been joy in that, but I am satisfied with the joy that only I have now. So I think it is probably enjoyable.”

“Really… this couldn’t be anything other than a great way of thinking.”

Giovanni loved these straight-hearted children.

“Do you like sheep?”

“Hey, sheep? What part exactly…?”

“Like hair.”

“I don’t like it or dislike it….”

“How about a scarf? It’s still a bit chilly outside, so it’ll keep you warm.”

“…Are you suggesting another gift right now?”

“I cannot back down without giving you a gift.”

"no…."

Iru looked at Chae Sol in confusion. It seemed like he was saying, 'What's wrong with this guy?' or 'You try to stop him.', but Chae Sol was just happy that his partner didn't seem to be calling for help.

“Then I’ll make you some flower tea! You said you like tea, right?”

"hey."

"huh?"

“…….”

Iru was speechless.

‘… Ah, right. The Apostles of the Black Cloak… .’

The phrase 'The Black Cloak gives gifts to good people' came to mind belatedly. Considering that many types of divinities cherish their followers who are well suited to them, it wasn't such a strange situation.

I don't know if I'm a good person, but whatever.

“Well, it’s spring now, but is a scarf too much?”

“Then let’s make tea together! Flower tea!”

“That sounds good too. I think it would be nice to put that tea in and bake some light cookies.”

“I want to grill it too! I’ll give it to Rudarang and the teacher.”

… But even so, isn’t it unnecessary to resemble each other to this extent?

'It's obviously a good thing, but why is it so ominous?'

Iru looked up at Gangseo Dam without realizing it.

“…….”

“…….”

ah.

Iruda read the familiar resignation on Kang Seodam’s face and shut

his mouth tightly. He wanted to say something, but his mouth closed on its own and his tongue rolled back. It was as if he was his future.

“…Please be gentle.”

“Where is the softness in the gift?”

“Yes, thank you….”

Anyway, I really don’t hate it… .

'I feel strange.'

It was very frustrating to be pushed back by something like this.

* * *

The sun of the Earth was watching it.

Geo knew it too.

The two children were busy bickering.

Kang Seo-dam was so burdened that he wanted to die.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (218)

218

Episode 218

After a simple conversation, Geo requested a prayer at the Solar Church.

“Is it possible?”

“Are you asking me to find a private prayer room?”

“Yes, that’s right. I have something to tell the sun….”

The priest who had been called to Gangseodam at Sergio Hunter's words nodded with a smile.

“Is it okay, Father Kang Seo-dam?”

“I hope that you will grant all of Sergio Hunter’s requests, as long as it does not cause any harm to the church.”

"entire…."

“Sergio Hunter wouldn’t make such unreasonable demands either.”

“Understood. Now, let’s take you this way, Hunter.”

He was a priest who mainly helped guide visitors, so he was quite used to this kind of work. The Sun Church was a sect that aimed to create a benevolent and harmonious atmosphere where everyone

could ask for forgiveness and mercy, so there were quite a few ordinary believers who came to confess their sins.

'But can Sergio Hunter also be considered a common believer…?'

The priest thought so to himself.

'It seems that Sergio Hunter himself considers himself to be half-priest. He doesn't seem like an ordinary believer either. There was also a story about him being an apostle of the black cloak.'

I didn't say anything, but I was curious. What would this kind-hearted person, who looked like he couldn't kill a bug, say in the prayer room?

"hmm…."

The elders also spoke, so the priest wanted to have a light conversation.

“This isn’t your first time visiting the Solar Church, is it?”

“Yes, last time I visited, I was offered the ‘Underground Four-legged Rainforest’. Thanks to that, I was able to have a unique experience.”

“I am very sorry that I had to make a hasty schedule for the church, but I am glad that you said that.”

Contrary to the image of being static, the Sun Church pursued a lively and friendly atmosphere. The path leading to the prayer room was filled with the sound of people laughing and talking to each other without bothering each other.

“I know you have awakened as a trainer, but I still want to call you ‘priest’. I am not consciously thinking otherwise, but if I am being rude, would you please forgive me?”

“In the warm sunshine and full of laughter, what could be unforgivable in the embrace of the sun? The part that the priest mentioned is

something that other people also often get confused about, so you don’t have to worry about it too much.”

“Ah, I see… I’m not the only one who feels this way.”

“I understand that you may be confused, since even the clothes I am wearing have the appearance of a typical priest’s garment. It is also a fact that I serve another divinity.”

“It may be rude to think this way, but I can’t help but wonder what it would have been like if Sergio Hunter had awakened as a priest. He could have become one of the best high priests in Korea, no, in the world….”

“That’s too much praise.”

Sergio Hunter, whom I spoke to, was truly a believer of great character.

'So that's why there was a saying about him being a saint. He's so handsome that you'll naturally find yourself admiring him.'

Indeed, it seemed like an ideal that all priests should emulate.

‘I would be really happy if you would become a member of our Solar Church…’

It wasn't just me who thought this way. The revival of the sun was the joy of the priests. The initiation of a priest with good skills and kindness without any flaws in his character was something that any religious order would desire.

Yeah, I would definitely be happy if that happened… .

“……?”

The priest paused for a moment.

“What's going on?”

“…Oh, no. Sorry.”

He smiled sheepishly.

“I think my eyes were slightly irritated by the sunlight.”

Sergio Hunter's shadow seemed to ripple white, but when he looked again, there was no trace of such ripples. The priest felt embarrassed, even though it was natural.

“It was very rude of me to show myself like this in front of such an honored guest.”

“Excuse me, but this space is so full of sunlight that it’s hard to see. I wonder if this is also a blessing from the sun goddess.”

“I can’t express in words how happy I am to hear you say that.”

I thought this was exactly what a true believer looked like.

‘It’s really a shame, if only someone this talented had been a priest of the Solar Cult from the beginning…’

However, Sergio Hunter had not even awakened as a priest, and was a member of the Collector's Guild, which was known for its greed for talent. Furthermore, since he served a different deity, it seemed unlikely that he would easily convert.

'Even if he wants it, the collector won't stay still. I heard he's a son who's been hiding, so I guess he's already said everything. Anyway, that author of Bisabal is a really disgusting person.'

I also felt a little bit resentful.

‘… Didn’t you know from the beginning that he was a saint’s vessel

and hide it so that it wouldn't be taken away by the religious order? If you hid the apostle of God because of your collecting desires, then this is no different from a sin that would make even the sun goddess displeased. How pathetic… .'

The priest, who tried hard to hide his discomfort, continued the conversation.

"What brings you here today?"

"I came to you because of a matter related to sponsorship for the children I cherish."

"Ah, you're talking about the pair Chaisol and Iruda. They have become a small topic of conversation in the Taeyang Church because they love their two children. They are both excellent vessels."

"They are cute kids."

Sergio Hunter smiled cheerfully.

"I have heard the story often, but I thought it might be of some help. I just had a conversation with Father Kang Seo-dam about this."

"As they are intelligent priests, they are also preparing for early graduation. If a great person like Sergio Hunter helps them, I am sure that the two cadet priests will soon become full-fledged priests."

"Even though I am not a priest, if I can help, I would like to do so."

"What more qualifications could one possibly need for someone as talented as Sergio Hunter to help?"

Even if I stop right now, I can't help but think that this person in front of me is not a priest.

"Well, we have arrived. This is the private prayer room assigned to Sergio Hunter."

“It’s amazing that sunlight comes in this deep inside.”

“It is one of the things we at the Solar Church are proud of, to be greatly loved by the Goddess.”

My shoulders shrugged. The prayer room of the Solar Church was designed in a way that was closest to nature in order to blend in with the sun, the nature of providence, and thanks to the blessings bestowed upon it, sunlight came in even in the closed space.

The buds and flowers blooming brightly in the prayer room, the soft sunlight shining down on them, and even the wooden chairs filled with cool air… .

“Whenever I see evidence like this that we are loved by the sun, I feel so grateful. I hope Sergio Hunter also has a good time in the sun’s arms.”

“Thank you for your warm words, as warm as the sun’s rays.”

“Then I will guard this place, so please talk.”

The priest quietly closed the door and stood guard in front of it.

“…….”

The quiet corridors of the prayer room brought peace to his mind.

It was a rule that the prayer room should always be silent so that the children of the sun could pray in peace at any time. Unlike the noisy outer districts, this space where shadows and sunlight mingle was also the place most preferred by men.

'I did well to become a guide priest. This is also thanks to the care of the sun goddess. I must always pray with a grateful heart…'

The Sun Bridge, always bathed in warm sunlight, was the first place in Korea to welcome spring. When I closed my eyes, I could hear the

chirping of birds, the gentle breeze caressing my cheeks, and the scent of flowers announcing the birth of life.

Quite a bit of time passed like that.

"…hmm?"

Where there should be no light, there was light.

‘… Is that the light coming from the prayer room?’

Sunlight was streaming in through the crack in the door.

‘… This is impossible. How is this light…?’

The priest's heart pounded loudly.

As a priest of the Sun, there was no way he could not distinguish between ordinary light and sunlight. He could say with certainty that this was indeed the light of the Sun. He knew that this phenomenon occurred very rarely in the prayer room of the headquarters of the Sun Church.

‘When the bishop prayed…’

And that was when the sun answered.

“…….”

The hesitant priest moved closer to the door.

'... Just a little bit.'

If my guess was correct, I wanted to capture just a little bit of that glorious sight.

The door to the prayer room had a distribution area and a small window for communication by making eye contact. This was because it

was common for priests to fast and pray for several days.

‘Just a little bit… .’

The priest peeked through the small window that resembled a mailbox.

“…….”

…ah.

The sun.

* * *

“It’s unfair.”

“Calm down, Sergio Hunter.”

Kang Seo-dam calmed Geo down while making a face that said he had a headache.

“This incident was clearly our fault. An unqualified person carelessly snooped around and eavesdropped on the believers’ prayers, and this incident occurred. Sergio Hunter did nothing wrong.”

Of course, it would have been better if the great mystery of the divine had not been revealed so carelessly in this world. Kang Seodam looked at the priests who were glancing at Sergio Hunter with heated eyes, feeling embarrassed.

'I want to gouge out all my eyes.'

Do you know who this person is and dare to do such a vulgar thing?

‘… Things got a little bit awkward.’

The guide priest who had stolen Sergio Hunter's 'Prayer' went mad.

“The sun saw me! The sun, aaah…! aaah…!!”

“Take him to the infirmary quickly, quickly!”

“Oh, please have mercy on me, a piece of me! That small, huge mercy, we…!”

“This situation is very serious.”

A respectable priest went half-mad just because he had caught a glimpse of a 'prayer'. It was a terrifying sight, but this was the house where the children of the sun gathered together in faith lived. The priests felt awe rather than fear when they saw the sight.

“…What on earth did you see….”

“…I keep calling out to the sun.”

They were always thirsty for miracles.

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam felt annoyed and angry for a moment and scattered all the onlookers.

“Everyone, please step aside. How long are you going to stand by and watch when the patient comes out? Don’t you know that it is truly wrong to show such rudeness in front of an important guest?”

“Ha, but… Priest Kang Seo-dam….”

“But there is nothing to it. We have been rude to our guests and are still doing so. Before you commit any more sins, it would be better for you to realize your own issues and return to your seats.”

Kang Seo-dam's authority within the church was by no means small. The priests, still glancing around with regret, left one by one at Kang Seo-dam's rebuke. The ordinary priests who had fallen into a frenzy were also taken to the hospital room.

Kang Seo-dam eventually led Sergio to his office.

“…I really have nothing to say.”

“It was a strange sight, so I think it could be true. I hope the priest who guided me recovers quickly.”

“That will be the case.”

It's just that I'm going crazy with all the blessings I've ever seen.

'You should know your place.'

The priest did such a thing without knowing the identity of 'Sergio Hunter', but if he had only known how to do his part, this would not have happened. What a truly unscrupulous author.

‘I trusted him because he was someone who never did anything like this before…’

That must mean that the light that 'Sergio Hunter' had shown was great. I understood, but I still felt dissatisfied.

“…Did your conversation with the sun end safely?”

“Yes, it was a good time.”

“That’s good. I will make sure to pass on the apology regarding this incident to Manager Joo-hyun. Is that okay?”

“You don’t have to apologize.”

“Please accept this, as it is a matter of the prestige of the church. If you commit a sin and do not reflect on it or make amends, it is the same as not being worthy of serving the divine providence.”

“If you say so, I understand. Thank you for caring for me until the end.”

"then…."

Kang Seo-dam called Chae Sol and Iru Da, who were waiting while sitting on the sofa.

“Would you like to give a brief greeting to the person who sponsored Brother Chaisol and Sister Iruda?”

“Yes! I want to do it!”

“I, I’ll be back for a bit too….”

The two approached quietly and nodded.

“I will graduate early and come back within 3 years!”

“Wouldn’t you like to see my face before that?”

“Thank you for your kindness.”

“What polar opposites.”

Anyway, I liked it.

“May the light of the sun reach you.”

Sergio, who had blessed their future, soon came face to face with Chaisol.

“Don’t you ever have nightmares?”

“Not at all.”

“Does the sun love you?”

“Yes, a lot!”

“The bowl has gotten bigger.”

It was a result of my father's sun.

“…….”

In the end, he was right.

* * *

Gallery on the 5th basement floor.

“What is the attitude that God should take?”

“What conversation did you have with the sun goddess that made you ask such a question?”

Yoo Seong-un, who visited ‘Portrait of Geo’ for the first time in a long time, was shocked.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (219)

219

Episode 219

The Earth's sun was very pleased with the visit of 'Portrait of Geo'.

“Were you looking forward to my visit?”

She answered yes. From the moment he first appeared under the sun of the earth, the sun admired his great vessel and smiled happily, wanting to interact with him.

“I came here today to think about the attitude God should take.”

What attitude should God take?

“My father replied that he was nature and an observer. He said that if the sun were to descend directly upon the earth, there would be no greater hell than that, so it would be mercy to observe from afar.”

The Earth's sun disagreed with him.

“For what reason?”

That's because the sun is always reaching out to life.

All life born under the sun was her child. The sun of the earth protected her children from the clutches of the tens of thousands of divinities that flowed into the great catastrophe. There were too many cases where she could not protect them without stepping in herself.

“Then what is your stance as a god?”

The birth of life and the love of mercy.

“Mother Sun.”

That's it, I think I understood it well.

“You are truly the mother of all life.”

Life on Earth comes from the belly of the Sun and soon returns to her embrace. It is like a piece of me, my alter ego, so it was right to create an environment where it could play to its fullest under the Sun.

“Is it a kind of parenting?”

Because he's my child.

“Then what do you think about my father, the Sun’s attitude? He just looked at my children with affection. And then he would let go of the frame of destiny.”

That too would be love.

“Do you think so?”

There were many times when I couldn't carelessly stroke it because I thought it would burn if I held it in my hand.

“But you are reaching out your hand.”

That's why she had to give up a lot as the sun.

I hid my body in case they were afraid of my huge body, held my breath in case they would turn to ash with one breath, and held my eyelids closed at all times, holding the Earth in my arms in case my brain would melt if I looked at it.

“I know this may be inconvenient.”

It was something that was bearable to love.

“Love, what a sweet word. Then, does that mean that my father, the Sun, did not want to hold his children, including ‘Giovanni’, in his arms?”

Love couldn't be just about wrapping around. The mere existence of my children was already overwhelming and dazzling, so I couldn't bear to touch them. I must have loved pure humans who were untouched by the sun's hands.

“I understand.”

The postures of the gods are as varied as the number of divinities.

Love so, great mystery.

* * *

“…Oh, we had a conversation.”

“I heard that one of the priests in the Solar Church went crazy.”

“It’s unfair.”

“It’s not your fault.”

It was just kind of interesting.

“Can I watch you two talking sometime?”

“No, I don’t like it. It’s very embarrassing.”

“That’s really too bad….”

Anyway, I understand what Geo is worried about.

“Hmm, how about this?”

“Can you help me with anything else?”

“You have another divine friend.”

"aha."

It was talking about the death of the Earth.

“Shall I give it to you?”

"thank you."

Geo didn't refuse.

* * *

“Have you visited?”

Geo recognized the priest of death who had come out to greet him.

“Didn’t you help me guide you last time?”

“I am honored that you remembered me.”

“This time, please lead me to your father.”

“That too is an honor.”

And then naturally he took out a small envelope.

“It is a gift of gratitude.”

“…What kind of gift would it be?”

“I’m glad you’re more comfortable with me than last time.”

“It may be more than I am capable of, but thanks to the advice you gave me, Bishop….”

“I see. There was one more person who would receive a gift.”

What Geo handed over was a Basram tea.

“This tea has a rich taste and aroma like grains. I brought it because I heard that the priests of death enjoy tea ceremonies. It is a tea that has retained its warmth under the warm sunlight, so it would be good to drink when you are tired.”

“May I share this with the believers?”

“I wonder what it will be used for.”

“This place is often visited by believers who are physically weak.”

“Is it because of the Cult of Death?”

“Yes, so….”

The priests of death regarded the end of life as a glorious blessing, but they did not deny the happiness of life. They also played a role in helping the mere life of a human being to end in a more valuable and splendid way.

“If you permit me, I would like to write to those who suffer in life.”

If life is not happy, there will only be more people who exploit death.

“Would you please allow me?”

“Of course, my kind friend.”

"…thank you."

“I will take that as agreement.”

“You are a cheerful person.”

Although the priest had a blunt face, he was definitely more comfortable with Geo than last time. He seemed quite pleased with Geo’s words, which immediately made him his friend. Geo felt grateful

for that reaction.

It was something I really enjoyed.

“Doesn’t the priest of death enjoy playing?”

“There are as many deaths as there are lives, so there is bound to be a lot of work to do.”

“It would be difficult to hang out together.”

“If you want, I can make time for you….”

“I’m not forcing you.”

This time, the priest walked through the dark temple, holding a round lantern that resembled a bell and covering his eyes with a white cloth. He could sense the god of death forming a river in the shallow water on the floor.

Then a large door appeared, the priest stepped back, and the bishop, Eun-ryeong, came out.

“It is an honor to see you again.”

“Me too.”

“Okay, Father is waiting, so come here….”

Before we could go any deeper, death suddenly showed its head.

“My friend.”

"oh."

At that sight, Eun-ryeong gestured to the priest who had guided her.

“…You have worked hard, so you can go now. The two adults will talk.”

“…Yes, Bishop.”

The two moved steadily, although a little bewildered, as if they were unfamiliar with such an active form of death. The guide priest quietly withdrew, and Bishop Eun-ryeong closed the death room tightly and tried to disappear into the darkness.

Geo called her like that.

“Would you like to join us?”

“…Can I, a mere insignificant being, fit in there?”

“I came here today to have a conversation. I came here to ask for opinions, so the more mouths there are, the better.”

“In that case, I would be more than happy to take this place.”

Perhaps because she usually lived with the incarnation of death nearby, Eun-ryung looked calm even between the two divinities. Geo opened his mouth lightly, as if a suitable place had been prepared.

“It’s been a while.”

“You’ve been very classy lately, sir….”

“I came here to offer you a reward because I feel sorry for you.”

“It’s a prize.”

Death laughed heartily.

“Did you keep your promise?”

“I brought some grilled chicken.”

Geo showed us the lunch box he had wrapped in a black silk wrapper.

“Would you like to eat with us, Eun-ryeong?”

“…Did you make it yourself?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

"I am…."

Eun-ryeong mumbled.

“…I don’t know if I can eat this and still be able to face death.”

“Eating it won’t buy you eternal life, right?”

“…….”

“Why doesn’t anyone believe me?”

Joohyun and Yoo Sungwoon were the same. When Geo gave him food, the only people who accepted it were the passersby who saw it in the form of a portrait. If he gave it to them, wouldn't they just say, "Wow, that's delicious," and eat it?

“It must be delicious.”

“There is no doubt about that, Sergio Hunter.”

“It must be really delicious….”

“I have no doubt.”

“It’s not like it’s some kind of evil elixir or anything, it’s just food.”

“…….”

“Only in times like this does he have no answer, like a ghost.”

“…Ummm….”

Eun-ryeong nodded immediately.

“I will gladly join you if you guarantee my life as a human being.”

“I guarantee it.”

“You’re quite fast.”

“I have no intention of turning Eun-ryeong into something other than human.”

“And that doesn’t have any effect?”

“Of course.”

“If that’s the case….”

She looked up at her father.

“…Would you like to eat?”

“…….”

Death was very difficult.

“…It looks delicious.”

“…Oh, is that so?”

Eun-ryeong was also surprised.

“I didn’t know that even my father would feel an appetite.”

“I’m surprised too.”

It was almost impossible for a divinity to eat something. In the case of death with a physical body, the possibility would be higher, but even that would not be easy. There was no concept of appetite.

But Death stared intently at the neatly arranged rice cakes in the mother-of-pearl lunch box.

“…My daughter….”

“Yes, Father. I am listening.”

“…I don’t want to bother you, but I’m afraid I’ll ruin this elegant gift. Please, bring me that yellow thing.”

“…Ah, the yellow one. Are you talking about dongtaejeon?”

“Yeah, that kid. He smells good.”

Even though he was a divine being with a physical body, it was difficult for him to eat 'food' entirely with his huge body that was close to nature.

When the divine being, who had no experience with such simple joys, hesitated and asked his daughter for help, Eun-ryeong smiled lightly.

“This is the joy of being a child. I never thought I would ever be the one to feed my father, but it seems I have more to be thankful for Sergio Hunter.”

“You can speak comfortably.”

“Hmm, is that so?”

Eun-ryeong happily picked up a ripe frozen pollack.

“Well… Father, what would you like to eat?”

“…….”

Joo-wook.

Then a giant 'face' came down from the darkness.

Death, who usually resided in the darkness of the vast room, opened its 'mouth' thinly. As the gap, which was rough like the bark of a twisted tree, opened, Eun-ryung judged it to be a 'mouth' and placed an arrow inside.

The 'face' did not rise above the darkness again and remained in the same place.

“…….”

“…What do you think, Father?”

“It’s delicious.”

"oh my god…."

Eun-ryeong finally burst into laughter.

“This is truly amazing.”

She felt great joy. It is true that she had treated her father as her father and had shown him love and respect as a family, but she had not expected to feel such a simple and ordinary happiness of a 'family'.

“Would you like something else? We have vegetable pancakes, oyster pancakes, pumpkin pancakes….”

“Give me that bumpy thing.”

“You mean vegetable pancakes? Yes, here they are.”

Geo smiled happily at the sight of the innocent woman.

“It’s so nice to see this.”

“Haha… It’s all thanks to Sergio Hunter for bringing us this gift.”

“I’m glad you liked it.”

As expected, the people who enjoyed the food that was prepared were the prettiest.

“I should have grilled it a little bigger.”

“No, that’s enough.”

“You’re big….”

“Enough.”

What Geo brought was ultimately 'something' in the form of food. What was important was not the volume but the degree of mystery filled within, and Death was tasting the pleasure of gastronomy there.

After some time, Eun-ryung also received the two divine spirits' blessings and took a bite of the food.

“…….”

“How are you?”

“…It’s the most delicious thing I’ve ever eaten in my life.”

“I can’t believe I’m receiving such praise.”

“No, that’s not rave reviews, it’s just….”

Eun-ryeong blushed and her eyes sparkled, which was rare.

“…It’s really delicious.”

“I'm glad.”

Death also laughed at the joy of his daughter. His 'laughter' filled the room of death. Eun-ryeong felt embarrassed by her father's reaction, but carefully picked up another piece of rice.

“I think it could be dangerous….”

“It’s not dangerous. It’s unfair.”

“But I can’t put my chopsticks down.”

She was following the same path that Yoo Seong-un and Joo-hyun had once walked. She was afraid that this mysterious lump would change her, but she couldn't let go of its ecstatic delicacy.

Geo ended up bringing out alcohol here.

“You have to have alcohol before.”

"oh my god."

Eun-ryeong let out a cry of joy.

“It smells so good, what kind of alcohol is it?”

“Makgeolli made from fruits, rice, and flowers.”

“It’s ecstatic.”

After such a pleasant time.

“…….”

“…….”

Death and the Ghost realized something.

"…you…."

“Please speak.”

“Are you going to turn me… into a pig…?”

“How did you know…?”

"…oh…."

It was the same kind of realization that Sanarae had once had.

'… Hansel and Gretel… .'

Eun-ryeong had that thought without realizing it. The divinity in front of her wouldn’t really devour her like a witch, but it was just like that. It was so good, yet so excessive, that it almost felt a little wronged.

Only then did Geo get to the main point.

“What is God?”

“God… is he necessary?”

“I think I can prepare myself then.”

“What kind of preparation are you talking about?”

“Preparation for my existence.”

I wanted to define everything about myself.

“Can you help me?”

“Of course….”

Death readily granted the request.

The 'delicacy' I experienced for the first time was worth paying any price.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (220)

220

Episode 220

“Death is the end of life, not the beginning.”

The death of the Earth said so.

“Someone once said that death is just another beginning.”

“Isn’t that actually true?”

“My death is not like that. And it shouldn’t be like that. If there is another beginning after death, it shouldn’t be mine….”

“The sun of the Earth says that all living things that touch its rays are its children.”

“So, doesn’t it mean that the lives here are living with countless parents on their backs? However, I don’t consider them my children. My children… are those who live here with me… those who have accepted me as family…”

Divinity does not consider all life as its children.

“I am the gateway.”

“Gateway?”

“It is a process that all life must eventually go through. If the sun called

itself mother… It is different from me. I do not ask life for a relationship or trust… It is just something that will come as it should… That is it.”

"okay."

I also had a few small questions.

“Then are you denying life?”

“Do you know and ask questions…?”

Death is not the answer.

“Death is an inevitable fate. It is not a process of providence or nature. I am just a world that accepts the life that is coming into my arms, and countless hands that tie up the end.”

That partly coincided with Geo's opinion.

“Because death is just a state.”

“Yeah… I’m glad, okay?”

Death showed 'laughter'.

“Even if they are the same life, the way they look at things according to their divinity… is different. Not just the sun and death, but all divinities are like that. Even if they look the same, their essence is different. Even if their essence is the same, their methods are different. The life I embrace is a wanderer whose light has gone out… I am the craftsman who announces their end.”

“Aren’t you going to give me a light?”

“It’s not my part.”

Death always belongs to those left behind, he said.

“The light of life is fading away, but the sadness of the living is an

emotion. My existence is ultimately a process of comforting and making the survivors understand. It is my job to make them understand the separation."

"So where do the dead travelers go?"

"It's their part."

The light that is held in the hand, the treasure that is carried away, the love, the foolishness, the sorrow. All of these belong to the dead. Death accepts everything equally, but it is neither a loving parent nor a kind friend.

Just a knot-tying craftsman.

"To whom the knots will be sold, or where they will be decorated… It is not for me to teach, and I am not even a teacher. Don't you think so?"

"I agree."

"Thank you."

The divine being affirmed was delighted.

"I, I sincerely hope that you too will find your… way, your path, your love."

"thank you."

Fortunately, Geo came to a conclusion.

I guess that's why they say you have to make good friends.

* * *

Geo returned to the parking lot of the Temple of Death and was greeted by a meteor shower.

"Did the story end well?"

“Of course.”

Isn't that why they even bribed people?

“The bribe seemed to have worked.”

“You really did eat that.”

“You didn’t say anything when you were carrying it, but it seems like you were worried.”

“Well, it’s normal for a divinity to not have a concept of appetite. I know you’re not normal, but don’t you think I have some kind of common sense?”

It was only through the examples of the Sun God Bear and Sankalut that he could be less surprised. Yu Seong-un, who thought of those two for a moment, led Geo to the car. Geo followed suit and got into the car.

Yoo Seong-un asked while moving the car.

“Have you had any results?”

“Yes, I have decided.”

"…wait for a sec."

Yoo Seong-un, who felt a sense of foreboding, looked back at Geo with a strange look.

“You… You, what are you going to do? Like, something….”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“I remember what the Demon King said on the way back just now.”

“You guessed it right.”

“No, I didn’t get it right?”

It was definitely not a word I said to get the answer right.

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un asked with a slightly withered face.

“…What decision did you make?”

“I have been asking various deities about their attitude as gods.”

“Yes, that’s right. I asked about both traditional and evil divinities.”

“So that’s how we came to the conclusion.”

Geo answered clearly.

“I guess I have to live the way I want to live….”

“Your vocabulary has improved so much since Argio.”

“My vocabulary was like this originally.”

“Now you’re even good at lying.”

It was strange but creepy at the same time.

'You're growing to the point where it doesn't feel awkward to even call yourself human.'

If this was the case, it was obvious that Geo wouldn't notice right away if he caused an accident later. Well, of course, it wasn't something that Yoo Seong-un could stop Geo from the start. But it was true that his growth was remarkable.

Yoo Seong-un, who had cleared his throat, finally let out a hollow laugh.

“So? So I should just live however I want?”

“Right now, I feel like my opinions and thoughts have been largely ignored….”

“But what exactly do you want?”

“…….”

Geo, who had been staring at the meteor cloud because the natural change of topic was ridiculous, eventually gave up and answered.

“It will turn people into pigs.”

“…Ah, uh, pig. Um, oh, yeah….”

“If the granary is secure, the world will become peaceful.”

“Peace… So, is your ‘way’ similar to Joo-hyun’s? That damn world peace?”

“It’s a little different. Joo-hyun’s goal is world peace, but my goal is to turn people into pigs, so you could say that the process and the result are different.”

“That’s scary as it is.”

It's better than the end of the world, though.

“No, but rather, isn’t that not much different from what you’ve been doing so far? Isn’t it a unique ghost story where you hand out snacks to passersby without even intending to do anything special?”

“It would be hard to say that it is wrong, but I have a different mindset.”

“What is that?”

“I need to make more friends.”

“…More?”

"yes."

The common deity was that 'it exists everywhere and at all times, regardless of all currents.' Most deities existed somewhere, even if the dimensions were shattered. Whether in the form of religion or history.

That was the power of the eternal divinity, and Geo found it very appealing. There was something so appealing about a single cluster that continued like a living creature.

And since Geo had some divinity, he could reference those methods.

“Then I will live a life full of friends.”

I really liked it.

Yes, what Geo had been wondering about from the gods was not 'Is my identity human or god?', 'How should I treat and govern life?', or 'What should I do to be godly?', but 'How can I live as long as him and have many friends?'

“Isn’t that wise?”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un was speechless for a moment.

‘… How can they say they are officially creating a religious group in such a childlike way?’

He pondered for a split second what consequences Geo's decision would have, but in the end, he realized that nothing was worth it and let out a sigh.

“Do whatever you want.”

“You look so cool.”

“Even if I tell you not to, you’ll still do it.”

“Hmm, you know me too well. I guess I should keep my mouth shut.”

“Don’t scare me because when you say it, it doesn’t sound like a joke at all….”

“Was it really a joke?”

“Please.”

“Good.”

Geo smiled as if he was happy.

“Now you know I was joking.”

“…I guess so.”

I don't know if I've become stupid or if I've adapted.

'Did you pass it on to Joohyun?'

It was truly a scary thing.

* * *

There was a woman.

The woman basically had no sympathy for others. She was born to first-class citizens and had everything in abundance, so she often saw the poor begging in the dark shadows between buildings and thought it was dirty.

“I don’t want to get involved.”

“Good posture, my daughter. You’ll get tired of being associated with

those guys.”

Her parents accepted her as she was. However, she never took the initiative to abuse or insult those who had nothing. They simply treated them as if they had nothing because they literally did not fit in with her.

Growing up in an environment where there was no lack, the girl began to enjoy refined hobbies. She collected beautiful works one by one. She became a regular customer at a collection store, but one day, she encountered something called the 'Black Cloak'.

“This is….”

“This is the work of Black Cloak, Miss.”

“Black Cloak? This piece has a strange atmosphere. Is it a watercolor painting…?”

“It is dangerous if you come close.”

“But isn’t it really beautiful?”

There was a time when the Black Cloak was known as a monster. The woman who encountered the 'City of Void' was completely captivated by its work. Afterwards, it became known that the Black Cloak was a mystery that contained divinity, and its popularity skyrocketed.

“This is a work of art created by God.”

It was a work of art that suited her noble life so well.

It wasn't just women who had such thoughts, as strange groups formed among the first-class citizens. The Black Cloak Enthusiasts' Association, for example. It was only natural that women would try to join the most prestigious of these groups.

“……?”

But something was different from what I expected.

“…Volunteering?”

“Do you happen to not know much about the Black Cloak?”

“No, that’s not possible.”

The words of denial came out naturally at the sight of something very stupid and disgusting. And she wasn't lying. The woman was proud to know the black cloak quite well.

“Isn’t it a humanoid divinity that contains the divinity of providence?”

“What about the black cloak?”

“Uh… They say that when they meet a good person, they like them and give them a gift. On the other hand, when they meet a bad person, they drag them into a frame and make them meet a terrible end.”

“And yet you question our volunteer system?”

“No, but….”

It was difficult to understand.

“I can do as much as I want as long as it’s sponsorship.”

If it was just a matter of paying an activity fee, even women would be able to accept it. Many salons operated by collecting membership fees like that. However, the black cloak enthusiasts said that wasn't the case.

“Is it really necessary to step forward yourself?”

“Are you seriously asking?”

“It’s not that there aren’t many people who want to work, and if you really want to do good deeds, you can just hire people… Sponsorship

is a good thing, right?"

"Then it's meaningless."

They argued that only those who directly engaged in service could be considered worthy of being included among them.

"Ha, that's obvious. You came to our club with such shallow greed. At best, you'd be able to show off with money, get the title of a good person, appreciate Black Cloak's work, and if you're lucky, receive a gift… That's what you expected, right?"

"…What's wrong with that? Is sponsorship the wrong way to do it?"

"I wouldn't say it's a wrong approach, but if that's what you were expecting, you probably wouldn't be a good fit for us. We're doing something honorable that money can't buy."

"Ha, I'm so speechless…."

"There are many groups that love the Black Cloak, but you don't seem to know why we are the ones who come into contact with the Black Cloak most often. We are not like those imitators. It is because we insist on doing genuine good deeds that the Black Cloak has recognized us."

The members even became very angry.

"I'm really sorry to say this, but we are a group that selects sincere and noble volunteers, not a group that was created to make a fuss and make a fuss with money like you. If we were to accept people like you one by one, the quality of our group would decline."

"You even say that the quality is poor?"

"If that happens, the Black Cloak will also take back his affection for us. We can't stand to see that happen. It's the trust we've worked so

hard to earn. We can’t let outsiders eat away at that precious thing.”

“Is it really funny?”

The woman was very angry and shouted loudly.

“I can do it too, if I do it…! I just asked because I thought I had to do it myself, not because I said I wouldn’t do it. Do you think people don’t do it because they don’t know how to volunteer? I just didn’t do it because it was inefficient!”

I really thought so. There were plenty of people who wanted to work anyway, and there were plenty of back alley poor people who collapsed because they couldn't earn a penny.

If you hire such people, they can make money and the woman can do good deeds. What an efficient good deed it is.

But this damn club hurt a woman's pride.

“Did you think I couldn’t do it?!”

“Oh, that’s what you said.”

“…What, what is this?”

“Isn’t it written as a contract?”

“No, what kind of club contract is this….”

“If you’re not going to do it, then don’t do it. I’m so busy, you’re just wasting my time.”

“…Give it to me.”

The girl managed to secure a spot in the club.

“I’m the last one?”

“I can’t help it since I’m a newbie who hasn’t done anything.”

“If you pay more membership fees….”

“Are you going to keep talking about money?”

“…Ugh….”

And then I started doing volunteer work.

“…….”

To be honest, I was a bit dazed.

'Why am I here like this?'

I couldn't understand it.

The work done in the club was varied, and the higher the rank, the more burdensome and dangerous the service had to be.

The chairman even went so far as to visit third-class citizens who were living in hiding in unreconstructed areas and help them live.

'This is crazy.'

The higher your rank, the more work you have to do?

'You don't even hesitate to go outside the city.'

Why would so many people gather in a city? It was because the city guaranteed people's lives. The further out you went from the city, the more dangerous it became, and the higher the chance of death.

But the woman persevered, if only for the sake of her pride. She picked up trash on the side of the road, fed meals to the slum dwellers, and even provided support to the second-class citizens who were struggling to survive.

“Is the room a little cold…? I’m sorry, I wish I could give you something….”

“Oh, no. It’s okay. I guess I should at least cover myself with a blanket.”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t have a blanket… Can you give me a comforter?”

"…uh…."

One day, I went to be a conversation partner for an elderly person who lived alone, saying, "You've been doing really well lately. I'll trust you and leave it to you." I made a few slips of the tongue, but I tried to make up for it somehow.

“Ah, ahahaha…! I, I can buy it for you…!”

“Huh? No, then I’m so sorry….”

“Oh, what are you talking about? I can buy you as much as you want. How many sheets would be enough? No, I can change all the bedding. Right?”

Of course, it seemed that her method was a bit difficult to accept by the members.

“That’s why you shouldn’t solve everything with money. There are people who are genuinely happy to receive such gifts, but there are also people who feel deprived. In that case, it’s counterproductive and dangerous.”

“T, but… what should I say there…. I tried my best too! I already made a mistake, so what do you want me to do about it!”

"…hmm…."

However, it also received positive feedback.

“It does seem like you’re really doing your best.”

“…I, I see?”

“I guess it’s because you don’t have much experience yet. It’s really nice to see you participating in activities so consistently these days. The elderly person even sent me a thank you letter saying that they really liked the new bedding.”

“Oh, a letter…? Uh, to me? It’s for me? Show me!”

“Yes, I brought it here.”

"…ah…."

The woman felt a sense of accomplishment as she read the two pages of faded letter paper written in small and delicate handwriting. She had been envious of the members who had boasted, “I finally received a gift from Black Cloak!”, but at the moment she read the letter, she simply had no thoughts.

“…Ahem, can I take this?”

“Haha, of course. It came from you.”

“I will keep it well.”

When her parents found out about what their daughter was doing, they initially acted as if they were worried or did not understand, saying things like, "If you like it, we won't stop you, but it could be dangerous." However, after seeing the letter the girl brought, their reaction changed, albeit awkwardly.

“…That slum person gave this to me?”

“Not poor, but second-class citizens!”

“Oh, right. Okay….”

“…….”

"…I see."

Her father looked bewildered, somewhat bitter, and also had a faint smile on his face.

“There are still people like this.”

“What are you talking about? All the seniors I meet at my club are like this.”

“…Really? Dad didn’t know that. I’m sorry.”

He even seemed to have regrets.

“I thought only scary people were left.”

He laughed, saying, “I thought that was the only way I could survive without having my belongings stolen, and that there would be only people who would desperately try to steal what was mine.” Then he praised his daughter.

“You’re doing well. The members there all seem to be nice people.”

“Huh? Oh, that… right? I told you, I’m not doing anything weird.”

“Still, be careful. There are a lot of scary people in the world. You can open your eyes and cut off your nose.”

“Oh, I understand….”

Then one day, I got a call from the hospital.

“…Your mother woke up.”

"…what?"

“Rice, I got a call from the hospital… right now….”

“What? Uh, how?”

The news that my mother, who had barely managed to stay alive after spending all her money, has woken up. Even in the best hospital in South Korea, the best they could do was to keep her alive, but she has fully recovered.

The woman only found out the reason a few days later in a slum alley.

“I affirm your good deeds.”

“…….”

A frame painted in black paint.

“I see you. Your father has lived a truly tireless life.”

“…….”

“I lost my entire family in those chaotic times, and almost lost my wife to the citizens of the slums. It was a scary world. Hatred of humanity was growing, and individualism was becoming stronger.”

"…ah…."

“You too have lived such a life, but you have done good deeds. You started out as greedy, but now you feel happy. I see you. I affirm you.”

The portrait, whose face cannot be seen, spoke.

"thank you."

The frame whispered as it disappeared.

“Did you like the gift?”

“…….”

At that time, I was left alone.

“…….”

The woman wept for a long time, not so much because she had received the great mysterious praise she had longed for, but because the work she had done had been returned as a benevolent gift. She herself could not understand why she was crying.

I was just so, so embarrassed.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (221)

221

Episode 221

“Hey, Geo?”

Yoo Seong-un called Geo.

“What are you doing these days…?”

“I’m making friends.”

“I could hear those friends praising you from here?”

“It’s good to be loved, it’s only natural.”

“Religion will emerge soon.”

Geo tilted his head at him.

“I know it’s a club.”

“Oh, right. It’s a religion disguised as a club.”

“I know that religious groups don’t form that easily.”

“It can happen at any time if there is an opportunity, so….”

This is especially true if the divine has already been prepared.

“Even an ordinary person can create a religion if they just wag their

tongue. Of course, in such cases, it would be classified as a cult, but you are good at deceiving people, and you are also a divinity, and you give good rewards.”

“Is something wrong?”

“You knew all this, didn’t you? Well, it would be strange to say it was wrong… but when I think about the direction in which the ripple effect your followers will create will spread, I feel ambiguous.”

“I have taken the form of religion for myself, but I do not wish to be a fanatic, only a family and friends. I am sure that it is not a bad direction.”

Geo asserted confidently.

“The world is so cruel these days.”

“This is natural to me.”

but.

“…I agree that they are nice to look at.”

I guess it's like watching a neighbor turn into a neighbor. It's not like all the cruelty in the world will disappear, but it's better to have something than nothing.

“Why are you suddenly doing this?”

“I repeat, I wish I had many friends.”

“Was it not enough for me and Joohyun? Oh, this is so disappointing.”

“But won’t you leave me someday? Of course, if you want to be my friend for life, I’d be grateful and try to write a contract, but I don’t think you’d want that.”

“I will die as a human.”

It would have been the same for Joohyun.

“So you created a religion because you didn’t want to be alone? How bold of you.”

“Additionally, another reason is that I wanted to give a proper reward to those who support and love me and do good deeds.”

“…Oh, that’s it.”

Yoo Seong-un recalled the one-on-one rule that Black Cloak had. Originally, Geo enjoyed rewarding humans who made him happy, so subjectively and objectively, it was bound to happen someday.

'It's just that the timing is tricky.'

As the truth about the Black Cloak's divinity was revealed, the number of groups that supported him increased.

Among them, Geo often paid attention to the group that focused on essential good deeds, and the club that received momentum from them was very medieval, with no knights in particular.

‘Everyone has a little taste…’

When you see something like that, do you call them clear-eyed madmen? They all look good and wholesome, but somewhere in them, you feel a strange sense of madness.

“…You could call it a kind of management. It’s not your style to just leave the results of your influence alone.”

“What Mr. Yoo Seong-un said is correct.”

Geo in the frame spoke in his usual blunt tone.

“Because there will never come a day when the fact that I have attained divinity will change.”

“…I guess so.”

“There is a saying, ‘If you can’t avoid it, enjoy it.’”

“That too.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed innocently.

“I see you’re having a good time, then.”

“Yes.”

“So now you’ve completely defined yourself as a god? You used to indirectly deny that you were a god. I was so frustrated when I saw that.”

“? I am not God.”

“Why are you doing this again?”

“Being divine and being God are different.”

Geo argued as usual.

“As you live, you can inherit divinity and become a portrait.”

“An ordinary human being?”

“I have a conscience, so I may not be able to say that I am ordinary, but let’s say that I am ordinary. I am just an ordinary person who has acquired various characteristics and abilities.”

“You really are stubborn….”

In fact, it would have been stranger if the source had changed its

attitude based on a few human words. In the end, Yoo Seong-un nodded, accepting Geo's decision.

"So that's it in a nutshell? Are you going to eat it all by yourself?"

"You summarized it well."

I was going to do it as both a human and a god.

"Isn't it great?"

"You are truly amazing."

"I am a bit like that."

There is nothing you can't do.

* * *

God is defined in various concepts.

It was also a vast nature that could not be contained in the eyes, a destiny that could not be grasped with the hands but would come someday, and a parent who gave birth to all things in the world and raised them with love and providence.

Sometimes it was just a huge mystery.

"……."

They cannot distinguish between good and evil.

Since human good and evil ultimately came into being under their own standards, they have nothing to do with the lofty beings floating in the sky above them. Just as we cannot discuss human laws with the sky where clouds drift by…

That is why countless divinities destroy dimensions with a single breath or a single wink.

“…….”

He enjoyed making people suffer and playing with them as toys.

Do not call on the gods. Do not look into their eyes, do not call on their names, and do not listen to their voices, lest you go mad.

All men who know God have said so. They are such a great disaster that men cannot help but hold their breath.

I had to hide. I had to not see, not call, not listen. I had to.

“…….”

But even though humans know all that, they still cry out to God.

"…buy…."

Please save me.

“…Save me, Lord, save me….”

Please help me.

“Too, ah… ph….”

I'm so scared I can't stand it.

"…please…."

My whole body was pierced and I was groaning.

He was so sick that he couldn't come to his senses. Oh, he couldn't even tell how much time had passed. It was painful to even think about what he had become.

'it hurts.'

He was the only one here.

'It hurts so much.'

No, is he really alone here? He thought that he probably wasn't. Otherwise, it wouldn't be this quiet. The graves of these countless heroes couldn't have been this cold.

As the loneliness grew, it became fear. As the pain grew longer, it became dizziness. As the moans grew longer, it turned into thirst, which gnawed at the man. He couldn't even tell if he was rotting, burning, or being torn apart.

'Please save me.'

It really did take a long time.

'Please save me.'

I spent a very long time alone in this pain, in the darkness.

‘Please save me… .’

It was okay not to solve this pain. It was okay not to fix my obviously hideous appearance back to how it was. The man who had spent more than an eternity had only one wish.

I know this isn't right.

“…Ar, Geo.”

I didn't want to be alone anymore.

“Argio….”

That's why the old, worn-out hero of the past called upon the evil spirit.

“…I see you….”

I saw him, I called him, I heard him.

“Have mercy….”

If not that, then even greater pain.

Now even that would feel like mercy to me.

* * *

“……?”

Geo blinked as he picked up and ate his 41st dumpling in the cabin.

“…I think someone called me.”

“Huh?”

“If I had been called from the sea or the city, it wouldn’t have been this faint. If I had been called from Earth, it would have been clear, so there’s only one candidate left.”

"dream…."

“It’s been a while since I’ve left it.”

Geo took his hands off the dumplings without a word.

“You know that 23 of the remaining dumplings are Daddy’s, kids.”

“Gurrrr.”

“Mmmmm….”

“Why doesn’t anyone listen to me?”

Even if I looked away for a moment, I could clearly see his impure intention to eat it all up.

'Is this the power of the divine?'

No, it was a pig's intuition.

“Anyway, if you called my name, it means you want to be my friend.”

"dream…?"

“You called my name when we didn’t even know each other? That’s no different from a proposal. The moment you called my name, you should have been prepared to make a friend.”

"dream??"

“Then I’ll be off. Let’s go, kids. I have no doubt that you’ll choose Dad over Dumplings.”

The teddy bear seemed to have something to say, but soon waved its stuffed hand as if telling them to be careful and saw off his son and grandchildren. Geo went up to the second floor, encouraged by that warm love.

Then he lifted the black cloth covering one of the works that had been stored in the warehouse.

“…….”

A picture of the Hwangwon.

“…I always wondered why animals could come out of here?”

It's finally time to answer that question.

Geo reached into the painting and he melted into another painting.

* * *

“…….”

“…….”

And what Geo saw wasn't a person.

"…? deer?"

It was a deer.

“What a handsome deer.”

“Beep….”

“Even your crying sound is beautiful.”

I have heard a flower deer cry like this before, but this guy looked far from a flower deer. He was not small, and his horns stood out proudly.

It was an ordinary deer that you might see on Earth, except for the unique shape of its horns.

“There’s a deer like this in a place like this?”

I had a question.

“Come here.”

“Beep….”

“Right, he’s a good kid.”

Whether it understood the words, recognized the gestures, or simply wanted to come, the gentle-looking deer walked gracefully like a cherry blossom and stood in front of Argio, leaning its head against him.

“I will be a good friend.”

deer

It's a small, young deer.

It was an explanation that was so simple that it actually made me suspicious.

“I don’t know where you see them as being small and young.”

It was true that it was suspicious. All the animals that had been coming out of the 'Animal Kingdom' were all twisted and twisted, and on top of that, they were strong and had twisted tempers.

So, it wasn't all that surprising that this deer was actually pretending to be docile, but Geo didn't really care. If it was that smart, it was actually a welcome thing.

'They deserve to be loved more than those who go crazy and run wild because they can't even communicate.'

Geo gently stroked the deer's chin and cheek.

“Oh… it’s soft.”

“Beep….”

“Even the sound of crying is so cute.”

“Beep….”

“You’re cute.”

When I say cute, it seems like they're crying even more cutely, but it didn't matter if it was an illusion or not. The former was innocent and lovable, and the latter was smart and cute enough to make you want to bite him.

“…….”

But what is it really?

“There’s nothing.”

“Beep.”

“Yeah, buddy.”

Geo asked, petting the deer that was clinging to him and pretending to be friendly.

“Did someone call Argio here? Someone definitely called my name, but the voice stopped again. The voice was so faint that I couldn’t hear it very well, but this is embarrassing.”

No matter how much I looked, I couldn't see even a single blade of grass, only a barren wasteland, and I couldn't see any living things that could clearly be called 'Argio'. It was almost as if I was hallucinating.

“But even so, it can’t be an auditory hallucination, right? Hey, buddy.”

“Beep.”

“Have you seen anyone here?”

“…….”

The deer, which had stepped back slightly, tilted its head.

“Hmm, okay.”

Geo expanded his scope a little further.

“Then what about other creatures besides you?”

“Beep.”

The deer began to move as if it was trying to catch a break.

As expected, he couldn't find a single animal or even a single blade of grass. There was no life anywhere, but Geo decided to follow along, pretending to be fooled.

"…? aha."

And then Geo realized something.

“Were you underground?”

“Beep….”

“What a wonderful thing.”

An underground entrance that had been hidden by dirt and twisted weeds was revealed.

Geo offered the deer some jerky he had brought just in case, and the deer sniffed around for a bit before carefully putting it in his mouth. Leaving the deer happily enjoying the jerky, Geo went down to the deep water and looked around.

“…….”

There were names given to the animals he had eaten so far.

'The ruined Avilas Rainforest.'

It was the ‘black forest’ that Argio was also familiar with.

“…But why did you go underground?”

“Huh?”

“I didn’t say that to you, so keep eating.”

It was just a bit ridiculous.

'It would be difficult if there was just a minor accident, right?'

What kind of tectonic shifts have occurred while I was away?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (222)

222

Episode 222

“It strangely reminds me of a four-legged forest….”

Geo looked around.

“They really do look alike.”

“Bam.”

“You even hit the gong with me. You have the qualities of a friend.”

“Beep….”

“Yeah, yeah.”

As the two exchanged words, the honey inside the hood popped out.

“Gulp?”

“You are my child, honey.”

“Cur.”

Convinced, Honey went back into the hood.

'I had a lot of animals in my fortune.'

Even when I was living in a peaceful mountain village in Gangwon-do,

I often encountered wild boars and deer, but for some reason, I seemed to encounter animals more often after becoming a portrait artist.

“This too must be a natural cycle.”

Geo thought, talking nonsense.

'Could the four-legged rainforest have been derived from here? They really are similar.'

However, Argio himself knew best that it was a separate dimension from the four-legged forest. He was amazed at the sight of his long-awaited hometown, destroyed as if in a painting.

“…What really happened?”

The Black Forest was always dense, but the dense trees held a lot of rainwater and caused poisonous rain to fall all the time. That was a structure that would not have been possible if it had not been connected to the sky in the first place.

The questions just keep piling up.

“…….”

Geo looked at the ceiling.

'... The four-legged forest entered the cave during the process of being moved between dimensions, but in this case, it is difficult to guess. This place was simply destroyed, and it did not move to another dimension, nor did it receive the dimension it moved to... .'

I guess I have no choice but to look around a little more.

“Would you like to go together?”

“…….”

The deer tilted its head and then disappeared.

"hmm."

You're a very shy friend.

“You left without even saying goodbye.”

I can say a word, though.

“It’s just the two of us left again today, honey.”

“Gulp.”

Honey cried as if she was okay as long as she had her dad. Geo lightly stroked the small bird that had landed on his shoulder with one hand, then moved his feet again. The more you look, the more you will know.

At least the atmosphere was noticeably different from the lush green forest of the four-legged forest. As befitting its nickname of ‘black forest,’ all the plants were dyed black and deep green, and the dense leaves created terrible shadows.

“It’s the same as before.”

The Black Forest was basically indistinguishable from day and night.

“In the past, we could tell the time by the degree of cold and heat, but now that we’re underground, it’s hard to tell even that. Isn’t that right?”

“Curr….”

“Will it just be cold all the time? I guess we’ll have to wait a little longer to find out… but since we’re underground, I don’t know how we can create heat.”

Unlike the four-legged rainforest, which at least had a 'plant-like' appearance, the Black Forest was full of bizarre and metaphysically

twisted creatures. They were quite familiar to Argio.

“Nice to meet you.”

If you eat that, your internal organs will be damaged and you will vomit blood.

If you touched that thing, you'd get hives all over your body and have to laugh for weeks.

If not removed in advance, it can spread spores and germinate in the respiratory tract.

Plants are supposed to grow in sunlight, but seeing them grow so tenaciously in the shadows, there were times when I thought they must be some kind of devil. It didn't seem to have changed much even now.

“…….”

Geo blinked.

“…But I can definitely see ahead better than before. There was a similar situation in the previous jewel vein, where even in the darkness where you couldn’t see ahead, you could see clearly…”

“Kung-kung?”

“Yes, I didn’t see it this well before. After gaining the evil divinity, I mixed with various personalities and held various powers, so I didn’t have to worry about darkness, but I thought I was closer to a human now… I guess I wasn’t?”

Hmm, I guess it's because it's a portrait.

“It’s good to see the future clearly!”

As always, Geo was clear-headed.

“It’s really hard to know how to deal with the world when it’s this dark and gloomy like before. Of course, I have you, Honey, but it’s not good for me as a parent to always rely on you for help.”

“Kung kung kung….”

Honey complained, saying, "Why didn't you try to use it when I had it?" but even Dad had his own sense of pride.

'There are also plants that are like bombs that explode when exposed to light.'

Argio welcomed the brighter world than when he once lived in the Black Forest.

“But there’s something strange.”

It was quite a walk.

“Why can’t I see any beasts anywhere?”

“Gurr?”

“Where have all the Black Forest families gone?”

They say it was destroyed, but did all life really disappear, leaving behind only these silent plants that don't even have an answer? I don't think so. If that were the case, there would be no way that beasts would have continuously come over from beyond the 'animal kingdom'.

'Then is it hiding somewhere?'

However, it was a reaction that did not suit the beasts of the Black Forest. This was an environment where one had to become stronger and more brutal as quickly as possible to survive, so hiding was an act that only hindered survival.

“…….”

The atmosphere seemed to have changed quite a bit since we last saw each other.

“It’s difficult.”

So I couldn't find out who had called Argio. I wondered if it was the black plants that had acquired a sense of self in the midst of destruction that had called him, but there was no response.

'It was clear that something with intelligence was calling me.'

I wonder why, but I even felt a sense of longing.

“First… I think it would be best to move to a deeper place. There’s a house where I used to stay with my family. It’s full of traps and poisons, and it’s not a very comfortable place to stay, but back then, there was no place better.”

“Kur?”

“Yes, it was a house. It was a ruin that had been old and broken for a long time….”

Anyway, once you make it your home, it's your home.

The road to the remains of the saints dedicated to the Black Forest was difficult, but with Argio, who had already lived here his entire life, and Honey, a small ray of sunshine who could purify anything, it wasn't that daunting.

“Okay, here you go.”

They soon arrived at the ruins.

“Surprisingly, this place is still intact. I thought there might have been a problem while it was being lowered underground, but it seems to be stronger than I thought. Well, that means it will be able to maintain this shape even after I die….”

By the way, Argio was hit by the fire. Even though the entire Black Forest was burned down, it was amazing to see the plants that were no different than before, if not even stronger, and the ruins that still held on.

“Surely heroes were invited after that and there were destructions here and there.”

“Gurrrr….”

“You seem to like this place too. Yes, it is a ruin that is worth seeing.”

Argio stood firm and swept away the standing pillar.

“…….”

There were traces of the childhood growth of many humans.

“…I wonder what happened to those guys.”

Sometimes, when he went out into the forest to enjoy plunder and entertainment, there were creatures who were dedicated to him. There were those who clasped their hands and begged him to take them. Or there were those who were kidnapped because they were liked by Argio.

This place was not only a haven for beasts, but also a prison for humans who had been abandoned by humans.

'I remember everyone running away.'

Those who had barged in were making a lot of noise about the plague and such, so it seemed likely that they were killed as soon as they left the forest. Or they may have died without being able to escape the burning forest.

'They were too weak to run away from the poison and beasts of the

forest.'

Argio felt sad and had a tearful face.

“Since I’m here, I should at least make a tombstone.”

“Crunch?”

“Even if those I knew before had been lucky enough to escape the forest and the army, they would have eventually died trapped in the dimension of destruction. Whether it was due to time or illness, they would have passed away, so it is right for me to see to their end.”

He grabbed the hem of his cloak and called to his daughter from the shadows.

“Dana, are you awake?”

“Ugh.”

“Find the missing children who couldn’t go home.”

“…….”

The cat, whose eyes resembled the universe, blinked and cried clearly.

"meow."

Then it seeped into another shadow and spread across the black forest.

“Then Honey, why don’t you keep looking around until your brother finds all the missing children? Considering the animals that came in through the picture frames, I’m sure my beast family is still out there somewhere….”

“Gurrrr!”

Honey cried happily. It was fun to tour her father's old hometown, and

of course, it was fun to make new friends. Argio laughed, embracing the excitement.

“Where are my friends?”

Then Geo and I met.

“…….”

“What are you? Are you a fox?”

“…….”

“…No, wait. It’s not a fox…?”

With a wolf as big as a house.

“…Ghost?!”

“No, you’re alive.”

“It’s a ghost!!”

Even the talking cowardly wolf was there.

'It wasn't like that in my time, but aren't animals these days worth their size?'

Argio found himself thinking like an old fart without realizing it.

* * *

I already knew that the beasts of my homeland had acquired 'language'. Even before the evil divine mass called 'Argio' was sealed away by the heroes, the beasts were laughing, talking, and telling stories.

'But I've never interacted with him directly before, so it feels strange.'

Would a god who was mad with anger and hatred talk to a talking beast? He didn't even have the presence of mind to converse in the first place.

If Argio, as a human, had ever had a 'conversation' with the evil spirit after his death, it would have been an accusation directed at the heroes who had come to visit him.

'I still think that was all there was to the exchange. How foolish.'

Should I call it a bargain?

"……."

"…This, this, this human…?"

"Yes, he's a human. Even if you look closely, he's not alive, is he?"

"I don't know…."

The wolf, as big as a truck on Earth, cowered and looked at Geo. He could have come closer to look, but he was so scared that he just tilted his head from a distance.

Argio looked at it and said incredulously.

"How can you know if I'm alive or dead when I'm so far away? Come closer, please. I'm not something you should be so afraid of."

"Why on earth are you deciding that…?"

The wolf approached slowly, with an equally bewildered expression on his face.

"…Can I smell it?"

"Please make it happen."

“Then just wait a minute….”

The big wolf slowly lowered its head and sniffed at Argio, who was much smaller than it. Then, perhaps feeling a little relieved, or perhaps smelling something delicious, it sniffed at him.

“Hey, are you going to eat me?”

“…?! Oh, no! That’s not it! I’m not going to eat it!!”

“Or else why are you jumping up and down like that? You’re in such good spirits.”

“Just because, I just like the smell….”

“Smells good?”

“That’s not it!!”

The wolf made excuses as if he was very wronged.

“It was because it was sweet and fragrant. Well, it had a soft and squishy… warm smell.”

“…Oh, are you talking about the smell of sunshine?”

“…Sunshine?”

The tone of voice rose.

The wolf came closer again, wagging its tail as if it was so happy. The sharp eyes of the wolf's nature opened wide in surprise and excitement. Argio thought that this thing might be quite young.

The hesitant wolf asked.

“Are you from the sun?”

“I’ve never heard that before.”

Geo pointed upward as if asking why.

“Isn’t the sun rising above here too?”

“That’s fake.”

"FALSE?"

“…You’re a ghost too!!”

“Can’t you hear my heartbeat? Are you really a wolf?”

“Then why are you the only one who doesn’t know something that everyone else knows?!”

The wolf looked very aggrieved.

“More than anything, humans are extinct!”

“Ah, as expected….”

It was as expected, but it was a little bitter.

“What a monstrous creature, the smarter you get, the dumber you become.”

As always, to everyone.

Surely it could have been better.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (223)

223

Episode 223

After that, Geo had to prove for a long time that he was human.

“Do I still look like a ghost to you? I don’t smell like a corpse, my heart is beating, and although you can’t see it now, if you prick me I’ll bleed. Do I really not look human?”

“It’s kind of like that.”

“How can you be so decisive?”

But he didn't believe me until the end.

“…Yeah, if you find it hard to believe.”

Geo was a decent adult who acknowledged all the diversity in the world. Judging from his reaction, it seems that the human race has been extinct for quite some time, so this kind of reaction was somewhat understandable.

Instead, I wanted to hear an explanation.

“I wonder what happened before this place was destroyed. Can you explain it to me? If you will be my companion, I will make sure to reward you. Just in case, do you like to eat?”

“What you’re saying is compensation… food?”

“I also know this black forest, once called Avilas Rainforest. It seems that some parts have changed since I last saw it, but if there is food, it will be of great help. What do you think?”

“I think there will be a slight difference in sincerity depending on what you give….”

“I thought you were young, but you know how to take care of yourself. How admirable.”

Argio held the wolf's large head with both hands and stroked it repeatedly. The wolf, which had flinched and froze when Geo first grabbed its face, became quiet as he admired Geo's dazzling hand movements.

“Oh, there. That’s nice. Oh, that’s cool.”

“This is the taste of human hands, wolf.”

“Why does it catch itchy spots so well? Is it magic?”

“I have another ability.”

Even though he looks like this, Argio has been living under the same roof with his beast family since he was a child. He is an expert on how and where to scratch animals to make them feel refreshed.

'This guy can't even speak, he's more intuitive.'

The wolf, who had been being petted for a while, slowly drifted away with a satisfied look on his face.

“I won’t pay you back for this, since you did it first.”

“Even if you speak so firmly with such a relaxed face, it’s not very convincing.”

“Ahem, well, it’s not like it’s not true.”

“Okay, let’s try eating it all the way to the bone.”

Argio was very fond of clever beasts.

“Then can I hear an explanation now?”

“You’re telling the story until extinction, right?”

As they talked and touched each other, the wolf's anxiety about whether he was a ghost seemed to have subsided somewhat, and he sat down in front of Geo with a more relaxed face. Despite his large body having slumped down, the black forest was quiet.

'It's not like this place is usually this polite.'

The wolf spoke, not knowing whether he knew Geo's question or not.

“For the sake of fair trade, I’ll just say this up front: I don’t really know when the world was destroyed, I just heard stories from my ancestors. Strictly speaking, I don’t even know when ‘destruction’ refers to exactly.”

“I guess there were frequent times of destruction?”

“The first destruction would have been around the time when the beast race like us was born.”

It seemed to be referring to the time when Argio, who was probably a human, died and the beasts gained intelligence and reason equal to humans.

'It seems like the heroes who visited often brought up similar topics… .'

But the memory of that time was a bit vague for Argio now. It was because he was so consumed by anger and hatred that he wasn't in his right mind. Maybe it was because he hadn't fully assimilated it.

'First of all, I don't know much about what happened after I was sealed.

Other than the fact that they fought among themselves and were destroyed...'

This time, I thought I could hear more details. I was curious about the history that my descendants would recite. Geo listened to the wolf's story with interest.

“They say that wolf-clan like me originated back then, but that doesn’t really make sense to me. Even in the days of my ancestors’ ancestors’ ancestors, we were wolf-clan, just like we are now.”

“Is there a distinction between regular wolves and wolf tribes?”

“That’s right. If we look at it from the perspective of humans, isn’t it the difference between humans and monkeys? Of course, there was a separate tribe of monkeys, but that’s only a tribe that was left behind in history. I heard that they went extinct after fighting frequent wars with humans.”

“Well, then how many races are left now?”

“What exists now is….”

The wolf, who had been silent for a moment, continued speaking.

“There are only three races.”

The wolf tribe, the crow tribe, and the fox tribe.

“My mother said that the wolf tribe valued family, the crow tribe was wise, and the fox tribe was good at trickery, so they were able to survive until now.”

“The ending is a bit strange.”

“If you meet the fox tribe, be careful, they are pure scammers.”

“You’re even showing your teeth, and your speech has become strangely harsh, hasn’t it?”

First of all, I know that the wolf tribe doesn't like the fox tribe very much. Judging from the tone of their conversation, the wolf tribe and the fox tribe often clash, while the crow tribe seems to maintain neutrality.

The wolf snorted.

“If those guys hadn’t been the first to make a fuss, we wouldn’t have had to show our teeth. Anyway, those unlucky guys, they think they’re the smartest in the world. They’re beasts who don’t know honor….”

“Isn’t your speech harsh?”

“Was the subsequent destruction also the birth of an evil god?”

“Hmm.”

“He is said to be the god of wrath and war, but there is little information left about him. It is said that the story of when the evil god caused chaos in the world was so horrible and cruel that it was not recorded.”

I remembered that the appearance of the evil god 'Argio' was quite well known. With his red braided hair and the jewels and bone ornaments that adorned his entire body. The fur of an animal. Even his facial features were so striking that I couldn't help but recognize him.

But somehow, whenever he saw me, Argio, he would say some completely absurd things like, "I'm a ghost."

'The records about me were erased.'

It's a wise decision. In fact, if the news spreads that humans have stepped forward and brought about a disaster, the world will be in even greater chaos than before. Well, apart from that, it seems like they've

self-destructed...

“I know the story of the evil god. You know, the monster that spreads plagues, kidnaps innocent people, and eats people alive? You know, the one that gave the beasts the same level of power as humans and caused chaos in the world?”

“The last part is something to be thankful for, as it gave birth to our race. That’s why we didn’t have much aversion to the divinity called the evil god. He’s our parent god.”

“As a parent… that’s a unique perspective.”

Suddenly, paternal love surged.

'It may be a coincidence and fate that led to the birth of this new species, but it still feels good to hear them call me their parent. That's right, I'm also their father... .'

Argio smiled broadly.

“Do you still have no aversion to evil spirits?”

“It would be different if we were to encounter that disaster directly, but it’s just… like an old story.”

“I see.”

Now, the story about the evil god Argios seemed like a legend. It seemed like it was something that actually happened, but it felt completely unrealistic.

“But I heard that the evil spirit was sealed.”

“There was another destruction related to it.”

As the story got longer, the wolf slowly crouched down, perhaps because it was uncomfortable to stand up straight. Then it laid down

with its large head on the floor. Argio also sat down next to it and stroked the wolf's head.

The wolf continued to explain, closing his eyes tightly as if the touch wasn't too bad.

“Even though the evil spirit was sealed, the wisdom and power granted to the beasts did not disappear, and the humans who thought that everything would return to how it was before once the seal was made were bewildered as they poured in their resources without thinking.”

“That was foolish.”

“Yeah, who said, ‘If we just seal the evil spirits, it’ll all be over.’”

The wolf also wrinkled its nose as if it was looking down on the extinct species of humans. It liked the feel of the shallow fur on its wrinkled nose, so it gently stroked it and it soon loosened up.

“It is said that the good and strong humans died in the process of sealing the evil spirits, and those who did not die were ostracized and branded as monsters by the weakened humans. It is said that the heroes who were scattered in this way were often found dead or simply disappeared.”

“Poor thing, isn’t it?”

“I think you’re stupid.”

Those heroes who sacrificed everything they had to seal the evil spirits and were then abandoned by the humans who were eliminated, and those who were unable to rally around such strong heroes and instead chased them out without understanding their purpose.

“Furthermore, even after the evil spirit died, the plague that flowed from the Black Forest did not disperse again, but was busy spreading. All living things gradually became poisoned, withered, and… well, it

became a terrible wasteland with nothing to eat.”

The current environment is very familiar to wolves, but it must have been a great disaster for the creatures of that time. Inevitably, small conflicts piled up and humans and beasts began to fight a huge war.

“War?”

“They said it was to eat each other.”

“Hmm, even though we speak the same language?”

"okay."

“That’s… interesting.”

Isn't this the story of beasts that thought they were humans finally finding their true identities? I should have seen their cute appearance myself, but it's really a shame. It seems like there were a lot of fun things going on.

“What next?”

“They said that the war continued for a long time. After countless wars, large and small, that were too numerous to record in history, humans and beasts realized, ‘Ah, we can no longer live here.’”

“Is it because the environment has become so desolate? It could be because of the poison that flowed out of the Black Forest, and also because resources have been consumed during the war.”

“Yeah, so….”

The wolf lifted his eyelids and looked at the ceiling.

“They said I killed God.”

“…God? Are you talking about the evil god I mentioned earlier?”

“No, the Creator. The most primordial god who created this earth and sky.”

“I never thought that would be possible.”

“I don’t know much about it. I just heard that there was such a history.”

“Why did you say that I killed God? Even if I prayed for salvation, it wouldn’t be enough.”

“It seemed that he wanted to obtain salvation even by killing himself because he could not receive salvation no matter how much he begged. As a result, the earth and the sky were separated.”

Humans wanted to recreate the world with the power they gained by killing God.

“Because he was the god of life and creation.”

I believed that it was possible.

“So, the old, damaged, and dirty world was buried underground and a new world was created on top of it. If the existing dimension was completely erased, there would be no place for humans to stand while the new world was being created, so it was an inevitable decision.”

“So you couldn’t erase it completely and hid it underground?”

“That’s what happened.”

But it failed.

“As you can see, the world above is unfinished.”

Even the wolf did not know how humans had killed the gods, taken away their powers, and skillfully manipulated that great power to create the world.

I just know that it happened, it failed, and that's how it became what it is now.

“Since the Creator is dead, the real sun and moon have disappeared. Humans tried to create new ones with the power they had plundered, but failed. In the first place, the moon could not even be created in its shape, so only the sun remains.”

“So that’s what they meant when they said the sun was fake.”

“The sun above is not the same as the ‘sun’ before the destruction. Unlike the one that was said to have created life by just existing, it is just an empty shell that only imitates it. It seems like the sun is shining, but it is not warm. Sometimes it is cold, sometimes it is hot. It is not an environment where living things can live.”

“Somehow there wasn’t even a single blade of grass.”

“I would have frozen to death or burned to death long ago.”

The wolf snorted.

“The world began to shrink and fall apart as if it was a curse that those without qualifications had tampered with the power of God. Now, the only ‘earth’ left is this black forest.”

Geo knew what that meant.

'I think the dungeon battle has started.'

It was a process in which the world was transformed into one giant game board.

“Have all the other places disappeared except this forest?”

“Yes, now it has become so that only this place appears underground and the area above appears above ground.”

“Then, are there really no other creatures besides your three species?”

“There are some that originally lived in the Black Forest.”

The wolf closed his eyes again.

“I couldn’t help it.”

“…….”

Geo seemed to know why the creatures of the 'Dead Avilas Rainforest' had been invading beyond his frame all this time. It was because the three species here had driven out or killed all the animals that had previously inhabited the area in order to protect themselves.

'Does it happen that animals that have been driven out or run away come to my cabin once in a while? That would explain why they were so frenzied even for a beast from the Black Forest.'

It's not a good feeling to be kicked out and run away from your home, and there's a fake sun up there that makes living things look worn out and worn out. It would be strange if the animals that crawled around in such a place and came over to find the picture frame were in good condition.

"…hmm…."

But I guess it's okay since they sent me to the room in one go without any pain.

'That's the way of nature, poor beasts.'

For a moment, the gentle emotions of Sergio and Giovanni surged and the thought crossed my mind, 'Huh? So I ate those who lost their homes and wandered the dangerous streets only to finally find a peaceful place?' But what can I do? I've already eaten them.

'And I've already lived like that in the Black Forest, so what do I have to feel sorry about now?'

Besides, the beasts that invaded Geo's house at that time were all crazy and it didn't seem like they could recover. If Geo took good care of them, it might be possible, but I'm not sure.

'Why?'

They were neither Geo's family nor his friends.

"…haha."

“…Why are you laughing?”

“I’m making excuses.”

"suddenly…?"

It was because he felt so sorry and stung just talking like this. Argio thought, 'Is this my fault?' but at the same time, he ended up thinking, 'Oh, he's pitiful.'

'This gap will only get worse in the future.'

I sincerely hope that the 'Geos' we will be meeting in the future will come to an amicable agreement.

“…….”

but.

'Then who on earth called me?'

It was one of two things. Either one of the beasts, who now shared the power of language equally, had called him, or the human race had dwindled to the point where it could be called extinction, but only a very small number remained.

“…Well, okay. Aren’t you curious about me?”

“…….”

“Silence is also a wise answer.”

Geo nodded and looked back at the wolf, saying, “Ah.”

“I have another question.”

“What is it?”

“Have you ever seen a deer?”

"…deer?"

The wolf blinked.

“At least I haven’t seen it.”

“It was just an ordinary deer that made only the sounds of a beast.”

“Then I don’t know even more. I’ve heard of a deer tribe, but they’re long extinct. I’ve never even seen one, except for the deer in this black forest.”

“Are there any species other than yours that do not speak language?”

The wolf thought for a moment and then answered.

“…It’s not like there isn’t one, right? Language is ultimately a result of learning, so even if you’re a beast of a species, you won’t be able to learn the language, even if you have high intelligence, unless someone teaches you.”

“Young animals can’t speak.”

“Isn’t that the same for human babies?”

The wolf rose from his seat.

“Then give us something to eat. I am not in a position to ask for much, since I have only recited old tales. But our children will eat it too, so please pay generously.”

“Oh my god, you have a child?”

“I don’t know why you like it… but of course it is. If we can’t have offspring, we can’t sustain our species. Although protecting our offspring from poison is difficult in this environment, reproduction is an important duty for our species.”

“If that’s the case, then you don’t have to worry, my friend. Even looking at it this way, I can see that my hands are really big. You’re the boy who I never thought you’d be, and it really makes my heart race….”

“Who said that he was the head of the family?”

“So how old are you?”

“…….”

The wolf spoke softly.

“…7 years old….”

"oh my god!"

Geo was touched.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (224)

224

Episode 224

“Mr. Geo?”

Joo-hyun, who greeted Geo with a sankalut around his neck, tilted his head.

“Is something wrong? You said you wanted to rest for the time being, so I don’t have any plans, but are you perhaps bored of just staying in the cabin?”

“I don’t think I’ll ever get bored of staying in my cabin until I die.”

“Then why did you come to our house today? Usually you send a letter before coming here, but there’s nothing like that. Is there something you want to say?”

“Have you ever raised a dog?”

“Oh no…?”

A dog all of a sudden?

"outline?"

“What a cute puppy.”

"for a moment."

It was ominous.

“What do you want to say?”

“I found some cute puppies and I was wondering how I can help them.”

“If your parents are there, the dog will take care of raising them.”

“He said he was hungry.”

“This evil old woman insists on….”

“I’ll assume I misheard.”

“Thank you for listening.”

“I don’t like it.”

“No, Mr. Geo.”

Joohyun made an embarrassed expression.

“I know it’s really weird for me to say this to you, Geo, but… you shouldn’t mess with a young animal when its parents are around. Where on earth did you see a puppy that made you say that?”

“I saw it in the ruined Avilas Forest. It’s the hometown of Argio, as I mentioned before, and it’s a cave called the Black Forest. I had a good opportunity to visit.”

“You saw a puppy there? Is that a puppy? I’ve heard from Mr. Geo about the dangers and notoriety of that place, and no matter how much I think about it, I don’t think you’re talking about an ordinary puppy.”

“…….”

“Mr. Geo?”

The portrait, with its chin on its hand, spoke confidently.

“Isn’t it a sin to like cute things?”

“…I guess so?”

“Isn’t it a sin to feed a hungry beast?”

“…What if…?”

“Then I am innocent.”

“It would be better if you explain a little and then declare your innocence.”

“Oh my.”

The hair in the portrait was eventually dyed red.

“I came here to share a cute fact, but is it okay for you to be this cold? I’m going to get hurt.”

“How is it that as the days go by, you become more and more adept at lying without even wiping your mouth?”

It was impossible to tell what had happened to the line of sight due to the large black paint that had been added to the center of the frame, but the mere fact that he had transformed into Argio, who was suitable for pushing forward, was enough to show the forced nature of the current situation.

“What exactly do you want to do?”

“Dear Joohyun, you don’t have to worry about anything.”

“Don’t you think that he’s doing this because he wants to worry about you?”

Joohyun, who had been hesitating and groaning, asked further.

“…You’re not doing anything that would endanger the safety of the world, are you?”

“Oh my god. What are you talking about? That’s so scary.”

“Your reaction was so artificial that it made me even more anxious. What do you want me to do?”

“As I said before, I just came to share some very interesting information.”

“You found the puppy?”

“Yes, they are a cute family led by a boy who is now seven years old.”

Argio declared.

“They are my children too.”

“…Is it Honey’s case or Dana’s case?”

“If we really want to be specific, it would be different, but since they called me father first, isn’t our relationship even closer than that? Because we are a family proven by history.”

“What kind of scam are you trying to commit against an innocent 7-year-old boy?”

“This is all about blood and flesh.”

“Whose flesh and blood is this?”

Soon silence came.

“…….”

“…….”

Joo-Hyeon, who was staring at the portrait with narrowed eyes, asked.

“Is it related to that Demon King Project?”

"perhaps?"

“Take it easy.”

Even though he said this, Joo-hyun didn't think that Geo was an evil deity who would bring pain and anger to the world. She was just a devil woman with an evil name, but the most evil thing she did in her life was 'feeding food until she was full.'

“If you could introduce me to someone later, I would appreciate it if you could set up a seat for me.”

In the end, Joo-hyun meekly accepted this situation.

“If it’s burdensome to Mr. Geo or that… boy? You don’t have to do it. I just thought that if I became friends with someone who already receives a lot of affection from Mr. Geo, I could be of some help as a manager.”

“I’ll try to ask for your understanding once we become closer.”

"thank you."

This man may be crude and indifferent in his words and actions, but he has not stirred up any troubles. Even now, aren't people, rich or poor, calling out the name of the Black Cloak and doing good deeds?

'It won't be a bad thing in the end.'

Joo-hyun trusted her foolish friend, Geo.

“I’ve been learning how to cook recently, so come visit me when you have time. If you can also teach me the favorite dishes of that 7-year-old friend, the boy who makes the most of his food, I’ll make them. I feel bad for always just eating from his menu.”

“I’m really looking forward to the meal that Mr. Joo-hyun himself will be treating me to.”

Argio smiled slightly and his hair soon turned black.

“Then I will visit again when I have time.”

“Yes, thank you for your hard work.”

“Have a peaceful day.”

“…….”

The portrait disappears within a moment.

“…Hmm, it’s a puppy.”

What kind of food can dogs and animals eat?

* * *

“Hey, buddy! Here I come!”

"oh."

The wolf that had been waiting at the meeting place came over and shook me gently.

“Thank you for what you gave me last time. I couldn’t give the seasoned ham and jerky to the pups, but the chunks of meat you gave me specifically for the young ones were a huge help.”

“I was wondering what to do with the leftover meat, and you were a great help to me. As a cook, you always want your pantry to be neat and tidy.”

“You said it was the meat of the golden step sheep….”

The wolf was surprised.

“Everyone liked it because it wasn’t polluted.”

Although many races, including the wolf tribe, have survived until now by making efforts to avoid and neutralize the poison as much as possible, creatures other than them have not been able to escape the 'plague' that is said to have spread from the Black Forest.

The aftermath threatened to eat many creatures. Even if the wolf clan wanted to hunt and eat animals, the beasts of the Black Forest were extremely ferocious and their flesh was soaked in poison.

Even if adults who had developed some tolerance could endure it, young pups were still out of the question.

“There is nothing that is not dangerous while hunting….”

“Then how do you prepare the food you usually give to your children?”

“The part that is highly poisonous is usually the blood of the prey, so we would chew the meat and drain some of the blood, and give it to our young. It was much more effective than using tools or grass. We are not as intelligent as foxes or crows.”

“That must have been tiring.”

“If we hadn’t done this, our wolf clan wouldn’t have been able to survive until now. It’s been seven years since our mother, who was our chieftain, returned to nature, so we have no choice but to work even harder.”

“As expected, the boy is the best….”

“Don’t say it like that…! Wolf tribe members are recognized as adults when they turn two years old. Even though their lifespan is longer than that of regular wolves, their growth is incomparably faster than that of

humans! I'm telling you, they're not children!"

"How can you be so dignified while leading your tribe at such a young age?"

"Kururur… Woof! Woof woof!!"

Only after the barking started did Argio stop teasing.

"Excuse me, your reaction makes me feel uneasy."

"I don't know if he has a good personality or a bad personality…."

"If I had to be picky, wouldn't it be on the bad side?"

Well, first of all, he is an evil spirit.

"Can I visit your village today too?"

"…As you can see from what I've seen, the wolves won't be too welcoming of you."

"I know, I understand."

"Yes, please understand. In this day and age, a creature in human form is approaching, so everyone is just surprised. After all, I grew up hearing so many bad stories about humans…."

"I fully acknowledge the pitifulness of humanity."

"If you say so."

"More than anything, don't the children love me very much? I promised the little ones that I would show up again after my last visit, so please don't make me into a mean and mean person."

"No, I already gave permission. Don't say anything embarrassing."

The wolf moved its large body towards the 'village'.

They dug huge tunnels to prepare for any possible danger and lived inside them. In order to survive with their young in this forest where everything was soaked in poison, they had no choice but to create an empty space as empty as possible.

“Digging the hole must have been really hard, it was amazing.”

“Well… Certainly, we are not as talented at digging holes as the Fox Tribe. Our bodies are also incomparably larger than the Fox Tribe, so it must have taken a considerable amount of effort. We should be grateful to our ancestors.”

“Come to think of it, how do crows make their nests? They can’t possibly dig underground, right?”

“As far as I know, they climbed as high as they could and built their nests. They wove together branches that had been detoxified as much as possible… Well, since they don’t live together like foxes or us, it might be more convenient.”

“Aren’t we going to stick together?”

“Isn’t that the case with most birds? I don’t think it’s been that long since the fox tribe started living together.”

Even if they had acquired wisdom equal to or greater than that of humans, it seemed that they would still have the basic animal habits and temperament. However, I never thought that they would live separately in this situation.

'I think it might be safer to stick together, but if we split up, the risk of being wiped out all at once is definitely reduced. Either way, there are pros and cons.'

As we were having a light conversation, we soon arrived at the wolf's den.

“Ahem.”

A wolf cleared its throat and howled in front of the entrance.

“Awwww—!!!”

“Awww…!”

“Awwww!!”

It was a signal that 'family' had arrived.

'It must be a signal to let you know that I am there at the same time.'

Wolves have amazing senses, and even though they know each other's identities, the fact that they go to such lengths to communicate was clearly to reassure their families, saying, 'It's okay, you're safe, I'll make sure of it.'

'Apart from that, there will also be beasts that try to approach you by hiding your family's identity… .'

Often, the fox tribe would pretend to be a member of the wolf tribe and approach them playfully, or steal food. In this black forest, there were also beasts that had the ability to imitate the shape and voice of anyone.

'Is there anything wrong with being thorough?'

It's a tough world out there.

“Okay, let’s go in.”

“Thank you.”

As we entered the giant cave guided by the chieftain, the wolves' gazes followed us as expected.

“…….”

“…Krrrr….”

“…Ugh….”

Some were wary, others were terrified.

‘If we are to find commonalities… .’

The wolves were all afraid of Argio.

“…….”

He smiled broadly and grabbed the end of the black cloak I was wearing, swinging it lightly. It was to show that he had no intention of harming me by offering me the bribe he had prepared for today.

In no time a huge mound of meat was piled up in the place.

“King! King King!”

“Kkiiing… Kkeung!”

“Ugh! Ugh!”

The first ones to greet us were the wolf cubs.

“Kids, just a moment….”

“I told you not to approach me like that!”

The young ones, who had not yet learned the language, did not know why their parents and relatives were afraid of Argio.

It was a form of animal they had never seen before, but they were children who had never seen a fox or a crow. The difference in appearance could not make them afraid.

“Kuuuung….”

“Oh my god, you’re so cute.”

Geo was touched by the innocent and cute appearance of the wolf cubs coming closer and wagging their tails to greet him. It felt like his heart, which had suffered from the terrifying obsession of mermaids and the harsh human nature of modern society, was being healed.

As the wolves hesitated at the sight, the chief opened his mouth.

“He is my guest. I will ensure his safety. Do not make him uncomfortable.”

The leader's firm voice. The mothers and fathers who had been holding their young by the scruff of their necks put their children down on the ground one by one.

In this world, it is very difficult to obtain healthy meat without poison, so they did not want to offend their 'guests' if possible.

“…….”

“…Ugh….”

Among the hesitating wolves, the chief's friend revealed himself.

“Welcome, sir. I apologize if this offended you.”

“Well, I guess not. I thought I was well-welcomed.”

“I’m glad you said that.”

The wolf, who was quite healthy even at the age of 35, seemed to be an elder who supported her young friend, the chief. She bowed her head respectfully, approached, and asked in a friendly tone, grinning with her teeth.

“Can you tell me your name today?”

“I think we already talked about this?”

The portrait smiled.

“Please call me Geo.”

Here, 'geo' meant 'beast'.

Arka let out a small sigh as if she was troubled. It almost seemed like she was being sarcastic. Of course, from her perspective, it was natural that she had a perfectly good name and was using a poorly written name.

“That’s not a name….”

“Why, that could be the case.”

Actually, he had no name.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (225)

225

Episode 225

Quite some time has passed.

The wolves quickly became alert, quickly let go, and quickly became afraid again.

“It’s because everyone has become a coward.”

The chief's friend, Arka, said so and expressed his apology.

“I’m sorry, my friend. Until ten years ago, wolves weren’t so cowardly, but as time went by, their bodies grew weaker and their minds grew old as well. It’s a shame.”

“How can things be the same as they were before in this environment? Even if everything is the same, it is living things that change, but the current world is so cruel to all living beings. It must be hard.”

“I'm glad you understand.”

As Arka sighed, the chieftain, Gargal, approached.

“Don’t say such bad things to your guests.”

“Since you won’t listen to my small talk, I guess I’ll have to grab a guest and start talking.”

“We, the wolf tribe, have to save face….”

“Gargal, face does not fill our hungry stomachs.”

“Ugh….”

Gargal's moaning sounded like something between 'Kkiyuung' and 'Keuung'. It is said that age is not a very valuable concept to the wolf tribe and that they do not consider age in relationships, but even so, it seemed difficult for a 7-year-old to overcome the experience of a 35-year-old.

Argio felt his heart warming.

“You two really get along well.”

“You often use that kind of… that kind of speech.”

“It didn’t suit you?”

“They suit each other so well it makes my hair stand on end.”

If you were to treat it as a human, it would be 'creepy'. Geo laughed.

“Your hair is still fine.”

“That's what they say.”

The wolf chief, who groaned once more, quietly lay down next to Geo, who was small compared to his size. It seemed like he was being considerate of his sleeping cubs.

Seeing that he was so big and silent, you could see why he became a chief at the age of seven.

“You are always silent.”

“That’s really a compliment.”

“That’s because no wolf is as quiet and fast as you.”

“Then why would I be the chieftain?”

“I knew it, but I said it anyway.”

“Saying something strange again….”

Gargal mumbled like that and closed his eyes tightly. Geo, although it had only been a short time, stroked Gargal’s forehead and scratched his chin as if he was used to it. Gargal’s face relaxed as if he was feeling quite refreshed.

“Hmm, good. Very good… Please do below the ear too. Ooh, that’s good there.”

“He is a very demanding customer.”

Argio continued to scratch him after teasing him for no reason. Arka looked at Gargal with a smile on his face and then knelt down next to Geo.

I didn't mean to scratch it, but the two guys looked quite amusing.

“They say humans scratch fur so well, and it really is.”

“Humans are the best form of being able to cool all beasts.”

“When you say things like that….”

Arka said in a whisper.

“You don’t seem human.”

“Okay, then what does it look like?”

“Something that imitates a human.”

“That could be the case.”

“You keep saying that.”

“Because I always accept all diversity.”

To put it positively, he was free of prejudice, and to put it negatively, he was spineless.

The title of 'ordinary human' has long since gone out the window since he evolved into a portrait, but at least Geo himself is open-minded enough to think otherwise.

“Anything is fine.”

All you had to do was look at it the way you wanted to.

“Aren’t we always living in our own world?”

“It’s not particularly human to like difficult and ambiguous words.”

“Then I guess you’re not human.”

It was good that it didn't fall into one category.

“…….”

“I respect you.”

Geo had no intention of defining himself as one thing. He had never done so before, and he never planned to do so again. Why should he, who was so multi-talented and capable of being anything, be confined to one image?

That wouldn't be very fun.

* * *

Hearing the rumor, the fox came.

“I wonder if you will not show mercy to us too!”

“No, this kind of reaction is surprising.”

Geo was impressed.

“Does the fox here know how to disguise itself as a human?”

“Ah, it’s not enough, but it’s the magic we’re best at. It’s a technique that our ancestors used a lot when they fought against humans in the past, so I guess it’s been passed down, haha!”

“But why did you come to me disguised as a human?”

“Of course it’s to win favor! Living things open their hearts the fastest when they take on the same form. There are often exceptions, but it’s a time-honored and universal characteristic of living things.”

“Aha, so that’s why.”

Contrary to the sinister image that came to mind when he was called a swindler, the fox tribe chief who came to see him was very cheerful and cool. Argio stared at him quietly.

‘… And yet, it’s amazing in a way that I can feel like a fraud like this.’

Was it because of his sharp, torn face? Or was it because of that shallow smile? His face may have played a part, but the overall atmosphere he gave off was a bit sinister and very suspicious.

That's what's interesting.

“So you came to me pretending to be a human?”

“It might be rude to say this at first, but we, the Fox Tribe, also have empty stomachs!”

The face of the fox tribe chieftain, disguised as a human woman, soon

became clouded.

“And there are cubs that haven’t even reached adulthood, not only in the wolf clan but also among us. The adults who have developed immunity won’t die no matter what they eat, but the cubs still have very weak immune systems. They have a minimal resistance to poison in their mother’s body… but it’s just enough to keep them from dying right after they’re born.”

“Oh, that’s a sad story.”

“Yes, to be honest, I brought this up because I wanted to get your sympathy. But I’m not lying. First of all, the fox tribe is not as strong as the wolf tribe. They can’t study something and neutralize poison like the crows.”

The fox tribe chief laughed awkwardly.

“All the Fox Tribe can do is feed them the right poison at the right time to force them to build up their resistance. However, too many cubs die before the ‘right time’ comes. If things continue like this, the Fox Tribe… will likely be on the path to extinction… That’s why I came here.”

“Hmm, the baby foxes are really cute. I would like to see your cute children. Would you invite me? I think the foxes’ anxiety will be relieved if I visit in the name of the chief.”

“Oh, of course! If you allow me, I will do my best to serve you!”

The skill of rubbing palms was amazing.

“…….”

But I'm shaking.

“Look here, Gargal.”

“…I wonder if this is a situation where I should get involved.”

“I just want to ask for additional opinions.”

“Okay, I’ll listen.”

“Do you think I could make more friends here?”

"…that…."

Gargal, the chieftain of the wolf tribe, saw the bright red human smiling as usual, and the fox tribe chieftain who turned pale and trembled every moment his sight was out of reach. It was the first time he had seen such a reaction from his enemy.

'But I understand.'

Gargal nudged the red human's back with his nose.

“…Help me.”

“Oh, is that okay?”

“There was no future for us anyway. The only path we could take was to find a way to die as painlessly as possible… and a grave as warm and cozy as possible.”

At the age of seven, he was not that old, but Gargal was the strongest and most decisive of the wolves, and was able to become the leader. He was often clumsy, but he was not a 'coward'.

Even so, there were many times when he would wag his tail like a coward in front of 'Geo'. It was not that he did not know what it meant, but they could not help it. The future was dark, and the hand extended was kind even if it was red.

“We hope for the future.”

The wolf would do anything for his family.

“You have to have a future to be able to choose. You have to have at least a chance. I already know that if I just die like a coward, I won’t be able to do anything.”

"so."

Argio laughed.

“Will you hold the hand of the evil spirit?”

I didn't think they wouldn't know.

'It may have been like that at first, but it must have gotten stranger as time went on.'

It was absurd that a human, a creature thought to be extinct in history, appeared alone, surrounded by silk and gold and silver treasures.

Moreover, from the first time they met, he wanted to hear about the history of the world, and the only things he was interested in were those related to the 'evil gods'. Even if information about their appearance was lost in the process of transmission, there were still plenty of things that could frighten them.

'Just like student Cha Ara did before, everyone was scared of me because I was a portrait.'

Did you say that it felt like it was on a different level?

'You piled up a mountain of poisonless meat that could no longer exist in this dimension.'

At the very least, he can travel across different dimensions, is likely a being from a time in history, and is powerful enough to make even the strongest wolf tribe's tail curl with just one strike. An evil deity with the smell of blood flowing out of it.

“…….”

“…….”

The greatest 'evil god' in history, or at least a being comparable to it.

“You were really scared of me?”

“…That’s true.”

The fox tribe chief, Rami, was seen trying hard to hide the fear in his wolf eyes. He was weak, but he was more intelligent than any other tribe, and he came here as the chief.

'Is it that desperate?'

Conflicts between animals also almost disappeared within a decade, as they were too busy fighting among themselves to protect and raise their newborn offspring.

The fox tribe was especially anxious, not knowing when they would be wiped out.

In the midst of all this, a ‘human’ appeared.

“It’s still scary, but….”

"but?"

He made his decision as the chieftain, in a benevolent and soothing voice.

“You treated us as friends.”

A wolf never abandons his family, nor betrays his friends.

“So, can you help me out a little more?”

“Hmm….”

“It would be meaningless for the Wolf Clan to survive alone. The unfortunate Fox Clan and the noble Crow Clan must survive together to have any meaning in enduring this long period of time.”

“You speak quite nicely.”

“Well, if you don’t like it, then don’t say anything!!”

“Ahahaha!”

Geo stroked the wolf's face repeatedly. It was so cute and adorable that he couldn't help it.

“You really are a coward!”

What is this weak human being afraid of that he is acting like this?

“Chief of the Fox Tribe, what would you like me to call you?”

“You can call me Ra, Rami! It’s not a fake name, it’s my real name. If you give me a chance, I promise that we’ll all do our best to please you!”

“Don’t worry, I don’t break promises that easily.”

Geo was a pretty gentle devil.

'I'm a little glad that my notoriety has spread this far.'

He never denied himself as an evil god. On the contrary, he loved it. The river of blood, made up of his own blood and that of his enemies, was something that an evil divinity should and could not help but welcome.

Geo smiled happily, not knowing that the future would be a little difficult because of this.

“I thought I would be forgotten in the back alleys of history, but I feel

good knowing that everyone knows me.”

“My tastes are a bit unusual….”

“Gargal, if you have something to say, speak louder.”

“Oh, I didn’t say anything.”

“If my friend does that, then it must be like that?”

Argio looked back at the fox tribe chieftain, Rami.

“Let me show you the way.”

"ah…."

“I will give you the help you want.”

There was only one thing Geo wanted from him.

“And be my friend.”

Let's live happily.

* * *

A crow, a food duck, flew towards Gargal, who was left alone.

“Is that your decision?”

“Elder Balf.”

It was the crow chieftain, Balf.

“There was a very strong smell of blood on him. He is a man who enjoys mercy and has no heart to spare towards his enemies. If he is truly ‘Erased Anger’… his feelings towards us will not be very good either.”

“…….”

“Even if it’s not ‘Erased Anger’, it’s the same. That’s not a human. It’s a giant nature imitating a human, and it’s anger and pain. And yet it lies so easily. It means it’s not an obedient being, but an evil traitor. Is that okay?”

“I chose the future.”

“I see….”

Balf felt sorry.

“Do you think he can tell the difference between a friend and a slave?”

Gargal blinked his eyes for a long time at the words of the adult who had helped him in every way since he was young. There was no way he wouldn't be afraid of something flashy and bloody that imitated humans.

'I would have felt better if you were a ghost.'

But he clearly had hot blood flowing from him, a beating heart, a tongue to taste, a stomach to fill. Gargal felt weak in the face of that living privilege.

Eventually, Gargal confirmed the existence of something bright red.

“He has bestowed protection on our children.”

“It might be an evil blessing.”

“More than anything, it smelled like sunshine.”

“…Sunshine?”

“It had a rich and sweet scent.”

Gargal closed his eyes tightly.

“Warm, soft, fluffy….”

I can still smell it vividly.

“…It was such a reassuring smell that I wanted to swallow it.”

“Wolves are so stupidly intuitive.”

The crow sighed deeply.

“I understand what you mean.”

“Are you going?”

“We need to look into it more, if we want to have our own future.”

“Take care.”

“You go and take a look too.”

Foodie!

The crow flew up.

“…….”

Gargal looked in the direction where the fox tribe was.

“…anything would be better than now.”

Of course, pain and anger were better than a world full of death.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (226)

226

Episode 226

"welcome!!"

Ppaang-!

Pollen burst and greeted Geo.

“We have cleaned and tidied the caves so that our valued guests can stay comfortably.”

“Are you tired from coming here? I have prepared some children to fan you.”

“If there’s anything you want, please let me know at any time!”

The fox tribe chieftain Rami looked at her people who were disguised as humans and welcoming their 'guests', then glanced at Geo's reaction. As expected, she rubbed her hands together and smiled with a sour face.

“We have already prepared our caves for your convenience. Please feel free to look around as much as you like. We cannot afford to treat you to a meal, but we are happy to provide you with this minimal service.”

“Oh, I see.”

Geo looked around.

“It’s a very different atmosphere from the wolf tribe?”

“Haha, wolf people aren’t really interested in making a den. Above all, wolves are strong both physically and mentally, so they can live without any problems if they just make a cave, but we fox people are really weak.”

Rami pretended to look sad.

“We get sick if we don’t have a soft bed, and we get depressed easily if our nest isn’t bright. That’s why we decorate our dens as much as possible.”

“Interesting story. What about the Crows?”

“Because they are the smallest of the species, their nests are also small. They build round nests like eggs using various branches, leaves, mud, and their own feathers that they have collected from nature.”

I would say this is the house with the best value for money.

“Of course, it collapses and breaks down easily, but that is why the crows make every tree in this forest their home and move frequently.”

“Is it okay to think of the entire forest as a home?”

“They also have the most ideal map of this forest, because we take advantage of the fact that we can fly to places that are too dangerous to go to.”

“I see….”

Certainly, the fox den felt completely different from the gloomy pupils of the wolf tribe. The world must have been destroyed, but it was full of all kinds of gold and silver treasures, and the area was neat and

brightly organized.

“And growing plants.”

“Ah, that’s….”

Rami smiled as she looked at the plants placed here and there.

“These are purifying plants that help with breathing. Although they don’t make as great a device as the Crow Tribe, the Fox Tribe is not lacking in brainpower either.”

“You can’t breathe without this? I thought you crossed the Black Forest to meet me without any equipment, Rami.”

“I am the chieftain! This is the seat for the strongest and most intelligent fox. Of course, I am not the only one who can withstand the poison of the Black Forest. There are others who mainly work outside, hunting and gathering.”

“Hmm.”

Geo turned his gaze to the foxes who were watching him with smiling faces. They were still a little pale, as if they were scared, and their smiles were a little shaky, but I could tell they were doing their best.

“Are foxes really this good at disguising themselves?”

“Specializing in disguise is a great advantage for our fox tribe!”

“I see!”

Geo thought to himself in the forced, friendly atmosphere.

'So cute.'

And it was burdensome.

No matter how Argioa sees himself, he would cast 'My al-Banya', but

his characteristics as Sergio or Giovanni shouted 'This doesn't seem to be it'. He stroked his chin, enjoying the contradictory emotions at the same time.

“Are all of these people adults?”

“Yes, that’s right. I put them aside because immature children might make mistakes.”

“Oh, you don’t have to be so afraid of me.”

“…….”

“How sweet.”

When I praised her for her uniqueness, Rami's face turned pale. It was clear that she had deliberately hidden her young children under the pretext that they were 'useless', fearing that the being in front of her might do something harmful to them.

Geo thought again.

'It's really cute.'

So what should I do about this?

'To be honest, I'm a bit… embarrassed.'

These Geo guys all had a strong sense of 'let's just do it and see'. Their specialty was assuming the worst and the best and then pushing forward at the right time.

The problem was their reaction. The wolf clan didn't show any fear, so at least they weren't sorry.

'But these kids are so scared of me.'

While doing so, he was begging with both hands and feet together to

please. That desperate gesture of asking for mercy made Geo, who was not 100% pure Argio, feel awkward.

If he had shown even 5% of the sincerity he is showing now, he would have thought to push forward without a conscience, saying, "If we were breathing in the same space, are we now friends?"

"……."

In a situation like now, if he had said, "Hey, do you want to be my friend?", it was obvious that the reply he would get would have been, "Yes, I'll be your faithful scrubber, so just let me live!" Geo decided to bury the offer of pen pals deep in his heart for the time being.

This kind of inconvenient favor was a very ambiguous concept to Geo. The person who was doing the favor was in a pitiful position, and even if he wanted to repay it out of gratitude, there was a high probability that he would not welcome it.

'What should I usually do in this situation…?'

It was rare for Geo to stutter.

"……."

"……."

Look at this cold silence, so awkward for me and terrifying for them.

How should we deal with those who neither confront us head-on like wolves nor watch us stealthily like crows, but who assume an attitude of submission that we have never desired?

"Hmm."

Argio, who had done nothing but vent his anger as an evil spirit, was troubled.

“Okay, first of all….”

Geo decided to start by feeding him rice.

“You said you were hungry?”

“…Ah, yes! Could you please have mercy on us and show us mercy? We will do our best to grant you everything you wish…!”

“The wolves said that any meat that wasn’t poisonous would suffice.”

“! Same goes for us, it’s more than enough!”

All of the creatures that can be hunted or gathered in the Black Forest are poisonous, and these days even those are gradually decreasing in number. Or they are just monsters that the Fox Tribe would never be able to hunt.

“If you give me a chance…!”

“Don’t worry, I’ve already decided to give it to you.”

But just giving was not to his liking. Even though it seemed difficult at the time, Geo wanted to be friends with them, and more than anything, a one-sided 'given' relationship was not to his liking.

'Should I give it a try?'

It's a shame, but I don't think we'll be able to have a comfortable relationship right away.

Geo soon decided to propose a 'trade' to appease the foxes who were rolling around on the floor. It was a trick that took advantage of the fact that if there was something to give and receive, the other person would feel much more at ease.

'I just so happen to have someone I'm looking for.'

No matter how much time passes, I don't know why, but I can't hear the voice calling me anymore.

'How can you be so laid-back that you ask me to come?'

In the end, Geo had to find the person who had called him. He had no intention of letting go of a valuable talent who could become a new friend.

‘It could be a complicated matter, but with the help of the local residents, it could be easily resolved… .’

Geo smiled brightly and bent down to meet the gaze of the fox tribe chieftain, Rami.

"ruler."

“…….”

“What do you think?”

She had the form of a human woman, and was quite small compared to Geo. Geo tilted his head slightly as they made friendly eye contact. He spoke in a quiet voice so as not to sound threatening.

“But if you give a gift, there should be something in return….”

“…….”

“What do you think?”

“…He was also properly prepared.”

"hmm?"

You knew what I was going to say and prepared for it, right?

“Although most of the prepared foxes are old and waiting for the day to

die… I, I am still seven years old and in the position of chief, but I am still young. I am tender and in the best condition among the foxes, so I am sure there will be no shortage of food.”

“Hey, wait a minute.”

"yes…!"

“…….”

Argio remembered it belatedly.

"…ah."

By the way, there was also a story about an 'evil spirit' eating people alive.

* * *

Geo eventually asked for help from Sankalut, an evil spirit like him.

“If you help me, I will throw a blood festival.”

“Mr. Geo?”

“Have you ever heard of Seonji Haejangguk?”

“…Why on earth is it called a blood festival?”

“I can also give you sausages with blood in them.”

“No, but I mean, your choice of words from earlier was a bit… Is it because you’re an evil spirit?”

“I want to hear your opinion.”

Joo-hyun, who had Sankalut as his bodyguard, came along and made several tackles, but Geo didn't hear about them right away. He was facing a difficult situation in his life.

The red snake tilted its head at Geo's appearance.

“What’s wrong? You seem uncomfortable.”

“My children are afraid of me.”

“Do you think it’s natural?”

“It’s a problem because it’s not something that comes naturally to me. Judging by your reaction, it’s obvious that you’re not going to be of any help to me.”

“The sudden persecution makes me feel wronged.”

“I feel wronged too.”

He was not immune to the awkward, broken atmosphere that the Fox Tribe had displayed.

Argio had been more accustomed to complete rejection, wariness, or anger. He had never experienced children being so kind to him and yet so sweet.

“They thought I would naturally eat them.”

“What on earth are you doing in the ‘Animal Kingdom’….”

“I feel really wronged, my friend.”

I knew there were rumors about it, but I never actually heard of Argio eating a person. When I heard the story from the wolf Gargal, he was just happy, thinking, 'My notoriety is like this.'

“Could it be that I was punished by heaven for sucking honey?”

“…….”

Joo-hyun smiled silently and put the Sankalut that was wrapped around his neck down on the table. After confirming where he was,

Sankalut straightened up and faced Joo-hyun with his eyes wide open.

“So you’re going to throw me away as a snack for the devil? I never imagined that our friendship would go this far. I’m sure my body won’t taste good.”

“It must taste good since it was made by Mr. Geo. Above all, I didn’t put Mr. Sankalut on the table to give Mr. Geo something to eat.”

Sankalut did not believe it.

“You think I’m a fool. Humans enjoy their meals at the table. And Mr. Geo is a divinity who enjoys eating. I’m going to be eaten. I’m going to be chewed and eaten. Please spare me. I’m useful.”

“I just put it there because that’s where we are at the table. I think the person that Geo-ssi wants to ask for advice from this time is Mr. Sankalut. I meant to ask him to leave it out.”

“You’re lying. I don’t want to be eaten. Please upload it again.”

“I wasn’t lying. No, I was just afraid of some evil spirit being placed on the table….”

“This is Geo’s stomach. This is the table. I’m going to be eaten. You liars, you promised to send me home if I kept my promise, but you lied to me. I feel betrayed.”

“My vocabulary is improving day by day.”

Geo pretended to sob at Joo-hyun's embarrassed expression while explaining his condition.

“To Sankalut, my table seems like a platform for offerings to the gods. The table has a history of what has been placed on it.”

“Is this something that will even make history? Besides, Mr. Sankalut

has eaten at this table many times before, so it’s hard to understand why he’s scared now.”

“Because there was something else to eat back then. There were so many foods that were much tastier than his, he probably didn’t think it would be his turn. He even gave him a meal. He probably thought that since it was a sign of permission to attend, the chances of him being eaten were low.”

“I think that gods who enjoy having fun need to be re-educated about common sense if they want to live on Earth. Their way of thinking is so strange that I can’t keep up with it….”

But somehow I understood.

'So this is what Mr. Yoo Seong-un said.'

As a curator, he had repeatedly warned us how different the way humans and Mysteries think is. What might seem like meaningless behavior to humans could be a huge insult to Mysteries, so he told us to watch their 'rules' carefully so as not to make a mistake.

'If Mr. Geo hadn't helped me, I would have been in trouble a long time ago.'

Joo-hyun was a little embarrassed and stroked the snake's head. He had a duty to raise this evil spirit, who was ignorant of anything and had a bad temper, strong. He said soothingly.

“Try to get used to it this time. Mr. Geo will never eat the Sankalut seeds. If that’s the case, I’ll put them back on my neck.”

“Scary human… scary human….”

“I didn’t know it would be something to cry about.”

Geo intervened as he watched the snake shedding tears like beads.

“Crocodile tears.”

"aha."

He said that he was trying to provoke Joo-hyun's sympathy. I felt like that was the case, but I wasn't particularly angry. I was just curious about what kind of opinion Mr. Geo was trying to get.

“What have you been up to in the Animal Kingdom lately?”

“Mr. Joo-hyun, my honorable friend. Please listen to me.”

“It seems like your speech has become a lot more old-fashioned than usual… but, well, I’ll listen anyway.”

“So I went to my hometown….”

Joo-hyun's face became strangely crumpled as he listened to Geo's story.

“…….”

“Why are you angry?”

“Mr. Geo, aren’t you angry even though you’ve been accused of something like that?”

Joo-hyun also understood the fox tribe's position. What could they do when they were driven to a situation where death was the only thing left? Even if the opponent was an evil spirit, they would have to do their best in a desperate manner.

So what made Joo-Hyeon angry was the humans before the destruction who recorded 'Argio' as the worst monster. What kind of mean despicable act was that?

“Mr. Joohyun, don’t you know what I actually did in the past?”

“Even if you don’t know, there’s something you do know, we spent time together.”

He didn't know exactly what Argio had done, but he was sure that at least he hadn't done anything like cannibalism. Argio was a god of pure wrath, and he wouldn't have done something so wicked.

“If you think about it objectively, I don’t think they would eat humans who have nothing to eat. Livestock are raised on purpose to be able to eat a lot of meat, but I don’t think humans would be able to eat that much meat.”

“Yes, I am a gourmet.”

In the same vein, foxes that could disguise themselves as humans, communicate, and have nothing to eat were never intended to be eaten.

However, it was a difficult situation for Argio, who was enjoying the notoriety of the 'evil god' deeply engraved in history, to make excuses.

“It was obvious that you would be scared no matter what I said.”

It was too burdensome.

“He seemed quite scared, so I tried to offer him a deal in order to ease his tension, but he was so shocked that he suddenly became the sacrifice and ran away after giving him only food.”

“Even in that situation, I guess it’s very typical of Geo that he gave them food. But in that situation, was there anything Geo could trade with the Fox Tribe?”

“I was thinking of asking someone to find me. There was definitely someone calling me from the Animal Kingdom, but I couldn’t find them. So I tried to ask the locals for help.”

“It seems quite unusual for Mr. Geo to not be able to find the person who called him. People on Earth usually search for him easily, so is there a reason?”

“It’s literally hard to find the location. The voice that called me was too weak, and there were a lot of distorted specifications here and there because of the dungeon conversion… If you called me once more when I was in the ‘Animal Kingdom,’ I could recognize you right away, but it’s difficult for now.”

“By any chance… he’s not dead? I don’t want to think about it either, but the ‘Animal Kingdom’ that Mr. Geo mentioned is such a chaotic and dangerous place that I’m worried.”

“I don’t think he’s dead. But since it’s come to this, I feel like I have no choice but to go out and look for him myself.”

There was a limit to how much Geo could roam around the vast forest, and he couldn't leave Danawa Honey alone because he was worried that something might happen.

The reason he entrusted Dana with collecting Mia was because he knew that she would only pick out the souls and identify them.

'It's different from a full-scale exploration. It could be dangerous.'

It was the same for my children who had to navigate the Black Forest, and it was the same for the Black Forest that had to take care of my children. It was a matter of getting help from the residents who were familiar with the Black Forest without having to cause trouble for many people.

How great would it be if, in the process, we could also appease anxious beasts like the fox tribe?

“…….”

Thinking about that, Geo felt wronged once again.

“My children are afraid of me….”

“No, don’t cry.”

Joohyun was shocked.

'I have to see the evil spirit crying twice in one day.'

This absurd situation continued until Yoo Seong-un visited Joo-hyun's house.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (227)

227

Episode 227

“So what were you doing?”

Geo answered Yoo Seong-un's question.

“I was sharing my thoughts on how I could become wise.”

“It didn’t seem like he was doing any particularly healthy activities.”

Look, Joo-hyun was already completely exhausted and lying on the sofa. It seems like the time between the two evil spirits was very difficult for Joo-hyun, a man of upright life who had not yet adapted to the mysterious way of thinking.

Instead of Joo-hyun, Yoo Seong-woon took a seat at the table.

“So, to summarize….”

Argio, who has long been known as an 'evil spirit', was curious about how he would become friends with his friends in the 'Animal Kingdom'.

“Is that right?”

"you're right."

Geo nodded.

“Even up until the wolf tribe, I didn’t feel any sense of danger at all. I thought Gargal was afraid of me because he was quite a coward.”

“That guy must be really upset….”

“Yes, I was mistaken. It’s not that Gargal was a coward, it’s just that the wolf tribe was particularly tough. Because he accepted my existence so meekly, I ended up gaining arrogance about my social skills….”

“So the result was the fear of the fox tribe?”

“If I had known this would happen, I would have hidden it thoroughly from the beginning.”

Even if he said that, both Yoo Seong-un and Geo knew that Geo would not have made that choice. In reality, this situation was closer to a one-dimensional lament than regret.

"hmm…."

Yoo Seong-un rolled his eyes.

“How about feeding her your specialty, rice?”

“Oh, God of Heaven and Earth, I did not get through.”

“Your obsession with food has finally been shattered. I knew I would get in big trouble someday.”

“I don’t know if it was because my cooking skills were lacking, or if there was a problem with the menu selection. No matter how much I tried to coax and appease the fox tribe, it only became more terrified and could not put down its fear of me.”

“That’s normal….”

Most intelligent beings were afraid of the terrifying evil spirits of history,

whether they were familiar meteors or strangely generous astronomical figures. Geo was deeply offended by those words.

“When I fed Cha Ara, a student who is part of Cha Sol’s family, her wariness toward me was definitely lowered. I trusted my cooking skills, but I was betrayed.”

“No, back then, we simply had no information about you. From the perspective of the fox tribe, they were encountering a living natural disaster that had eaten people long ago, formed rivers of blood, and done all sorts of bad things… Would you let your guard down if someone like that offered you delicious food?”

“It’s unfair.”

“Wouldn’t it be the wolf tribe that is most wronged in this situation?”

The parties involved were so tough that Geo decided, 'Ah, this much is okay, haha.'

Even those who were indifferent to Geo were probably unaware that Geo had never posed a single threat. Perhaps they thought it was a bit of mercy from the evil spirits, bestowed with interest.

“…….”

“…….”

In the midst of the silence that was almost a standoff, Sankalut opened his mouth.

“Give up.”

“As anyone may wish.”

“I think it would be quite unscrupulous to expect mere mortals not to fear the evil divinity recognized by dimensional time, even to someone like me who does not know much about how to interact with intelligent

life forms.”

“It’s strange how your vocabulary improves every time you criticize someone. Is it because your interests and aptitudes match, Sankalut?”

“Yes, it’s fun.”

“Like an evil deity.”

“You too.”

Hahahoho.

It was really harmonious.

'It's scary.'

Although he was embarrassed by the conversation between the two gods, Yoo Seong-un took Sankalut's side.

“Even I think it’s too much. It’s the same with people, not to mention the divine. Unless you use brainwashing or charm skills, you can’t make someone who is deeply afraid of you comfortable in a short period of time. It would be even better if there was evidence proven by history.”

“Do you think so too, Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

“If you get impatient and approach without being able to control your distance, you’ll only end up feeling more scared. I think about this every time, but Geo, you’re a bit… greedy.”

“Isn’t it obvious that it’s better to be able to enjoy anything?”

“You can do whatever you want, but the one thing that remains unchanged is that it won’t be easy unless you do something evil like control your mind.”

“…Is time really the only answer….”

“You look so urgent for no reason.”

Yoo Seong-un asked, crossing his arms.

“Is there a reason? You weren’t the type to force friendships. If you were scared, you left them alone, and if you became close, you accepted them as they were….”

“As Mr. Yoo Seong-un mentioned, it is just my greed.”

Argio let out a deep sigh.

“It’s because I thought of my family without thinking.”

“…Aha, so that’s why.”

I also knew the story of Yoo Seong-un and 'Argio'.

'You say you grew up in the Black Forest and had a fond time with your beast family.'

Even if it was a time when they couldn't communicate, there was no way they wouldn't love each other. Furthermore, the species in the 'animal kingdom' regard the 'evil god' as a kind of parental god, so to put it simply, the internal intimacy must have been immense.

'If we were to use a human analogy, it would be similar to an old man who thought he had lost all his blood relatives, only to find out that he had a distant blood relative. If you even think about it as a situation where that blood relative is a young boy, you can understand why he is so desperate to bite and suckle… .

That old man is a loan shark now. It was much more natural to think of his kindness as a simple whim rather than true love.

Strictly speaking, it was embarrassing to call them 'family', but it was a

distant relationship that felt impossible, so it was natural to ask for mercy and good deeds. They would think of it as being treated more like pets than family or friends.

Still, he must be desperately trying to show off to his family who are starving to death. How pitiful must it be for a family that barely managed to survive in that harsh world?

“Uh… I guess it’s because their nature is animal. Even if they gain intelligence equivalent to humans, they’re still wolves and foxes, right? They seem to be much more intuitive in their reasoning and emotions than humans.”

“It certainly seems that way, seeing as the world was destroyed and all the humans died. It’s really strange, how the smarter you are at so many things, the more stupid your choices are… Really.”

Argio, who had been clicking his tongue, sat up from his chair.

“…I feel bad for continuing to make you scared, so I’ll stop being so greedy. If that scary old man who doesn’t even feel like family acts friendly, it’ll only be burdensome, and you’ll never be able to become close to him.”

“Did you read my mind?”

“Oh, our way of thinking is very similar. I’m glad about that.”

“Something feels uneasy.”

Anyway, Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“Try to be objective about yourself. I know what you’re trying to say, but ultimately, you’re a demon to those guys, not family or friends. You can get there someday, but it’ll be hard right now.”

“Let’s do that.”

Geo also admitted that he was hasty.

* * *

The crows were wise.

They remembered the longest history. They excelled in strategy, were most skilled in magic, and created various devices to protect their weak and light bodies.

There is no way that they would not know of the existence of the 'evil god'.

“…….”

I sat quietly on a tree branch and took in its presence with my eyes.

'If you are not human, why did you take on human form?'

The crow chieftain, Balf, was the first of the three to notice the existence of 'Geo'. He flew around the black forest tirelessly in an attempt to somehow maintain this world that was gradually falling apart.

Unfortunately, the crow did not have as good a sense of smell as the wolf or the fox. But he had excellent eyesight. He knew that the little black cloaked man, with its shadows and shadows, was not human.

‘They look no different from humans, but…’

Balf saw.

“…….”

A deep, bloody color.

I saw the great mystery within the noble skin that imitated the human body.

'Ah, he is a god.'

It was an unexpected guest who came to this ruined world.

The thick smell of blood that could be smelled even with the poor sense of smell, and the intense anger that filled the tips of her red hair. But a gentle voice. A kind gesture. A pretended light step… .

Balf, a 114-year-old crow who remembers countless histories, realized that he was 'Erased Fury'.

'It will be the end, or the beginning.'

It was either death or opportunity.

'What should I choose?'

No, will there ever be a chance to choose?

Balf knew the 'Erased Fury' in comparative detail. Not only did he devour living beings, he also consistently received living sacrifices from humans, and whenever he felt like it, he would go hunting and bring chaos to the world.

He is a cruel beast, and he enjoys taking the form of monsters and humans. And he creates battlefields that are as delicate and beautiful as they are. Balf felt fear.

'We are children born from his anger, but there is no guarantee that he will regard us in the same way. It is highly likely that he will not even recognize us. What kind of attachment would there be to a life that was born with just one step?'

If there was any silver lining, it was that 'Geo' had been interested in beast-like creatures for quite some time. What was so interesting about it? That beasts could speak?

"……."

But even that was worth it.

'… Even if we become slaves to the evil spirits, the lives of the present need mercy. Even if it means mortgaging the future, the important thing is to get a chance. Gargal seems to know that well.'

But that was not the best option, it was the lesser of two evils.

'If we are lucky, we will be guaranteed a good future, but we may end up being shackled by an evil deity and become his slaves. Even if it is inevitable for our generation, if we think of our descendants who will be born in the future, this too is one of the sins.'

Gargal, the chieftain of the wolf tribe, said that he would trust him since he treated him as a friend, but the crow tribe was not as honest as the wolf tribe. There was no need to cower and bow down like the fox tribe, but it was true that they had to be more cautious.

"……."

"Look here."

The evil spirit under the tree called me.

"Yes, you."

"Caw."

"You really have a lot on your mind."

"……."

"I don't know why everyone thinks so much."

"…What do you want?"

"I want you to be my friend."

Those words felt sincere, though.

'What can we see about God that we can be sure is true?'

That couldn't be done.

God was a great mystery that mortals could not resist. Even if they did not know, even if they knew, Balf was troubled by the fact that God's will would come true in the end. He thought and fell asleep.

After all, the evil spirit could put out their feeble lamps with a single gesture.

“The word friend is so empty.”

“So what are you waiting for me to say?”

“Your joy in everything frightens me. You took on a human form, but you were not human, which made us afraid. The words that come out of your mouth are like destiny, making the world tremble.”

“Yeah, what if you promise? Say you won’t hurt me.”

“I can’t even trust that, sorry.”

Those affectionate faces and hands could be made up as much as they wanted. They had no choice in the end. The fate that was set would come, so the remaining lives had to make proper preparations.

That's why the crow dared to make a suggestion.

“Please subjugate us.”

“What’s the difference between that and a slave?”

“Bind us to your soul. Treat us with your tongue, crush us with your hands. Bind us to a covenant so that we may be delighted and ecstatic at your one look.”

“You say scary things….”

“I earnestly ask for a deal, not mercy.”

“Oh, poor thing. You really think that’s a deal.”

The evil spirit laughed bitterly.

“I understand your concerns. Yes, incomprehensible favors tend to make others more fearful. When I speak of a price I can accept, those who are as fearful as you will feel relieved.”

He is a merciful anger.

“So I will decline.”

“…….”

“Don’t you have a lot of time, Balf?”

“…You are saying that we can rely on you completely.”

“I was born arrogant and do not know how to do something I don’t like. Why should I play the losing game when I know I will win in the end?”

“Oh, Divine, have you come to rule this place?”

“I came because I knew that this was a place where things could get better.”

The evil spirit narrowed his eyes.

“Yes, but if you are so anxious, I will ask you a favor. By doing this, I will be indebted to you, so that even if the disaster you are worried about strikes in the future, you will have something to say.”

“Please tell me, I will do as you wish.”

“Find the one who called me.”

It was the voice of the one who rules.

“Find out who brought me to this desolate and lonely homeland. It could be an animal, a human you have not seen, or something that is hiding and pretending to be dead.”

Who on earth brought this evil spirit back into the world?

‘… This means that there is someone who knows the true name of this evil spirit.’

The name of the cruel beast that even the old crow that lived for 114 years does not know. The one who knows it summoned the evil spirit of war and anger. And the evil spirit responded to the summoning and was now here in human form.

Is this the end or the beginning?

“…….”

Since God gave us a test, there was no room for choice.

“…I will find it.”

“I'll be looking forward to it.”

Balf flew up, sensing the beginning of a disaster.

* * *

“…….”

Geo rubbed his face.

'I guess I look a bit scary.'

What is this guy's impression?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (228)

228

Episode 228

Joo-hyun, who heard the story, said with a strange expression.

“…Wouldn’t it be better if you softened your speech a bit?”

“What can I do with my original speech like this?”

“So, I think we should try to do something about that.”

So isn't there something that Joohyun always says?

“These gods need to go to speech school.”

“I think I’m pretty good at speaking.”

“You know that’s not the problem. Whenever I hear Mr. Geo speak, there’s always something vague and ominous about it. Whether his intentions are good or bad, I have to say that I feel a little uneasy.”

“Hmm, what about Giovanni?”

“It’s a little better when it’s Giovanni, but it doesn’t seem that ordinary or clear. All three Geos have a tremendous sense of distance in their speech.”

When he was Sergio, he seemed like an ominous evil spirit imitating a human, but when he was Giovanni, he felt like a divine being born with

a different nature. Argio in particular went without saying.

“No, why is there nothing to say?”

“I was afraid that if I told you, you would pretend to be hurt.”

Argio was truly like an evil spirit.

'I was also quite startled when I first met you.'

It felt completely different from Sergio's ominous voice that came out of the strange silence. The sweet voice that seemed to seep into my ears and brain was no different from that of a demon, and the golden eyes that held me were like those of a predator hunting for prey, and I hesitated back without realizing it.

‘This is the typical appearance of an evil spirit who seeks only his own pleasure…’

I also understood the feelings of the animal family beyond the frame.

“If you just keep talking like you are now, it seems like it’ll be halfway there. If you talk too much like an evil spirit, they won’t be able to shake off their fear easily. Just change the way you speak.”

“It’s not ‘like an evil god,’ it’s just an evil god.”

And this was inevitable.

“This is beyond my control.”

“I don’t understand, why?”

“I get filtered. I guess you could call it filtering.”

“……?”

Filtering?

“What… filtering? Are you saying that you are being forced to correct your speech and behavior, as Mr. Geo said just now? So you have no choice but to speak like that in front of those poor animal friends?”

“I understand.”

“Why on earth?”

“It’s in the same vein as the ‘Black Cloak’ that you can see in the picture frame, which is unusually blunt and ominous. It took me quite some time to be able to feel the difference in that gap.”

This was something I learned from meeting the collection staff in the past.

“I think it’s because I’m a portrait artist, but if I don’t go through some kind of management, there seem to be problems with the atmosphere, tone, and other aspects. It’s the same no matter what geo you go with.”

By organizing it through the framed 'Portrait of Geo', which can be said to be the most central door, not only the status of the guy but also the speech and atmosphere have been considerably purified.

Even taking that into account, there are still many parts that can be called 'horror story-like', but it's better than not doing it at all.

“But if you were to move straight from this cabin or be locked in a frame and greet each other, it would be different. You would become a more typical and stereotypical ‘Geo.’ I can’t even feel that sense of discomfort.”

“So that’s what filtering is….”

It was absurd.

“Why on earth does this happen?”

“Because I’m a portrait?”

“How can you not do that?”

“I don’t think it will be easy.”

"oh my god."

Joohyun felt a little sorry for Geo.

‘… It’s even more regrettable because it seems to be related to the identity of a portrait.’

Isn't that what a portrait is? It's basically a painting that captures someone's most ideal appearance.

In short, Joo-Hyeon thought that Geo was being 'filtered' in that way because he had been stuffed with the appearance or perception of a certain moment.

“…….”

At the same time, I felt embarrassed.

“Then it seems like it would be really difficult.”

“I guess so?”

“Well, wouldn’t you like to be a benevolent monarch?”

“The evil spirit?”

“At least, I don’t think Mr. Geo can be a compassionate friend to them. Mr. Geo wants an equal relationship, but no matter how much their fear is washed away, their awe will remain.”

“Let’s leave that as one of the joys of the future.”

Geo, who had been criticized by his friends for being impatient, decided to take his time after reflecting sufficiently.

It's just that Joo-hyun and Yoo-sung-un are particularly deep and thoughtful, so they feel pressured to 'define relationships and existence', but Geo has no intention of forcing that on his animal friends.

Anything was fun, and that was fine. For himself and those around him.

“Couldn’t it be possible for someone to be both a subject and a friend, and also a friend and family?”

“As expected, Mr. Geo is secretly very greedy.”

“It’s only natural that it’s better to have whatever you can have.”

This was especially true for Argio.

“…….”

“It looks like you have something to say.”

“That’s dopamine addiction.”

“Oh, quiet.”

How dare you degrade sacred social acts to something like chemical secretions?

* * *

There were once people who were called heroes.

All the beasts of the world became monsters and attacked everything human, and as a result, humans had to live in hunger and confusion. People groaned under the contagious disease that was eating away

their life and soul, and prayed earnestly to the strongest among them.

“Please kill that cruel beast.”

“Ah, heroes sent down by God….”

“Please, I beg you. Please end this war.”

There were countless sacrifices.

They were called heroes, but in the end, they were just mere humans. They screamed in pain and had nightmares out of fear. It was not uncommon for heroes to have conflicts with each other and kill each other.

Above all, they learned the truth.

“…Is this real?”

“No, it must be the Demon King’s trick to deceive us. Don’t be fooled, everyone.”

“But… you know, this isn’t some kind of manipulation.”

The evil gods they regarded as evil spirits were actually monsters born of human ignorance and selfishness. Everything was brought about by humans. They burned the forest without knowing that the saint was a saint, and without knowing that the last opportunity was an opportunity, and that was the beginning of all these disasters.

“What should I do…?”

“…I, I. I really don’t think this is right.”

The heroes were confused.

“Then why are we heroes?”

It was because they were ordinary, good people who had come this far

through hardship.

They came this far with the sole belief of saving the world, their families, and their friends. Although they were driven to the edge and could not become perfect 'heroes', they still had the reason to distinguish between right and wrong.

“That doesn’t make sense. It was our fault from the beginning. The fact that beasts began to speak human language was also due to the greed of humans in the past… and it’s the same now.”

“What on earth did we come all this way for? We shed so much blood, had so many nightmares, just to protect those pesky humans who left us to our deaths…? Why on earth?”

“It’s horrible, it’s really horrible. I don’t think I can fight anymore. If this is a world where we have to repeat such filthy sins to survive, then it would be better if it just collapsed like this!”

Also, there were those who bit the tooth.

“You call that talking? How did we get here? What does it have to do with us that some people in the past committed such great mistakes that things got to this point?”

“Have you forgotten our role? We have come this far, working hard to make the world a better place than it is now! It is true that humans in the past have sinned, but why can’t we see that the fallen saints are committing even greater sins?”

“Even if we have to repeat sins in order to survive, only a small number of people commit those sins. Only the perpetrators and us have to deal with it. It’s not right for innocent people to die!”

It was a long conflict, but in the end, there was only one conclusion.

“…….”

“…I sealed the evil spirit, and that’s the story for what happens next.”

First, the immediate disaster had to be stopped.

“We all came here because we wanted to protect something. Our families, our friends, our lovers. Even though we learned the dirty and vile truth, we were still here… in the end, it was for ourselves.”

In this way, the heroes finally succeeded in sealing the evil god.

“…Something feels strange.”

“The curse of the beasts never ends.”

“The epidemic is still the same…!”

Someone shouted.

“Of course, all these disasters were started by humans!!”

The most fundamental cause was in the primordial nature that constituted this world, the second cause was the arbitrarily burning of the saint who was blocking that terrible nature, and the last cause was the fault of humans who could not even distinguish between the beginning and the process and passed all causes and responsibilities onto the 'evil god'.

“But, but…! Even though it is true that it was our human sins that turned the saint into a fallen divinity, the evil god Argio also spread countless disasters! He incited the beasts and committed massacres! You all know that, don’t you!”

“That’s a useless story! Open your eyes wide and check the story of the ruins properly! Argio was just added to the process, not the original cause! Even if we seal him away, there’s no way we can pick up the disaster that humans have already caused!”

“Then why on earth did we have to die, get hurt, and suffer like that!!!”

Their cries of anguish consumed them with rage.

Argio, known as the evil spirit of pain and wrath, had already been sealed, but now, even among the heroes in front of the evil spirit's tomb, where everything was over, conflict was taking place.

Isn't this the most terrible disaster of all?

“…….”

“…….”

However, it is true that the evil spirit was sealed.

“…Let’s go back to the village.”

“I have to report to the palace.”

“At least the evil spirit has been sealed, so the resulting massacre will be prevented.”

“That’s all we did.”

Although there were many disasters that had not been resolved and there were mountains of daunting tasks, they still sealed Argio, who was committing massacres. With that alone, the world would become a much easier place to live.

But even that was different from what was expected.

“Argio appeared in Jibia Village!”

“What are you talking about, we clearly sealed the evil spirit…!”

“A tremendous massacre has occurred!”

“That’s ridiculous…!”

Those countless massacres.

“…….”

“You have to go right now, the seal might be broken!”

“I am the wizard who led the seal.”

"but…!"

“If it was released, there’s no way I wouldn’t know.”

The many massacres and wars that were thought to be the work of Argio were all the result of humans who were greedy and angry, using the cruel god as an excuse. Although not all of them, many of them were like that.

“It’s all meaningless now.”

The heroes were disillusioned.

“If I had known this would happen, I wouldn’t have sealed him. I wouldn’t have gone through all that sacrifice and suffering to seal the evil spirit. I would have just let this world burn down….”

“…Don’t say that. There were many problems that arose because of Argio, but there were also many villages that he personally led and ruined. We prevented bigger problems.”

“…I, I don’t know.”

Also, the people's anger due to the ongoing disaster was directed at the heroes.

“You said you sealed the evil spirit!”

“They must have lied, they must have been deceived by the evil spirit!”

“No, they could have become the minions of the evil spirit. Those shameless things…!”

“We have to burn them all!!”

Fear also turned against them.

“Now everything is ruined, they are coming to kill us.”

“I thought it was strange from the beginning. Look, how can those powers and abilities be human?”

“They are clearly monsters too, we should kill them first so as not to incur trouble!!”

There were heroes who resisted him, but they eventually died. No matter how strong their power and abilities were, in the end they were just ordinary people. I was shocked by the betrayal of the people I was trying to protect and collapsed.

And even more heroes chose to run away and evade. They tried to hide and pretend that they had never been a 'hero', and they moved from place to place, even though they were always being chased.

“…….”

But they were all caught.

"…under…."

Except for one person.

It was thanks to him hiding in the tomb of the evil god, but since he was a fairly famous 'hero', the man was eventually discovered as well. It was because those who assumed he was the evil god's subordinate formed a punitive force and visited the tomb of the evil god.

“So you’re here, you evil spirit’s follower…!”

“Kill the author! He will become the seed of evil spirits, kill the author!!”

“You are a subversive seed spreading nonsense!!”

That was the man's last chance to die.

“No, it’s a perfect location.”

“Senior Elder…! Are you going to let this guy live?”

“It’s useful. Bring all the materials you previously held onto.”

"no way…."

“We are writing new history here.”

The 'materials' including him ended up becoming the pillars of the 'new world'.

“If we use these monstrous creatures, it is not impossible to take away the power of the gods….”

So the man was locked in a coffin shaped like a goddess. Perhaps that was not the only thing that happened, but he was unable to make any proper judgments while being caught between tentacles and blades that tore at his veins and cut at his flesh.

“Kuaaaahhh…! Aaaaahhh!! Aaaaahhhh!!!”

“I guess you still have the strength to scream, that’s a really good response. This time, you can really make it.”

“Khaaaah…!!”

“Seal it tightly, so that it can never escape, no matter how long it takes.”

“Please, please stop…!!”

“We… will kill God from now on. And let us create a new paradise.”

“Ugh…! Ugh….”

The man thought, his mind clouded with pain and hatred.

'Everything will fail in the end.'

It was a world that was a mess from beginning to end, and even the life that made up that world was a mess. I don't know what they plan to do with the materials and 'heroes' including him, but it won't work.

And so darkness comes.

“…….”

As time goes by.

“…….”

Even if it flows again.

“…Ugh….”

… why can't I die?

The man was trapped in a crown of thorns and cried tears of blood.

* * *

He summoned the evil spirit at all costs.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (229)

229

Episode 229

“I found the place that seemed most likely.”

The crow brought good news.

“There is nothing in the forest that can call you, and the false world above is no longer inhabitable. We have looked around this narrow space… and concluded that your tomb is the only place that will do.”

“My grave?”

“It’s called the Tomb of the Evil Spirit. I believe it’s where you once stayed.”

"aha…."

Geo is getting a little flustered.

“Why on earth would it be there?”

At best, he thought he was hiding in the Black Forest, which he had not yet seen, or in the fake world above. Wherever he stayed, it would at least be much more comfortable and safe than the 'home' where Argio had stayed.

“Are you sure it’ll be there?”

“I decided that it would be impossible to summon you otherwise.”

“I understand.”

Then, it is highly likely that he did not stay there intentionally.

“Thank you for your kind reply, Balf.”

“…It is an honor.”

“Haven’t you been there yourself?”

Balf answered cautiously.

“It was not a space where we, the mere mortals, could dare to enter. If you wish, I will try, but it would be like turning the impossible into the possible, and as unpleasant as it may be, I had no choice but to put the safety of the crows first.”

“So you ran away?”

How wise.

'If it doesn't work out, you have to run away.'

Argio smiled faintly as he always did.

“Good job.”

“…I apologize for bringing you results you may not be entirely satisfied with.”

“That doesn’t mean I will eat you, so don’t be so afraid. Since you brought good results, I will also give you a gift. What do you wish for?”

“May I, relying on your mercy, dare to ask you a question?”

“By all means, my friend.”

“…….”

The crow, which had been silent as if gathering its thoughts, soon opened its mouth.

“Do you like this world?”

“That’s a peculiar question.”

Geo rubbed his chin.

“How could I not like it, since it is my hometown? I love this place, and I have loved it for a very long time, and I will continue to love it for eternity to come. Is that a sufficient answer?”

“Would you like to become the god of this place again?”

“Our beast friends are truly fearless.”

Even though they saw him as an 'evil god', they easily handed over their fate to him. The wolf tribe could do that because once they believed in him, they believed in him forever, and the fox tribe was pushed to the edge of a cliff and fell flat on their faces.

The crow's choice was unexpected.

“Why did you make that choice?”

“It’s the same answer as Gargal, the chieftain of the wolves.”

“Give me the future? I know how to handle it.”

"…you are…."

The crow that had been mumbling confessed his opinion.

“You have shown a very different side to the anger in history.”

“It could be made up.”

“All life is made up, in order to live.”

It didn't really matter to the crow whether the mercy and affection he had shown so far were genuine or fake. What mattered to him was 'whether that embrace was a lie or real.'

And the crows concluded that the evil spirit's mercy and affection must be real, because he was already so different from the wrath of history. They saw hope in the mere fact that such an 'imitation' could be made.

“I am the one who remembers the longest history of all the beasts left in the Black Forest. I also know the most about the ‘Erased Fury’. In history, you were a sinister demon mad with hatred, a monster with hundreds of arms, a scourge that devoured the world with tens of thousands of giant mouths.”

But the evil spirit I saw in person was completely different.

“You are not a demon, but a living being. You have hundreds of arms full of hatred that cannot be seen, and although you may express cruel interest with a mouth as small as a human, you do not cruelly eat anyone alive.”

“Look, I’m sorry, but you guys are not very tasty. What are you talking about with your thick fur and thin body?”

“Even making such jokes is not in line with the records of history. It may be a small mercy towards a small creature, but I think you want me to be friendly to you.”

“…….”

Geo thought to himself.

‘… Our beast friends are also quite good at hitting me… .’

This feeling of seeing Joo-hyun and Yoo-seong-un laughing as if he was talking nonsense. It was welcome, yet strange.

'It wasn't that the two were becoming similar, but that I was sculpting them into that form?'

The crow continued, separate from Geo's carefree thoughts.

“We dared to say with one voice that we were satisfied because you showed us that you are a being capable of mercy and affection and that it is real. We heard and saw for ourselves that it could be possible.”

If only he weren't a demon of endless death, pain, and wrath. That alone would have made their future much more hopeful than the one that lay before them.

“So please rule over us. Return to this barren, strangely twisted land of rebellion. Although the reason you came to our homeland was because of someone whose name I cannot even remember… Now we beg for mercy.”

“You guys are so brave. And smart.”

He was so cute that I wanted to stroke his fluffy fur. He was much bigger than the crows on Earth and had fuller feathers.

'But that won't do. Be patient, your opponent is a 114-year-old chieftain.'

Basically, perhaps because he had a strong sense of 'my child', Argio was filled with a desire to love her regardless of her age or position. He saved each other's face with miraculous patience.

“…The evil spirit that the dimension rejected and sealed now wishes to become the main character. This is also an interesting story. I have great love for my hometown, so you don’t have to be so afraid.”

“Will you become our god?”

“It has already been so. You were born because of my death.”

“…….”

Raven Chief Balf blinked.

“…were we born from death and not from your footsteps?”

"okay."

“You are truly human.”

“That’s right.”

“The sin is… great.”

Balf was truly wise and intelligent. He seemed to realize what the humans had done just from Geo's short words. Then he bowed his head.

“I see my father.”

“Yes, son.”

It can be so wonderful.

“You may think of me as whatever you want. If you want a friend, I will look like that. If you want a parent, I will look like that. If you want a god who will remake the world, I will look like that.”

That was because Geo was so talented. He was so multi-talented that Joo-hyun praised him and Yoo-sung-woon applauded him. Geo, who could do everything from A to Z, had a different image depending on who was looking.

So you too, right?

“See as you wish.”

“I will do that.”

The crow saw the greed that the evil spirit in front of him had behind his interest. How greedy he was. And how colorful he was. The crow chief Balf did not doubt the evil spirit's omniscience and power.

“What would you like me to call you?”

“I am Geoilse.”

“…Is it ‘Geo’?”

The crow tilted its head.

“You call yourself a beast.”

“You know what? I don’t have a name.”

He abandoned the name he was given at birth, and since then, no one has given Argio a 'name'. He lived his whole life as a cruel beast, and Geo was quite satisfied with that.

“So whatever you call me will become my name.”

This is the pinnacle of convenience. The uniqueness that cannot be found anywhere else in the world gave Geo a lot of pleasure. He loved his diversity, which allowed him to be anything.

“Isn’t it comfortable?”

“How can life not have a name?”

“No, everything in the world can have my name.”

“I see. That’s along the same lines as before.”

“You are truly a very clever crow.”

“Thank you, Father.”

“That’s fine too.”

Geo let his imagination run wild.

“Okay, if it goes like this….”

“…….”

“…Good.”

And then he laughed.

“I like it.”

Now I have an idea of what to do.

No, actually, I had been planning this for quite some time. It was just that my hometown changed unexpectedly, so it took a little more time to adapt and apply new variables.

“Is it okay for me to turn this world upside down as I please?”

“I believe things will get better than they are now.”

“You don’t believe, you know. And I affirm your reasoning.”

“Can I ask what you plan to do?”

“I will do what I do best.”

It was a simple task.

“I’ll draw a picture and feel angry.”

Geo was going to turn this place into a dungeon and become its demon lord.

“Do you like amusement parks?”

* * *

"meow."

Back at Argio's 'house', Dana was sitting at the entrance.

"meow."

“Yeah, good job.”

He held my daughter's cheek and stroked it gently.

“How many Mia’s have you met?”

“Mu ...

“There are certainly a lot of them, perhaps because the world is ending.”

It was now up to Geo to decide what to do with the missing children. Many of the creatures left in this narrow and barren land agreed to this, so Geo had to live up to their expectations.

'Before that, I need to see the face of the guy who called me.'

Even though I was standing on this land, I could no longer hear the voice of the person who had first called Geo. As Joo-hyun said, I thought that maybe he had died in the meantime, but well, it didn't seem like someone who knew the name 'Argio' would die that easily.

I guess I'll have to see for myself what that means.

“Dana, go back home. There are probably more Mia’s in here than you think. There are probably a lot of them that don’t suit your fancy, so there’s no need to get tired.”

“I’m so confused….”

“Okay, let’s have a nice meal when we get back.”

When Geo grabbed the hem of his black cloak and opened the shadow, Dana disappeared inside. She would probably go back to her father and act all cute until Geo prepared a meal for her.

'It's cute.'

It is true that cuteness and size are proportional, and Dana, who had grown as large as a wolf on Earth, was a joy to hug. The feeling of being buried in the fluffy fur that the sun god teddy bear had taken care of was indescribable.

Geo called Honey, feeling proud of his daughter's fur.

“Honey, I’m sure you’ll need something.”

“Gulp.”

Honey popped out of the hood as if it was nothing and sat back down on Geo's shoulder. Geo stepped into the 'house', impressed once again by her majestic appearance.

“…It’s been a really long time. It must have been unmanaged for a while, but it’s amazing that it still exists even after the world was destroyed. I don’t think there was any special management….”

Now called the Tomb of the Demon God, it was the most dangerous place in this dimension, with all sorts of curses, poisons, and traps remaining, but Geo still felt filled with longing.

It's because it's full of memories.

“Good.”

I was happy.

'When I was really mad with rage, my house didn't even feel like home.'

The evil deity of the century, created by the suffering of countless saints, along with the anger and cries of the people. That was the 'Argio' that the people of the world knew.

It sometimes took the form of a human being, but more often it was that of a monster or a demon. And like that sinister form, it had no reason, only anger and hatred.

So it was natural that Argio, who had regained everything he had and overcome what was not his, would be delighted with the newfound longing.

“…….”

The 'house' was quiet.

“……?”

And it was even more of a mess than I remembered.

“What is this, my house is like this.”

“Kung kung kung….”

“What kind of evil author would do such a thing? Has a tectonic shift occurred here as well?”

Why has My Sweet Home turned into a den?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (230)

230

Episode 230

“It’s so nice to see you like this!”

At the words of the fox tribe chieftain Rami, the wolf tribe chieftain, Gargal wrinkled the bridge of his nose.

“Why are you still in human form?”

“That’s to please the evil spirits. We, the fox tribe, are always ready to cling to the strong. If I can secure even a little mercy, I don’t mind continuing to disguise myself!”

“A calculating child….”

“Wolves must be stupid.”

The crow chieftain, Balf, sighed at the sight of the two young chieftains baring their teeth and growling.

“Stop it. We didn’t come here to talk nonsense. Do you think it’s okay for the chieftains who are responsible for a tribe to act like this?”

“…I’m sorry, sir.”

"sorry…."

The crow Balf nodded at the sight of the two guys crouching.

“Then let’s share our opinions.”

They had gathered together to discuss how to deal with the 'evil spirit'.

Considering that this had not happened for nearly 30 years because they had been busy managing and protecting their own race, I could see how much the existence of the evil spirit meant to them.

The first to speak was the crow Balf.

“I have decided to worship him as my parent god. It is a decision I made after discussing it with the other crows. He is certainly a dangerous being and will bring disaster… but there is always calm in the middle of a storm. I have decided that if I can stay within that, it will not be difficult to show loyalty.”

When the crow tribe's position was revealed, the wolf, who had been watching along with the fox, also opened his mouth.

“We wolves decided to trust him.”

“Is that what the wolves mean by ‘trust’? Treating him as a friend and family member?”

“I know how dangerous he is.”

I can't tell you how terrifying it was when I first saw him. A human being who was clearly extinct stood in the middle of a black forest like a stuffed animal. He also had a complex and strange body odor.

It didn't take long for Gargal to assume he was an evil spirit, but there were too many differences between the evil spirits he knew of in history and the 'Geo' before him. He offered kind hospitality.

“I at least judged that the kindness he showed us was not a lie. The other wolves were wary and fearful at first, but now they have developed trust. Geo treated us as friends and gave us more than

that… so we will act accordingly.”

“How foolish.”

Fox Rami squinted her eyes as if she was displeased with the wolf's opinion.

“The devil is the devil, and to consider such a gigantic being as a friend is almost blasphemous. The honesty of wolves can be an advantage, but it can also be a disadvantage?”

“Krrrr…!! What a good choice you guys made to say that!! At best, you’re just imitating humans and wagging your tails…!!”

“I told you, he really is a very angry guy. He’s so unrefined.”

The fox tribe chieftain pretended to scold him.

“He is a god, a god who will rule over this world and us who live there after the creator disappeared. Don’t you think so, Mr. Balf?”

“I don’t think we need to bow down too much, but… I agree with that opinion. A minimum of reverence and distance towards God would be essential for us mere mortals.”

“As Mr. Balf says, Gargal. Of course, to wolves who love friendship and trust, our fox tribe’s attitude may seem too cowardly.”

But they prided themselves on having taken a wise stance.

“Do you know what I’m saying? The god who came to us now is in a situation where it’s hard to have affection for this world. That’s the history.”

They do not know how the 'evil spirit' came into being. Some of those who recorded said that he was a demon that existed from the beginning, while others said that he was a disaster caused by the selfishness of humans.

But the important thing is that he was a being who was rejected by all life in this dimension and was even sealed. We don't know why or how that seal was released, or what emotions he had for coming to us, but if he was in a good mood, it would be a strange situation.

Even though they are now considered the parents of their race, they were born only as a way to express their anger towards the world, and that was never their purpose.

“I thought he would be furious when he first appeared. Or he would make some evil suggestions or make this already broken world even worse.”

“But didn’t you do that?”

“That’s why I’m afraid. Because I don’t understand.”

Why did he show us mercy and affection?

“That’s ridiculous.”

The unconvincing favor only made them more anxious.

“I thought his favor was more likely to be capricious. Didn’t you feel it? His actions and attention were centered around interest. That meant that if we didn’t interest him, he might be abandoned in no time.”

“Ha, that’s why you wag your tail and rub your front paws like that? You don’t have any pride, do you?”

“Isn’t it because we’re not foolish wolves who can’t live without pride? I’m proud to say that it’s better than being a hunting dog that wags its tail to show its friend that it’s good without even considering the possible outcomes, like wolves.”

“You are a fox who does not know honor… The value and weight of the faith that we wolves have is worth risking our lives for. Even if Geo

treats us horribly because he lost interest in us, it is only because we are responsible for our decisions.”

“So, the question is, does honor guarantee the safety of the race?”

So the fox tribe lay flat on its stomach and wagged its tail.

“I would show my stomach to protect my family and children. Fortunately, he has refused to eat intelligent creatures that can communicate with language for the time being. If you rely on his mercy and rub your front paws hard, you will be rewarded.”

“Reward? What reward? To become a pet fox?”

“If I could have a pet fox, that would be great. That’s my goal right now, Gargal!”

The foxes were cornered at the edge of a cliff.

“If I can get my life and at least a little mercy, what’s the big deal about having a pet fox? No, no. Keeping a pet means giving it basic affection. I need to get that affection.”

“Those disgusting guys….”

As the wolf crumpled his face as if he was very tired, the crow Balf stopped the two from getting excited.

“You two should calm down.”

“…….”

“…….”

“Yeah, like that.”

I understand that everyone was greatly shaken by the sudden arrival of hope or disaster while they were just waiting to meet death. However,

in the current situation, if they were to be swept away by emotions like that, they would not be able to come to a proper conclusion.

“I think all of our opinions have value.”

Everyone was doing their best.

“But there is one thing in common.”

“What is that, sir?”

“That is, we must serve him.”

The crow Balf saw the wolf.

“I think you both agree with this.”

“…Yes.”

The fox snorted at the wolf's affirmation.

“Oh, you see. Even wolves end up waggling their tails and talking big like they’re friends.”

“The expression ‘friend’ was first used by Geo. In the end, what we want is a trustworthy ruler and his followers. Just like the wolves have been since the beginning.”

“Anyway, wolves are old-fashioned.”

“Don’t you know that these guys are like this?”

Unlike the fox tribe, which came together late in life to survive, the wolf tribe enjoyed living in a pack from birth. Following a strong leader and protecting and leading the weaker family was a tradition engraved in the wolves' souls.

That is why even now the wolves were ready to serve the new leader. It was a form of family and army, completely different from the vassal

relationship that humans talk about. That is why they put trust in their mouths.

“If you serve them, they can be family, and if they can be family, they can be friends.”

Gargal didn't know, but it was similar to what Geo had said before. He continued with a stern face.

“Well, that would be a different story for foxes who would even sell their families if it was dangerous.”

“It’s not about selling out, it’s about strategy. The fox tribe has never actually committed such a huge scam against their own kind. It’s mostly just a ruse to fool humans.”

“Ouch, that’s gross.”

“What?”

When signs of fighting appeared again, Balf spoke to the fox Rami.

“Even so, I don’t think you need to bow down too much, Rami. If he truly becomes the new god of this world, he will surely receive gifts and mercy.”

“But how can we guarantee that? He is a cruel beast, and we, the little ones, can be swept away at any moment by his whim. The foxes are desperate, not even able to protect their cubs right now.”

It had to be desperate.

“It’s hard to find foxes that have successfully bred these days. Even when they are born, they die so easily. Do you know what on earth made those foxes dig deeper into their poisonous dens to bury the bodies of their young?”

Of the three races, the one that came closest to extinction was the fox

tribe. While the wolves and crows were preparing for their imminent death, the fox tribe was in a position where they were waiting for immediate death.

“We are not as strong as wolves, so we have less ability to digest poison, and we do not have the skills to detoxify ourselves like crows. It is common for foxes to be caught up in the trap, as the only magic they can do is disguise themselves.”

"…ramie…."

“Do you know why we watch the weak cubs suffer and feed them poison to build up their tolerance? I have to do my best, and I can do anything for that.”

“…….”

Balf and Gargal were silent. Balf, as an adult who had once cared for the two young chieftains, and Gargal, as a fierce friend who had always fought with bared teeth, had no choice but to keep his mouth shut.

The end of the world was so miserable and tragic for the surviving creatures.

“…What we do best is to please the strong. Wolves can be the fangs of the evil god, crows can be the eyes, but foxes….”

“…I understand what you mean.”

In the end, her decision could not be said to be wrong.

“I was just saying this out of concern. If you were to try to please the evil spirits too much, you would be abandoned just as easily. However, if you thought everything through before making a decision, I will respect that as well.”

"…thank you."

“I hope that the coming new era will make us good subjects.”

The wolf chuckled.

“It’ll be better than it is now.”

“Yeah, of course.”

So the animals came together in agreement.

* * *

“Looking at it….”

Geo blinked a couple of times as he looked around the house.

“It looks like someone has been trespassing in my house.”

“Gurrrr….”

“Don’t be angry.”

In a dangerous world, it was natural for thieves to break into empty houses.

“I just don’t know who did this.”

It wasn't a very peaceful place to begin with, but isn't it becoming too ominous?

The ruins he remembers were ruins where beasts and nature lived together in harmony, although there were many inconveniences while he was alive, and when he became an evil spirit, it was a ghost house where poison and ominous energy permeated every corner.

'But this is not what I remember.'

A sight of blood and flesh flying around. Research materials scattered everywhere. And a gruesome scene that looked like something had been made into a mess. Geo suddenly felt as if this was the end of the most horrible group of fanatics he could imagine.

'There are also traces of them fighting each other and destroying themselves.'

He was able to define this look later.

“…I guess this was humanity’s last desperate attempt.”

“Gulp….”

“I feel bitter.”

You guys always walk a path that only brings pain to each other.

* * *

The man suddenly thought he heard a human voice.

“…….”

…human being?

Who else is left?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (231)

231

Episode 231

The wizards of this world had a wicked side.

They did anything to become perfect, to reach the end. They did things that would make others horrified. It was common for them to use innocent people as test subjects, making them worse than dying.

They abandoned the ruined world and sought out 'heroes' to explore a new world.

“These are definitely sturdy.”

“Elder, what should we do with this guy?”

“He’s the strongest of the monsters, so he’s perfect for the center. Hey, put it up there. I’ll take care of it myself.”

“Yes, Elder.”

The court magicians conducted experiments in Argio's tomb, where the evil spirit was sealed.

Even things that had been previously restricted due to ethical issues were easily accomplished by them, perhaps because the world was in chaos or because no one was coming to block the tomb of the evil spirit.

“It’s a place where the evil spirits are sealed, so it’s full of energy. Yes, good. It’s the perfect place for us to write a new history. If we use these monsters and the power of the evil spirits, it won’t be a dream to drag the god down to this chaotic land….”

That was nonsense.

'Drag God down to the ground?'

You want to kill the Creator, take away His power, and create a new world? Instead of trying to fix and cultivate this land where their souls have taken root, you want to throw it away and create something else?

'Stupid things.'

There's no way that can happen.

“What, what is this…!”

“Why on earth are you doing this! What was the problem!!”

“No, there was no problem! I definitely succeeded in drawing out the power of the Lord!”

“Then why on earth is it like this…!”

Naturally, their attempt ended in failure.

The man, locked in a narrow, dark thorny prison, did not know the exact circumstances.

However, the wizards failed to kill the god, and as a result, the god abandoned this world, and it was only guessed that they tried to create a 'new world' with the power of the creator that they had copied, but gave birth to a terrible hell.

'It should have been natural from the beginning.'

Never could a human harm a god.

'They call us monsters, so it seems they've forgotten what materials they used.'

Idiots, really fucking stupid kids.

‘Even though I was a human and not a monster…’

They were too strong to be called human, but they were human nonetheless. Even a three-year-old can understand that a being born from the Lord cannot harm him.

Above all, would the spirit of the evil god, which was used as the same material, have been cooperative with the magicians?

'That can't be true.'

Amidst the pain, screams, and cries, laughter rose towards the wizards. It wasn't just the men. All the 'materials' who were trapped in this thorny prison with me did their best to taunt the wizards.

“You failed, you idiots!!”

“Ugh… Eeheehee, keeheeheeheeheeheek!!”

“Losers who aren’t even worth their name…!!”

“Die! Die! Die!!!”

Amidst the blood, flesh, and remains of evil spirits, the wizards gradually lost their sanity.

“Wasn’t it you, Elder, who came up with this plan from the beginning!!”

“What?! Are you saying I’m wrong now?!”

“Yes, you’re wrong! You’re wrong! The world is ruined beyond repair!!”

“These guys don’t even know the topic and they dare…!!”

“It wouldn’t have been enough to pray to God, so why did you make him get kicked out!!”

“Come to me right now, I’ll rip your mouth off!!”

They killed and killed each other amid the laughter of the 'materials'. It was natural, since they were the only ones left in the world. It seemed that all the humans outside the Black Forest had long since died.

The losers of a ruined world. Losers. They carried out all sorts of terrible experiments, but ended up ruining the world even more than before. This miserable and shabby remark fit them very well.

“…….”

“…Ugh, ugh….”

“Ugh….”

Even some who survived the chaos died, unable to endure the poison of the Black Forest. How absurd must it have been for those noble wizards to vomit and groan?

So all the wizards die.

“Kuaaaah…! Aah, ugh, uh….”

“…Ughhhh….”

“Coolook, woof. Keuhuk…!”

The 'materials' trapped in the thorn prison then slowly began to die.

“… Next time, when I see you….”

“…in the arms of God….”

Those who should have died long ago finally died long after the wizards who had kept them alive had died, and only when even the life support devices had worn out and broken down. The smell of blood was thick.

“…….”

And only men remained.

“…Why, why?”

Please, no.

“Ahhh… Aaaah ...

Rattling, rattling rattling—!!!

“Kill me, please…!!! Kill me!!! It hurts, it hurts!!! Please!!!!”

What on earth could the reason be?

The words of the elder wizard who said he would use him as the 'center' as the strongest hero suddenly flashed through his mind, but even he was overcome by great anger, despair, and fear and could not continue his thoughts.

“Kuaaaah!! Aaaaahhhh!! Gulp, gulp, keuheuuuugh…! Ugh……!”

He writhe in pain, scream in fear at being left alone, and then faint from exhaustion. It had been a long time since he had embraced death, but in the end, the man could not die.

“…….”

And for a time that was close to eternity, the man was simply immersed in darkness. Not even thinking, occasionally squirming like a bug with all its limbs torn off, occasionally regaining his sense of reason, which was worse than not having it, and then falling back into

emptiness.

“…….”

He no longer knew what he was saying, what he was thinking, or what his condition was.

One day, I counted the time that had passed because I was bored beyond the pain and fear. I stopped counting after 742 years and 9 months, 3 days, 2 hours, and 19 seconds.

“…….”

Sometimes I would suddenly become caught up in fantasy. I would think back to the days when I lived like a human being.

I felt resentment toward the 'materials' close to me who had all but me come to the mercy of death, and I also felt a loneliness that was worse than pain. Was I really the only one left in the world?

Is there no one left?

And then.

“……?”

I heard something, like footsteps.

“…Ah, uh, uh….”

I heard a voice that seemed to be soothing and comforting someone.

'Who is it?'

No, it didn't matter.

Anyone would be fine. A human who survived the disaster, an explorer from a new era reborn after countless years, or a descendant of beasts that could speak.

'Please, please me.'

If you could just look at me once.

“…….”

"…this."

“…….”

“Are you alive?”

"…eww…."

“Poor thing.”

A voice outside the prison cell continues, perhaps aware of the desperate gasp for breath.

“Hey, calm down. I’ll get it out soon.”

It was finally over.

* * *

"…ah…."

It was a long time before the man first came to his senses.

“Are you awake?”

“…All, you…?”

“Now you’re acting more human.”

“…….”

Eyes, ah, in the eyes.

Something appeared in my sight.

“…Ah, hug….”

“Do you need a hug? Or maybe I’m an illusion?”

“Please hug me. Just once… Please, please….”

“You still seem scared. It’s okay, I’m not delusional.”

It had been so long since I had seen anything that my eyes were sore. It was disgustingly strange to see that what was flowing from my eyes was not blood but ordinary tears. My breathing was suffocating and my hands and feet were shaking.

Something I dared not see with my eyes came to him gently and hugged him, unlike the rough and sharp voice. The body temperature was cold. However, the hand patting his back was warm and the soothing voice was gentle.

“Yeah, it must have been scary.”

“…….”

Feeling dazed.

Just like that, I lost consciousness again.

* * *

After that, the man opened his eyes and lost consciousness countless times.

It was only after a while, when he realized that this was the 182nd time he had come to his senses, that the man finally realized something.

During that time, the person in front of him continued to comfort him.

“…….”

“…….”

“Oh my god.”

A young man with bright red hair looked at him with a grin.

“You can see me now, can’t you?”

"…ah…."

The man nodded his head awkwardly.

“…I, I… How much I….”

“It must have been quite some time.”

“…….”

“Okay, let’s take a look.”

A young man approached and held out his hand.

“Can I hold your hand?”

"…yes."

“Okay, come here to me.”

The body temperature, which should have felt quite cold, was somehow familiar to the man. No, he had become accustomed to it. I was just blankly staring at him, not knowing how long he had been by my side, when the young man leisurely took my hand.

Then he gently swept and pressed hard. For a moment, my body trembled, but soon calmed down.

“Look, this is the palm of your hand.”

"…yes."

“This is a finger, and here is a nail. One, two, three, four, five. There

are five of them in total.”

He spoke softly and slowly, as if he were teaching a newborn baby how to live.

“If you press and release this spot, do you see it turn yellow and then turn red again?”

"…yes."

“It means that your blood is flowing. Can you feel your bones, nerves, and veins reaching all the way to your fingertips?”

"…yes."

“Well done, great job.”

The young man repeated similar actions after that.

“This is your foot. Here is the sole, and these little ones are your toes. They’re much shorter than your fingers, right? Don’t worry, that’s just how it is. I have the same thing.”

“…….”

“Okay, my fingertips just touched the soles of your feet. How many do you think there are in total?”

"…three?"

“Hmm, good. Very good. Does it hurt when I press here?”

“No, it’s just… cool.”

“Where is this place?”

“There too.”

“Good. Now, take my hand. Hold me with this hand and the other

hand. Then, plant your feet on the ground. You may not be able to put strength into your legs yet, so don't worry and just lean on me."

The young man grabbed his hand and lifted him up. He was staggering, so he naturally leaned on the young man. Although he was a little smaller than me, the young man supported him firmly like a tree rooted in the ground.

"Can you feel the cool, smooth texture of the ground through the skin on your soles? Okay, now apply pressure to those toes. Starting with the biggest one, then the one next to it, and the one next to it, and so on, all the way to the last one."

"……."

"That's really great."

After that process, when the man was standing alone, the young man took a step away.

"Good."

"……."

"Now, can you see me?"

"…I can see it."

It was a tall young man.

I thought it had been a long time since I had seen someone so tall that they were almost eye-to-eye with me. Well, in that situation, what could be a long time? It just felt that way.

Her pale skin, as if she had never seen the sun before, had visible veins.

Her voluminous hair was tied in a long knot and hung to one side, and

her neck was adorned with a trinket of glittering gold and jewels.

Smooth fabrics that gently wrap around the body, and the thick fur of an animal. And bare feet like mine. A neck adorned with jewelry. Lips with a sharp smile. A nose. And… .

“…….”

Even the eyes are filled with melted gold.

“…Okay, I can see it.”

“Good job!”

The young man laughed.

“Congratulations on becoming human again!”

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (232)

232

Episode 232

It took a really long time just to get here.

“…Uh, how long did it take…?”

“Hmm, well. About 281 years?”

It was such a long time that I couldn't help but ask, 'What on earth are you talking about?', but it wasn't a lie.

It might have been unfamiliar to Sergio, who was an ordinary art teacher, or Giovanni, who was a short-lived priest, but Gio, who now has a strong ego as the evil god Argio, spent that not-so-long or short time with this man without any major problems.

But even for a demon who had been around for centuries, it was strange to take the time to help someone. Thanks to that, it was a refreshing and enjoyable experience.

“And then about two months and 21 days passed.”

"…yes?"

“I know it seems hard to believe, but it’s true.”

It took longer than expected to spend on the man's rehabilitation, but there were no major problems. The wizards who used Geo's house as

a laboratory did something to make time pass quickly here.

'There was a reason my house stood strong during those difficult times.'

Considering that the man's condition was more serious than expected, Geo worked on it a little more.

In the 281 years, 2 months, and 21 days that have passed, the Black Forest outside of this ruins has only had about 94 years, while the Earth has only had about 3 days.

Geo became proud.

“It was me who woke you up so quickly. If someone else had helped you, it wouldn’t have taken this long. It probably took at least 1,000 years just to get here.”

“Go, thank you.”

“What about gratitude.”

Geo was very grateful to the man who had turned back into a 'human'.

'There were times when I thought I should give up because it was too delicious.'

Fortunately, the man, whether he had a strong will to live, or a belief associated with it, or was just born with a strong nature, followed Geo's teachings to the end and made it this far.

‘I even asked to be killed several times… .’

Well, I don't remember.

“…….”

If this is the case, I think you might have even forgotten that I called

you, but I wonder what will happen.

'What a pity.'

If he had been in good condition, he would have immediately killed his friend, but even the most evil of the evil gods, Argio, would not have thought of committing such a terrible fraud on someone with such a weak mind and body.

Now that we've succeeded in making him into a human, it's time to make him into a pig.

And to turn a person into a pig, a minimal level of trust was required.

“Excuse me, can I talk to you about a few things?”

“…Oh, of course.”

“I wonder what your name is.”

"…name…."

“You don’t remember?”

“…No, I remember.”

Even though the conversation itself seemed a bit shaky, perhaps because it had been a while, the man continued his speech admirably. It was nothing short of a miracle.

“It’s Ater.”

“That’s a good name.”

It is a name that uses 'Ah', which means firmness, and 'Ter', which means right belief. I don't know who gave it the name, but it seems like a name full of sincerity. It seems like he received complete love and trust.

'We're not close enough to ask about each other's family circumstances.'

As I was thinking that way, the man asked a question.

“May I know your name?”

“Oh, right. You can call me Geo.”

"…yes?"

“Geo.”

“That’s, a bit… but.”

“Ahahaha!”

Man, the name 'Geo' seemed to sound strange to Ater too.

“Then you can call me whatever you want.”

“No, but doesn’t that seem a bit off?”

“Sorry, I don’t have a name.”

Ather kept his mouth shut.

“…….”

“Why do you have that look on your face?”

"sorry."

“You’ve never done anything to make me feel sorry. You look like you’ll say everything you want to say, but you’re surprisingly delicate. I guess you shouldn’t judge someone just by looking at their face, huh?”

“Then should I curse my benefactor and say I’m crazy…?”

“Oh, that’s really great. That’s really special.”

The first impression I got when Geo made Ater into something that looked like a human was that he seemed like a 'quite sarcastic person'.

Sharp eyes and firm lips. He had strong convictions and the impression that he was strong enough to shout out no even if a knife was put to his throat.

It seems that he may have twisted his own fate.

'I guess my impression was right.'

Maybe I had a talent for physiognomy.

'It's not ordinary to be able to respond like that even at this point.'

All Geo did was make the man human.

Ather must still have memories of being in that cramped prison for hundreds or even thousands of years. But it was all a man's ability that allowed him to have such an easy conversation.

When I thought about it that way, it was clear that he was not an ordinary person.

“…….”

And the evil deity vaguely knew this face.

‘…Was this person among the leading heroes…?’

A sincere person who took care of his comrades while shouting loudly and showing a sensitive nature. He was a hero that the evil god Argio had seen with his eyes and fought against directly.

Geo recalled it 31 years after he began helping the man with his rehab exercises.

'Anyway, leaving that aside.'

He stared at Ather.

“…….”

“…Well, if you look at it that way, it’s not wrong. How can you call a person a beast?”

“I guess I should have majored in physiognomy.”

"yes?"

“Let’s see.”

Geo checked the man's condition.

“I think you might be hungry.”

"…ah."

Ather blinked as if he had never thought of it.

“…Yes, that’s right. Eat….”

“You have to do it, if you’re human.”

“…….”

“Do you feel rejected?”

“…That’s not true.”

“That’s fortunate!”

This is a miracle.

It was good news. It must have been a long time since the food had entered the stomach, and it must have been moldy, but he didn't feel

any aversion to eating. I couldn't help but admire his mental strength.

“If you really didn’t like it, I would have tried to find another way.”

I briefly considered an IV injection, but I doubted that the suffering human would be happy with needles being stuck in his body, so Geo could also inject some energy directly into his body, just as he had done for 281 years.

But even if you don't die from the nutritional injections, you're still hungry.

“I’ve been taking good care of you. Even though you’re on an empty stomach, you shouldn’t have any problems eating anything. If you think of something you want to eat, just tell me.”

“…Can you make food just by telling me what you want to eat? No, did the world get any better while I was in there? Those, those guys… said the world was ruined.”

“Oh, don’t worry. It really is a total mess.”

“…….”

Ater, who had been looking at Geo as if he was dumbfounded, groaned.

“…Before the wizards died, they said that the world was gradually becoming more and more corrupt and narrow. Could you tell me what the current state of the world is?”

“It’s not hard to tell.”

During her time in the 'Animal Kingdom', Geo didn't only take care of men.

“Do you know the world that the court magicians forcibly created?”

“…Oh, you mean that fake world? Another world above the earth?”

“I see you.”

“While I was locked in there, I kept hearing the wizards talking. I was so out of it that I don’t remember much, but when I was feeling better… I tried to memorize as much information as I could in case I could escape the prison.”

“What a great thing?”

Even though he was locked up in that horrible prison, he didn't give up, but instead, he was able to burn with determination, saying, "Let's just wait and see when I get out, you little bastards." There must have been a reason why he was able to recover so quickly despite being locked up for such a long time.

“Anyway, let’s talk about that fake world.”

"yes."

“A new civilization has emerged.”

"…ah…."

“Is this the face you expected?”

“…No, it’s not that I expected it, it’s just something I imagined.”

What could Ater have done while confined in that narrow prison for so long?

“All I could do with my spare time was dream, hallucinate, or think deeply. Among them, I imagined, ‘What must the outside of this ruins be like by now?’”

He laughed hollowly.

“I thought they might all be dead….”

“Are you resentful?”

“What do you mean?”

“Even though civilization has come, it hasn’t come to your rescue sooner.”

“…A little bit.”

The man hesitated and then continued.

“But that’s not their fault. If a new civilization had come up there, the world we originally lived in would have become fake and underground. Then, the history of that time would have been erased. The existence of these ruins would have been forgotten naturally.”

“Good reasoning, but I have something else to add.”

“Oh, I will listen.”

“The new civilization that we have today was created not as long ago as you think. Maybe 19 years?”

While staying at the ruins, Geo went outside and helped the beasts survive in various ways.

The beasts managed to build the world with the help of Geo, who appeared from time to time, and it wasn't long before they were able to build a civilization on the level of previous humans.

“And until then, they had been living in the Black Forest.”

“…How do people live in the Black Forest? Even the great court magicians couldn’t endure it and died…?”

“I’m sorry, but these residents are closer to beasts than the humans

you know.”

“Ah, ah, ahhh….”

Ather shook his head as if he was convinced.

“…Eww….”

“Oh, is this okay? Am I supposed to be comforting you again?”

“…It’s not a seizure, so don’t worry….”

“Poor thing.”

It seemed painful for the old-timers to accept the fact that the beasts had become the new humans, pushing out the humans at all costs. Sergio could sympathize with that feeling, knowing it well enough.

'There was a time when I was so delusional.'

When I first went outside the portrait studio, I was shocked to see a fire-breathing office worker. I also thought that this must be how the elderly who couldn't keep up with the times felt.

'This person is probably worse than me.'

At least Sergio was similar in appearance. On the other hand, Ather, a race that fought against humanity as mortal enemies, became a new human race, so how absurd and disappointing would it be? I don't know for sure, but it would be incredibly confusing.

Ater, who had been delirious for a long time under Geo's tacit consent, asked.

“Well, then. How much civilization is it? Is it similar to the civilization I remember?”

“Uh… I think it’s a little better than that.”

Creating a fake world into another real world would have been impossible without Argio's help from the beginning.

Argio's tastes were reflected quite a bit, and it seemed like it would be better than when the hero Ater was alive.

'Because at that time, the war had been going on for a long time.'

Wasn't it a time when they fought by stripping away everything they had, including resources? It seemed unfamiliar to Ather, since it was brought up to the time before the war, which could be called the golden age of this dimension.

“Well, so if there’s something you want to eat, you can say whatever it is.”

“…How could such a civilization be established in just 19 years?”

“No, the reconstruction itself started 94 years ago. What they did was not to build everything from scratch, but to truly ‘reconstruct’, so the time it took for a civilization to be created was bound to be short. The 19 years I mentioned refers to the period during which the current civilization was stabilized.”

“Then it would be following the civilization of the pre-war era. I don’t know if it would fit the standards of the beasts, but they would have adapted or changed on their own, so….”

“What about food?”

“…Why are you so obsessed with eating?”

“People need to eat.”

“That’s not wrong, but….”

“…….”

“…….”

Geo laughed lightly as usual at the sudden silence.

“You have a face that seems to have something to say. So tell me, I will listen to you personally.”

“…No, I….”

“What are you so afraid of?”

"…jeon…."

Ather hesitated and said.

“…Geo.”

"okay."

“…….”

I moved my lips because I couldn't find the words. My tongue was stiff with hesitation.

Should I really put this in my mouth? Ater thought absentmindedly as he raised his gaze and stared at the young man’s face, analyzing it.

He had the appearance of a noble bloodline. He was adorned with all kinds of jewels, and his clothes, made of cloth and leather, were free and beautiful, though their origins were unknown. At the same time, he seemed to be a very strong man.

but.

“…….”

How can such a person exist in this world, in this situation, in this space?

'However, is it really possible to take care of just me for nearly 300 years?'

That is not the case. Even if the opponent is a new human race that emerged from a new era, there is a limit to what a human can endure, and this person has gone far beyond that line.

When I lowered my head, I saw light clothing covering my body. I also saw lumps of minerals that would be disadvantageous in battle. I also saw bare feet standing smoothly as if nothing had happened in this rough, cursed, and trap-filled labyrinth.

“…….”

In the first place, would there be any more humans left? Beings of that type, of the same type as me. Thinking back to what he had said, I thought it was probably not true.

'This man explained to me the history of the present age from a human perspective. Without the slightest embarrassment, as if it were a given, very naturally… .'

Ather knew what kind of concept and nature of existence this was.

Finally, he called out the name of the being that took the form of a polite young man before his eyes.

“…Ar, Geo.”

“That’s great.”

"…ah…."

It really was.

Ather, who had been staring blankly at the evil spirit for a long time, bit his twisted lips and cried.

“…….”

It was a face that didn't even seem to know why she was crying.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (233)

233

Episode 233

My mind was filled with thoughts and distracting ideas to the point where I felt suffocated.

“…I, you….”

At first I thought it was human.

But as time went by, I realized that wasn't the case. The average lifespan of a human was 50 years, and no matter how well they lived, it was difficult to live past 100. I thought that the new species might have a long lifespan, but it was impossible.

What human being could have created a horrible flesh-eating human being for 281 years?

“…I remember calling you.”

It just occurred to me so late.

“I, I… definitely… in that narrow prison cell….”

“You called me.”

“I was scared. I was so lonely being alone, and the pain had lasted so long that I was dizzy. I didn’t want to be like this anymore. I couldn’t stand it anymore….”

“I think you’ve held out long enough.”

“…….”

“Do you regret it?”

“…….”

“It looks a little like that.”

It felt quite horrible that I had brought back into the world the evil spirit that I had sealed with so much blood and flesh. But at the same time, I was grateful. In the end, it was only this evil spirit that reached out to his screams and calls.

I felt conflicting emotions at the same time.

“…….”

Ather bit his lips and took a deep breath as he asked.

“…Why are you in human form?”

“Because I was human.”

“…That’s right, that’s right. That’s right….”

“There are other reasons, too.”

Argio wasn't perfect.

“I, hmm. What should I say?”

“……?”

“It’s not a complete piece.”

“…a complete piece?”

“Only 99 out of 100 are gathered together.”

It's less of a fairy tale.

“As time went by, many pieces came together, but there are still many things missing. To be honest, this isn’t my true form. I’ve always been in the form of a beast since I was born, but I was able to imitate humans….”

So, Argio's current appearance was a kind of imitation. It was the appearance of 'Argio' that the people of 'that time' remembered the most. In the end, the current Geo was a portrait, so there was nothing he could do about it.

“So don’t worry. I can’t be the threat you need to worry about, because I haven’t gotten back the most essential and important piece.”

“…where is that piece?”

“It’s under this grave.”

“There was something down there…?”

“It seems like the wizards created a fake world and arranged it in such a way that they could use my power. To be exact, it would be closer to the power of the ‘evil god Argio’ than ‘my’ power….”

“Are the two very different?”

“It would be difficult to see them as the same.”

The evil spirit was a monster created by the accumulation of hatred and resentment of countless saints. Argio's personality may be present in it, but it cannot be said that he is himself. Even though he suppressed his endlessly burning anger by becoming a portrait, it was only suppression, not disappearance.

“So to speak, my heart and hands and feet are divided into tens of thousands of pieces and stored separately.”

“…Why didn’t you give it back?”

“You can’t get it back.”

He looked at Ater as if to say something so obvious.

“Didn’t you seal me?”

"…ah."

Ather stood there blankly for a while.

“…….”

He asked late.

“…Is that still there? The effects of the seal?”

“How many precious lives have been sacrificed, so it should remain. The wizards only touched the location and management, not the seal itself.”

“Then what are you, who is in front of me now?”

“The last beast of the Black Forest.”

"…no."

Ather's hand tightened.

“You were a saint.”

“Oh, please. I don’t really like that word.”

Saint was a word that suited only those who, like Giovanni, were obedient and led the lamb. For Argio, the words evil spirit, monster, and beast were perfect. It symbolized free anger and worthy suffering.

But Ather didn't seem to hear it that way, and his expression was not

good.

“…….”

“Oh my god, are you blaming yourself right now?”

It's so special.

“Because what you did didn’t seem right?”

“…Why, why are you… saying such things… You, the one in charge?”

“I can say that because it’s me.”

“You hated us, so you killed so many people.”

“It’s true that I killed him, but I didn’t hate him. At least, ‘I’ did.”

I was sincere.

“I just wanted to be angry.”

“Then please be angry.”

“But the anger I harbor is not directed at you. It is directed at the cowards who insulted me as a dirty beast and burned my family in the Black Forest. You should not force your vile anger on me.”

“…….”

Ather's face, which had been moving its mouth several times, was terribly crumpled.

“It looks complicated.”

It was the moment when Geo was about to get up from his seat, as if he needed some time.

“…Just a moment, Argio.”

“What's going on?”

“To me, to me….”

He hesitated, but then he asked for a favor. I could sense determination in his frowning eyes.

“Tell me your story.”

Through the records of the relics, we learned many hidden truths, but they were only fragments. They were insufficient data to know, remember, and ponder the stories of the countless saints.

He wanted to hear Argio's story.

“Tell me what kind of being you were.”

“It’s not difficult.”

Geo tilted his head.

“Can you believe it?”

“…I will judge with all my might.”

"…then…."

I liked it.

“You are human.”

It has heavy value.

* * *

“I was the child of a noble family.”

The evil spirit's story continued in a gentle tone, unlike his oppressive voice.

“They served as a shield to prevent the monsters of the Black Forest, where disaster was rampant, from bursting out. They were a family that was respected by the people and carried out honorable missions.”

"…you are…."

“He was the youngest son. He was very talented and had an ideal appearance, so he was very popular. He was particularly talented in the arts. He was good at dancing, painting, music….”

“…It doesn’t seem to fit with the evil spirits I know.”

“Now that you’re joking around quite a bit, I’m really happy.”

He says he was once loved.

“But this family has had monsters born from generation to generation. These monsters gradually take on the form of beasts, and eventually grow into unspeakable demons. When the fetuses begin to hatch, the family imprisons the young beasts in the black forest to prevent disaster.”

“Why? Simply because of disgust?”

“You can’t say there’s no reason for that… Otherwise, the young beast would bring disaster from the Black Forest and spread it across the world. The people of the family who judged that the Black Forest and the beast that resembled humans were one body continued that tradition.”

“But you are clearly saints….”

“Nobody just remembered it.”

It wasn't because a monster was born that disasters came out of the Black Forest, but because a saint was born that the disasters of the Black Forest could be stopped. As time went by, people forgot about

that and only remembered that 'the monsters had to be abandoned in the Black Forest.'

“I grew up in the dark forest like that. And I found a new meaning to my existence.”

“You must have felt wronged.”

“It was more amusing than that. I wondered what on earth humans believed in to be like that, and on the other hand, they were so insignificant that they were cute. That’s just how fragile beings are, they break down and crumble when I stir them.”

“…….”

“Well, then….”

The face of the man who called himself a monster softened.

“I made a lot of friends and families.”

“…You mean the beasts of the Black Forest?”

“That too.”

“Was there more?”

“These are the ones I caught.”

“…….”

He hesitated and then said.

“This is what is meant by the living sacrifices offered to you.”

“Yes, thanks to that, there was a rumor that I was a cannibal.”

“Why that….”

“The more people fear me, the easier it is for me to do what I want. And above all, wouldn’t it be pointless to refute me?”

Argio knew best the stubbornness and stubbornness of humans. It was because of that stubbornness that he became a monster in the Black Forest. Although the direction was quite pleasant to Argio, his anger at being despised did not disappear.

There was just no reason to persuade him.

“Why?”

So Argio lived like a beast.

“After some time, I was living my life as I pleased, and people were scared… I guess I should do something about it, so the family took action. They ended up releasing a part of the Black Forest.”

“…I don’t quite understand.”

“You said that the family that gave birth to me has been blocking the disaster that has been sealed in the Black Forest for generations? They took out the water that is the essence of the disaster that makes up the deepest part of the Black Forest.”

“Water… is it?”

“I just called it black water.”

People also call it differently.

“People of the world call it an epidemic?”

"…wait for a sec."

Ather was embarrassed.

“That wasn’t even your doing?”

Are you saying that the terrible poison that rotted people's minds, ruined their bodies, and eventually brought the world to ruin was not something that belonged to the evil god? And that even that was the result of human stupidity?

“I thought it came from the Black Forest at least… Ha, but why… Shouldn’t something like that be kept in the Black Forest? Why was it kept in your family?”

“If we think back to the past that the most primitive saint remembered, it seems that it was probably intended to divide the tasks. One disaster that would overturn the world was placed in the forest, and the other was placed in the family to divide the roles.”

“Why did your family spread that to the world?”

“They didn’t think it would be a disaster. They just thought it was a very dangerous, but historic and sacred weapon that had been passed down through their family for generations. They wanted to use it as a weapon to subjugate me.”

“…….”

“They must have really hated seeing me.”

It was a closely guarded secret that such a beast-like demon could be born in a noble family.

But the young monster did not die even after entering the Black Forest, but rather wandered the world alive, so they were afraid that he would open his mouth and insult their family and come back for revenge.

“Isn’t that stupid?”

In the end, they opened their 'weapon' with the purpose of subduing the cruel beast Argio, and the result was a plague that covered the world. The family did not even take responsibility for it, and quietly fell

with their mouths shut until the demise of the family.

“As a result, I became a demon who eats people alive, causes countless accidents, and even spreads an infectious disease that causes everyone from children to the elderly to rot and decay.”

"…so…."

“The Black Forest was burned. I think you know this, but eventually the palace sent troops to attack me from all sides. In the end, I was burned along with the Black Forest, and I was badly injured and died in the arms of my family.”

“…Is that what was created as ‘Evil God Argio’? A cruel beast?”

“I think you understand.”

He smiled as if he found it peculiar.

“Are you curious as to why I didn’t run away from the chemical industry?”

“…You didn’t have that much ability? But, according to the records… You were capable of that much….”

“I might have been able to run away.”

But that wasn't the case.

“Actually, I don’t remember the reason.”

"…yes?"

“Perhaps it’s deep asleep within the remaining fragments of me. Perhaps there was a treasure I didn’t want to leave behind in the Black Forest? Or perhaps it was my longing to leave my hometown behind and run away, or perhaps I couldn’t escape because the military was really closing in.”

“…Aren’t you just tired?”

“That makes sense. Maybe he thought this was the ending that suited me best.”

Monsters are monsters.

“…Well, that’s what I thought….”

“The evil god Argios could not hide his hatred towards humans.”

“That evil divinity wasn’t created just by me.”

“Yes, I guess so.”

From then on, Ater also knew well.

“…You really didn’t hate us.”

“At least I had no reason to do that.”

"…under…."

I felt empty.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (234)

234

Episode 234

And then mealtime came.

“Huh? Suddenly?”

“I think I asked you ten times if you were hungry.”

“…I’m sorry, I’ve been thinking too much….”

“I can assure you that eating will help you think better.”

“…….”

Ather sighed.

"…thank you."

“No problem.”

Geo smiled brightly.

Now I can finally turn this skinny thing into a pig.

* * *

“Oh.”

Yoo Seong-un blinked as he looked at the picture frame that had

appeared after a long time.

“Why are you out in the hallway?”

“It seems like Yoo Seong-un is passing by.”

“Me? I’m back after a long time.”

I was barely able to return home after a long night's work.

“Are you also resting well at the cabin these days?”

“No, these days it’s in the ‘Animal Kingdom’.”

“Oh, by the way, I think Joo-hyun said that you have a friend there.”

“Yes. I’m currently building a dungeon.”

“…Aha, dungeon.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been silent, soon nodded.

'There was a reason I was out in the hallway.'

It was time for a hallway meeting.

* * *

As usual, the members of the hallway meeting gathered, and Yoo Seong-un was the first to ask.

“So what do you mean you’re building a dungeon? If you’re planning on causing an accident that has a guaranteed future that you’ll have to deal with, you need to tell me so I can prepare.”

“It looks really desperate….”

At Juhyun's muttering, the Sankalut hanging around his neck tilted its head.

“Is it a dungeon?”

“Yes, it’s a dungeon.”

“I had that once too.”

“I believe it still hasn’t been destroyed.”

“I was kicked out of that house and am here now. Humans are evil. I want to go home. Do you feel the same, Geo?”

“Hometown is such a wonderful thing.”

Joohyun asked him

“So what kind of dungeon are you making? Mr. Geo, you’ve already drawn dungeons… similar ones before. ‘Breathing Sea’, ‘Empty City’, ‘Diary’ and so on.”

“It will be very different from that.”

“What exactly is the difference?”

“I built the Demon King’s castle there.”

As Argio smiled with a face full of happiness, Yoo Seong-un fell silent.

“…….”

Yeah, I knew this day would come someday.

“…I’m prepared.”

“Are you crying?”

“Is this your first time seeing a crying curator?”

“I remember seeing Mr. Yoo Seong-un crying last time.”

“I think you were the cause back then too, but you don’t remember?”

“I remember.”

“I guess so….”

Yoo Seong-un asked, letting out a deep sigh from his dantian.

“So that’s what you’re talking about? The Demon King’s Castle?”

“I’m glad you understood.”

Geo gave a double thumbs up.

“I once thought.”

“Can I think about it less?”

“I want notoriety. But I think it’s safe to say that Argios did little wrong, at least in your opinion. Isn’t that right?”

“Oh please….”

“So I tried to create a new notoriety so that I could live more comfortably as ‘Argio’, but Mr. Joo-Hyeon strongly opposed it. He said that it would be a path for both of us to commit a sin.”

"nice."

Yoo Seong-un and Joo-hyun exchanged fists.

“I trusted you, Joohyun.”

“I don’t think it’s time to feel at ease yet, but it’s definitely one of the top five things I’ve done since I was born.”

“Isn’t it surprising that I’m not number one?”

Geo told him.

“There are still more amazing things to come.”

“Yes, you clearly said you would refrain from doing so, but now that you’ve built the Demon King’s Castle, my heart has already dropped to the Earth’s core. Please tell me.”

“I will become the Demon King.”

"…okay!"

Joohyun smiled with a straight face.

“Would you like to come here and talk to me again?”

“Calm down, Mr. Joo-hyun. I never ignored what you said last time. I think what you said back then was very valid.”

“So?”

“I decided to bring the evil god Argio.”

“…….”

Joohyun immediately realized what Geo was trying to say.

“…Are you saying that you are not trying to forcibly build up a new notoriety… but are using the notoriety that you already have? It is true that Geo-ssi was active as an evil spirit in another dimension?”

To be exact, it seemed as if he was going to use the evil deeds of 'Argio', who had been falsely accused of all sorts of things, rather than the evil deeds of 'Argio', who had a real history of causing trouble.

Geo agreed.

“It’s good that I can communicate well with Joohyun.”

“I didn’t want things to be this easy.”

Yoo Seong-un looked at Joo-hyun with a faint smile.

“I won’t go far.”

“I’m not going anywhere.”

“If we can already communicate this well, it means that it is time for you to step out of the human realm. When you become a bishop, be sure to greet me.”

“It’s not that bad and I don’t intend to let it get to that point, but if it does, I will definitely not leave Yoo Seong-un alone. Let’s see how well he lives by abandoning his colleagues.”

“Even though I look like this, I have to take care of Seolwon, so it’s hard for me to live in two houses.”

“You don’t know that you can’t just talk like that with a pierced mouth, do you?”

Joohyun looked back at Geo with a bright smile again.

“I understand that the notoriety of the evil god Argio is greatly exaggerated. Even if his deeds were far worse than those of the human Argio, you said that many things were forcibly added to the process of the evil god’s notoriety spreading.”

“…I didn’t do nothing either.”

“Why is your reaction a beat late? Isn’t it because you yourself are not hurt by something?”

“Anyway, the fact remains that this evil deity has turned the world into a mess.”

“So you’re saying that the process is very questionable?”

“It’s true that our evil spirits also did wrong.”

It is true that humans were largely to blame, but why would an evil god be an evil god? The pure wrath of the holy spirits that came together, 'Argio' cursed the world and committed massacre.

“Of course, the epidemic, the Demon King’s army, cannibalism, and so on, were not my doing.”

“Look at that.”

“But even if you leave out the fact that he made excuses and said that it was a misfortune or a disaster, ‘the evil god Argio’ was still a great murderer. That alone should not change.”

Although the Argio before them now was closer to an individual who had shaken off the vengeful spirits of all the saints who were consumed by hatred, it was impossible to deny the fact that they had once shared the same body.

“It is true that it is a sin I committed, and it is true that it is evil karma.”

So this wasn't false advertising.

“It may not be 100%, but it is about 81% full.”

“Isn’t it a bit too full?”

“In today’s world, an 81% discount is a great deal.”

“No, well, that’s true, but….”

Yoo Seong-un's expression became strange, as he was not sure whether he should be happy about the evil spirit content of 81%. It may be a happy thing for Argio, who is known as the infamous Demon King, but it was a very strange feeling.

Joo-hyun was also thinking the same thing, wiping his face. Sankalut

asked.

“Are you afraid?”

"yes."

“It’s a little different.”

“I feel like I’ve put a child out to sea….”

“…….”

“This is not horror.”

Sankalut hung around Juhyun's neck again, like a normal python without saying a word. He couldn't understand what this solid vessel was saying. It seemed like he would have to ask for an interpretation later.

Joo-Hyeon, who had no idea about Sankalut’s reaction, took his hand away and raised his head.

“…You understood and accepted what I said, right?”

“Oh, of course.”

As Joo-Hyeon said before, things that once happened in the 'Animal Kingdom' certainly didn't seem desirable.

If it had been truly right to frame innocent people and turn them into monsters more vicious than the truth, then so many saints would not have been reborn as evil spirits of wrath, despised despite their innocence.

“It would be too evil to make the Earth follow the same path.”

“I’m really glad you think so.”

Sankalut stared into space with round eyes, unable to understand the

conversation between the two. He couldn't figure out what was so evil and what was so fortunate. It seemed like he needed to ask for an interpretation of this as well.

Regardless, Geo continued to explain.

“But I still want to enjoy a good fight. You could call it a so-called irresponsible pleasure, but to take that minimum responsibility, I brought a solid history instead of a fake listing.”

“Yeah, you’re making dungeons too?”

Yoo Seong-un smiled innocently as he always did.

“What exactly do you want to do by creating that dungeon?”

“Religious war….”

“Wait a minute, here.”

He crossed his arms and closed his eyes.

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

“…….”

“…….”

“…Okay, I’ve sorted it out.”

Yoo Seong-un gave a clear answer with a look of resignation on his face.

“Are you really going to destroy this Earth?”

“Oh my, why are you saying that?”

Argio chuckled.

“You don’t have to worry.”

“What on earth?”

“There is a reliable pillar on Earth today.”

“Are you talking about you right now?”

“You guessed it right. The black cloak will do exactly that.”

“It’s really nice to see you so narcissistic.”

“I am a bit like that.”

Argio was the evil spirit of wrath, war, and pain. It was absurd for him to become dull in peace. He ultimately wanted war with me and those who held precious value.

But Geo knew that it was a rather tame act. He also did not want to act like the small-minded people he despised. So Geo had to compromise.

“An act that can cause minor damage to the Earth, me, and my surroundings. Even if the accident itself is shallow, the damage can be greatly exaggerated and become notorious. And yet, it can create an environment where one can fight with the same talent as a warrior….”

“No matter how much you think about it, there is nothing but religion?”

“Can’t you do something from beginning to end?”

Even if he tried, it would be so clumsy that he would be discovered halfway through, or rather, it was obvious that he would fail. Even the god of death said that Argio was born as an evil god, but he did not have the potential to become evil.

“So I thought.”

“Oh, I get it, I get it. You’re going to bring back your old notoriety and

start a fight on Earth."

"I have decided that there is no problem. I am a god, so I know that blasphemy is nothing. I already know many religions on Earth that would never tolerate an evil god of anger and greed like mine."

"When you're happy, you always talk like a human, but when you're like this, you're a god? Well, I understand what you're saying. Right now, there's the Sun Church, and the Moon Church…."

"That's why we're bringing in the notoriety of 'Evil God Argio' to wage a punitive expedition. This is a legitimate expedition. The battle will take place in another dimension, the 'Animal Kingdom,' so there won't be any harm to Earth."

"…Since it's known to be a dangerous dungeon, it's common for hunters to be assigned there."

"But if we leave it at that, there is a high possibility that the idiots will come. I don't want that. What I want is a fight with a 'hero'."

"hero…."

Yoo Seong-un looked at Joo-hyun. Joo-hyun smiled resolutely.

"Why are you looking at me?"

"There's a hero here that our Geo and the guild leader acknowledge?"

"Excuse me, but can't you see that I'm not an awakened person? I'll die if you breathe wrong right now. You should think about protecting vulnerable civilians first."

"Judging from the way you speak, you don't seem that weak. Ju-Hyeon, you're quite brave for a non-awakened person."

Anyway, Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“So you’re trying to give it a religious twist?”

“Yes, they are blind.”

I thought you would be just plain angry.

“I want that blind blindness.”

A battle of true rage.

“Because that is the reason for my existence.”

“…Is it hard for you to be satisfied with simply using the dungeon you’ve created to fight? Surely you’re not saying that you’ll end up like the mermaids. The divine won’t die like that.”

Even in the case of Sankalut, humans tried their best, but all they could do was seal it. A mortal could not kill an immortal. That was the natural order and providence.

“I don’t know what kind of ending you want.”

“I have never seen the end, what I see now is just the process. As Mr. Yoo Seong-un said, am I not an immortal being?”

“…Then what are you going to do after the war you want is over?”

“I think I’ll be taking a break for a while.”

The current Geo was not just 'Argio'. There was Sergio, who was completely exhausted by extroverted activities, and Giovanni, who was extremely reluctant to see blood.

“So if there’s a purpose, then I see.”

There was only one end he had to see through this process.

“I want a complete assimilation with 'Argio'.”

“What? Are you becoming a Buddha?”

“Ahaha…! I guess that’s pretty similar to that.”

He hoped that he could end the war of the 'Evil God' as the current Argio.

* * *

Argio's Quest

Control of the Evil Spirit (1/1)

Rain in the dry forest (1/2)

Today's Status_'Animal Kingdom'

“All come at meo(` ᷅ω ´)o”

Today's Status_'Diary'

“Have a peaceful day today!✧⁺⸜(•ᵛ•)⸝⁺✧”

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (235)

235

Episode 235

“Kkiyuung.”

"cute."

“Keep keep keep keep keep.”

Geo was now surrounded by fox cubs.

“Guys, please…! You can’t do that!”

“I’m sorry, master…!”

And soon their parents, the foxes, came running.

“Because the kids haven’t learned the language yet…!”

“It’s okay because it was cute.”

“Go, thank you.”

“It seems like you’ve gotten a lot more used to the work.”

“Oh, of course!”

Among the foxes that came running was the fox tribe chieftain, Rami.

“I have polished my skills so that I can serve you comfortably at any

time!”

Geo had once remodeled what was once called a fake world into an environment where life could live. And over the course of 94 years, each race took on its own role and established a small country.

That was just like Geo's Demon King's Castle.

'If a battle starts, I'll drag you underground.'

This one, well.

'Let's try using it as something like a trick trap.'

All the beasts had learned to transform into humans. Geo didn't think it mattered, but he seemed to feel some sense of duty because the beings they were serving were in human form.

Among them, the fox tribe mainly played the role of servants who decorated and cleaned various parts of the castle, the wolf tribe became guards who removed danger from the land they lived in, and the crow tribe became managers who handled various facilities and administration.

“I’m glad everyone is doing well.”

“We are also happy to see you visiting us often these days. Should we bring in Gargal or Balf? If you want to find out what happened while you were away….”

“I don’t necessarily need to know that.”

This was not a place that Argio had created to reside. It was the beasts who had created this small country, and Geo had merely fixed the hot sun and made the buds bloom so that they could live there.

‘Because the dungeon battle has progressed considerably, the dimension itself has become narrower… .’

Well, that's a problem we'll have to think about as the population grows.

“If we invite guests, will you be able to welcome them well?”

“…Of course.”

Chief Ramy smiled like a fox.

“I am confident that I can make any guest fall in love with me.”

“Okay, let’s believe it.”

“I will repay your trust.”

“You don’t have to work so hard.”

Geo also smiled.

“Everything is meant to be fun.”

He was running a pleasure park.

* * *

One day, news reached the collector that the saint of Dalnim Church had gone mad.

“…Hmm….”

Geo tilted his head slightly while holding the invitation.

“…I think Aria mentioned it once before, but if it’s gotten this far, it seems like things have gotten pretty serious.”

“I heard something similar from the guild leader, but… I didn’t think they would come out so openly that the entire company would know. It seems like even the noble Dalnim Church has decided that they have no choice but to receive help from outside.”

“I was curious when I first heard about it, but do adults actually go crazy? Or is it inevitable that they go crazy?”

“Either way, in the end, we’re all human, so there’s nothing we can do.”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders in response to Geo's question.

“First of all, the saint of Dalnim Church was not a person with great capacity from the beginning, but rather grew through learning and training, so there will be side effects. Cases like yours are rare.”

“You mean me as Giovanni?”

“Yes, humans are generally unable to communicate with gods. However, the Dalnim Church seems to have found a way to communicate with their own divinity….”

Even if he had to ask for help from a collector, it seemed that there was a limit to that.

“But really, religious issues aren’t my specialty. I’ve studied a lot since I was put in charge of you, but I’m not good enough to figure out the internal issues.”

“I think there is no choice because there may be information that only those involved can find out. I heard that Dalnim Church in particular has a very closed atmosphere. It would be difficult for an outsider like Yoo Seong-un to know the details.”

“But I thought you might be interested so I tried to check it out, but unfortunately….”

"it's okay."

“What a great opportunity!” said Geo, smiling as he waved the silver invitation with a hint of blue.

“Because they called me from Dalnim Church.”

“…That’s why I’m sorry. I wish I could have given you the information in advance. It’s common for religions to be closed….”

“I will go with a happy heart.”

“I didn’t know that your first activity after the Little Mermaid incident would be a visit to Dalnim Church.”

“It’s an unofficial activity, so it’s okay, right?”

It seemed like there wouldn't be any problem.

* * *

“Sergio Hunter?”

“Yes, I will.”

“I will take you this way.”

"please."

The atmosphere at Dalnimgyo Bridge was extremely quiet.

'There was a reason it was said to be a religion that contrasted with the Solar Church.'

The Sun Bridge was bustling even inside. It wasn't loud enough to hurt your ears or make you feel noisy, but it had a bright and cheerful atmosphere, like people gathered in a pleasant garden.

'But Dalnimgyo... a little more... .'

It's a little different from the Temple of Death.

‘…Should I say it’s cold?’

There was a cool atmosphere.

If you look at human nature, it feels like reason is prioritized over emotion. It seems like results are prioritized over process, and the group is prioritized over the individual. That's all I've seen so far.

'It's not a bad thing, but it might be a little tough for kids to live in.'

In that sense, it seems that the method of selecting prospective priests was to select those who were qualified to become a saint, and those who did not have the capacity to expand as much as a saint became believers of the Dalnim Church.

"……."

The temple of Dalnimgyo, decorated with silver and marble, had cold colors.

'Even though it's the same color, it's definitely different from the Solar System.'

The strangely blue-tinged walls and pillars really reminded me of the moon. The moon floating in space. The lights were brightly lit, but somehow it felt cold. The air was also a little chilly, perhaps because of my mood.

'I like this kind of atmosphere too.'

The quiet temple calmed my mind. My head felt refreshed.

"This is it."

He was taken straight to the bishop's room.

The person who appeared to be the bishop of the Dalnim Church was an old man with white hair as blue as the temple. She greeted Geo without even offering a polite smile to a guest.

“Nice to meet you, Sergio Hunter. I am Bae Seo-kyung, bishop of the Dalnim Church.”

“I am honored to be invited, Your Excellency.”

“We should be the ones to thank you for accepting our invitation.”

The old man was so skinny that his joints were visible. I shouldn’t say this in this day and age when diversity is accepted like crazy, but judging from his dark skin and slightly different bone structure, he didn’t seem to be completely Korean by old-time standards.

'Is it the Middle East?'

I don't know if they immigrated or if they just had the same blood, but either way, I was happy. Thinking about Kang Seo-dam, who is of a similar lineage, it seemed like the blood of the nation was often mixed in the religious world.

Only after all the priests had been bitten did the bishop open his mouth.

“I believe I informed the manager before inviting you.”

“I came quietly, so you don’t have to worry.”

“I see, thank you. This incident is very related to the prestige of our Dalnim Church, so all the priests are on edge.”

The atmosphere was such that even a brief sigh could have been taken, but the bishop maintained her composure until the very end. She then once again explained why the Dalnim Church had invited Sergio Hunter.

“Your Majesty is in a difficult situation.”

“Can you tell me about your symptoms?”

“…It is a common symptom in worshipping God.”

“Have there been cases like this before?”

“It has been quite a while since we have been able to serve the saint, but if we remember that the saints of the Dalnim Church have all died young, we can understand why. The vessel cannot hold it.”

The bishop looked at Geo as if something suddenly occurred to him.

“So you awakened as a trainer. You worship the divinity called Black Cloak, but since you are not an officially registered priest in Korea, I think it would be difficult for you to know the internal affairs of the religious community.”

“Yes, there are many things I don’t know.”

“Then I should tell you about the Dalnim Church. You may have heard that the Dalnim Church gathers excellent priests every year and educates them to become saints.”

“Yes, I thought it was unique.”

“… Certainly, the Sun Church has negative feelings toward the Moon Church’s educational methods. However, it is an undeniable fact that having an adult is of great help in worshipping the divine.”

“Even when you say that, it doesn’t seem like you’re in a very good mood.”

“Because there are definitely problems.”

Honestly, there was no problem until we created the adults.

“The problem starts when one of the catechumens is promoted to adulthood. If he had been well-suited from the beginning, it would be fine, but a priest who is unable to keep his distance from the secular world… gradually feels a greater burden.”

“What do you think is the reason?”

“Because they think of themselves as human.”

If you were an adult, you shouldn't have done that. No, even if you were, if you had been a person with a large vessel from the beginning, it wouldn't have mattered. However, if your vessel was lacking from the beginning, it would have been even more difficult if your posture was also lacking.

“You can’t let go of the human heart.”

Adults were adults. They were children and friends of the divine, and they were supposed to be the channels through which they could communicate.

This meant giving up all the pleasures and pains that humans can enjoy. That was the kind of saint that Dalnimgyo created.

“This saint is doing exceptionally well in our history. She communicates well with the moon, has excellent interpretation skills, and even gives gifts to the gods… She does it without difficulty.”

“But there is still a problem.”

“There are two ways for a saint: one is to die as a human being, and the other is to become another divine being. The saint of this generation has the qualities of the latter.”

Moreover, even the moon they serve wanted it.

“However… it is unfortunate that the limitations of the mind are so obvious compared to the size of the vessel.”

“It’s the limit of the mind.”

Geo nodded.

“I guess you want to remain human.”

“I, too, have never met a saint of this caliber before, so I had no idea how to deal with her. There were saints with even greater talents during the height of the Great Calamity, but there were no records of how to deal with a saint with such an… unclear attitude.”

“What would you like me to do for you?”

“Please help him walk in one direction.”

“Didn’t you say that you are at a crossroads where you can either become human or divine? That would be too much of a task to entrust to an outsider like me.”

“The Dalnim Church sees results.”

If the results were visible and the effects were felt with all one's body, there was no reason to deny it. History and tradition are for the future, not for hesitation or regret.

“We decided to find hope in Sergio Hunter.”

“Is that so?”

“This may be an exaggeration, but I heard that you are the Saint of the Black Cloak….”

“…….”

“…Of course, I have no intention of leaving everything up to you. We at Dalnim Church have decided that we need to take charge, but we need opinions from a new perspective. If things continue this way, we have concluded that Dalnim Church will not be able to solve the problem on its own even after a year passes.”

“I understand what you mean.”

"i look forward to."

It would have been nice if Sergio Hunter had helped the saint in some way.

If the saint were to be confirmed as a human, it would be a regrettable and unfortunate thing for the Dalnim Church, but it would be better than having a precious talent that would not easily emerge die in a situation where they could neither do this nor that.

And Geo was moved to the saint's room and realized the seriousness of the situation.

“Ugh, ugh… ahh… ahhh… ahhh… ah….”

“…….”

“Ahhh… ha… haaaak….”

“…….”

“Kuahahahahahahaha…! Haa, ha, haha! Ha!”

The girl lying in the middle of the room, making an unknown sound, was covered in blood.

"…this."

Did you summon Cthulhu?

It seems like our genre suddenly changed from healing to cosmic horror.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (236)

236

Episode 236

For your reference.

“…….”

Giovanni had seen quite a few scenes similar to this.

'Isn't the appearance of people possessed by the devil similar to this sight?'

Geo looked up at the ceiling. The marble that had once shone like silver was nowhere to be seen, and in its place were only clumps of blood and squirming flesh.

And through the vast pit that had formed inside, something huge was visible.

"…hmm…."

“Don't look.”

The bishop who came with him stopped him with his eyes downcast.

“You may become mentally unstable.”

"aha."

I guess it really was Cthulhu.

'The detailed feel is a little different, but the large stems are quite similar.'

Geo's tastes were extremely broad, so he enjoyed a variety of media genres.

Among them, there was a genre called 'cosmic horror', which, simply put, was a subject that dealt with stories of humans being overwhelmed by something so huge that they break down in bizarre ways.

'I guess the very existence of divinity can only be felt that way by those who lack the qualities… .'

Sergio had never had that kind of experience in the first place, Arzio was a villain himself and had difficulty being objective, and Giovanni was a big-hearted person from the beginning and could put anything in it without any problems, so it didn't really hit home.

Only Giovanni, who was able to see many mysteries as a human, vaguely recognized the seriousness of the situation.

'The Dalnim Church was raising a small disaster that would later consume the world.'

It's cute.

"it's okay."

“…Would you like to do that?”

“You may leave.”

“I didn’t bring Sergio Hunter here because I wanted him to solve something right away.”

For some reason, the bishop said as if telling me not to push myself too hard.

“If you have a problem, you don’t have the face to see the collector, so why don’t you just check the condition?”

“It’s okay, Bishop.”

It would be hard to find someone on earth who is as expert as he is.

“I think I can help you, so let me look into it a little more.”

“…Then I’ll be near the door.”

“Don’t go out.”

“Because it’s impossible to leave an outsider alone.”

“I understand.”

The tone of the words was that they could not leave an outsider alone inside the temple, but in reality, they were probably worried about the safety of the precious guest of the collector. These priests really make things difficult.

'It's a peculiar thing, considering that it's a common trait that can be found in many dimensions. Perhaps it's in keeping with the fact that the language of the divine sounds vague to humans. Just as parents and children have some similarities... .'

Geo, who had finished his brief moment of distraction, looked around again.

The space where the saint resided was quite twisted. Blood that was so black it felt like ink had drawn quite a realistic pattern on the floor, and the pattern occasionally moved like a living creature.

“……?”

Oh, by the way, is that the symbol of Dalnimgyo?

'It was so disgusting that I only remembered it so late.'

The border of the pattern contained fingers that resembled those of a saint, but Geo decided to stop describing it here so as not to cause any further mental damage to those listening to his story.

‘But if you look at it as a whole…’

If you look at this whole room.

‘…Does it resemble the universe?’

It felt like I was inside a moon floating in empty space.

Why aren't there stories like that? Interesting conspiracy theories like there are aliens living on the moon and carrying out all sorts of cruel experiments.

'Or maybe the moon itself is actually a giant living creature.'

That's how I felt.

'I guess that's not a wrong impression.'

In the end, it all started with the 'Dalnim' they served.

It seemed to have been used as a bedroom, with muscles and veins stretching out like spider webs or arched legs centered around the bed.

The marble pillars that once decorated the room were spiraling out as if they were a symbol of genes. They had turned red as if soaked in blood, and had become quite transparent, emitting a beautiful light like crystal.

Even things like paintings and candle holders that were decorated in

ordinary forms were wriggling as if they had come to life.

‘The universe where blood flows… .’

It felt like I was seeing a universe with flesh and blood. It seemed like a being that didn't understand humans well wanted to decorate the room of a small child.

'It's a bit excessive.'

The intentions didn't seem bad.

“…….”

If it were Joo-hyun, he would have tackled this thought. Geo unconsciously thought of his friend.

'In some sense, I think Joo-Hyeon is right.'

The divine beings had to attend speech school or receive basic training to survive on Earth. Geo was an exception, of course. He seemed to be doing well on his own.

“…….”

“Huh, ha, haha. Hahahaha… ha….”

“You look tired.”

Her bleached white hair was so long that it almost filled the room. It was a length that would be difficult for a human to grow naturally.

It seems that this was also due to the influence of the 'Dalnim', as the saint of the Dalnim Church must have never cut her hair since she was born.

The fingernails were long, too. I touched them carefully so that they wouldn't be startled if a stranger grabbed them, and they fell off like

plaster. Then they grew again.

“You’re weak….”

The girl's whole body was covered in blood.

'It doesn't really look like he harmed himself.'

Blood was seeping out of every orifice in his body. Even his pores were seeping out mucus-like blood, making his hands sticky. At this point, it seemed as if he was bleeding excessively, but there was no sign of it.

'hmm.'

Where did all the age tags go?

'It's difficult.'

I thought it would be better to sort things out before my healing material attempted a full-blown genre change. Today, Geo also called out the honey that had been hiding under his hood.

"honey."

“Gulp.”

“Let me help you.”

“Cur.”

Mr. Joohyun always said.

'Stop abusing miracles alone.'

He told them to borrow the power of the children known as the Contractors and the tools that looked dazzling to anyone. That way, no matter what Geo did, he could at least prepare an excuse.

Today, Geo faithfully followed his words and accompanied Honey, Dana, and the Golden Branch staff that Isser had returned. With this lineup, it would be difficult to doubt Geo himself.

"excuse me."

Geo looked at the bishop.

“Can I start treatment?”

“…Is treatment possible?”

No, isn't that why you called me?

“…….”

Then he wanted to ask, “What on earth did you invite me to do?” But soon Geo realized that the situation at Dalnim Church had gotten to this point, so they had probably entrusted the task to an outsider like him, hoping to grab onto even a straw.

'No matter how much I expected, I wonder if I could give you some advice as a senior adult. When it comes to mysteries, miracles happen and they are solved with just a single word...'

Anyway, Geo read her reaction as 'Is that really possible? It would be impossible?' and quietly changed his words.

“I think we can try a few things. As you know, Your Excellency, this is not an evil mystery, but something related to your teacher, Dalnim, and therefore cannot be purified.”

“Yes, that’s why we ended up just watching without being able to do anything. It would have been better if it had something to do with the unclean mystery….”

“However, I think I can help you at least a little thanks to my children

and good tools. It seems like this problem arose because I was caught between humans and mystics, but I can bring you back to the human side.”

“Is that… really possible?”

Oh, my.

'This won't work either?'

Geo read 'contradiction' in the other person's reaction. But then, how far should he tolerate it?

Geo, who was looking very embarrassed under his calm face, thought to himself again, 'Ah, you called me hoping for a miracle whose probability is unclear.' It seemed that the expectations placed on him were lower than Geo had imagined.

Of course, it is not usually possible to turn around a situation that has reached this point in an instant.

'But if we don't do something about this right now, this child's life will really be in danger...?'

What was more important, hiding my identity or the safety of the poor saint? Without a doubt, it was the latter. It seemed that there was nothing I couldn't handle with my divinity and acting skills, so Geo decided to give it a try.

He showed his unchanging smile as always.

“Let me help you.”

“…….”

“Can you give me a chance?”

“…I don’t know much about Sergio Hunter.”

“You lack faith, don’t you?”

“But right now we couldn’t do anything.”

The Dalnim Church, with its strong closed culture, was unusually willing to ask for help from the collectors. They had tried everything they could internally, and the best option they could find was Sergio Hunter.

The bishop stared at the man who smiled as if he were drawing a picture.

'He is also known as the Saint of the Black Cloak.'

If he really is a saint… .

'There is no one more reliable than this, at least in South Korea.'

The situation was urgent. The mystery was so entangled that the saint’s entire body was twisted and even the space was being eroded. If nothing was done, this disastrous mystery would spread to the other priests.

After dozens or hundreds of thoughts, the bishop nodded.

“I will trust you. If anything goes wrong, it will be my fault. However, if I succeed, I will accept Sergio Hunter as a benefactor of the Dalnim Church and as one of our disciples.”

“Is that so?”

“If your heart is moved by this future, please do so.”

“Thank you for your considerate words.”

Sergio Hunter said, looking around as if he was looking at something.

“Would you please close your eyes?”

“…Okay, then.”

"thank you."

With this I try to cover up.

'There's nothing good to see.'

Giovanni was a very large man, so there wouldn't be any problems, but for a bishop who was not even as strong as the fallen saint, it might be a difficult sight to bear. Geo tapped the shadow of his cloak.

"meow."

"yes."

Dana burst out, her soul spit out and her body shrunk to the size of a teenage cat.

“I have work to do.”

"meow."

“I think you understand.”

These guys were camouflaged for training.

Geo met the girl's eyes, which were completely dyed crimson and contained a bright red universe. Although his eyes were no longer distinguishable from the pupils and irises, he was able to catch her gaze without difficulty.

He smiled softly as he looked at it.

“Can you see me?”

“…….”

“Then first….”

He slowly closed his eyes.

“Should we start by practicing sleeping?”

It seems like I've been helping strangers with their rehabilitation exercises a lot lately.

* * *

In this way, Geo succeeded in reclaiming the genre.

"…thank you."

"you're welcome."

The bishop's voice trembled as if he was still in a daze. He had let them fall asleep for the time being, even though he thought that if he dealt with them all at once, they would be suspicious.

'I guess I should show that I'm progressing step by step from now on.'

It would be easier than turning Ather, who had been in a state of meat porridge for thousands of years, into a human, but it wouldn't be visible to those around him.

The body, which had been as grotesquely twisted as Mr. Ba crawling out of hell, was returned to normal, but the saint was still asleep.

It was a good thing, because through sleep I would recover from the fatigue I had been experiencing and gradually return to the path of humanity.

“I think it would be best to move rooms. The space where the saintess was staying is already twisted by mystery… If you stay as is, you will probably hastily enter the path of mystery again.”

“I will have the Holy Lady prepare a separate space for her to sleep. I originally wanted to do that, but I was worried that the mystery would spread or cause other abnormalities. Is there anything else I should be careful about?”

“You don’t have to worry about food. Until all the accumulated mysteries in your body are drained, eating anything will likely be poisonous, so you won’t need any procedures like IVs.”

“Ah, food….”

The hesitating bishop then spoke.

“You didn’t eat well before either.”

“…….”

Geo, who had been silent for a while, asked.

“…Is there a reason?”

“As you said, it is because you have become closer to the mystical. Before, you were not so much intoxicated by food as by something, but you did not feel any appetite or desire to eat anything either.”

"aha."

‘Starving…?’

I couldn't forgive him.

'And thus another pig is multiplied... O sun, forgive this greedy priest.'

I really wanted to respect your lifestyle and way of thinking. If you continue to be so provocative and careless, he will inevitably become a witch hag.

Geo smiled, feeling bitter towards an unavoidable fate.

“If you skip meals, you will walk the mysterious path again.”

“I wish you had just taken that path, but does that seem difficult?”

“For now, yes.”

He was a truly ambiguous talent.

“As you said, His vessel is wide, but His spirit remains human.”

But if you look at it that way, Geo was no different from her senior. This one was also quite formidable, with a mysterious body and a human mind. In that regard, it seemed like he could be of help.

Geo laughed.

“You probably won’t wake up for a while. This is a process where your body and mind are adjusting their waves and your mind and body are becoming more stable, so don’t worry too much.”

“Yes, thank you.”

"and…."

“…….”

“Ahem.”

Cool.

“Ugh, ugh…!”

“Sergio Hunter.”

“Coolook!!”

Geo vomited blood.

The bishop was so frightened by the sight of the guest coughing up

blood that he dismissed most of the priests in the reception room. The few priests who remained seemed to be trusted by the bishop, but before they could come forward to offer help, Geo stopped them.

“Okay, it’s okay.”

“But now….”

“I think it’s because I overdid it for a moment.”

"…ah…."

“It’s not as big a deal as you might think.”

Geo forced a smile, sweating profusely.

“If you don’t mind… Could you please find a place to rest for a moment?”

“Of course. You will need treatment, so go straight to the infirmary….”

“I’m sorry, but I’d rather be alone.”

“…….”

The bishop, who was silent for a moment as if thinking about something, nodded.

“…I will do that.”

"thank you."

In this way, Geo was able to find a place to rest under the utmost care of the priests of the Dalnim Church. The bishop asked for treatment several times, but Geo continued to refuse, and eventually all the priests left the room.

“…….”

Geo, left alone, thought.

'The scam was successful.'

With this, he was able to block most of the opportunities for Joo-Hyeon to be persecuted.

One of the great things about being a portrait artist is that you can do anything.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (237)

237

Episode 237

It's not like Geo has been sitting still all this time.

'I know a little about Dalnim Church.'

If the Sun Church was a religious sect that valued compassion and life, the Dalnim Church was a religious sect that valued knowledge and wisdom. It was said to be a single, large Buddhist sect that worshipped the great mystery of the Moon as its teacher.

'Even if the priests of the Dalnim Church have a high level of enthusiasm for learning, they will not try to spy on the mysteries of a stranger like me… They probably still think that I requested solitary confinement in order to learn the mysteries.'

Geo chuckled.

“Well, I don’t need it.”

It's not like I was really hit and vomited blood.

“Son, I think even Joo-Hyeon will acknowledge your efforts. How admirable of you to follow the advice you gave me to this extent.”

“Kung….”

“What? No, why? I really did my best. If I’ve gotten this far, I’m sure

even the Dalnim Church won't have any major doubts about the existence of 'Sergio Hunter'."

"Kung, kung, kung."

"No, I'm a portrait…."

"Kung."

"Cute and decisive."

Arzio grumbled. I don't know about life acting, but Arzio was better at this kind of dramatic acting than Giovanni, so his personality was stronger.

Geo blinked his eyes, gently sweeping the round honey.

"……."

Soon his face fell. Geo tilted his head with a blank expression.

"…Yes, I know Joo-hyun will be worried since the information about what I did and its side effects will probably be passed on to the collector. I think it would be better to contact him in advance to ease the burden."

In fact, if it weren't for him, there would be no one else in the collection who would worry about Geo's condition. The red liquid may have been blood, but to Geo, it was just paint, and the people in the collection knew it clearly.

And then a meteor came rushing towards us.

"You said you were sick!!"

"……."

"Are you okay? Did you feel any strain on your body? No, clearly, you

didn’t say anything like that before you went to Dalnim Church. I wondered what was wrong because the Bishop of Dalnim Church was acting so humble, but I really…!!”

“…Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“What should I buy you? I heard you took care of it on your own, but do you really not need any medicine?”

“I just realized something.”

"suddenly?"

"yes."

Geo rubbed his chin as he watched Yoo Seong-un come all the way to the solitary cell where he was lying.

“You are as greedy as I am.”

This guy is really not easy.

“Of course I respect that kind of Yoo Seong-un.”

“…I’m grateful, but it’s really sudden and embarrassing….”

“But didn’t I handle it better than you expected? No one will doubt my identity because of this incident. At best, it will only confirm the theory that Sergio Hunter, the Black Cloak Saint, is a true saint.”

“That’s true.”

Yoo Seong-un took a deep breath and nodded his head as if he had never run in with such a flustered expression.

“That part was really well done.”

"grabber."

"uh…?"

“From now on, Mr. Yoo Seong-un, you must not say anything to me.”

“I don’t know what I did, but isn’t it serious to be compared to you?”

“It just is.”

Because he is a person who is as changeable as I am.

* * *

He was faced with an unexpected situation that was contrary to his expectations, but everything else was as Geo had thought.

The collector responded calmly to the words of the Dalnim Church informing him that 'Sergio Hunter' had been overdoing it in helping the saintess.

“Oh, I see.”

“…….”

Rather, the priest of Dalnim Church who came to deliver the news was embarrassed.

“…I don’t intend to avoid responsibility for this incident, but you seem more indifferent to the news of Sergio Hunter’s injury than I expected. Do you have this kind of thing happen often?”

“I can’t tell you much about that part. Sergio Hunter might react well, but we have to protect our Hunter’s identity.”

“Is that so?”

The priest of Dalnim Church had a strange feeling.

'I heard that the collector is a doting son.'

At this point, the value of the Hunter named Sergio was extremely high. He was a Hunter who adhered to mysticism to the point that even in the Dalnim Church, there were whispers asking, "Why did you accept the request so easily?"

Above all, isn't that the person who was hanging around like that and was even said to be 'locked up in the gallery'? I thought that there would be at least a little bit of commotion since that person was helping the saintess of Dalnim Church and ended up vomiting blood.

'I know full well that the members of the Collector's Guild don't care much about each other's injuries, but… .'

Something felt uneasy.

“Ahem.”

The priest coughed and bowed his head again.

“I am ashamed to see our precious guest in a sickbed. As priests who serve the moon, we, the disciples, will do our best to repay this debt. As for the detailed compensation… I would like to speak with Sergio Hunter first, but I came here to see if I could delay the repayment for a little while.”

“We will accept such a problem. Sergio Hunter’s thoughts are more important to us than anything else. The manager who communicates most closely with Sergio Hunter is not a member of our guild, so you can take a stance in whatever direction you need.”

Again, something felt off.

‘What kind of attitude is this?’

It wasn't the dry form of 'trust' that was commonly seen among the members of the Collector's Guild, but rather, it seemed like Sergio Hunter was just 'neglecting' no matter what happened. The priest's

mood became increasingly strange.

'I thought you were someone who was treated with respect?'

Even in a business setting, the collector could easily get angry. In order to maximize the damage Sergio Hunter had suffered, it was right to show anger, even if it was intentional.

"……."

The priest expressed his gratitude, although he felt uneasy. It was not something he, a member of the Dalnim Church, could say.

"I see that Sergio Hunter is very considerate of the guild he belongs to. However, I am afraid that we may be even more rude to Sergio Hunter."

"You don't have to worry. I would appreciate it if you would give top priority to Sergio Hunter's opinion. I came here because I heard the guild leader say the same thing."

"Thank you for understanding. Then…."

After that, the two discussed a few more additional matters and parted ways as casually as when they first met. The priest of the Dalnim Church frowned slightly as he returned to the church.

"Did you get really angry at the collector?"

"…No, it's okay."

The situation has finally come to a point where the huge problem that has been quietly rotting away within the Dalnim Church can be resolved. The man shook his head at the sight of the young priest worrying that the collector might get angry and take Sergio Hunter away.

"The collector has decided to leave everything up to Sergio Hunter's

discretion. Whether it’s future treatment, the debt owed to the Dalnim Church, or anything else.”

“The conditions are more extreme than I imagined. Sergio Hunter’s position in the collection is said to be so high… Anyway, that’s fortunate. The saintess will finally be able to regain her stability.”

“It’s certainly a good thing….”

Suddenly the priest realized something.

“…Oh, this is it.”

The collector did not consider Sergio Hunter to be human.

'The hospitality itself was very generous, but I wondered what part of it was so uncomfortable.'

The very act of 'extreme treatment' was a considerable contradiction. The collectors did not see Sergio Hunter as a human being, so even though he was being carried around from all sides, the people watching him felt uncomfortable for no reason.

'I understand, since you're a collector.'

In any case, it is not a situation where Dalnimgyo can be criticized.

“Let’s go straight to the classroom.”

“I hope your Majesty will get better soon?”

“Haha, of course. Sergio Hunter performed a miracle.”

“It would have been better if it could have been resolved within the Dalnim Church… but I am still very grateful. If another saint like Sergio Hunter can help, surely, our saintess will also one day….”

“This isn’t the place to discuss this.”

“…I did something stupid.”

“I understand how you feel, so it’s okay.”

They too have difficulty seeing our saint as a human being.

'Should we also say that this is the path of destiny that adults inevitably have to walk?'

I wish I could collect more diverse data, but even if you look at the whole world, adults are not that common. I thought I would like to write a paper related to their noble mystery, but it didn't seem easy.

The priests returned to Dalnim Church with some regret.

* * *

As Yoo Seong-un left, Joo-hyun came in.

“Mr. Geo.”

“I was wrong.”

“You said it was okay to go alone, so I trusted you and sent you there.”

“I think that matters related to the saint are not something that will suit Joo-Hyeon’s tastes….”

“I heard that last time too.”

Geo wasn't particularly worried about the safety of the non-Awakened Joohyun, but he was worried about his mental health.

For Joo-hyun, who always looks at Geo and Yoo Seong-woon's conversation with a 'what the heck are you talking about' look, the situation at Dalnim Church must feel quite awkward.

So I came alone.

“If I had known you would be this worried, I would have come with you from the beginning.”

“I’m glad that it didn’t actually cause any health problems… but I can’t help but feel absurd and wronged, knowing that this was the best disguise Geo could do.”

Joo-Hyeon said that her lifespan seemed to have been shortened by 10 years.

“Well, it’s a portrait… It’s a painting… I can do whatever I want….”

“I realized after the incident that Joo-hyun would be so surprised. I think I was very careless. I apologize.”

“Uh… This might sound a bit random, but your speech is quite stiff, just like Mr. San.”

“It’s been a while since I’ve been like this, but it’s true that my speech has become awkward. The fairy tale is almost over….”

"aha."

Joo Hyun also found out how 'Portrait of Geo' imitates humans.

Through the story of the human 'Geo', he followed the status and attitude of the time, but eventually, when his status as a human was consumed by mystery, he went back to finding a new 'Geo'.

So, Geo's stiff speech now meant that he was more of a portrait than a human.

“So, are you looking for ‘Geo’ again?”

“You really think so?”

Giovanni looked dumbfounded.

“I haven’t even started the Demon King Project yet, Joohyun….”

“I believe you blocked out the sound, but I really don’t know what to do when you say such things so boldly within the Dalnim Church.”

“It seems like you’re doing well now.”

“…Ahem, then what do you plan to do now?”

“We must take care of the saint.”

Joohyun nodded.

“You don’t plan on coming back right away?”

“My father takes good care of the hut.”

“Then there will be no hallway meetings for the time being.”

“First, I’d like to try to become friendly with the saintess.”

“I don’t know if I’m an introvert or an extrovert….”

“Maybe both?”

He had a good home and good friends.

“I think I could become good friends with the saint.”

“I heard you’re quite young….”

“Age is no barrier to friendship.”

“It generally becomes a barrier.”

“Oh my.”

Argio finally popped out.

“Why do you keep nagging me so much when I say I want to make

friends?”

“You see, in the end, we become close because of the Demon King and all.”

“My social behavior is not that vulgar and worldly, is it? Above all, Mr. Joo-hyun is misunderstanding me greatly right now.”

“Let me hear it.”

“The order has changed.”

Geo declared proudly.

“You don’t make friends to become the Demon King, you make friends to become the Demon King!”

“…….”

There weren't many reactions that Joo-hyun could show here.

"…okay!"

That's what we always do.

* * *

“…….”

Color— color—… .

Steady breathing.

“…….”

The bishop of Dalnim Church looked at the sleeping saint.

“…Poor thing.”

You survived again.

The bishop wiped his cold face with his cold hands and left the room.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (238)

238

Episode 238

Sergio Hunter has not indicated any intention to return.

“I don’t know what will happen to the saint, so I think it would be best to just watch from the side. If it’s okay with Dalnim Church, I would like to stay in the church and take care of the saint until she recovers at the very least….”

“If you would do so, we, Dalnim Church, would be honored. If Sergio Hunter is here, the saintess will surely regain stability soon. In fact, it is something I wanted to ask you first.”

The bishop came to see Geo, who was lying in bed, and asked.

“More than that… how are you feeling?”

"it's okay."

“I hear stories like that a lot.”

“Aha, you listen to it a lot.”

“The Dalnim Church is full of foolish people.”

She skillfully held back her sighs.

“Even though it’s not okay at all, they keep talking back and saying it’s

okay. Even if they're not being that annoying, there are many brothers who try to sneakily get away with it."

"I was just saying that because I was really okay…."

"I'm sure Sergio Hunter would have been able to adapt well even if he had enemies in the Dalnim Church."

"That's too much to ask of a trainer."

"No, I was being serious."

He was born with the temperament of a priest.

"……."

That's also a foolish thing.

'… It is impossible that such a mystery could have been quelled without causing trouble.'

Sergio Hunter appeared to be a saint with an unusually large vessel, but he was still human before he entered the path of divinity. The blood he coughed up during the conversation was proof of this.

'If it hadn't been a problem from the beginning, then it wouldn't have mattered, but since it showed that kind of appearance, it is an undeniable fact that it was very difficult. Even though he knows that, he can't express it as anything other than foolishness for him to act like this.'

Above all, Sergio Hunter seemed quite skilled. Not only in dealing with mysteries, but also in dealing with people as a priest and as a human being.

'So, is that why you're still pushing yourself too hard?'

I couldn't be sure.

'Because you didn't allow treatment.'

And the Dalnim Church has always been a sect that respects the opinions of individuals. Only by respecting the greatest diversity possible, with the minimum amount of intelligence, can they, as insignificant creatures, reach the highest realm.

'Even if it harms the priest himself… it is right to respect it.'

At least here.

He recalled reports of the collector's reaction to the news of Sergio Hunter's injury, but ultimately decided not to delve too deeply into it.

“Please accept this.”

“What is this…?”

“This is your ID card.”

He did a great job for the Dalnim Church.

“We will welcome Sergio Hunter as our benefactor.”

“Benefactor? That doesn’t seem like a word that suits me, an outsider who has only been at the church for a few days.”

“You showed me something in that short time.”

Dalnim Church has always seen results.

“I don’t mean to disparage the value of the process, but the most important thing is ‘what is accomplished.’ And Sergio Hunter has done a lot. The Dalnim Church has solved for the first time… something that has not been solved for years.”

“…How many years has it been?”

“Because the existence of the saint had such great significance, the

Dalnim Church also did its best to hide the information from leaking out. Now, no matter how much we try to hide it, it is impossible to conceal it, but it has been four years since the saint encountered problems."

"……."

Sergio Hunter asked, seeming to be troubled.

"How old is the saint?"

"You're 17 this year, but…."

The bishop chuckled.

"You don't seem to think so."

The saint stopped growing at the age of 14.

"As I mentioned earlier, the problem started four years ago, when she was 13 years old. The saint was a saint at the relatively young age of eight, thanks to her excellent character and character."

"It definitely sounds young to me."

"An adult's position is not determined by age. However, even considering that, it is true that he was young. This is even more true when you consider that adults are usually established in their early teens…."

There was no choice.

"The moon has chosen him."

His teacher chose my son.

"Do you know the characteristics of the Dalnim Church? We are basically disciples of the Dalnim, not children of the Dalnim. The

Dalnim gives us a lot of help in our pursuit of knowledge and wisdom."

"Your Majesty, you are not my disciple but my child?"

"On the surface, yes, that is, so…."

Can I say this?

"……."

I've already finished my worries and come here. Hesitating was pointless.

"…Sergio Hunter, what I am about to tell you is a top secret of the Dalnim Church."

"…I feel like we're getting close too quickly and I'm having a hard time adjusting…."

"That goes for me too."

The bishop was also a priest of the Dalnim Church who had become accustomed to the closed tradition and culture. It was not easy for her to open up such deep feelings to someone who had been a complete stranger and an outsider just a few days before.

But she decided that this was right.

"It is no exaggeration to say that I invited Sergio Hunter, the benefactor of our Dalnim Church, to tell him this secret. There were many who opposed it, but… I persuaded them."

The position of 'Benefactor' of Dalnim Church was not easy to obtain. It meant accepting an outsider as another disciple, a fellow community member, and also as a distribution from above.

"Sergio Hunter will never understand why we have to do this. But when I saw how Sergio Hunter led our saint back here that day, I knew it had

to be you.”

“It’s burdensome.”

“Please bear with me.”

In the end, it was Sergio Hunter who took all the damage and performed the miracle, despite the bishop's dissuasion. This meant that Sergio Hunter was also willing to provide deep help.

“…I wouldn’t have been so greedy if you hadn’t performed such a miracle.”

“Oh, am I being tricked right now? I remember there being a few similar requests from the Solar Church.”

“Rather than that… I am forcing it.”

Certainly, the miracles that Sergio Hunter had displayed were feats befitting his position as a 'benefactor', but even taking that into account, he was quite quick to reveal his true feelings. This was because he had seen his foolishness.

“The saint is pitiful.”

“…….”

“…That’s why I’m like this.”

“Do you want to take advantage of my sympathy?”

"yes."

This might be the way to catch her. But the saint needed another saint, a guide. And Sergio was a perfect fit, as he was compassionate, generous, and easy to please.

'That doesn't mean you're stupid, but... That's why it's better to

volunteer to talk. It would be much more efficient to get to the point first and leave the rest up to your judgment.'

She finally got back to the main point after gathering her thoughts again.

“If the saint of Dalnim Church is lucky, he will become the next Dalnim.”

“I think I’ve heard that story before.”

“You probably know that it’s another moon. So, it’s a separate deity.”

“Then I guess that’s not it.”

“The saint of the Dalnim Church who has become divine… will be eaten.”

That was the truth about 'Dalnim'.

“It’s essentially a sacrifice.”

The bishop finally burst into laughter. There was only one old man left, not the upright bishop. There was no reason to hide his face any longer, since Sergio Hunter had decided to pique his compassion and make him a worthless shackle.

“The ‘Dalnim’ we serve is a collection of innumerable pieces of information. The Master is a divinity who contains knowledge and wisdom of all dimensions, and he absorbs even the information he does not have or already has. So….”

“You have also learned ‘how to communicate with humans.’ That is why you have the Moon as your teacher. He will give you the knowledge and wisdom you desire.”

“Also, how on earth did that great divinity learn to communicate with

humans?”

“By catching and eating it.”

“Yes.”

Of course, he could not eat all humans. If that were the case, then 'Dalnim' would not have been recognized as a divine providence in the first place. He was a traditional god who only gathered information.

So in the end, it was humans who were evil.

“In the time of great disaster….”

“I'm listening.”

“…At that time, there was the first saint who became divine.”

“I heard that too.”

“Through him, people came to realize.”

ah.

“If an adult becomes divine, he can be eaten by the moon.”

It was a great blessing to those who knew of or worshipped the existence of 'Dalnim'. Didn't that great being, which was considered to be close to a disaster, become more gentle and affectionate?

The cold moon held warmth.

“Of course, the Moon absorbs all the information of the saint who has become divine. That means it absorbs how the saint once treated humans, what he thought, and what stance he took.”

“So, is this why the Dalnim Church keeps creating saints in order to make the Dalnim as affectionate as possible and to gain the wisdom they want a little more easily? The more saints he absorbs, the closer

he becomes to human?”

“In summary, that’s how it is. But please do not misunderstand, Master has no ill intentions. All these evil deeds are brought upon by us, the disciples.”

The divine is destiny and nature. The moon was like that. It was a completely human act to raise a saint who did not need to be created and offer him up as a sacrifice, when he simply existed as such.

“Let me make an excuse in advance. All of this is part of the information we provide before you enlist. Those who cannot accept this will have their memories erased and be allowed to leave.”

“Then, all the priests of the Dalnim Church agreed to their own deaths and joined the order.”

“Yes. Among the brothers, there are those who entered the organization with a relaxed mind, thinking that they would never become adults anyway, but most of them… desperately try to become adults.”

“I wonder why.”

“Because when you become an adult, you can become a god and become a ‘Dalnim.’ In fact, many brothers see it as another beginning rather than death.”

A vast storehouse of noble knowledge from all dimensions.

“We are all gathered here to get into it.”

There were various reasons for this.

“To become more perfect.”

“It’s a scary story to hear.”

“You look quite indifferent when you say that.”

“Because there are stories I hear often.”

“Is that so….”

I guess this guy hasn't been through anything ordinary.

“…the first saint of the Dalnim Church, hoping that the Master would give him information that would save the Earth from devastation… made the choice to become a mystery that could be absorbed by himself.”

And Dalnim learned that kind of adult mindset.

“Since then, it seems that the Moon Lord has decided that it is okay to absorb the ‘child’ that has become divine. If the Moon Lord had tried its best to cling to it, it could have changed its structure, but it did not.”

“For supreme knowledge and wisdom?”

“Yes.”

“You are confessing to me.”

“…….”

A beat later the bishop opened his mouth.

“…Forgive me. I was sitting here with no one to listen to my pathetic excuses….”

“Do you care about that child?”

“I treated her like a daughter.”

“So that’s why you reacted that way.”

“How did I react?”

“It seemed as if she didn’t care whether the saint lived or died, and that she would either like it or not. She seemed to have mixed feelings.”

“That is also true.”

Even when I thought about why it had to be that child, I couldn't even think of any other adult besides that child. Even so, the reason I gave my affection was probably because she, too, was not 'perfect'.

“That is why I am holding Sergio Hunter like this.”

“What do you want me to do for you?”

“Please make the saint perfect.”

“Nothing can be like that.”

Sergio Hunter laughed as he said that.

“But I will help you.”

"…thank you."

That alone exceeded my expectations.

“The end of Sergio Hunter won’t be so… smooth.”

I guess all adults are like that.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (239)

239

Episode 239

Eyes appeared in the void.

“Okay, you’re still watching me.”

Soon after, ears also appeared.

“Are you sleeping?”

“…….”

“You are doing very well.”

The brain was created.

“It’s very warm today. This room is said to be one of the most sunny rooms in Dalnimgyo. I thought they were all blocked up since I couldn’t see any windows except the entrance… but it seems like this room was prepared for you.”

I felt a soft weight.

“Won’t the blanket be hot?”

Oh, this is a blanket.

He covered me with a blanket. Him? Oh, yes. Judging from the low

voice, the other person seemed to be an adult male. What I heard was someone else's voice. I heard the sound of my heartbeat.

“Now that I think about it, I only taught you how to fall asleep.”

“…….”

“Okay, good.”

Something large and soft was placed on the corner of the eye.

“Wake up now.”

"…ah…."

I opened my eyes, regretting seeing that hand fall.

“…….”

“Good morning.”

“…Good morning.”

One day, when spring was in full swing.

The saint of the Dalnim Church has finally awakened.

* * *

In the meantime, Geo became friendly with the priests of the Dalnim Church.

“Oh, saint.”

"no."

“I heard that the saint has awakened.”

“Am I being ignored?”

“I think it was thanks to the saint being with me that I didn’t have any troubles.”

“Why on earth are the Dalnim Church people like this?”

We became quite close.

“I think it would be okay to take away our trust and friendship.”

“It would be quicker to erase the memory. But I know that the Saint will not do that.”

“I think we’ve become too close. Should we try becoming a little less close?”

It was a feeling somewhere between good and bad.

'You won't even listen to what I say.'

When there was a sense of distance between them, they would at least pretend to listen, but once they got a little closer, their true colors started to show. The Dalnim Church members had a fatal charm in that they only said what they wanted to say and only listened to what they wanted to hear.

“Just know that if I become known as a saint in this small Republic of Korea, it will all be your fault.”

“Wasn’t it already me?”

“That’s true.”

But officially acknowledging it is a separate matter. The priest of the Dalnim Church nodded in understanding.

“We’re not that thoughtless.”

“I will believe it.”

“Are you going to the saint now?”

“Yes, I made a light snack.”

“As expected, you are very sincere.”

“Don’t you think that you are being indifferent?”

After living at Dalnim Church for a little over a month, Geo came to know that the people here are indifferent to others without any ill intentions.

At first, I thought, 'Maybe the saint was being bullied?' But soon that thought completely disappeared.

They only talk about death penalty, but these people just treat each other like dogs and chickens. When there is something to research, people who get along well get together and then fall apart, and even if they grab each other by the collar as if they are going to kill each other, they fall apart again once the work is done.

'It's a scary world.'

There really isn't any truth to it.

“I know the harshness of modern society, but you are very individualistic in a different context. Do you think that the death penalty, which is also yours, is like a stone to you?”

“It will be soft and warm rather than wet.”

"haha."

Are you saying that?

'I wonder if just asking about the safety of the saint would be considered a matter of great interest.'

Aren't they priests who don't even blink an eye when someone is dying? Giovanni nodded, understanding the charm of the Dalnim Church.

“Then I guess I’ll be going now.”

“If you lose your hair later, just get one….”

“Pick it up yourself.”

"thank you."

“There are no stalkers.”

Geo walked over with a tray of rice cakes. The priests of the Dalnim Church were very quiet, perhaps because they were often focused on their own work. They all seemed to be introverts like Sergio, so he felt a sense of kinship with them.

He soon arrived at the room where the saint was.

“Aram.”

"ah…."

The girl who was reading a book blinked.

“…Sergio Hunter.”

“You were reading a book.”

“I was wondering if there were any new theories out there.”

“You are sincere.”

“I’m not lazy.”

Saint Aram recovered faster than expected.

'Mentally as well.'

And just like the priests of the Dalnim Church, Aram had little wariness toward Geo. He seemed to have been convinced that 'if the bishop approved, there must be a reason for it'. He had even treated her.

Aram hesitated for a moment and then asked.

“…Is that a meal?”

“It’s a joke.”

“I wish I had the power of veto.”

“You always have the right to choose.”

“Then I don’t want to eat it.”

"okay?"

Geo placed the tray he had brought on the table and approached Aram, who was sitting on the bed. He then picked up a chair and sat down nearby.

“I’m curious as to why that is. Can you tell me?”

“I can’t taste anything.”

“That’s a pretty big deal.”

“It’s been like this for two years.”

"aha."

This is the time when the saint's 'madness' is said to have intensified.

“But you’ve been emptying your stomach for a very long time.”

“Didn’t you say I had a choice?”

“The choice is yours, it’s mine to tell you.”

“It’s lethal.”

“I'm kind of like that.”

“…….”

Could it be handmade? The girl who had been looking around furtively reached out her hand.

“…Please, I can eat some seaweed soup.”

“I’m sorry for being a burden to you, but I’m more than happy that you were considerate.”

“Sergio Hunter, you often say some strange things….”

“Once you get used to it, it will be like that.”

Just like Joo Hyun and Yoo Seong Woon do.

“Okay, here you are.”

“Thank you….”

Aram blinked.

“…It smells.”

“It’s not like it will smell much since it’s a cold drink.”

“No, that’s not it….”

“…….”

“…….”

Aram licked his lips as he put the soup in his mouth with a light spoon.

“…It tastes good.”

“That’s fortunate.”

“And it’s delicious.”

“That’s fortunate too.”

Soon after, Aram started shedding tears with the spoon in his mouth.

"how is it."

Geo leaned back on the bed, resting his chin on his hand and smiling.

“Is it edible?”

"…yes."

After that, the saint began to follow Geo quite a bit.

After all, there is nothing that can win people's hearts as easily as something delicious.

* * *

Saint Aram had a strong desire to explore.

She was a child from the slums, but thanks to the current bishop who recognized her talents, she was able to enter the Dalnim Church. It was a precious opportunity that was not easily obtained even by those who had awakened as priests.

“I am always grateful to the bishop.”

“I was sad because you were sick.”

“Please take good care of me, Your Majesty.”

Although the bishop had a blunt and cold personality, Aram did not

give in to such ruthlessness. Rather, it could be said that the fact that he accepted and guided him despite his personality was a great affection.

“You even gave me a name.”

Originally, she had no name.

“Aram, you say.”

“That’s a good name.”

“It refers to a fruit that is fully ripe and hanging on a tree.”

In the Dalnim Church, there was no name that cheered for the future more than he did. He was a monk who pursued knowledge and wisdom. The name Fruit, which meant achievement, was the maximum affection that the blunt bishop could give.

“I would be lying if I said I didn’t want to repay that affection and expectation, but I was more curious. There was so much I didn’t know about the world.”

“How are you now?”

“It’s not enough.”

I felt like I could gain more knowledge.

“There is so much to delve into, especially when it comes to mystery. The Earth has only a basic understanding of the new world, and we don’t know the detailed components and structure. I want to know that.”

“So what do you want to do?”

“Knowing is important, because it makes me a more complete being.”

“People of Dalnim Church love the word perfection.”

“It’s only natural because we all came here wanting to become better beings. We may not be perfect while we’re alive, but if that’s the case, we want to be perfect even after we die.”

Aram, who was fiddling with the blanket, glanced around.

“Are you feeling bad?”

"very."

"thank god."

She made excuses.

“I’m not saying this to just anyone. When other priests go out, they take on the appearance of priests that people expect them to be. It’s just a unique house filled with unique people… so they can be comfortable when they’re inside.”

And then he laughed.

“I also become an elegant saint when I go outside.”

“You must be tired.”

“…….”

The smile faded vaguely.

“…That is true.”

“You don’t seem like the type of person who enjoys luxury and pretense.”

“It’s not that I don’t like it. I like having someone look up to me, and I like wearing pretty, soft clothes. But more than that, I want to become perfect faster… The priorities of my greed are different.”

"I see."

“Thank you for not telling me I was upset.”

“People have the right to go their own way as long as they don’t cross the line.”

“Not everyone in the world thinks that way.”

The true nature of Dalnimism is not something that people would welcome. It is far removed from universal morality and ethics. Therefore, outside of Dalnimism, they take on the appearance of pious priests rather than scholars.

That is why Dalnim Church has become an even more closed culture. Because there are very few people who understand them. It was a miracle that a saint with a great capacity who did not criticize Dalnim Church helped them this time.

“I, that….”

“Call me whatever you want.”

“I’m glad that the teacher doesn’t think badly of us.”

Everyone in this house was from Aram's family.

“I guess the bishop readily gave him the position of benefactor because he is such a person. He really has a good eye for people.”

“Yeah, so you brought her too?”

“Um… yeah, of course. I’m so smart.”

“That’s amazing.”

“…….”

Aram, who had been hesitating, asked.

“…How long will you be staying here?”

“Until you get better.”

“I feel a lot more comfortable.”

“You can’t lie.”

Geo laughed.

“Then why don’t you just ask?”

“…Can I do that?”

“You called me teacher.”

He looked happy.

“Should I stay by your side?”

“Yes, but….”

I don't like being alone.

“…Do I have to go?”

“Even if you leave it.”

“I know you are busy.”

“You asked me that, knowing full well that I would leave.”

“It would be more regrettable if I didn’t try to catch it.”

Geo let out a pretended sigh.

“These days, kids mature too early….”

“Isn’t that a really old man-like thing to say?”

“Compared to you, I’m an old man.”

“How old are you?”

“Hmm, 29 years old?”

"uh…."

There was more than I thought.

“…I thought you were in your early to mid 20s.”

“You’re the first person to see me like that.”

“Why? You don’t look old.”

“Did you say the atmosphere was heavy?”

“Oh, I think I know what you mean.”

I felt a little happy.

“I hear stories like that too.”

This is a chronic problem for those who have a mysterious body in their human form. People look up to them even though they have done nothing. It was the same even for her, who stopped growing at the age of 14 and is now petite.

“Isn’t that a little tiring? Thanks to that, I was able to go out into the world as a mature and elegant saint, but it also felt a little strange. To be honest, I sometimes felt like the world was deceiving me.”

“There was a time when I was like that too. I didn’t do anything special, but people were so scared of me.”

“It doesn’t look particularly scary….”

“In the past, my impression was much more stiff.”

“Wow, I can’t even imagine.”

It made me laugh.

‘… Yeah, you said this guy was a saint too.’

Whenever such talk came up, Geo denied it, but the priests of the Dalnim Church did not listen. Aram was also completely influenced by it. The servants who changed his bedding and clothes told him about it.

The story deeply touched Aram.

‘This person is just like me… .’

equal.

It was such a precious thing.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (240)

240

Episode 240

Aram liked studying.

It was so good. Knowledge is necessary even when eating, listening to music, or even walking down the street. And the more you know about the world, the clearer it becomes.

In the end, the poor beggar who had nothing was lucky enough to become a priest.

“Will you go together?”

“Can I go?”

“Yeah, I see some potential.”

“Then… I want to go.”

I held your hand.

I was informed in advance of the dangers of joining the Dalnim Church. But it didn't matter. It wasn't just about escaping from my humble beggar status. It was good that I would be able to enjoy abundant knowledge.

“How does the moon give wisdom?”

“If priests gather their strength and pray for an average of one month, they can obtain information from the Master. If you are looking for an easier way, it would be to receive help from a saint and communicate directly with God.”

“But the saint who is here now seems like he will pass away soon. He is still lying in his sickbed, so he cannot have a Q&A with the Master.”

“Another adult will come out, that’s what we gathered here for.”

"ah…."

From that moment on, Aram's fate may have been decided. From the moment he heard the bishop's and his adoptive mother's words, he had a vague goal of 'I will fulfill that role.'

But he didn't necessarily think it would be like that. Aram liked studying. He enjoyed learning. He welcomed the world becoming brighter and clearer. He wanted to become a more perfect being.

'If I change myself like this every day, I will be able to accomplish more. I will become a better person, and that will make me live a happy life. I can do it.'

And Aram became a saint.

“……?”

The day I heard the voice of the moon.

“…I heard the Master’s voice.”

“Yes, you have certainly answered my question.”

“If what you say is true, then verification is necessary. Let’s prepare.”

“I will wait.”

I know what it means to become a saint of the Dalnim Church. Aram was fine with that. He was fine with dying as a human like the saints of the previous generation, or becoming a piece of divinity.

This was the perfect home for her. She had a family to rely on and love. She wanted to repay the favor she received and become a better person for herself. She had nothing to fear.

“When I become a saint, I will ask the Master about the things you are curious about. I can ask you especially about the things you are curious about.”

“…It’s a blessing.”

“I'm okay.”

“…….”

The bishop did not answer.

The test was given. Deep and colorful questions that she should not know were asked. Aram responded without stopping, following the voice of the moon. The priests were amazed, and a new saint was born.

“Are you glad I’m here?”

“Of course, Your Majesty.”

“…I’m not the bishop’s daughter anymore?”

“…….”

This time the bishop did not answer.

“…That’s a little bit not okay….”

"I'm sorry."

“I hate apologizing more.”

“I’m sorry, Saintess.”

“…….”

This time Aram shut her mouth. She realized.

'It's not that you didn't answer, it's that you couldn't answer.'

No matter what I say, nothing will change. I don’t know what to say to get the right answer. Even if I have something to say, I’m afraid that if I say it out loud, the hurt will get worse. That’s why the bishop hasn’t responded to Aram’s words.

But this was also the path that Aram had decided on.

“…….”

"are you okay."

She still enjoyed learning.

“I can make this world a better place. The research institute of the association also receives the most advice from our Dalnim Church. If I can become a divine being someday and make Dalnim warmer, I will be satisfied with that.”

therefore.

“…So don’t look at me like that.”

“Excuse me.”

How coolly that perfectly fitting tone approaches.

“…….”

I have no regrets.

'I chose it.'

This is the path I walk because I want to.

She was still young and had much to learn. Her family was indifferent but solid. The depth of the mystery had not yet been fully discovered. There was still much to enjoy.

Still, Aram felt fear at the loneliness that suddenly came to him.

“…Is the moon’s embrace this scary?”

“It’s going to be cold and dark. So we need to make the moon warmer.”

“He must be providence, but he makes people afraid.”

“That is foolish talk. It is not as if providence cannot kill a mere creature.”

“I still have a lot to learn, Bishop.”

The earth is in chaos. The inside of the moon is full of wisdom that cannot be learned even if one wants to learn it. The moon religion was working for the world. Aram respected and loved such a moon religion.

I felt proud that I was part of it.

“We will get closer to perfection.”

“That’s great.”

So my fear is that it can never be number one.

Aram tried his best to learn and practice. With the support of the Dalnim Church, his vessel had barely expanded, so he didn’t know when he would die. It was because it wasn’t a vessel big enough and

strong enough to completely contain Dalnim.

'If I were destined to live a short life, I would enjoy more pleasure.'

And I will leave more here.

'Knowledge remains in a permanent form and spreads to various beings.'

Knowledge is an immortal concept. If I can become a part of that knowledge and remain in the world, that is enough. Aram studied as hard as she could, and eventually, when the time came, she collapsed. She was dizzy, wondering if the moon was trying to take her away.

And then I met a guy named Sergio.

“Today is French toast.”

“French toast…?”

“I thought this wasn’t your first time trying it, is there a problem?”

“I thought it was originally this thick.”

“If it’s thick, it tastes good.”

“That’s true.”

He often gave Aram delicious snacks.

‘… It’s delicious, as expected.’

A soft texture like a cloud on the tongue. A fluffy texture. A rich egg liquid that soaks in without being greasy. And the taste of butter and milk. Honey and cinnamon.

'I can taste it.'

Even though he was an imperfect vessel, he felt as if his qualities were

not completely lacking, and as time passed, he felt as if a mysteriousness was accumulating in his body. Aram was moving away from humanity. Even when he ate food, it didn't feel like he had eaten anything. He could taste it, but somehow it was becoming dull.

It was because they were all becoming divine. There was no way a divine being could be satisfied with the food of a mere creature. Aram felt less and less satisfaction through her five senses. Only knowledge pleased her, and she eventually ended up digging into the arms of the moon… .

"What is this? I'm trying it for the first time, but it's really delicious."

"It's just water that has been fermented with sugar from fruit found in a dungeon."

"You've been saying the word 'fruit juice' for such a long time…."

"I wanted to try to make it seem like I had something to say."

"It's pointless."

Before she knew it, she was enjoying a delicious meal.

'… Oh, I see.'

I had forgotten how to eat.

'Forgetting what you have learned is a stupid thing that even the catechumens of the Dalnim Church don't do.'

I remembered the first time the bishop taught me table manners. He taught me how to hold a spoon in my hand. He taught me how to savor food. He taught me how to eat most happily.

"…I will remember everything."

“What are you talking about?”

“The taste of this toast, the texture, the color… even if it wasn’t this, all the dishes you made before. I won’t forget them now.”

“Is there a reason?”

“Then, when I become a moon, I will remember this.”

I couldn't forget that a meal prepared by a mere creature could taste so good. I shouldn't have. The adult was a small stone that warmed up the moon so that it could become warmer. I wanted to be faithful to that role.

Sergio Hunter asked.

“Is that what you want?”

“Of course.”

It is my pride that I have chosen.

“I will become a moon god someday and make the world more perfect. Right now, everyone is having a hard time and is confused because the great disaster has not been over for long, but as more knowledge becomes available and people become smarter, the world will become a much better place.”

More perfectly.

“So I won’t forget.”

“I hope you haven’t forgotten your mother either.”

“…….”

I started crying again.

“…I don’t want to cry, but why do I keep crying….”

“If you want to make the moon warmer and more perfect, you must also remember sadness.”

“…Teacher, what you said is right.”

“Now, look. I’m not going to make you a weird kid.”

The teacher was a very kind person.

“You have to live a life without regrets.”

“I have never regretted it, not even once….”

“How adult-like.”

He even let out a pretend sigh.

“I guess I became mature too early.”

“It’s because I’m special.”

“So remember the emotions you can get from the ordinary.”

“I will do that.”

“You can be anything.”

“…Teacher….”

I became curious.

“How are you, teacher?”

"me?"

“…Don’t you want to remain human?”

“Hmm, my father doesn’t absorb me.”

“But I feel it.”

It was an instinctive feeling. I had never felt anything like it before, but I knew it naturally. The man in front of me was an adult. And perhaps he had already transcended human nature.

“Teacher too… already, a mystery….”

“Isn’t it full?”

“…….”

“And yet, what makes me special is that I am an ordinary person.”

“It sounds like a ridiculous story….”

“I have always been human.”

“Did you choose that path?”

“The length doesn’t matter to me.”

It was an unfamiliar story to Aram, who had chosen one path his entire life.

“But if a mystery like us doesn’t choose the path, wouldn’t it be a disaster?”

“A disaster is a disaster. The important thing is not to cross the line, Aram.”

The teacher did not have any expectations or disappointments for her. He just looked at her with gentle eyes. He corrected her if she was wrong and told her where she could improve.

It felt very sweet to Aram. It was a comfortable sense of stability that he hadn't felt in a long time. It felt like his feet were on the ground.

“I wish you were here all the time, teacher. I wish you could talk to me every single day, and always make me delicious food like this.”

Someone equal to me. Someone who doesn't pity me or expect anything of me, but just stays by my side.

“But that would be difficult.”

“You never get greedy until the end.”

“…But I’ll be greedy just this once.”

“What is that?”

“Can I become your disciple, Master?”

“…….”

He didn't answer at first.

Could not answer.

“…Did I cause trouble for you, teacher?”

“…That’s not true.”

He also looked sad.

“I just never thought I would be able to have a disciple.”

“I will learn… how to live from you, sir, just as I learned from you, bishop.”

“No, Aram. You will learn to rely on me and let go.”

“…Wouldn’t it be a shame to put it down?”

“You have to learn that too.”

The teacher laughed.

“If you want to be perfect.”

“…I will do that.”

“I look forward to seeing you smile like a little kid.”

“Can I do that?”

“Then, you are a talented child.”

The words of encouragement were truly warm.

“You can do anything.”

The fear went away there, and I wanted to cry a little.

I was scared that I would regret it one day if I continued like this.

* * *

“The saintess looks very comfortable.”

The bishop still felt ambivalent.

I wanted the saint to walk the path of divinity and open a new horizon for the Dalnim Church. But I also wanted the child I loved like a daughter to live a comfortable and happy life.

“Ultimately, the choice is yours.”

“I am sure you will be able to choose the path you want.”

Geo laughed.

“You can do anything.”

Now it was time for the evil demon lord to appear.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (241)

241

Episode 241

Square, square—.

Numerous quills float in the air and write on paper.

“…….”

Bishop Bae Seo-kyung, the owner of the quill, let out a sigh.

“Phew….”

In response, the quills floating in the air came down one by one and sat on the desk. The desk, as long and large as the dining table, easily accommodated all those objects.

'The answer doesn't come easily.'

The softly laid paper was densely written. It depicted the relationship between humans and divinity. There was also a description of human limitations. There was also a story about when humans become divinity and divinity becomes human.

“…….”

Baek Seo-kyung stood still and watched it.

'The saint's condition has stabilized considerably.'

Sergio Hunter said that he had brought balance to her mind and body, meaning that the fate of the saint was determined when the weight was tilted towards human or mystical.

‘… But still, a little more… There are many things the saint has not learned… .’

No, it's not.

‘… These are all excuses.’

The saint is the scholar with the most knowledge in the Dalnim Church. I know the efforts she has made and the results she has shown. We should not ignore that. That would be the same as ignoring the saint herself.

“…It’s not a topic I should dare to worry about.”

Ultimately, it is the saint who makes all the choices.

'You have to trust her judgment.'

Either she would hone her skills once more and become a divine runner, or she would be content with her current peaceful life and pursue learning. Or, any other path would have to flow as the saint wished.

‘But why on earth am I hesitating like this?’

I don't even know what I'm hesitating for.

'Why? What? What are you going to do?'

Are you saying that you still can't sleep even though the moon is about to set?

“…….”

In the end, it's all in vain.

“A mere sliver….”

No matter how much she flies and crawls, she cannot compare to her master's knowledge. She cannot be wiser than Dalnim. She cannot accomplish as many things as an adult. Knowing this, the fact that she still acts so foolishly shows her shortcomings.

Still, it makes me think.

‘…if only it could be a little more perfect.’

then.

'Can I be by that child's side?'

One day, when the saint sat on the saint's seat, the bishop asked the saint a question. When she asked if the inside of the moon was also this scary, the bishop only urged the saint. She was foolish. She had to become more perfect.

So he said that he had to make the moon warm.

“…Ugh.”

The hands that were resting on the desk were trembling.

“Ugh, ugh, keuhk….”

She sat down, clutching the desk.

'How many times do I have to repeat this?'

I was breathless with disgust.

She has already sent away three adults in Korea alone. Some of them became divine beings, while others remained human. Some were announced, while others were hidden.

Through them, Bae Seo-kyung learned that even 'providence' can be terrible, if providence and humans inevitably meet.

'How many times does it have to happen before the world gets better?'

It was so horrible, but I never even thought that I could break this cycle. I just desperately hoped that since I had just started, there would be an end somewhere.

The bishop was born before the catastrophe. The worst she knew was now the best. If only she could turn things back to how they were before the catastrophe. If only she could do that, she would do it even if it meant giving everything she had.

'I wish I had been an adult.'

She wasn't the only one who thought like that. And Dalnim Church was a group of people who thought like that. Let's fix the world with the vast knowledge of the universe. Let's make it better. Just a little bit faster.

'It wasn't them, it was me… I… .'

Only then could we avoid passing this horror on to our descendants. The sacrifices we make today are for the future.

"……."

She took a deep breath and returned to her cold face.

'… it's all in vain.'

Bae Seo-kyung got up from her seat.

He straightened out the wrinkled clothes, cleaned up the dirt, and fixed the poor appearance. The bishop was the one who consoled and appeased the death row inmates. Among humans, he was the one who had to be the most perfect.

'It's all meaningless research.'

Baek Seo-gyeong, who is not even a vessel, cannot become a saint. He cannot become a divinity. He cannot contain even a certain amount of mystery. No matter how much he flies and crawls, he is still a human in the end. He cannot become a star that remains by the side of the saint who became the moon.

'The saint is doing very well. She is confident and proud of her path. It would only be unpleasant to reveal human folly now. What good would it do if a forcibly created, clumsy star were left next to that noble moon?'

If they couldn't provide proper help, they should have just stayed still. This is Dalnim Church. All knowledge and emotions are affirmed. They had a duty to have more diverse knowledge and wisdom.

'Above all, this is ultimately for my own satisfaction, not an act of respect for the saint. I cannot ruin things with my pitiful selfishness.'

Bae Seo-kyung looked at the research materials spread out on the table.

"……."

The surrounding area was filled with the filth of her blood and flesh.

"…I guess I have to clean it up."

This doesn't help at all.

As he finally reached a conclusion, fatigue set in. He thought he would not be able to see the saint tomorrow because he would be recuperating. The bishop waved his hand and lightly cleaned the study. He decided to sort out the materials that needed to be burned tomorrow.

'I guess I should rest right after praying.'

I foolishly overdid it because I was anxious.

'The path of a saint is determined by fate, but how foolish it is.'

The Dalnim Church respects the freedom of the dead. They even allow them to step down from their priesthood if their memories are erased. One of the few rules they follow is to report their daily activities to Dalnim before going to sleep.

The bishop stepped into the prayer room.

"……."

The prayer room, which resembled a giant pupil, seemed like looking at the night sky. The dark ceiling had no end, and on the floor, where it was difficult to even confirm its existence, there was a transparent lake.

A pitch-black night without moon, stars, or clouds. This was a mystical space created for communication with the moon. If you were lucky, you could occasionally encounter the Master floating on the lake.

'You're not here today, either.'

The saint's recent poor condition may have also played a part. Without the saint's help as a medium, they would have difficulty seeing their Master's face.

The bishop knelt in a space that seemed to resemble a terrace.

'I hope that this little knowledge I have gained today will also be contained within the moon… .'

It was after a long time that

"……."

“…….”

“……?”

The bishop opened his eyes to the light seeping through his eyelids.

"…ah."

A pure white, round moon.

And then I saw 'something'.

* * *

It was half a head.

There was no brain, no eyes, no ears. It was like the bottom of a broken porcelain bottle. Inside, a dazzling golden liquid flowed out. It flowed like a thin river, brushing past smiling lips.

Its hands and arms were in three pairs.

The uppermost one held a geometric horned sheep skull on its half-head. The middle one held the sacred moon as a child. The lowest one was spread out on both sides, looking down at the world through golden eyes embedded in its palms.

Its legs had a tail wrapped around them.

The soft fur fluttered like a silk curtain. The red tail looked like that of an animal, or like a made-up decoration or an aurora in the sky. It seemed like something you could touch, but it also seemed like an illusion. It was wrapped around the left leg of the tree-like pose and swayed.

“…….”

The radiance it encircled was that of bright red wings.

Blood-covered, dripping, they soon fall into the lake. Or they seep in. They are countless and rough in cross-section, as if they were mercilessly torn from birds. They are countless, trembling in pain, and perhaps convulsing or shaking as if laughing.

“…….”

Its voice… could not distinguish between numbers and times.

“Little beast.”

Who, how many, in the past, present and future are speaking?

“I speak from my sleep in the last coffin.”

“Poor thing.” “Whose beliefs are yours?” “You don’t even know your own feelings.” “Are you angry?” “It’s a pity.” “You’re tamed.” “Have you never learned?” “Ask me!” “Is what you thought was your belief really so?” “You’re afraid.” “Weren’t you born human?” “What are you doing?” “If you’re happy, that’s enough!” “Have you never learned?” “How can you be human if you can’t be angry?” “It’s not foolishness, nor is it a belief.” “You can’t have malice.” “Look at the world.” “Be happy!” “Be angry.” “If not that, you little beast.” “What can you do?” “You little thing.”

“…the dream was long.”

“I will talk to your teacher a little more.”

“Now wake up.”

“The moon has set.”

* * *

“—Bishop.”

“…….”

“Bishop?”

The bishop opened his eyes to the call of the death penalty.

“…….”

“Why are you sweating so much?”

“…Just now, I….”

“Have you seen the teacher by any chance?”

"I…."

My breath was trembling.

“…….”

The world came into view.

A pitch-black prayer room where nothing was floating. A brother who came to check on me because I hadn't come back until late. A clock hanging on the terrace. Perhaps she had dreamed while praying.

But is that really a dream?

“…What did I see?”

And what did you hear?

* * *

“I understand.”

“What did you understand?”

“I understand everything that Dalnim Church has done.”

"that…."

Joo-Hyeon tilted his head while looking at the portrait.

“Isn’t this a terrible human sacrifice?”

“I affirm your words.”

“I didn’t think Mr. Geo would like that kind of thing.”

“I don’t even agree with that.”

"aha."

“It’s about understanding the reason for its existence beyond my personal interests.”

There was no such thing as right or wrong in the fate of the world. Did those countless branches extend out to examine human ethics and morals?

“People are diverse. The limits of their limits are also very diverse. Beings that can think constantly create variables. Everyone calls it fate, but I think it is just a natural flow.”

Fate wasn't something grand.

“If a child who loves cake grows up in an environment where he cannot eat it, he is more likely to become obsessed with cake. What do you think about this, Joo-hyun?”

“Mr. Geo is right.”

“All the currents in the world are like this.”

“I understand that as well.”

“That’s also the case with Dalnim Church.”

Geo characterized it as a regret.

“You don’t even know that sin is sin.”

It is natural. The great disaster has taken away all the ethics and morals that existed before. Now, it is only an imitation of them. People have been giving up many things for the survival of themselves and their precious things.

People had no real knowledge of personal pride, good and evil of beliefs, or any other concepts that existed in the world. They were like newborns. This is not only the case with Dalnimgyo.

“During that great disaster, the Dalnim Church found a way to end these numerous tragedies as quickly as possible. The Dalnim Church’s saint became a deity and transformed Dalnim into something warm. What do you think about this, Ju-Hyeon?”

“…I too want to end the many tragedies of our time as quickly as possible. But that doesn’t mean I want to sacrifice innocent people like Dalnim-gyo. That would be too disgusting.”

Joohyun laughed in vain.

“Peace achieved that way is meaningless.”

“No one told Dalnimgyo that fact.”

“Shouldn’t you know that at that age?”

“They didn’t tell us, so we had to realize it, but many people didn’t, and that’s how the world turned out.”

“…Yes, the same goes for the association’s research institute.”

“Many more people live without knowing that sin is sin.”

Even though it was the path to destruction, people were busy looking only an inch ahead. And those who could see far ahead were looking so far ahead that they couldn't even see their surroundings.

“The sinner is obvious, but the source of the sin is obscure.”

Who was the first to do something wrong?

“A catastrophe that was nothing more than a natural disaster?”

Or perhaps the first saint of the Dalnim Church who wanted to save the future even at the cost of sacrificing himself?

“Adults who recognize sin in a closed culture but mistake it for sacrifice? Priests of the Dalnim Church who are tainted by immorality hidden behind noble sacrifice and affirm both their own and others’ sacrifice?”

“…I don’t know.”

“That’s right, all of the Dalnim Church members are victims and sinners. They have sinned in all their fates. People always commit big and small sins in their lives.”

“Isn’t the sin of the Dalnim Church too great?”

“Sin can only be eradicated by uprooting its origin. What do you think about this, Mr. Joo-Hyeon?”

“But… this is a situation where you can’t find the root.”

The priests of the Dalnim Church who join each year are diverse. They join the Dalnim Church to get a home and food. They don’t want to be alone. They join for honor. They want more wisdom. They want to become perfect beings.

Most of them are children. All the priests of Dalnim Church grew up there from childhood. And the children who aspired for supreme wisdom and honor grew up to become adults of Dalnim Church. The beginning and the end. Whose fault is it?

“So now there are two fates left for Dalnim Church.”

“What is that?”

“Learn or punish.”

“I guess Mr. Geo can give you both?”

“I can’t give you both.”

But Argio opened the floodgates.

“First of all… the head.”

If the upper stream is shaken, the lower stream will also be shaken.

“I think the story of the ‘priest of the sect falling for the whispers of the devil’ is a pretty interesting cliché.”

“I don’t know the exact details, but I will bid farewell to Bishop Dalnim….”

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (242)

242

Episode 242

“…….”

The bishop, who had been pacing around the library for a while, licked his lips.

"…doesn't exist."

No matter how much I searched, I couldn't find any information.

'Who on earth was that being I saw that morning?'

I wanted to believe that it was just a normal dream. But I could never say that it was normal.

'It was a strange and ominous feeling, as if I had encountered the Master possessed by a saint, no, even more so… .'

I still vividly remember the time when the language of that strange being came crashing down on me like a wave. It was definitely not a dream.

'It said the moon had set.'

It was clearly a story aimed at the Dalnim Church.

‘No matter how much I thought about it, what was in the second hand

was also the Master's image… .'

The appearance of the moon described by the four celestial beings is slightly different. Some say it is a round mirror, others say it is a transparent bead, and still others say it is a sphere made up of many overlapping rings.

The only thing they had in common was the shape of a sphere. That was all, but the bishop knew. What she saw that day was the moon. Something beautiful, shining coldly and pure white.

'… So the bright red thing I saw wasn't just an illusion… .'

There was no information anywhere.

"…There is no way that a being of that magnitude would not have a history."

The divinity becomes stronger as fate. It has a greater presence as the story progresses. It was a powerful mystery to the point of holding the moon in its hand while saying, "The moon has set."

'But there is no information about him in Dalnimgyo.'

I searched for everything from traditional gods to the greatest evil gods. I also searched for other mysteries besides divinity just in case. But there was nothing. Even in the library of the Dalnim Church where all knowledge and wisdom were gathered.

'Half a head, deep golden blood, three pairs of arms and… a radiance made up of broken wings… .'

Even though I thought maybe his appearance had changed, it didn't seem right.

'I tried contacting the association, but I haven't received an answer.'

There was only one most likely possibility.

“…….”

A new evil spirit has come to Earth.

'It caught the moon in the eye.'

The Hunter Associations around the world keep many secrets behind the scenes that the citizens are unaware of. The same goes for secrets related to mysteries. The fact that even the Associations have responded that they do not know anything means a new disaster.

“…This is getting difficult….”

The secret archive was empty and quiet. It was only natural, since only bishops and saints were allowed to enter. She flopped down on a comfortable chair.

“What is the world going to become?”

Even as he said that, his head was spinning furiously.

'... That being was clearly an evil spirit. What was its purpose? Amusement? A scheme? Either way, it would certainly pose a great threat to the already precarious Earth.'

It was complicated.

'But there must be a reason for the divine footsteps, and even if there are none, they will appear someday. Why did you first grab the moon? For pleasure? Or did you have another plan…?'

I wish there was more information, but it was something I've only seen once.

'During the war with the mermaids, there was a case where the Sun Church also confirmed the invasion of the evil god Sankalut. South Korea is one of the few countries on Earth that maintains human civilization. There are two major religions located in the capital of such

a country. One of them was already invaded but recovered. Could it be that the evil gods are plotting together?'

The war with the mermaids who were said to have accumulated evil deeds close to divinity. The evil god Sankalut who violated the Sun Cult. The red divinity who invaded the Moon Cult. Perhaps something is happening that should make the religious world nervous.

'But the problem with the mermaids was resolved well. They did a great job for the collectors. The Sun Church was also invaded by the evil god of blood and pain, Sankalut… All it did was steal a young priestess. There was another case of contact before that, but… I heard that it was overcome by a priestess named Chaisol who made a contract with the Black Cloak.'

then.

"…Was the being I saw behind the mermaid and the sankalut?"

It might be hasty to call it a judgment, but if you call it an assumption, it could be true.

The war with the mermaids could have lasted for several more years. Sankalut's tricks could have been more vicious. Nevertheless, things were resolved without much trouble. The Dalnim Church thought that the Black Cloak had helped them a lot.

'But there's one more thing.'

What if the red demon was behind all the evil?

'What if we were just briefly confusing the Earth for a greater good?'

It's just an assumption. It's not certain.

'But the disciples who were dispatched clearly said that.'

It is said that the mermaids often showed their words and actions to restrain Black Cloak and steal his children. It is clear that the mermaids and Black Cloak were at odds. And what if the mermaids and Sankalut, the red evil spirits, were on the same side?

'The impatient evil spirit Sankalut ended the invasion of the Sun Cult by simply stealing away a prospective priest. I have to assume that he was forced by someone. And if the one who forced him was the red evil spirit I saw, the situation becomes even more complicated.'

Coming here makes me wonder again.

'What is your purpose?'

Why did you show yourself to me?

"……."

Then I realize it again and feel ashamed.

'… Did you think I would become a traitor to the Master?'

The day he saw the moon falling into the clutches of the red devil, the bishop felt more bewilderment than anger. And beyond that bewilderment, he felt secretly relieved.

'I was wondering if the child would be able to live as a human if Dalnim were to lose…'

I had never imagined a world where the moon had set. But after seeing that scene, I couldn't help but think of the saint. The image of her suffering, caught between the paths of humanity and mystery, was still vivid.

'… Because I, because I had such an impious thought… was I chosen?'

I felt terrible.

No matter how much I looked, no one else besides her had encountered the red demon. There was no information on Earth about it either. And of all the people, I alone had seen its existence.

Divinity may not have meant much, but for humans it meant choice.

'I, a traditional bishop of the gods, was chosen by the evil god. I, who had sent away so many moon gods without even becoming a saint, I, who was always left behind in this temple… The evil god's… .'

But then again, this thought occurred to me.

"……."

Wouldn't it be better if things turned out well?

'… If I betray the Master like this and erase Dalnim, no, Dalnim's religion, from the Earth.'

Then, rather… .

"…I thought about it for a long time."

I felt like I was having strange thoughts because I had been working too hard for the past few days.

The bishop gestured and placed the documents in the library back where they were. He was afraid that if the saint came in, she would notice something strange. The fact that he had heard the voice of the evil spirit had to be kept a strict secret.

'I don't know what will happen, so I have to tell my close associates.'

It is not known whether the Red Evil Spirit really wanted a bishop who would betray the Moon. However, the Moon Church was still needed on Earth. In order to leave a much better world to future generations in the near future.

So, even if the bishop was crazy about love and obsession, someone was needed to subdue him. The bishop, having organized his thoughts and thoughts, went outside.

I walk down a long hallway for a long time.

"……."

"Your Majesty…?!"

Then I came across a saint holding a basket.

"…Saint? Why are you out in the hallway?"

As I approached, the gathered disciples made way for me.

"What is this crowd?"

"That, that. I, uh, it wasn't anything special. It really shouldn't have come to this…!"

"You seem very flustered. Please calm down."

Sergio, the saint, entered, smiling at the bishop's gaze.

"Does Sergio Hunter know about this situation?"

"I brought this on myself, so how could I not know?"

"Oh, I see. What on earth is going on…?"

"I baked a bunch of cookies in the kitchen."

"Cookies?"

If you look closely, everything in the saint's basket is cookies.

"…I knew that you sometimes come out to cook and make snacks."

It was common knowledge that Sergio Hunter was serious about food. Unlike the priests of the Dalnim Church, who would often skip meals unless it was for research purposes, he would often visit the empty kitchen.

“That may be true for Sergio the Hunter, but why the Saintess?”

“Because you cooked with me.”

"ah…."

I felt a little unfamiliar.

“I never thought I would be interested in something like this.”

“It was closer to studying than to being interested….”

Was it because she had made a fuss at the always quiet Dalnimgyo? The saintess's face turned red. It was easy to see her embarrassment. The saintess tried to keep her composure and continued her explanation.

“Ahem. After I was on the verge of turning into a god without any preparation last time, I realized belatedly that I still had a lot to learn. All I knew was miscellaneous theories.”

“It is not knowledge that can be looked down upon as miscellaneous.”

“Of course, I am proud of the knowledge and wisdom I have accumulated. However, in order to teach you more, I think I also need practical knowledge about things I have not tried before….”

“Did you cook it yourself?”

“Yes, the teacher said she would help, so we went to the kitchen together.”

“I thought there was a lot of commotion within the church recently.”

A faint smile emerged from between my tired mind.

“You have been doing these kinds of things.”

Perhaps it was because I was more physically and mentally tired than usual. It was a laugh that came out of curiosity and cuteness without me even realizing it.

“I also heard that you planted a new flower bed in your bedroom, which gets a lot of sunlight. I also heard that you made Gyeongbokgung Palace using origami. I guess this cookie sharing is part of that experience.”

“I’m sorry for bothering you, Your Excellency, as I thought you were very busy recently….”

“It’s just nice to look at.”

It felt like my heart had become lighter for the first time in a long time.

“I would also like to thank Sergio Hunter. As you know, we disciples are only good at studying, but have no experience in this kind of activity. If it weren’t for Hunter, the saint would never have thought of learning this kind of knowledge.”

“I just helped hand out cookies.”

One of the bystanders who was watching said:

“Just a little bit, this is a golden opportunity to get cookies made by two adults.”

“Is that really all you can say in this heartwarming situation, brother? Is that all you have to say as a grown man who received cookies made by the saint’s own hands?”

“The cookies you shared with us will serve as samples for our research…!”

“It’s a research specimen and if you’re not going to put it in a stomach, give it back.”

Another priest asked him.

“Can I study just by eating?”

“Just give it to me.”

“Ah, no…! My precious research specimen…!!”

“Oh, that’s gross.”

The saint approached the bishop who was watching the grumbling adults.

“Yes, Bishop.”

“…….”

“Bishop…?”

“Oh, yes, it was such a rare sight that I was momentarily distracted. What is it?”

“This is a snack made for the bishop.”

It was a slightly bumpy, rabbit-shaped cookie wrapped in clear plastic.

“I guess you’ve been keeping quiet lately, perhaps because you’ve found some interesting research. I made some sweet cookies so that you can enjoy them comfortably, even though they’re not much. Well, please… it would be better if you didn’t skip meals….”

The saint's face turns red as she speaks.

“…….”

This is the face of a child who has been deprived of the opportunity to grow.

“…Thank you, I’ll try to eat better from now on.”

“! If that’s the case, then I have nothing more to wish for.”

“This priest is deeply moved that a saint who refused to eat even a spoonful of rice would give him such advice.”

“That, that, that’s…! Back then, I had a lot of shortcomings…!”

"no."

Even as I try to brush away the bleached white hair, my hands start to tremble and I stop. My hands, hidden by the sleeves of my baggy priest's robes, are clenched so hard that they bleed.

“The saint has done nothing wrong.”

“I was too stubborn….”

“No way.”

This child's number one priority was not his own fear.

“I will gratefully accept the gift.”

The research so far has been nothing but failure.

'The star next to the moon.'

With divine help, it might be possible… .

* * *

Argio said.

“No, I told you so, but you still didn’t come to your senses.”

Giovanni said.

“How easy would it be for a frog trapped in a well to imagine the world outside?”

“But still, does it make sense that there has been no progress at all, my friend?”

“That kid is doing his best. He’s shaking his head faithfully as Mr. Argio tells him to, so I think it’s admirable. He’s following along better than I could have imagined.”

“If I shake it a little more, it seems like it’ll go the right way….”

Sergio said.

“Then can we just go eat?”

“Okay.”

“Yeah.”

So, 'Geo' decided to take the bishop and the saint out for a meal.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (243)

243

Episode 243

These days, Geo has been giving the saint a variety of experiences.

“So this…?”

"yes."

Geo smiled brightly.

“Isn’t it good, tteokbokki?”

“I heard that they were sold frequently in Korea before the great disaster.”

“I feel bad because it doesn’t seem to be selling well lately.”

“Recently…? How old is Sergio Hunter?”

“That doesn’t matter, what matters is the tteokbokki in front of us.”

“Oh, yes.”

The bishop looked at the tteokbokki placed on a white plate.

“I guess there wasn’t any rice cake in our church?”

“I made and procured it myself. I was worried because it had been a while since I made rice cakes, but fortunately, they turned out well.”

Saint Aram's eyes sparkled at him.

“It’s my first time eating tteokbokki.”

Geo became serious.

“Is this your first time eating it?”

“Yes, rice cakes are a food that is hard to find.”

Above all, the Dalnim Church was not a people who put much effort into gourmet food. It was not a subject of study in itself. For the Dalnim Church priests, food was nothing more than fuel. Luxury items like rice cakes did not come in often.

“I could have ordered it if I wanted to, but there are many people who want me to put more effort into collecting research materials rather than spending money on ingredients….”

If even one person had said, "Oh, I want to eat this," I would have sent it. Dalnim Church was definitely not a poor church with no money. But not a single person had ever said anything like that.

Geo's expression became very pitiful.

“Somehow the warehouse always seems to be empty….”

“Was it that poor?”

The bishop was embarrassed. It seemed appropriate for her, who was in charge of the entire church. The brothers and sisters in charge of cleaning and cooking also said nothing. Sergio Hunter's reaction was rather unfamiliar.

But Geo already felt a sense of mission.

“Then, would you like to eat the tteokbokki before it gets cold?”

We had to turn the blind bones into pigs for this study. That would be the shortcut to world peace.

“I’m embarrassed to say this, but it’s been a while since I’ve made it, so I’m not sure if I captured the market atmosphere well.”

“The market atmosphere…?”

“Since the saint was interested in the food culture before the great disaster, I chose some snacks that were commonly eaten at that time. Things like sweet tteokbokki, fried food, sundae, and liver.”

“You seem to know the food culture before the great disaster very well.”

These were foods that were hard to find recently.

“Did you study separately?”

“In a way, you could say that.”

Geo thought with a smile.

'I guess these Dalnim Church people can't even think of anything other than studying.'

It's just good to eat.

If it had been before the great disaster, they would have all gone to Harvard. There must have been a sense of duty unique to the Dalnim Church, which is to 'benefit the world with knowledge and wisdom.' However, no matter how I looked at it, it seemed like they were just doing it because studying was fun.

'It wasn't a closed culture for nothing.'

Geniuses were a bit like that. People in the world were so stupid that they had a hard time communicating. How frustrating it must have

been to see them groping around with their two hands and feet to confirm something that was obvious at a glance.

Such geniuses gather together and live locked up in one neighborhood for their entire lives. So these Dalnim Church members apply their own way of thinking to others. Thinking, 'If we are like this, you must be like this too, right?'

'Lack of social skills.'

You frogs in the well.

'The well was so big that it might have been poisonous.'

But don't worry. Geo was already ready to grab them by the hair and drag them out into the world. Whether it's right or not, you have to fight with the people of the world to know that it's not wrong.

“Does it suit your taste? I made it as sweet as possible because I thought you might not be used to spicy spices….”

“It’s spicy!!!”

“Oh my god.”

Aram kicked the seat and poured water into his mouth. Geo, who was about to pour the sweet juice, hesitated. Then, he quickly placed the juice he had poured in a simple manner in front of the trembling bishop.

“It was all made to make it sweet….”

"…thank you…."

“I didn’t know I could be this immune to spiciness.”

“I think it’s because we don’t put a lot of spices in our diet.”

“Why on earth?”

“Strong tastes and smells interfere with my thinking….”

“Really why?”

Look at these poor lambs. They really don't know the joy of gastronomy. I used to think, 'Oh, this is serious,' when I checked the pantry, but this was too much.

‘… Has the average Korean threshold for spiciness lowered?’

If you think about it, it takes a lot of time and effort to make red pepper powder. In an era when everything was homemade, the process of growing red peppers, picking them, drying them, removing the stems, and removing the seeds all cost money.

'The demand and supply for spicy spices have certainly decreased… .'

The collector was particularly wealthy, so if you listen to Joo-hyun's story, the food he usually ate was almost like a Buddhist meal. It means that the opportunities to enjoy such intense delicacies have decreased overall.

“…Ughhhh….”

But the running was severe.

“I should have made it a little sweeter.”

“No, it was delicious enough.”

The bishop, who had been calmly dealing with the pain in her tongue from the beginning, completely recovered with a glass of juice. She spoke, holding the glass of juice carefully in both hands.

“If it had been any sweeter, the balance of flavors would have been disturbed.”

“Thank you for understanding my intentions.”

Aram returned to the table and received the juice, his face turning pale.

“…Now that I think about it, I think it was almost the first time I ate something spicy.”

“What kind of atrocity is this in the Dalnim Church that values knowledge?”

“No, I knew the taste itself. When you are a catechumen, you first learn about your own body. Of course, you also have experience with the sense of taste.”

“So you want to learn how to govern yourself better?”

“So I’ve felt the spicy sensation before, but when I eat it as food….”

“Is that where the phrase ‘almost the first time’ comes from?”

It's at the level of a newborn.

“If it’s too spicy for you, you can try fried food. I like to dip the fried food in tteokbokki sauce and eat it. It’s much less spicy. It also makes the texture more interesting.”

“Oh, the sweet potato fries are delicious. They taste much less spicy because they’re sweet. The batter is really crispy. The sweet potatoes inside are moist and crumbly….”

“Isn’t that so?”

To be able to describe it to this extent, Aram really has the qualities of a pig.

'I've discovered the true taste of sweet potato fries.'

By the way, Geo's favorite famine relief crop was sweet potatoes.

“…….”

The bishop, who was watching the scene, asked.

“Saint, does it suit your taste?”

“It’s addictive once you start eating it.”

“I’m glad you look happy.”

“…Maybe I was too greedy?”

“Of course, it wouldn’t be to the extent of being called a glutton.”

But suddenly, the bishop had this thought.

“…Let’s try eating out next time.”

I'm saying that I need to experience more.

‘So I don’t really know what you want to do… .’

When I see a saint living like a human, my brain turns white.

I don't know if this is a good or bad thing. But if all the choices are made by the saint, then this isn't a bad thing. Sergio Hunter, who is also a saint, experiences what he wants.

'Yeah, it'll be okay.'

Still, my heart feels heavy.

“…….”

I think I should pray to the moon.

* * *

"…oh my god."

Yoo Seong-un covered his mouth tightly.

"what's this?"

“It’s the moon.”

“Why are you holding that?”

“I’m a hostage.”

“Why…?”

“If I had a teacher who could impart knowledge to me, I wouldn’t do anything foolish.”

“…….”

When Yoo Seong-un heard that, he muttered.

“…He certainly has some villainous qualities….”

“Good job, my friend.”

Argio smiled brightly beyond the portrait.

“Hello, this is my new friend Dalnim.”

A moon as big as a crystal ball sparkled in Geo’s hand. It seemed as if it was greeting Yoo Seong-un. Yoo Seong-un’s eyes narrowed as he looked at the moon drawn in the portrait.

“Geo, I’m telling you this because I think you’re misunderstanding something. A friend is a relationship built on trust and mutual consent.”

“I didn’t kidnap you, threaten you, or brainwash you. I know exactly what you think of me, but I’ll tell you up front that it wasn’t as scary as you think.”

Geo was just talking to Dalnim.

“Isn’t it the original way to become close with others by talking?”

“So you are the new divine friend?”

“Yes, it felt like a giant AI born in space… It was very interesting because it was based on a lot of data and decided how much knowledge to share and how to act.”

“In that respect, I think we have something in common.”

“Similar to me?”

“You too are eventually developing and merging with the ‘Geo’ that suits you.”

Yoo Seong-un thought.

'Thanks to that, human imitation has become much more natural than before.'

I'm now quite adept at telling lies, even if it's the divine providence that makes me unable to do so.

“If you think about it that way, will this moon also eventually become a divinity that can lie?”

“Hmm, people call it the devil.”

“It is the easiest and fastest way to distinguish between traditional gods and evil gods.”

“Isn’t it impossible to know what will happen to this guy in the future?”

Geo smiled brightly.

“I was surprised that it wasn’t as surprising as I thought.”

“I just gave up because I thought, ‘It’s come to this point anyway.’”

I am telling you not to kidnap divinity from other religions that even have their own religious sects.

'You're not the kind of person who'll listen to what I say.'

Ever since you mentioned religious wars and such, I had a gut feeling that something big was going to happen. And at least it wouldn't be harmful to the Earth. So let's prepare ourselves mentally for a small cleanup.

“At least it’s not something that would cause rumors.”

“Is there anyone else who could be the subject of rumors?”

“The Dalnim Church isn’t a divinity with a physical body. Direct communication would be difficult without a saint, and the only person who has the ability, a saint, has been focusing on recovery recently, so she probably doesn’t have the energy to notice the divinity….”

“You brought me here to spread rumors?”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un dug into his chest. Then he took out a piece of candy and chewed it.

“Okay, so what are you going to do now?”

“Oh, dear. Did you just eat candy in one second? You’re going to get diabetes? You have to watch out for adult diseases.”

“Don’t worry, you’ll burn off all the calories before you get diabetes. So what are you going to do?”

“Rumors will start to spread that something is wrong with the moon.”

"and?"

“It’s time for my new friends to appear.”

Argio looked really happy.

“Do you like amusement parks?”

“…What….”

It was a nice sight, so Yoo Seong-un smiled brightly.

“I don’t hate it.”

* * *

“……?”

A man asked with a bewildered look on his face.

“…What is this?”

“It’s publicity!”

“No, that’s not it….”

“I’m sure you won’t regret it.”

“Uh, uh uh… uh….”

A man looked at a woman dressed as a fox with a trembling expression. Two ears perked up, a full tail, and a long, neat maid outfit that didn't reveal any skin.

'You're a maniac.'

The man looked at the flyer again.

We invite you to the amusement park of your dreams!

Aren't you tired of this tough world?

Do you have a dream you want to achieve, but have given up because of reality?

Do you want to get some rest but are putting it off because you are busy with work?

Then come to us!

Everything you want is here!

Imagine yourself spending money like crazy.

Imagine yourself surrounded by cute animals.

Imagine yourself with a healthy body, with wings and flying in the sky.

Any other wild and absurd dreams you want are fine.

We will give you a dream of freedom from the boring daily life!

What you need to do is very simple.

First, write down your desired dream and put it under your pillow before you go to sleep.

Second, no matter what happens, enjoy your dreams as much as possible!

That's all there is to it!

There is a world for those who dream!

“…Hey, so what is this really….”

When the man raised his head, the strange fox maid was nowhere to be found.

"…uh?"

What? Was it a hunter?

'Or a monster…?'

But there was no way a monster would be handing out leaflets to humans. The man calmed his surprised heart as he thought that it was a hunter who had chosen a somewhat unusual form of advertising.

You could often come across such ridiculous flyers in any alleyway.

'Conditions and such are so strange that it seems like it's some kind of service using one's skills. The world has really become a better place, hunters are using their skills to do all sorts of businesses...'

There were plenty of hunters who used their intangible skills to make a living. So the man didn't have much doubt. He wouldn't try it himself because it was suspicious, but it wasn't uncommon to receive such offers.

And a few days later, at the suggestion of a colleague, the man finally did what was in the flyer.

"……."

The man's eyes bulged with excitement.

"…Really… Really."

My mouth was torn open.

"This is crazy."

A few days later, the government sent out a safety notice to citizens. It was a notice telling them not to make hasty contact and to keep their distance, as the dungeon "Dream Park" was becoming popular.

The citizens didn't hear that story.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (244)

244

Episode 244

“You finally popped the balloon!”

Visabal smiled brightly.

“It was bound to happen someday.”

“Did you expect that?”

“Then, it would have been harder not to know.”

These are people who have lived almost their entire lives without being able to do what they want. There was a high probability that they didn't even know what they wanted. To such citizens, 'a happy dream without any side effects' is given.

It was enough to ignore the government's words and turn a blind eye.

“You are more positive than I imagined.”

“Oh, I’m always watching over our son. I’ll be able to see it with my own two eyes, no matter when, where, or what performance you do.”

“So, how do you like this performance, Father?”

"of course!"

He seemed pretty happy.

Argio was sprawled out on the long sofa in the guild master's office, looking up at him. Bisabal was leaning on his cane, looking down at Argio. His bright yellow eyes were shining with a persistent light.

"Hmm."

These are the eyes I like.

Sergio and Giovanni reacted negatively to Arzio's idea, but Arzio ignored it. He liked such crazy and passionate people. Such people always cause more than one incident.

"Okay, I feel better. Let me give you a chance to talk to this expensive body."

"Oh my, thank you."

The visa versa did not necessarily move to the opposite side.

"I was impressed."

Those were the first words.

"Yes, this world is really boring. Everyone wants to survive somehow, so they don't know what is truly important to them, and they are busy trying to gather something similar to happiness, but they are having a hard time."

"Because I don't know any other way to live."

"That's right. Everyone knows nothing but to endure. It's a really absurd world. We live our lives stuck in a rut, not knowing what we like, what we don't like, what we want to do, what we don't want to do."

"Were you bored?"

“Oh, it was so boring. It would have been more fun to watch if it had turned into a complete mess, but it wasn’t like that. The soldiers were crawling around, struggling to suppress their discontent….”

“A tamed person cannot rebel.”

“Yes, because you can’t get compensation.”

The visage thinned his lips.

“But now you have rewarded me.”

The black cloak gives gifts to good people.

“Look at the world that Black Cloak created! Those hapless, empty-headed moneybags began to think. Those slum vagrants who were trembling in fear of being broken began to show courage.”

“I will give you a gift.”

“That’s where it started.”

The citizens who had no choice but to live oppressed learned how to be brave. They started to come forward instead of hiding. They were trying to put one foot in at least once. The current situation was also related to that.

“After learning good, I find myself learning evil.”

Argio laughed at Visabal's words.

“Are you trying to say that you had an accident?”

“What an accident, didn’t I just say that? This is a performance.”

It's all just a planned play.

“Those who have accepted goodness because of the Black Cloak will find a better path even if they learn evil. Those who were not interested

in or had an aversion to the Black Cloak will learn evil first through this opportunity.”

However, Geo was not going to let this performance turn him into a bad person.

“After all, Argio, you too know that you are a mystery that loves heroes and affirms good.”

“I am an evil spirit, yet you think like that?”

“Yes! Don’t you just love pleasure too much? Argio, the cruel beast who loves righteous anger more than anything in the world. You don’t reject weakness.”

“You know quite a bit.”

“Because I like your eyes.”

It was an eye that even a god could be proud of.

“Everything will get better in the end. Yes, this is how the world should be fun! What fun is there in living like a machine, with all good and evil suppressed? It really makes me sick to see myself being swept away like a pack of rats in a dirty alley, without a sense of self.”

“Are you ultimately seeking your own pleasure?”

“A collection of people who do not change at all is just something that is constantly being used and discarded. Where is the value in that process? If there is no good or evil, there is no change, no resistance, no conflict. If you could explain it well this time… Sergio.”

At the sight of Black Cloak returning to his black hair, Bisabal's eyes widened into crescent moons.

“How much more fun would the world be?”

“…….”

Geo looked up at him and said, “Hmm.”

“I was wondering where that expression came from.”

“Are you talking about the expression?”

“The face you are smiling at right now.”

“Oh, right.”

The straight-backed Visabal laughed loudly.

“My curators would probably laugh like this.”

That smile that sometimes makes outsiders cringe. The original was Bisabal. It wasn't intentional, but at some point, the curators began to resemble that expression. I liked it so much that I just kept it and admired it.

“By the way, you don’t deny the word teacher, do you?”

“I am a teacher.”

“Even now that your school has been reduced to ruins?”

“I think you know something about me.”

“I knew his name and face, so how could I not have investigated him? It was hard to confirm his identity before the Great Disaster, but I was able to hear some small stories.”

“Who told you this?”

“To those who were your disciples?”

Geo said a moment later.

“You’re alive.”

“Of course. But I don’t think you’ve ever gone looking for it.”

“I was thinking about it.”

“Is it okay if I ask what your concerns are?”

“What should I do?”

Should I be treated as a dead person or a living person? If I suddenly appear, will you not be afraid of me? Is it right to show myself, or is it better not to?

“There is no answer yet.”

So I left it aside for a while.

“Guild Leader Bisabal, I don’t know about you, but there are times when I feel this way, too.”

“I was impressed by your thoughtfulness.”

“You often say and do things that are burdensome.”

“And yet, it was you who came to my room, wasn’t it? Wasn’t it, son?”

“That too.”

As Geo ran his hand through his hair, it instantly turned red.

“I quite enjoy teaching things, Dad.”

“So, you want to try teaching South Korea? That sounds like a lot of fun, I like it.”

“There’s something I felt while experiencing Dalnimgyo this time.”

“Is it okay if I listen to it?”

“People in this day and age really don’t have newborns.”

He stroked his chin.

“They don’t even know the most basic things. It’s common for them to not know what they want. How to get angry, how to cry, how to laugh, how to sing, how to eat, how to sleep, how to walk, how to see, how to hear… There are so many people who have forgotten even how to breathe.”

It wasn't like that in my time.

“That’s why I’m teaching them step by step. I don’t think there’s anything to worry about, but you don’t have to worry. Those who realized the value of human interaction from Black Cloak will be able to withstand the appearance of the evil god Argio.”

“You seem to know a lot, but I wasn’t worried at all.”

“I thought you meant to at least pretend to do it?”

“Isn’t that meaningless?”

Finally, Visabal sat down on the sofa opposite me.

“So why did you come to me?”

“I want to see those eyes again.”

“Aha, eyes?”

"okay."

Geo's golden eyes stared at Bisabal's.

“How did you get that?”

“Okay, I’ll leave no comment.”

“Are you getting along well with those eyes?”

“Of course! We became incredibly affectionate.”

“How do I look there?”

“Um, well. Let’s see….”

Bisabal, who had been pretending to think carefully, answered.

“Aha, this can’t be happening.”

“How is it?”

“You look like a winged beast.”

“You saw it exactly.”

Argio laughed.

“I’m glad both my eyes are fine.”

I tried to help him when he was sick, but he seemed to be doing well on his own.

* * *

“The ‘Dream Park’ is a dungeon.”

The bishop of Dalnim Church explained.

“According to the information I’ve gathered so far, there really is a huge space in the shape of an amusement park. Judging from the condition that says ‘after receiving a flyer, write down what you want, put it under your pillow, and go to sleep to enter,’… I’ve figured out that it’s a virtual dungeon.”

The format was that participants would be dragged into the dungeon when certain conditions were met.

“These conditions cannot be met unless you satisfy them yourself, so there is no compulsion, but if you think about how great the merit of ‘being able to safely do whatever you want in your dreams’ will be to citizens who are tired of reality… it is not something to be very reassured about.”

“Do you find that it takes longer to wake up?”

“There’s no specific news about that.”

The Dalnim Church is a religious group that has a close relationship with the association. In cases like this, they have become allies who can share information and think together. The bishop who came back after receiving a brief briefing from the association spoke to the Dalnim Church members.

“It’s too big to be considered an individual or group skill. There are also standardized spaces. Please check the information I provided for more details. What we need to do is figure out the structure of this dungeon, ‘Dream Park.’”

You could say they're laboratory rats.

“Any method is fine. As long as it satisfies you and doesn’t cause any major problems. As with the previous ‘Deep Sea Country,’ I will wait for the brothers’ active research and results report.”

“So, can I just use the method in this leaflet? The easiest and fastest way would be to actually try it out. It also says that there have been no special side effects so far….”

“If it is something that could be dangerous to your health or life, please report it in advance before attempting it. Otherwise, please proceed as you normally would. Please conduct the research in secret so that it does not become a social issue.”

“I understand.”

The Dalnim Church was generally excited. To them, dungeons and monsters were just interesting research topics. And a virtual dungeon with such friendly conditions was worth studying.

Sergio Hunter, the benefactor who had been stuck between them, smiled awkwardly.

“I hope everyone won’t do anything too dangerous.”

“Saint, don’t worry. If I really feel like I’m going to die, I’ll pray to you….”

“If I pray, will the moon save me?”

“I hope you will hear about my remarkable achievements before I die.”

“I really don’t usually say things like this, so please refrain from saying them.”

“This is all for the future of humanity….”

"a little."

"yep."

The bishop coughed and awkwardly interjected.

“This situation must be difficult for you, Sergio Hunter.”

“The collectors also have a similar atmosphere of not caring about their own bodies, but they don’t do anything too dangerous, perhaps out of consideration for the guild leader. I’m not used to it, since they’re all such smart people.”

“It’s not a church where people who are that smart gather, but their brains are working well. But if you set a condition, they will definitely

follow it, so you don’t have to worry too much.”

“I think the bishop is more worried than I am.”

“…….”

She asked a beat later.

“…Oh, me?”

“You don’t look so good lately.”

“I think it’s because I couldn’t sleep.”

“Are you having nightmares?”

“No, rather than that….”

The hesitant bishop answered.

“I feel like I’m taking a light nap.”

She has been having nightmares lately.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (245)

245

Episode 245

“The bishop has been acting strangely lately.”

“Oh, can you tell me that?”

“It’s okay, teacher, because you are a teacher.”

“I feel like something is missing.”

Geo sat on the bed of Aram, the saint of the Dalnim Church.

“If you want to ask this teacher for advice, feel free to do so. One of my roles is to listen to my students’ concerns and help them find ways to grow.”

“Then I won’t decline. I’m just so flustered that it’s hard for me to objectively assess the situation. But it’s also hard for me to carelessly talk about the bishop, who is the pillar of Dalnim Church….”

“Be honest too.”

Aram made an expression as if he was trying to hold back a sigh.

“That’s my point, the bishop has changed.”

“For example?”

“For now, I am excluded from major events.”

“What do you mean by major event?”

“I was also absent from the meeting to come up with countermeasures for the newly introduced dungeon. I was often called to such meetings, but the bishop strangely didn’t say a word.”

“I think he wanted to get some rest since he wasn’t fully recovered.”

“I think so too, but….”

Geo spoke on Aram's behalf, who was hesitating.

“You must be feeling a little uneasy, right?”

“…Yes, you’ve often talked about the importance of taking care of your health, but this time it seems to have gone on for a while. Haven’t I become a lot healthier now?”

“If a child I think of as my daughter has suffered for years with a figure that is neither human nor divine, I would take a long break. And I’m not the only one.”

“Even if that’s true, you’ve been looking at me a lot lately. You put strength into your hand as if you were going to pat my head, and then you let go. What should I call this…?”

“Hmm.”

Geo asked, pretending to be worried.

“Is it not stable?”

“Maybe.”

The bishop always had a calm and peaceful appearance. In other words, she was very good at self-management. But her expression

has not been very good lately.

“You look very tired, as if you haven’t had any sleep, and you wander around the various libraries of Dalnimgyo as if you’ve almost completely explored them. Then, one day, you go into your bedroom and don’t come out… Even when you see me, you seem to be uncomfortable about something.”

That was frustrating.

“You must have lacked training to be upset over something like this.”

“It’s natural to feel upset when a close friend you were on good terms with starts to make your relationship uncomfortable.”

“I want to ask you what’s going on, but I feel like you’re avoiding conversation because of your mood. I’m really worried because your condition seems to be getting worse….”

“It’s definitely something to be concerned about.”

Geo thought about that.

'I see.'

Aram couldn't understand at all why the bishop was behaving that way.

'I don't think I ever guessed that it was because I started to show human concern for the child I thought of as my daughter. Well, it seems like the bishop himself didn't seem to be aware of it and acted on it, so in a way, it's only natural... .'

If the Dalnim Church system collapsed, there was no need for Aram to become the next Dalnim. The assumption that started from there made the bishop anxious and nervous. The evil spirit Argio induced it.

Even though I thought about it that way, it was still absurd.

'But no matter what, it's quite serious that showing a little bit of love can actually look like an act of distancing. It's true that the priests of the Dalnim Church lack social skills. That's definitely true.'

Geo patted Aram on the back.

“I never got the impression that the bishop wanted to keep his distance. Maybe he was worried about Aram, but he was not good at expressing it, so it seemed unfamiliar.”

“Then I would be grateful and fortunate, but….”

“The bishop’s condition hasn’t seemed very good lately.”

“I told you so.”

“Are you doing any separate research?”

“…….”

Aram made a sullen expression.

“…I feel uneasy.”

“What made you anxious?”

“I feel like a lot of things are changing. I feel like I’m standing on the floor of a high-rise building that’s about to collapse, or sitting on a branch that might snap.”

“It’s quite specific.”

Is this what it means to be an adult?

'You're so oblivious.'

How did you know that they were trying to overthrow Dalnim Church from the roots?

“Do you have any idea?”

“There’s nothing like that in particular.”

"then?"

“…I feel more anxious lately because I feel the absence of the teacher so strongly. When the teacher was away, it was often, but at least I could have small talk with him, but lately, there has been no news….”

“It’s like you’re talking to your parents who are away on a business trip.”

“It’s not that different for me. We’ve been together since we were very young.”

“That may be true.”

You hit the nail on the head.

'Although she is young, she is a saint chosen by Dalnim herself, so it may be natural, but Dalnim's Church may notice the abnormality sooner than expected. If that's the case, then if I just put in a little effort, there won't be any problems in the future... .'

Geo smiled brightly.

“Still, I really like the way Aram looks lately.”

“…Me?”

“You are an adult, Bishop. I was more worried about your condition than the Bishop. You were quite the sight when we first met, so how shocked I must have been.”

“At that time… I didn’t know it would turn out like that….”

“I’m glad you’re doing what you want now. Of course, you were going

the way you wanted to be, but your perspective then and your perspective now are probably a little different than what you think.”

“…That’s right.”

Aram, who had been hesitating, nodded.

“I didn’t realize then that there was so much more I had to learn than I could have imagined.”

“I know you’re doing your best, but sometimes it’s not a bad idea to look outside yourself.”

Geo said, taking his hand off Aram's back.

“It would be good to have more conversations with the disciples of the Dalnim Church.”

“I don’t want to bother you unnecessarily, since everyone is busy.”

“This is another place where I share knowledge and wisdom with my disciples. Didn’t Aram realize the joy of eating and the wisdom associated with it only after he first ate the rice cake I made for him?”

“Is that along the same lines?”

“Yes, the knowledge and wisdom that humans can accumulate are not limited to complex theories and undiscovered mysteries. In my view, the priests of the Dalnim Church are missing the most basic learning.”

“…I think what the teacher said is right.”

“Aram.”

Geo asked affectionately.

“Do you want to be the moon?”

“Yes, I….”

Although he answered in one breath, the rest of his speech came a beat late. Aram continued.

“…will make the world a more peaceful place.”

“That is your dream.”

"that's right."

My pride, chosen by myself.

“I can do it.”

"of course."

Geo confirmed it.

“You can do anything.”

* * *

Ater often felt like her current daily life was a lie.

“…….”

“What? Are you hungry?”

“…You ask such questions when you are just a little absent-minded. I believe you don’t think that the only reason humans break down is because they run out of fuel.”

“You must be hungry, judging by the length of your words.”

“It seems like it’s meal time, but no, it’s not because I’m hungry… Ha….”

The current situation where I am exchanging nonsense with the evil god Argio.

“This is bread I made before. Would you like to eat it?”

“…It’s fluffy and sweet, but don’t you usually eat this as dessert?”

“It’s not like I can’t eat because I have something sweet on my tongue. So what’s the problem?”

“I don’t think it’s a problem….”

The bread he makes himself is also so delicious.

“Do you like the room you’re staying in now?”

“Oh, yes, thanks to you, I’m doing well.”

“If you wish, I can give you a place to live in the Black Forest or the Beast Village instead of these ruins….”

“As I said before, the Black Forest is too humid, and I don’t have the courage to approach this new world. This room you have prepared for me is the best for me right now.”

“Be brave too.”

It is also said that the evil spirit himself gave him a piece of his tomb.

“I thought you wouldn’t like this place so much. Don’t you remember seeing it in such a good light? I worked hard to fix it, build it up, and fix it, but you don’t have much guts.”

“This is also where all my comrades died.”

Of course, even now, I get goosebumps when I think about the days when I was locked in the narrow thorny crown. But that was a past that had to be overcome, not something to be avoided. It would take quite some time to completely reunite my comrades.

Above all, my feelings toward this relic were not entirely bad.

“…To be honest, the time when we were treated most decently was when we were exploring these ruins and trying to subdue you, the Demon King. I guess you can’t say that the memories of chatting and eating with my comrades back then were bad.”

“I’m so happy that you’re so positive.”

“I never thought you would do this, but you are very generous with your compliments.”

It's completely different from what it looks like.

One side of the tomb that the evil spirit gave me was comfortable. Even though it was deep underground, sunlight was shining in. When I asked how he did it, he said he used the power of the sun.

What happened while it was sealed?

'It's also the case that it took on a human form.'

The evil god Argio that Ater remembered was closer to an evil and mysterious beast than a human. The being was so large that it could not be contained at a glance, and it seemed like a mixture of human and beast. It was a completely different appearance from back then.

'They say that the current personality belongs to the last saint who was sacrificed. If that's the case, then that body also belongs to the last saint. I don't really understand why they're bending over backwards to human perspectives.'

But the bedding he gave me was soft. The food was warm and delicious, and the conversation was quite amusing. Argio was a good conversationalist. I wondered how he had gone from being a demon to taking on a form close to human.

“…….”

Not right now.

“…Thank you for helping me bury my colleagues here.”

“They seemed not in their right minds when I buried them, but it seems like they’ve sorted out a lot of their thoughts and feelings while they’re alone.”

“I apologize again for the rudeness I showed back then….”

By the power of God, Ather was transformed from a meat porridge into a human. However, even the spirit of a strong hero sometimes crumbled in front of the afterimages of the past. He thought and acted normally as he did now, but when he was stabbed with a dagger, he repeatedly struggled like an animal.

'So that's why you gave me time alone.'

Argio returned to the ruins after a long time. Ater had been busy collecting his comrades one by one. Fortunately, the evil spirit returned the corpses of his comrades to a nice place, making his work easier.

'If it weren't for that, I probably would have been out of my mind for a lot longer.'

I felt sorry and embarrassed.

“…We ‘warriors’ are people of the old era. Since a new era has opened, it is right for us to be buried in the old era. That is why I wanted to bury their bodies with my own hands… and in the land of the old era.”

“I wonder if it is right to bury it in the tomb of an evil spirit.”

“I thought it would be better than the Black Forest.”

The damp and filthy ground would quickly bury the corpses. These

were the bodies of my comrades who had been returned by a miracle from God. I didn't want to ruin them in such a short time.

“So, will you be staying here for the time being?”

“Maybe so.”

Geo nodded.

'Aram's condition has definitely stabilized.'

In fact, it was a long time ago that she was fixed.

However, it was only Geo's greed that kept her by his side. However, because he had recently become busy with the 'Dream Park' project, it was difficult for Geo to stay, so he packed his bags and left again.

“Is there anything you want to eat today?”

"…hmm…."

After thinking for a while, Ater said.

“…I want to eat beef jerky soup.”

“I’m really good at making that.”

“You don’t look like that at all.”

“Isn’t that something a wanderer who has lived in the Black Forest for most of his life can do? More importantly, beef jerky soup, it seems like it reminds me of my comrades.”

“It’s a bit awkward, but… yes, I remember it.”

“A dish filled with memories is special.”

At the sight of him often responding with a nod, Ater kept his mouth shut.

“…….”

It makes me think so much.

‘… Is that appearance fake or real?’

Such meaningless thoughts.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (246)

246

Episode 246

People who grew up in times of epidemic disease always heard stories about 'brutal beasts'.

“If you don’t come home until late at night, the evil spirit will catch you.”

“Who is making such a noise! The evil spirit will come and take us away soon!”

“Live selfishly your whole life and you will be caught by the evil spirit!”

If Sergio had heard this, he would have been shocked and said, 'I'm not a tiger.'

Anyway, people used to be like that. Ater was one of those kids. It was a time when the existence of evil spirits had become too closely related to everyday life. Deep in their hearts and minds, they were filled with wariness and fear of Argio.

But Argio, whom I saw in person, was different.

“Have you eaten?”

“Did you exercise today?”

“I could cry so hard I could collapse.”

He would suddenly appear, ask how I was doing, and then disappear again.

“…….”

Perhaps he knew that Ather was afraid of him.

'But the evil spirit?'

That terrifying Demon King is being considerate?

'I can't get used to it at all.'

At first, I thought so. It was true that Ather had been resurrected as a normal human thanks to his help. I felt grateful for that. However, that did not mean that my fear of the evil spirits could be washed away all at once.

‘I don’t know why they decorate their appearance like that…’

But as time went by, things changed. Ater, who had never been crazy, gradually regained his composure. He felt his mind, which had been unstable, adjusting to his healthy body.

“Are you finally finding some free time now?”

“…You’re right. It’s gotten pretty good.”

“You look quite human.”

“I’m glad you see it that way.”

“How wonderful.”

Naturally, my anxiety about my partner began to subside.

'I had no choice.'

He freed Ather from eternal suffering. He was the first god to save her

by name. He also had human form. They ate together, talked together, and asked about her well-being.

When he was going crazy over the afterimages of the past, he gave him time. That was exactly what Ather needed. Time to think. Time to sort things out. Argio helped him to cultivate himself.

'It would be strange if my mind was not at ease there.'

Just today, look.

“I think it was something like this.”

“…Well, that’s right. It’s so well-made that it feels out of place considering it’s food mostly eaten by wanderers.”

“Anyway, if it tastes good, isn’t that all that matters? However, I feel very proud that I couldn’t recreate the dish you imagined, so next time I’ll try to make a more proper jerky soup.”

“I think that if I put any more effort into it, the soup will just taste better.”

Argio cooked it himself at his one request, "I want to eat beef jerky soup."

“I keep feeling this way, but I’m amazed that you’re… good at cooking.”

It was more like a strange thing. Cooking was something for the workers. The nobility regarded cooking as a lowly job.

Argio was once a nobleman, and before he could even think about it, he had a strong perception of the 'Demon King'. That kind of being was cooking himself.

'That too for commoners like me.'

Well, I guess we live in a world where all that kind of thing has

disappeared now.

'Still, I can't help but feel awkward.'

Even Ather was one of the 'heroes' who sealed him. It still felt strange to me that the evil spirit did not show any regret towards him. It was because I would not have done so.

“…It’s not that strange, considering that when you were human, you lived as a wanderer like us. It seems that your brilliant relics are still deeply engraved in my memory.”

“My house was very flashy back then.”

Argio readily agreed to talk.

“There were a lot of treasures donated here and there.”

“Did you receive any wealth? I’ve heard many stories of people being sacrificed and eaten.”

“After attaining divinity, it seems that there were unusually many human sacrifices, but while alive, I received more gold and silver treasures. Isn’t it natural that life is more important than wealth?”

“Ah, that’s how it got distorted….”

“I really enjoyed decorating the house. Do you know that? I am the only one of the many saints dedicated to the Black Forest who has passed the age of twenty. That means I am the first saint to have ever been in or out of the forest.”

His story was quite interesting.

“I brought all the goods I had plundered and received as gifts back to my home. To this ruin. Perhaps it was because my ego remained so strong that I was able to maintain that environment even after

becoming an evil spirit and losing most of my reasoning….”

“Is it true that your memories from that time aren’t complete?”

“It used to be like that. But not anymore. Fortunately, I’ve had a good opportunity to sort myself out. However, it takes a little effort to recall the memories of the various saints before ‘me.’”

“Aren’t you uncomfortable with multiple selves being combined?”

“I’ve never really thought about it that way. I don’t feel uncomfortable with the hands, feet, and eyes that I was born with. It’s just that I need to make an effort to recognize their existence and handle them.”

The evil spirit asked.

“Are you fit to stay here?”

“In the current situation, there is no place more comfortable to live than this.”

“That’s what you think, haven’t you been inside the ruins the whole time?”

“…You must know how large the ruins are, right?”

The ruins were almost as large as a castle, meaning that they were as large as the large, magnificent building where the landowner resided and the villages surrounding the castle.

“This place is almost downtown. When I visited as a warrior or when I ran away from people, I didn’t have time to explore, so I’ve only recently been able to look around, but it’s much bigger than I imagined.”

“I’m glad you’re having fun watching it.”

“It’s less splendid than before when it was filled with all sorts of wealth,

but in a way… it's more comfortable because it seems to hurt my eyes a little less. To be honest, the ruins from when you were the Demon King weren't a very good tourist attraction."

"From what I hear you say, were you originally interested in studying relics?"

"I am the one who discovered the truth about the Black Forest when the warriors visited this place."

He was a librarian in the royal library.

"It is nearly impossible to rise to the position of a commoner. In short, my abilities were so outstanding that I could overcome my humble origins and put pressure on the noses of many nobles."

The evil spirit pretended to look surprised.

"With that physical condition, you were a librarian?"

"…Why are you surprised by that part?"

"I've never seen anyone taller than me."

"I'm a little taller than average, but… there must have been a lot of warriors. Even though my memory is vague, there were definitely people taller than me."

"It was fortunate that we met when I was the Demon King."

"We weren't particularly lucky, so why are you saying that?"

"Because I can look down on you? You are the Demon King, so wouldn't it hurt your pride to look up at you?"

"Aha, so that's why… I understand…."

I felt empty and laughed for no reason.

“Did I say that? I was surprised at how much more outgoing you were than I had imagined.”

“I am grateful that I, the last saint, have the initiative.”

“I couldn’t be more grateful.”

But the more I became accustomed to this peace, the more a deeply ingrained sense of anxiety began to creep up on me.

“…….”

Ather was grateful to this evil spirit.

'You saved me.'

The only one who responded to my call and saved me. The favor I received from him was indescribable. Perhaps even if I were to offer myself up, I would not be able to repay it.

'But at the same time, I'm feeling more and more intimate with you…'

I was anxious.

* * *

It's something I've been thinking about since I first came to my senses.

'Can this existence be said to be true?'

An evil spirit created from the combined efforts of countless victims of anger and hatred. And the one who saved Ather and treated him kindly until now called himself 'Argio', the last saint.

But what is God? Their truth and lies cannot be distinguished by human standards. It is possible that his true nature is not the merciful and easygoing 'Argio' of today, but an evil god of wrath.

'If that's the case, then I have to do my part.'

There were many false accusations against the cruel beast, but he also committed many things himself. If the fate of that century's end-of-century war was to be repeated, it had to be prevented.

'Even if I have to repeat the eternal suffering for the sin of repaying kindness with enmity.'

That was Ather's role.

'… but I can't be sure of anything.'

How can we know the truth of God?

"Do you have time to talk today?"

"Why are you asking to talk first? Is something wrong?"

"There's something I've been wondering about."

"I am always waiting for you with a happy heart."

"Thank you for saying so."

Eventually, Ather decided to ask directly.

"I want to trust you, but can you tell me how to make this certain?"

"……."

To him.

"……?"

Argio was dumbfounded.

"Oh… I thought you were thinking hard about something. Was this the problem?"

"yes."

“And you’re asking me that directly?”

"yes."

“What on earth is wrong with you? I can’t help but be perplexed. In the first place, if I said, ‘This evil spirit is very safe and harmless, so trust me without any more worries,’ would you believe me?”

“Probably not.”

“What a strange person.”

At Geo's reaction, Ater gritted his teeth as if he was embarrassed or felt wronged.

“…Zurg mu eujjus s ikksseuneukku….”

“Please speak in human language.”

“What can I do, when the opponent is an evil spirit?”

“Should I call this giving up or being wise…?”

Geo, who had been thinking while rubbing his chin, raised his head.

“Can’t we just live like this?”

“I can’t do it because I’m anxious.”

“I don’t understand why those who know me can’t define my existence. Whether I’m human, an evil spirit, a ghost, or a creature, I just want to have fun and eat, isn’t that all?”

“It’s not easy to just play and eat so carelessly.”

“Do you make friends by analyzing and defining each one of them like that? I feel bad for you. Being too smart isn’t always a good thing.”

“The people you meet in everyday life and the evil spirits of the past that are really entangled with each other are probably not the same. You can’t be reassured just because a bomb that could explode at any moment looks round and harmless.”

“How picky.”

He's secretly prickly.

“Hmm….”

I guess you want a trust that won't break.

“There is something you don’t know.”

“What is that?”

“All trust in the world is not perfect.”

We humans naturally grow into adults from the shocking betrayal of finding out that Santa Claus was actually our parents.

“There is no trust that lasts a lifetime. Everyone trusts, beats, and grabs others by the collar, and the gap in trust is filled with friendship and love. This is because living things cannot live in perfect order.”

“…I understand what you’re saying. But more than trust in a relationship, I need to trust that you won’t go back to being the evil god you were back then. Anything else is up to me.”

“Then why do you think I would go back there?”

“You said your heart was missing.”

Ather exhaled and continued.

“The most important thing is the heart.”

Argio once said that he was not whole. He said that it was because the seal of the warriors still had its effect. The current evil spirit could not be said to be whole.

“I want to know what your complete form would look like.”

“Oh, I see.”

He was a truly brave friend.

“Then why don’t you open it and take a look?”

“…Seal?”

“I’m talking about the coffin of the evil spirit.”

“Is that okay?”

“There’s no way it won’t work.”

In the end, even that is maintained only because Geo remains trapped.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (247)

247

Episode 247

The evil spirit urged.

“Remember, it’s the last coffin.”

You must not open any other tubes.

* * *

Ather walked through the ruins alone.

“…….”

It seemed like the sound of my footsteps echoed especially loudly in the ruins.

In the meantime, Ather had become familiar with the structure of this ruin. It contained more knowledge and depth than what he had seen when he was called a warrior. Faded paintings and jewels were scattered about.

Old memories come back to me.

‘… Definitely here… .’

There must be a way.

"…ah."

The stairs leading to the basement opened.

Ather, who had clasped his hands, walked down the stairs. The stairs were extremely dark. If he hadn't brought a torch, he wouldn't have been able to see anything. Oddly enough, there was no dust.

'It's been a while since I've been here, so it feels quite unfamiliar.'

Even after coming to my senses, I had only checked this place and had never actually been there. This was where he and his colleagues had once sacrificed everything to seal the Demon King. I didn't even approach it in the first place because I was afraid that if I went in rashly, I might cause trouble.

But now the time has come.

'It's quite deep… .'

There was no end in sight.

There was also a blocking device at the entrance of the stairs. He and his colleagues had installed it in case of an unexpected situation. Since he knew the answer, he could solve it easily.

It was when I went down to the point where I felt a little out of breath.

"…Is this the place?"

A very large door greeted him.

'The main gate of the castle wouldn't be like this, but I can feel how desperate we were back then.'

In fact, it didn't even look like a door.

There was no way around it. It couldn't be permanently closed with just

magical devices. It had to be a door that was too difficult to open physically. That's why I made this door imitating a wall.

“It’s open.”

The door that should have been tightly closed was open and there was a small gap.

“Is this the work of wizards…?”

The impious men who said they would kill the Creator by borrowing the power of the evil spirit. No one but them could open this door. The door was open just a little bit, barely enough for one person to pass through.

'Could this be the reason he was able to come out of the world, even in human form? Because the door of the seal was slightly open? If so, perhaps I should be a little grateful to those wizards. Thanks to them, I was able to escape from the thorn prison… .'

Ather went into it.

“…….”

Candles were burning everywhere at the tombs of the saints.

“…This is, still….”

It was amazing. It was probably a magical tool installed by wizards.

'If not that, then it must be the effect of the seal.'

But even after countless years had passed, the flickering flames of the candles still made his insides tremble.

Perhaps thanks to that, even though it was still a dark underground tomb, the sight of the tomb was clearly visible.

"ah."

It was a neatly arranged row of coffins.

'We didn't do this?'

The battle with the Demon King was fierce. The warriors were greatly exhausted just from sealing him. There were many dead people. There was no energy to create such a neat tomb for the Demon King who had caused so many victims.

'Even wizards have no reason to do this.'

These are the people who wanted to become godslayers. There was no way they could treat an evil god who was not even the creator like this.

'then….'

Did you do it yourself?

'Argio, that guy?'

Or is it some kind of mystical miracle?

'I don't know.'

But he spoke of the 'last coffin', indicating that he knew the sights there.

'There must be at least some connection to this sight.'

Even though I was holding a torch, the air in the underground tomb was cold.

"……."

He started walking again.

The coffins were all the same size. They were carved from pitch-black marble and were quite large. They were larger than Ather. They smelled of poison and blood, like something from the Black Forest.

'The atmosphere is ominous.'

It was completely different from when I first saw Argio in human form.

He remembered the first time he had encountered the Demon King. Those huge wings and the clumped together human figures, the long snake-like bodies of beasts…

When it occurred to me.

"……."

"It's here."

Suddenly.

A familiar voice was heard.

"Here you go, Ather."

"Look this way."

"Open this coffin."

I heard it from all directions.

"Okay, let's look here."

"Where are you going now?"

"This way."

"Get me out of here."

"You came to see me?"

“My real face.”

“It’s in here.”

“Come on, don’t waste time.”

“Ather.”

An evil spirit was speaking through the marble coffin.

“…Ha, what is this….”

He hesitated and walked away from the coffin.

Coffins lined up on both sides of a tomb that stretched out like a long corridor. Those that had been silent until just a moment ago began to speak.

The voice flowing out softly was that of 'Argio', whom he knew.

“Why are you hesitating so much?”

“Isn’t it that you wanted to talk to your true self?”

“Ater, open this door quickly.”

“Come talk to me.”

“That’s why we came here.”

Suddenly Argio's words came to mind.

'Remember, it's the last coffin.'

You must not open any other tubes.

“…….”

That's why you said that.

'The ones speaking to me now are the saints who died before Argio.'

Argio once said this. He suppressed the anger that was eating him with an even greater anger. He said that he had won and that was why he was where he is now.

What this means is that existing anger has not been resolved.

‘In the end, you were unable to defeat the last personality, so are you trying to tempt me when I visit the grave?’

My name was called here and there. A chill ran down my spine. If the last saint, Argio, had not trampled them and locked them up, Ater would not have survived.

'I have to go to the last coffin.'

The soft voice became a shrill scream as it went deeper.

“Where on earth are you going?”

“Here it is, here it is.”

“Look this way…!”

“Are you passing me by?!”

“Ather! Ather!!”

“Please take me out…!!”

“It’s too small here! It’s stuffy! It’s miserable!!”

“Ah ...

A scream full of screams. A tantrum full of pain. A howl full of rage.

The deeper we went, the more severe it became. We could even hear banging sounds, as if something was glowing inside the coffin.

Ater himself, who had been locked up until just a moment ago, came to mind. I felt nauseous.

'Why on earth did they leave it like this?'

Argio was very merciful to Ather. He even treated him like a friend. Didn't he show mercy to the saints before him? Didn't he feel pity for them?

‘Why are you suffering so much…?’

As we reached the end, all the noise died down.

“…Gasp, ugh….”

My legs gave out and I collapsed.

‘… it became quiet.’

The same silence as when he first entered greeted him.

He barely managed to get up from his trembling body. His legs still felt weak. He staggered to the end of the corridor, where he saw the last coffin, which looked no different from any other coffin here.

'If I hadn't heard about it beforehand, I wouldn't have been able to tell the difference at all.'

There was no difference except that it was placed at the very end.

“…….”

In the darkness, he felt something watching him.

‘…Who is it?’

Could this also be part of the evil spirit?

It felt like something huge, like nature. It was neither negative nor

positive. It was just like watching what Ather would choose. No, the word 'watching' wasn't even appropriate. It was really just recognizing.

‘If I open this coffin… .’

What happens?

"…excuse me."

“…….”

“Are you here?”

“Have you come to see me?”

"…yes."

“I've been waiting."

Drumroll….

The heavy coffin door opened just a little.

“Will you let me out?”

Unlike other coffins, it opened its doors directly.

Through the gap a pale hand could be seen holding the coffin door.

It was a familiar hand. It was the same as Argio's hand that he used to give me while cooking. It had thick bones and was solid. It was wearing all sorts of accessories.

Long black nails and a jeweled ring made a clear sound as they held the marble door. All that was visible was the large, pale hand, and the torso and face were barely visible.

He kept talking to me.

“I spent a long time in here.”

“…Who are you?”

“People called me a cruel beast.”

“Argio, is that you?”

“You can call me that.”

“Is this the ‘Argio’ I know?”

“Look here.”

Swish—.

The coffin's hand reached out.

“…….”

“…….”

Its arms stretch out to a deformed length.

“…Ugh.”

Creepily, long.

Ather held his breath for a moment. It was shaped like a giant snake or a tree branch. Its arms continued to stretch out until they stopped right in front of Ather’s face. Then it opened its folded hands.

The golden eyes embedded in the palm of his hand.

“…I know that face.”

They were eyes made of gold, which could never be said to be human.

“You came to kill me.”

“…Are you… Argio before you became an evil spirit?”

“The being you call an evil spirit is just like me.”

“…The one who saved me from the thorn prison, turned me into a human, and cooked for me was not you. You are Argio, the evil spirit I sealed away with my companions.”

“Did 'Argio' do you such a favor?”

The golden eyes curved as if smiling.

“It looks like ‘I’ have successfully seized this good opportunity.”

“…What are you?”

“I don’t have a name.”

The hand with the gouged eye returned and grabbed the door of the coffin. The fingers, adorned with ornaments, tapped the coffin as if in excitement. The ominous claws and the flashing rings, like those of an animal, struck against it.

“You’d better not introduce your name and fame to us.”

"…we?"

“It is the evil spirits like us who cannot help but covet a strong soul like you. Of course, I already know your name, but don’t worry. I will not covet you carelessly.”

“…there have already been many saints who have called my name.”

“Stop calling us saints. We are not saints, we are just evil spirits who were pushed aside and sacrificed. Also, it doesn’t matter that they have already called your name.”

“Why?”

“Because we are borrowing the words of ‘Argio’.”

It's a voice like a song.

“He’s quite merciful. He’s managed to control all that anger. He’s even kind to a mere mortal like you. He must have had a great opportunity, a very good opportunity….”

“…Are you Argio’s heart?”

“I am.”

“What would happen if I came out of this coffin? If I did that.”

“I don’t know.”

There is rhythm to his voice.

“I am very angry. My friends here are even angrier than I am. How could a figure like Argios have been created without a miracle beyond miracles, and even without a miracle? We were a disaster that would devour the world, and yet you dare treat me like a human being.”

“…….”

“Hey, what do you want?”

“…I hope I can trust you completely.”

“There’s no guarantee that you won’t regret it.”

“…That could be the case….”

“Go back.”

A pale hand entered the coffin.

“Today is not the time.”

“…….”

Dalgrak.

The coffin was closed.

* * *

On the way back, one of the many coffins caught Ather.

“He could have given you the mercy of death, but he saved you. How can the new life given to you be salvation? He made you into a human being to possess you. He is an evil spirit. Do not trust him.”

Its voice was extremely rough, as if it was not Argio's. It was also young.

“If he were truly merciful, he would have granted peace to you and to all of us. Were you not disgusted as you rushed to that last deep coffin? He has bound us and locked us in this deep tomb.”

“…….”

“The wicked yoke cannot be cleansed. Call him a devil, and it is true. His mercy is a fragment of interest and pleasure. Do not judge God by the little fragments.”

“…In the end, you’re doing this because you want to be taken out of the coffin, right?”

“How is that a sin…?”

A young voice whispered.

“I wish you too would come out of that narrow prison, calling upon the evil spirits.”

What is the difference between us?

In a soft whisper, Ather simply left the tomb.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (248)

248

Episode 248

That the evil spirit he summoned might not be as merciful as he thought.

'... I had already thought of that kind of case before. From the beginning, the words evil spirit and mercy could not go together.'

As he climbed the stairs again, Ather cleared his mind.

The authors of the gods do not know mercy. Their mercy has often been a disaster to humans. How much more so the evil gods? Argio has already proven his wickedness throughout history.

'If he was as benevolent as I saw and felt, such history would not have been created in the first place. He may have been falsely accused, but more than that, the number of people that the evil god Argio has devoured and crushed is large. No matter what anyone says, he is an evil god of anger and pain.'

How could Ather, who was so undeservingly called a warrior, not know that?

'I still remember.'

Tongues that hurled curses and eyes filled with hatred. Large, sharp claws that stretched out mercilessly and gazes that flashed with

excitement from the battlefield. A disaster that was created by the sacrifice of countless humans.

How many of your comrades have died from that hand and tongue?

'So, I guess it's right to see that the resurrection that wasn't a resurrection and the evil spirits I saw were all fabricated or distorted. Or, perhaps, among the tens of thousands of evil spirits, the only benevolent one that was reflected in me was me.'

What is certain is that Argio is the 'evil god'.

'You can't say he's a human like me. He's a terrible and evil disaster that can pretend to be human. If you were to restore him to his original form, there's a very high chance that the same disaster will happen again… .'

By then, Ather had climbed all the stairs and was back in the ruins.

"……."

As he left the tomb, bright lights struck him like sunlight.

'… But this sunlight was also created by Argio.'

It is a ruin that has no electricity or anything. Even a torch cannot illuminate it brightly and comfortably. That is why Argio said he brought in sunlight and trapped it inside.

'It is not that the mercy he showed me was false. Since I am saved and at peace, I cannot deny it. I cannot commit an act worse than that of a beast…'

Soon Ather came to a conclusion.

"Argio."

"You called me back then too."

An evil spirit emerged from the shadow of the pillar created by the light of the ruins.

“…….”

No noise was heard from the ornaments that wrapped around his bare feet.

Long red hair that hangs down like a beast's tail. Gold and silver treasures that cover the hair so much that it hurts the eyes. Pale skin that looks like it has never been exposed to sunlight, and a confident smile covering the face.

The author saved Ather from the endless torment of the thorn prison.

“…You are the only god who always answers my call.”

“It is only natural, this place has been abandoned by its creator.”

“That’s a very interesting story, but I’ll ask you more about it later.”

“Then I guess there’s something else you want to ask.”

He was merciful to Ather once again.

“I will accept it, so recite it.”

“Thank you for giving me the opportunity.”

Ather took a deep breath and asked.

“Who are you?”

The evil god Argio, the cruel beast, could not become him before my eyes.

“I know for sure after seeing it for myself. You are not the evil Argio that I know, the one who tried to kill me and my colleagues. The one who is tied to that deep and terrible evil is the one who is sleeping in

the last coffin in the deep tomb below. Not you now."

"Why do you think so?"

"The cruel beast was born from the wrath and hatred of the sacrificed saint. This is something that even God himself cannot deny. I know, who remembers all the records of the royal family and this relic, that the moment God denies himself, he cannot exist as God."

"So I'm not the evil god Argio?"

"…Actually, I don't know."

Who on earth is he that can exist in and of himself while denying himself?

"It is understandable that you turned me, a rotten piece of meat, back into a human. But the miracle of an evil spirit cannot be this merciful and perfect, how could a rebel against Providence do so?"

"Then I guess you don't understand."

"And you too could not have taken human form. Humans are, after all, children of Providence. You can do things that imitate that form, but you eat, sleep, spend time, converse with me, and live in the same time of Providence."

"I bleed red too, don't I?"

"I don't know how that is possible. And no matter how strong and intelligent I am among humans, there is no way I, a mere human, could uncover the truth about you. If that is possible, it would be thanks to your permission."

"So, would you like to ask permission?"

"If it's something I need to know, you'll let me know, and if it's

something I shouldn’t know, you’ll either make me live my whole life in a lie or make me forget what happened. But since you’ve shown me this much mercy, it can’t be just a passing pleasure….”

okay.

“…Otherwise, you wouldn’t dismiss my question as nothing.”

The least trust in him was Ather's lot. Just as all humans had prayed to God throughout the eternity, Ather believed that this question would not be ignored.

“…….”

“…….”

Argio said with a chin up.

“Even so, do you usually ask this openly…? Aren’t I an evil spirit? I know what you just heard and saw in the grave, but shouldn’t you be more careful?”

“I feel so ashamed of myself because I feel so absurd, but I’m someone who has always believed that the cause of all conflicts and discord comes from a breakdown in communication… There’s nothing I can do… I have to do what I can.”

“I don’t know if it’s really too early to give up or if it’s wise.”

“I’d like to hear what role I play in your story.”

“Role? That’s easy.”

He declared cheerfully.

“He’s my friend!”

“…….”

“You can curse me with your eyes, that’s quite something.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I’m immature….”

“You were a librarian at the royal library, but you don’t know how to control your facial expressions?”

“I got scolded a lot for the same reason back then, I was told I was unlucky.”

“It’s obvious even without looking.”

“Of course. Since you are an evil spirit, you must see it to know the past.”

“Is there a disease where thorns grow when you say bad things?”

In a different sense from Joo-Hyeon, he was a friend who I could say everything I wanted to say.

“Hmm, so you want a more proper role?”

“It wasn’t anything like that.”

“Well then, I can give you the right arm of the Demon King who will appear in a little while.”

“I’m sorry, but I really never wanted that.”

“Since it has come to this, don’t you think you should take on the role of the leader of a cult?”

“Could you please give me a moment to gather my thoughts?”

“I’ll give you 10 seconds. 1, 2, 3….”

10 seconds is over.

“What’s the answer?”

“I will give it to you if you tell me your identity.”

“Wherever I go, I won’t get caught.”

“It may be irreverent, but it has a strange connotation. What is a hogu?”

“It refers to a friend who is clumsy but has high utility.”

“Isn’t that a friend?”

“You know a lot.”

Well, he was a commoner who worked as a librarian at the palace library. It was a position that could not be achieved by just being kind and idealistic. Geo decided to tell his story.

“Do you know what split personality is?”

“Isn’t that a saying that refers to a person with two souls in one body?”

“Think of it as me.”

“…You have a split personality? An evil spirit?”

“No? There are three so far.”

Anyway, it was similar.

* * *

They moved into Ater's well-equipped living quarters.

“In short, I am a taster.”

“What about tasting?”

“It’s literally like a very small piece of food made just for the purpose of tasting it before eating the real thing.”

“It’s difficult.”

“If I were to make an analogy that would be a little easier to understand, I would say it’s like a test subject before a proper work is created.”

“Are you trying to tell me that you are the result of an experiment…?”

“It’s not a being created through experiments by the wizards you know.”

Was the analogy a little difficult?

“Let me explain a little more in detail. I now know that the being called ‘Gio’ is made up of three people. Sergio, Giovanni, and Argio. All three were called Geo.”

“…I’ll listen first.”

“Wise. As you know, I was the evil spirit of anger and pain. And it was born from the innate mystical and negative emotions of countless suitable people who were sacrificed. The ‘innate mystical and negative emotions of countless suitable people’ that I am talking about here are sleeping deep underground in the tomb of this ruin.”

“…….”

Ather asked, frowning.

“…Mystery and emotion? Aren’t they the ones who were once human?”

“If we can say that innate mystery and one-time emotions are part of humanity itself, then it wouldn’t be entirely wrong.”

“At least you’re saying it’s not a person.”

“I guess that’s fine to think that way.”

It wasn't the commonly known 'human' form.

“And the red-haired human figure you are seeing right now, and the sealed self in the last coffin you met down there, is none other than ‘Argio.’ The last suitable person abandoned in the Black Forest. The being called ‘Argio’ who moved between the forest and the outside.”

Ather, who had been pondering, asked back.

“…Is it very different? You, or the other coffins in that tomb… and the man named Argio….”

“It could be the same, or it could be different. In the end, it’s just a difference in perspective.”

It was very trivial.

“Argio, the last suitable candidate and one of the elements of the evil god, got a good opportunity. That was me now. A chance to mix with the ‘Geos’.”

“Mixed….”

“The conditions were just right, so ‘Argio’ became who I am today. And starting with him, all the existence and mysteries of the evil god Argio became mine.”

“But you said you didn’t get a heart.”

“That’s exactly what you saw.”

“What on earth is that heart?”

"…hmm…."

This time, Geo was worried.

“How should I explain this?”

“There are things that even the devil cannot explain.”

“I'm in a difficult situation.”

He hesitated for a moment before finally coming up with a plausible answer.

“What could be easier to digest than swallowing a whole fruit with seeds the size of your eyeballs?”

“…It’s probably the flesh, right? I’ve never eaten a seed that big before, so I’m not sure.”

“That’s exactly what I’m in right now. The easy one to digest is the personality ‘Argio’ who found joy in life-threatening battles. And I’ve digested all the bits of mercy, peace, and happiness that the suitable people had. However, I haven’t digested the most important seed, so it still remains in my stomach.”

“Are you saying that the stomach is the underground tomb and the seeds are the heart, the coffins?”

“That’s what it is.”

“Uh, so….”

Ather's expression became subtle.

“Are you saying that all the people left in that tomb are the worst problem children?”

“I guess the expression ‘worst problem child’ really comes out well when the person involved is right in front of you?”

“I must say what I have to say, even if I die and am torn to pieces.”

“They are like loyalists who only speak frankly and risk getting their

necks hung on the street. But they are not problem children. They are a part of me and my heart. They are someone I must digest someday… someone I cannot live without."

"From a mere human's perspective, I would like to ask if it wouldn't be better to leave it as it is and eliminate all the beings in the tomb, but that would be too much of an insult to you. Is that right?"

"Knowing this and continuing to say such things in front of the person involved, is this really a metaphor for challenging a duel?"

"You saw wrong."

It wasn't a provocation, it was sincere.

And Ather soon drew the conclusion of all this story. His face turned white as he thought of the tremendous and amazing result. Then Ather shouted.

"…So, isn't this a sign of the end that one day I will return as that horrible evil god Argio!!"

"Accept the unchangeable reality, my friend! Life is not something you can do as you wish! I never thought I would be working with such boring and peaceful authors!"

"Damn, somehow he looks quite human, this evil demon lord!!"

Ather howled in anger. Argio was very pleased.

* * *

"……."

Joo-hyun, who heard the whole story, smiled bitterly.

"There are victims there too…."

“Victim?”

“So what did he decide to do?”

“You’ve been asking for 1-on-1 battles a lot lately.”

“Oh my god.”

Joohyun applauded Ater's bravery.

“There’s a reason he was a warrior.”

“I thought so too.”

“Are you responding?”

“That is the way it should be done.”

I like it a lot and it helps me exercise.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (249)

249

Episode 249

A meteor shower came flying in after hearing the news.

“Ah, wait a minute.”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un, it’s been a while.”

“It’s been so long since you’ve seen me, but I heard some very ominous news from Joohyun.”

“I heard that ‘Portrait of Geo’ is going to be renewed soon.”

“Is it acceptable to stop updates?”

“This old-fashioned portrait doesn’t have any of those delicate, sophisticated features.”

“It’s such a shame.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had just arrived at the collector's gallery after a business trip abroad, unfurled a folding chair and placed it in front of the portrait. A curator on the fifth floor who was passing by greeted him.

“Oh, I thought you were overseas.”

“I flew here as soon as I finished work.”

“Then, thank you for your hard work.”

“I guess you’re getting off work? Oh, I’m jealous. You’re already getting off work at 4 in the morning?”

“Don’t hold on to me because I’m going to see my cat, Kyureung. I need to feed him.”

“How can our friendship, formed through working overtime, be this shallow….”

“Then how dare you stop an office worker leaving work?”

After the curator left coolly, Geo asked Yoo Seong-un.

“Kyureung, just hearing the name makes me feel cute. Who are you?”

“The goldfish that person raises at home….”

“These days, goldfish not only cry, but also whine. I learned another thing.”

“Well, no matter how much I listen, it seems like it’s far from ‘Kyureung’.”

“Then what do you think?”

“It’s closer to ‘Kururungkwangkwang’.”

“Isn’t that thunder and lightning?”

“I don’t know why that goldfish’s name isn’t Thunderbolt.”

“I think the name Thunderbolt is too cruel to a goldfish.”

“Yeah, I was wrong. I’m just too tired to talk.”

Even goldfish have something called honor.

“Ah, anyway, back to the main point….”

Yoo Seong-un took out his notebook and fountain pen and asked again.

“Mr. Argio?”

“Is it here?”

“Quick transition, very good.”

Suddenly, a meteor shower appeared on her red braided hair that had fallen beyond the frame, and she narrowed her eyes.

“I recently heard that you are preparing to become a demon god in earnest. What is this? Does this mean that the current demon god Argio is not a perfect one?”

“The synchronization is staying at 99.9%.”

“What? It’s buffering? Is this an error?”

“If it’s an error, then it’s an error.”

In other words, the computer is refusing to accept 0.1 files.

“The protests from the ‘Geos’ are very strong now.”

“Oh… So that’s how you do fairy tales? You guys are more democratic than I thought.”

“We can share opinions like that if necessary, but in reality, ‘Geo’ is one. It’s just that I’m not fully assimilated yet, so I think of it as separate.”

“What kind of atmosphere is it?”

“After all, a fairy tale is about becoming one….”

It was like a human growing up by understanding and accepting emotions like love, anger, and sadness.

This also required a process of acceptance and acceptance by 'Geo'. How can we become one if we deny arbitrary values in our hearts? That is impossible.

“Of course, I’ve been convinced and accepted a lot so far, so I’m at 99.9%.”

“I feel like there might be more decimal points after 99.9%, so what?”

“What… When you think of evil spirits, aren’t there things that come to mind?”

“It’s a disaster.”

“‘Geo’ is not convinced by that.”

“Is there something worth accepting and embracing, even in the face of disaster?”

“I thought that was why the collector created this gallery?”

“You are right.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled brightly.

“That’s why we are collectors.”

They are a cruel race that finds desirable value even in disaster.

“So, you too will eventually become a complete evil spirit someday.”

But I know that the main character will be 'Sergio'. Just as 'Giovanni' was not the main character, 'Argio' will be the same. Thanks to that, I wasn't too worried.

'At best, a few guilds will be wiped out.'

hmm.

'... Since you said it's the evil spirit of blood and wrath, let's set the damage range a bit more generously... Since you said all battles will take place inside the dungeon anyway, the reconstruction will be covered by the government and association's measures.

Yoo Seong-un opened his mouth again, assessing the extent of the damage on the human side.

“I don’t know for sure since I haven’t studied your history… but I guess you have a dirty personality?”

“Atherdo and you, aren’t you being too harsh in front of the person concerned? But if I may answer, it seems to me that it is. Even if the happy pig who avoids conflict or the saint of mercy dilutes it, you should prepare yourselves mentally.”

“Oh my, is puberty finally coming to our portrait….”

“Aren’t you a little old to go through that again now?”

“24 is young.”

“You’re really kind to me when you treat me like a child.”

“I learned it from you.”

Isn't he the kind of guy who doesn't even treat an 18 year old adult like an adult?

“I think you should report this. Don’t worry, I have no intention of interfering with your Demon Lord project. I am a person who believes that artistic value can be found even in suffering and death.”

“It’s nice because it’s completely different from Joo-Hyeon, who was very uncomfortable.”

“I can’t ask for mercy from you when I meet you in the dungeon, can I?”

“I certainly know the value of mercy. I also know the value of acceptance and salvation, and the value of fellowship.”

The golden eyes were deeply curved.

“But I don’t know if even the evil spirits know that.”

“I don’t know what I don’t know.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled innocently and put a candy cane in his mouth.

“Knowing everything.”

Everything in the world had value.

The question was 'how well it fits the times and circumstances.'

* * *

Argio said.

“People need to be a little angry to live, how can they live only showing mercy?”

Giovanni said.

“People should live with compassion. How can they live only getting angry?”

“Oh, how can a priest who worships the divine providence do such a dirty trick? Giovanni, aren’t you just not angry because you’re not angry?”

“Who wouldn’t have resented or hated me? I just have a little bit of compassion and understanding. That’s what the intellectual community

needs.”

“How can everyone have ideal compassion and reason? Come on, my friend. Most people don’t have as much patience as we do. It’s not for nothing that they say that fists are closer to the law on Earth.”

“I don’t necessarily want to resort to violence to resolve a situation where everyone can be better off by following the rules. And more than anything, doesn’t Mr. Argio enjoy violence itself?”

“It’s not violence, it’s just a process of me becoming stronger and letting go of the knots in my heart. What’s wrong with being happy with that noble means itself?”

“That’s why the evil spirit is….”

“What are you talking about, Mercy Bomber?”

Sergio said.

“Then can we just go draw a picture?”

“Okay.”

“Yeah.”

It was time to complete the 'Dream Park'.

* * *

“…….”

The priest of the Dalnim Church looked around.

“…….”

A desk and wall with piles of research work. A portable board. Everywhere you looked, it was filled with precious knowledge and lovely products that you couldn't take your eyes off.

“…….”

As he was wandering around, the content caught his eye. Research on the source. It was going very smoothly. This was something that could be passed on to the association. The priest was absorbed in it as if he was possessed.

Then I came to my senses.

“…Oh, right.”

This was a dream.

“I was figuring out the structure of the dungeon.”

The documents I was holding in my hands floated in the air.

'I've been so absorbed in my dreams for a month now... I almost made the same mistake again. I guess I'm glad I came to my senses now.'

Dalnimgyo was continuing research on the dungeon 'Dream Park' at the request of the association. Since it was a virtual dungeon, it wasn't easy to understand. Isn't it really abstract to say that 'dreams' can come true as desired?

'The surprising thing is that all the knowledge you can gain here has practical value. It means that this area is not built on the basis of my knowledge. No, at least it is reflected to some extent in creating the background or adjusting the situation... but that's not all.'

Even knowledge of the 'source' has practical value.

“…….”

He wrote the condition, 'I dream of my research bearing fruit' and put it under his pillow. With just that kind of action, the man achieved a lot in a few days. It was a sense of emptiness, but also an addictive pleasure.

‘So much so that I feel like I want to keep living in this dream…’

But that's impossible.

'This dream is a kind of lucid dream. It seems that increasing or decreasing the time at will of the dream owner is a matter of the dreamer's personal ability. However, the longer the time in the dream, the longer the sleep time in reality.'

People all fall asleep at their usual time and wake up. There is no abnormality in time or body. This dream has no side effects other than being extremely addictive.

'But I am here to complete the mission I received from the Dalnim Church. I must not be deceived by this sweet dream any longer. There is much more knowledge to savor even after I have completed my duties at the Dalnim Church… .'

It was when I was repeating that.

“How can you refuse?”

“…….”

“Isn’t it really sweet?”

"…what…."

I looked back.

“…….”

But this was still his laboratory. A dream of decorating my laboratory. There was no reason for a new voice to be heard anywhere. I looked around, but I couldn't find the owner of the voice.

This time a voice came from the right.

“If you are as intelligent as me, you will surely know that all the knowledge you see and hear here is not in vain. It is full of deep and mysterious knowledge that will contribute to the development of humanity and the world… It is all your work.”

Next on the left.

“Are you feeling empty because it’s a dream? Well, maybe if your dream was about spending a lot of money. It might be the same if you had a dream about eating a lot of delicious food. But you know what?”

“…….”

“Knowledge cannot be vain. Unless it is a lie, knowledge is knowledge, and it is noble. Look, here is the knowledge you so desperately wanted, piled up in abundance.”

“…….”

“You might be blaming yourself for not having achieved all of this on your own. But there’s no need to be, especially since I have given you permission. After all, wasn’t it your own strength and choice that brought you here…?”

And whispers from all sides.

“You don’t have to try hard.” “You’re trying hard enough.” “Well, what else are you curious about?” “Poor thing, this small cage is all your world is.” “Shall I show you the library this time?” “Don’t you want to see the world?” “There is so much knowledge here.” “The Source is such a mysterious concept.” “You can save more people.” “Who could possibly discover such valuable knowledge?” “It’s still early knowledge, but I’ll give you special permission.” “You’ve been given a wonderful opportunity.” “Do you want to wake up from this sweet dream already…?” “Sleep deeper, deeper.” “Stretch out your hands.”

“Imagine more.” “What do you want?” “What desires do you have?” “All the knowledge that was denied you is here.” “Aren’t you curious?” “This is a dream just for you.” “It’s your dream.”

The priest opened his mouth.

“…….”

You must not answer.

‘…You must not say anything in response.’

If the opponent is a simple monster, it might be okay. But if it is one of the children of the Origin, it becomes a headache. A mysterious authority like the Divinity or the Dungeon itself. A human could change in an instant.

The moment I thought that, I felt a presence behind me.

“Look… It’s really disappointing that you’re ignoring me like this.”

“…….”

“It seems like this dream doesn’t suit you.”

I shouldn't have seen it, and I shouldn't have heard it.

“Isn’t this truly bizarre? You don’t even realize your own contradictions. Haven’t you thought that nothing is important except knowledge? I clearly remember that you created this dream because you wanted it….”

“…….”

“Here is all the knowledge you want. Why don’t you stay a little longer? Don’t you want a broader knowledge? And yet you try to disrupt this sweet dream by considering your real-life duties. Reality, reality. What is so important about it?”

“…….”

“What are you leaving behind in reality? Your duties there, your fellow priests, and the brothers who trust and follow you? Don’t worry, as you know, this dream is long and reality is the same as usual. And yet, how can you return to reality? Now, sleep a little deeper. A little deeper….”

Well done—.

With a sound of jewels clinking, my shoulder was grabbed.

“Throwing it away takes just a moment.”

Whatever it is.

“…….”

“…….”

Soon after, the sound disappeared.

“…Ugh….”

Even when I looked back with a trembling body, there was nothing left.

There was only the shadow of my dark laboratory. The priest stared at the empty shadow for a long time.

Then I remembered the words of the voice.

‘…What’s important about reality?’

…I know?

'Why did I try to go back?'

The man stood there for a long time.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (250)

250

Episode 250

“Do you think reality is important?”

Giovanni tilted his head at Saint Aram's question.

“I think this question is related to the dungeon. Did I get it right?”

“That’s right. I had that thought while watching the brothers and sisters of Dalnimgyo study the ‘Dream Park.’ I was curious about your opinion.”

“I am surprised to be asked such a profound question so soon after my first visit in such a long time.”

"…ah."

Only then did Aram seem to understand the situation between the two.

“Is it a bit strange to ask such a question as soon as you arrive?”

“This time, I’m planning to stay for a while and I even packed my bags again, so it’s okay. But when you make other friends later, it would be better to at least give them time to unpack before asking them.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

Geo unpacked his luggage while muttering to himself, “I lack social

skills.” Aram, who had recovered and was able to move freely, followed him around. He was like a chick chasing its mother hen.

Geo, who had finished unpacking his luggage in his room, looked back at her.

“Okay, now let’s have a relaxed conversation. Are there any places you would recommend?”

“Suddenly formal… um, this is a place worth recommending.”

“I was just asking if there was a good place to have a casual discussion.”

“How was the discussion forum you visited before?”

“The priests there were so scary that it was difficult to go there.”

“? You didn’t look scared at all….”

Anyway, that being said, Aram presented another option.

“What about my room?”

“To Aram’s room with all those theoretical books and papers?”

“There won’t be many people around now, so let’s go to a quiet restaurant…?”

“Hmm? It’s already 7 o’clock. Do you think I didn’t eat dinner?”

"…iced coffee!"

Aram barely found the answer.

“Let’s go to the garden salon! The salon we made together last time is still well maintained. It would be a good place to enjoy a light snack or have a chat over a cup of tea…!”

“I’m glad you understand me now.”

The two headed toward the starry garden. Aram smiled bashfully.

“In fact, before you came, this garden was almost exclusively maintained. Occasionally, guests would come and compliment its beauty, but apart from outsiders like that, there weren’t many people in our school who would visit the garden….”

“I thought that the staff from the Silver Moon Guild would take care of it, but I heard that the priests of the Dalnim Church have also been taking care of it a little bit recently. What is the atmosphere like among them?”

“I think you said it was good for spacing out. It’s good for cooling down when your brain is overloaded….”

“I heard you really like studying.”

So Geo and Aram arrived at the salon. There was a tea table in the middle of the glass greenhouse-like space. It was there for light conversation.

As I sat down on the chair, the manager came.

“Shall I bring you something to drink?”

“Please bring some snacks too.”

“I’ll bring it right away.”

Warm tea and fruit were served. The caretakers went out of the greenhouse, perhaps to allow for a more relaxed conversation. Their assistance could be called back by the bell when needed.

Only then was the opportunity for dialogue created.

“So, about what happened just now….”

“Are you asking about the weight of dreams and reality?”

“Well, maybe?”

Aram wrinkled his nose.

“The brothers’ atmosphere has been strange lately. They sleep the same amount of time as usual, but they’re sleeping more and more often. And when they can’t fall asleep because they’re sleeping for too long, they even take sleeping pills….”

“That sounds a little risky.”

Geo's face was blurred.

“I know about similar stories from the collectors. They say that the number of people addicted to the ‘dream park’ has been increasing recently. It’s not that the amount of sleep itself has increased, but it doesn’t affect the maintenance of society… If things continue like this, there will eventually be problems.”

“Oh, so that’s a problem that’s happening outside as well. It’s certainly not a problem that our church can say it’s at yet. There have been many instances of experimenting with drugs before. But, what should I say? Chasing dreams instead of reality… is a little…”

Aram, who had been hesitating, continued speaking.

“It felt creepy.”

Dalnim Bridge, which was originally quiet, has become even quieter recently.

“I have never experienced it, so I don’t know what my brothers are thinking and feeling.”

“Has the bishop not given permission yet?”

It was a sudden formality, but Aram understood him in her own way. It seemed like he used informal speech when he treated her as a ward, and formal speech when he treated her as a student.

She sighed.

“Yes, there was something like that recently, so I’m worried that there might be some side effects. There’s also talk that this dungeon wasn’t created by normal monsters, but by the evil spirits… It seems like the bishop is even more cautious.”

“If it was a dungeon created by God and not monsters, it would be a headache.”

“The dungeons created by the divine have much more vague criteria for conquering them. At first, I had a strong perception that they were just lucid dreams that relieved my frustrations in reality, but now I think they’re gradually becoming a place of escape.”

Aram looked up at Geo.

“So I wanted to ask you, teacher. About dreams and reality.”

“It would be wisest to maintain a proper balance between the two.”

“When to maintain balance?”

“Don’t they say that anything in excess is not good?”

Giovanni smiled his characteristically cheerful smile.

“Just as food that is too bland is boring to eat, and food that is too salty is hard to put on the tongue, so is life. Humans who can never be perfect need to rest, but they also cannot just fall apart.”

Aram blinked.

“Even the metaphors are for food.”

“Isn’t this the easiest to understand?”

“That’s true.”

“This seems like a serious and philosophical concern that doesn’t suit me… I’m a very simple-minded person.”

“Don’t worry, at least your looks suit you very well, teacher.”

“I’m glad you say that. Well then, let me try to show off a little more.”

Geo rolled his eyes and rubbed his chin, then opened his mouth again.

“…There have been countless instances of mankind escaping from reality. It includes not only sleep, but also play, eating, and conversation. As technology has developed over time, its depth has increased.”

It was the same even then.

“After the Great Catastrophe, the mystical entered our world. People could use magic to escape mentally, and even escape from their daily lives. In these chaotic times, it’s not hard to erase your identity and move.”

“It turns out that even the most trivial things are part of the escape.”

“It’s not such a big deal to escape from the hard and tiring daily life. It’s just a matter of looking away. If you keep looking at the moon in the sky, it’s tiring, but when you take a moment to look at it, aren’t you captivated by its beauty?”

Anyone could have run away, and that was normal.

“But if you just look at the moon all day, it’s a problem.”

“…….”

Aram, who had been hesitating, asked.

“…Are you referring to our Dalnim Church’s master…?”

“Surely I would say such a blasphemous thing in front of the saint of Dalnim Church? This is just a metaphor, and if anything comes to mind from it, it all belongs to the saint.”

“…I understand, I will listen to the rest.”

“That’s an attitude that pleases the teacher.”

Giovanni continued.

“The saint asked if reality was important. Yes, it is. The roots of our soul and everything in our lives are here. It is an important element that can never be replaced by dreams.”

“Is that what you mean by precious?”

“There is a big difference between what is precious and what is important. Unfortunately, many people live with this misunderstanding. That is why many people blame themselves for not valuing what is important to them.”

“Oh, that’s… is it very different?”

"sure."

It was natural.

“I cannot love all the important foundations that make up my life. If all human beings were created from the beginning, full of love and patience, it might be different, but we always live for ourselves.”

“For yourself?”

Geo laughed at the saint's question.

“Of course, there are those who sacrifice themselves like the saint. But that is also the desire of the saint. You could have chosen not to do that, but didn’t you want to become a saint and benefit the world?”

“That too… is correct.”

“Choice is an expression of one’s own opinion, a will that will never be agreed upon by the whole world, and therefore selfishness. It is in the same way that one cannot be good to everyone.”

There can be no choice that will please everyone.

“Let me give you an example. I don’t like my blue eyes at all. I can’t love them. But if I were to pluck them out, I wouldn’t be able to see.”

“…What if I use eye dye to change the color of my eyes? To a color you like, sir?”

“How long can it last?”

“No magic or potion can be permanent. But it could keep the color close to life. Isn’t that enough?”

“That doesn’t mean I’ll forget that I have blue eyes. I’m sure many people besides me remember that.”

“There must be a magic that can transform memories.”

“Okay, so when I finally made that choice.”

Giovanni tilted his head.

“Can you call that me?”

"…ah…."

“I think you understand.”

No matter how clever or ingenious the method was, it was the same.

“The essence will change.”

That's why what's important and what's precious were different.

“Everything that makes me, my surroundings, and the world is equally important. However, there may come a time when I feel like throwing it away because it is not valuable. This is even more so in today’s world where people reject each other and individualism is intensifying.”

“But there have been no problems so far… Well, I guess I can say that because I was treated well as a saint of the Dalnim Church. When I think back to when I was a slum vagrant, it would be hard to say that the world was a good place for people to live without worry.”

“The reason why so many ‘problems’ have not surfaced until now is because that is the only way to do it. If an arrow is flying at you from behind, would you run instead of running? If you don’t run, you die, so you ran, and now you have found a tree that can block the arrow.”

The arrow was reality, and the tree was an escape into a dream.

“But how long can you hide there?”

Was the only reason they were running was because of 'an arrow flying from behind'?

“Every human being has desires. Except for a few special exceptions, even the saints who sacrifice themselves to warm the moon have desires. The desire for knowledge is a characteristic.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“That’s why people have been running so hard all this time, not just because ‘if I don’t, I’ll die.’ It’s to eat the food I wanted to eat the next day, to meet the person I love, to hold on a little longer for the promotion that’s coming up….”

And so on.

“None of their needs can be satisfied by hiding in a narrow tree.”

“But I heard that the ‘Dream Park’ is fulfilling people’s desires.”

“It literally just satisfies desires, but it doesn’t solve the needs. In the end, isn’t there really nothing left?”

“But… the knowledge remains.”

Even if it is a dream, if you remember it, the knowledge from that amusement park can continue.

“That’s why the Dalnim Church is in disarray. Everyone, even if other people don’t know, there are people who say that we should utilize this dungeon. The Dalnim Church is a temple of reason where we gather and cultivate knowledge… There’s no place that can utilize it as well as the Dalnim Church.”

Giovanni laughed.

“That’s how the current association research institutes were born.”

"…yes that's right."

I knew how horrible things some of the Aramdo Association's research institutes were doing. I couldn't bear to admit it. I was just curious.

“Do I really have to be perfect myself?”

“Is this your opinion?”

“No, I think it is right to preserve myself. I have a much stronger will to benefit the world than to seek my own peace and pleasure.”

“Then this must be what the other brothers think.”

“I want to be a part of the dream.”

From the beginning, they treated themselves as tools and accessories, not as human beings. The priests of the Dalnim Church, who treated themselves carelessly and used themselves as test subjects. They were not afraid of losing anything, not even 'important' or 'precious'.

Geo told him.

“And yet they came back to reality.”

“…But, if this continues, I feel like I’ll soon become addicted to dreams….”

“It would be nice to remember this before they forget, wouldn’t it?”

“…What?”

“The reason I gave up my dream and returned to reality.”

“…….”

“What is that?”

Class is over.

“Think about it.”

It wasn't long before she found the answer.

Then he went to see the bishop.

* * *

“Something strange is happening to the Master too…!”

Aram raised his voice.

“There are too many things that don’t make sense in this dungeon.

Since its appearance, the Master has also remained silent, and has not even shown himself to me anymore. The fact that the Moon is not responding despite the presence of a saint like me is clearly an abnormal phenomenon!”

“That is not the reason why the saint should participate in this study. Have you forgotten how valuable you are? You wanted to warm the moon and benefit the world. Then you should also remember your own importance.”

“I also know my own importance, I am precious! I wish I was not sick, I wish I could laugh more than cry, I would rather be happy than lonely! And I am saying this…!”

Aram was angry.

“That’s what I want to do!”

“Saint, now….”

“Don’t delay, answer!”

What value does it give her to just be protected?

“I am a living person too, and I have things I want and things I want to do! If my selfishness is never harmful, then I have no obligation not to do anything. If the Dalnim Church did not raise me, if I am a human being! If I am not some livestock that will soon be eaten, but you and the Dalnim family…!!”

then.

“…My actions also need no excuses or reasons.”

“It could be dangerous.”

“We can choose and do anything.”

"but…!"

“That’s the Dalnim Bridge…!!”

“…….”

Only then did the bishop speak his mind honestly.

“…I’m afraid I’ll ruin everything.”

A few days later.

The saint participated in the research of 'Dream Park'.

* * *

In the early days of their research, the brothers were easily awakened from their sleep even though they knew the sweetness of the 'dream park'.

But the number of brothers who are addicted to dreams is gradually increasing. And Aram's teacher said, 'It would be good to remember them before they forget.'

Aram knew what they were forgetting.

“…….”

We are family too.

I was forgetting that even this ordinary, everyday life was happy.

“…I can do it too.”

That was why Aram stepped forward. Although she was chosen, it was her own will that made her want to become a saint. She loved and cared for the Dalnim Church more than anyone else, so she did not refuse the position of saint.

She had both duties and rights.

“It’s my choice.”

I wrote my wish on a piece of paper and put it on my pillow and fell asleep.

* * *

"Please help my family wake up"

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (251)

251

Episode 251

The bishop woke up in the same place today.

“…….”

“Are you here?”

It was a dream where a red demon was floating on a lake where the moon should be.

“I am glad to have your visit.”

“I don’t know why you keep calling me this lowly thing.”

“Because you saw me.”

“The sin is great….”

I have included things that should not be included in the eyes.

“I shouldn’t have lost my gaze.”

I was momentarily captivated by its splendor. The blood-like wings must have been stimulating to my eyes, accustomed to white. Was the blood flowing elegantly in gold from the broken head beautiful?

'If I were a more perfect being, this wouldn't have happened.'

Since his first encounter with the evil spirit, the bishop has encountered him many times. He has encountered him while sleeping and whenever he goes to see the moon. As a bishop, he cannot ignore the rules of the church. It was truly a difficult situation.

The bishop asked the same question again, as if he were throwing a pebble into a vast lake.

“What do you want from me?”

“I want to see you angry.”

“…It won’t be easy.”

She was the one who had despaired even when the saint she had raised most preciously reached the end of the mystery. She had lived half her life as a bishop of the Dalnim Church. She had never learned how to raise her voice, even if it meant breaking and collapsing.

“You seem to need some entertainment?”

It was evil.

“Do you wish for me to be ruined? Do you wish for the Bishop of the Dalnim Church to be corrupted? If I forget my place and act shamefully, would that please you? Do you not?”

“I am not satisfied.”

“Has my soul already been placed in your hands?”

“What I have in my hand is your moon.”

“…….”

His second hand is holding something pure white, and this catches his eye.

“…What do you call me, Master?”

“It doesn’t say anything.”

“I already knew that I was that weak.”

“You don’t disappoint.”

“He doesn’t know humans very well….”

“Is that really so?”

Pale toes touched the lake.

“Why are you so scared? Am I that scary?”

“I’m afraid you’ll let me ruin everything.”

“It’s messed up, yeah. It’s messed up. I think we can talk about it from there.”

“You are encouraging conversation with the devil.”

“You are already talking to me. You are looking at me, listening to me, and questioning me. Now, look at me. Lift up your head. Do not disappoint me.”

“As a priest… it was something that was disqualified a long time ago.”

“Then what is sin? Let’s have a conversation. Don’t you want to talk to me? I’ve been waiting for you so long, and you’re so indifferent….”

His voice became more and more natural. The overbearing voice that had only contained authority and interest became filled with sorrow. The decorations that had been silent began to make noise.

“We could be friends.”

The mysterious being with a broken head, golden blood, and three

pairs of arms imitated a human being. He was nonverbal and showed emotions with only half his face. He let out a sigh of relief.

Even so, he is an evil spirit.

“…How much must I have been teased by you? How ridiculous must I have seemed, having ruined things because I couldn’t shake off even one bit of affection. No, how could I possibly be this worthless thing… this lowly thing… be of any joy to you?”

Her voice flowed softly.

“I am a lowly human who is not capable of such things. I have not accomplished anything, nothing…. Do you think that I, who just stood in one place, would be a decent toy?”

“I thought you were angry, but you weren’t.”

A hand with a gold bracelet lifted the bishop's chin.

“Have you given up? Have you given up? Are you hesitating?”

“I’ve tried it all before.”

“Be angry, beast. Explode. Be furious.”

A gentle voice was heard, as if handling a newborn animal.

“Only anger separates man from beast.”

The bishop interpreted the meaning.

“…Are you saying that those who cannot become angry are worth less than animals? Humans are animals of reason, God. How can you treat animals that cannot endure anger as if they were humans?”

“Does it seem like a great authority to be born human? No, in my eyes all are the same. A human, yes, a human is worthy of being human

only if he has faith and malice.”

“My belief is that I am not worthy of being human….”

“Who called it faith? Who dared?”

The evil spirit whispered.

“No one should call that a belief.” “You were pushed into that seat.” “Did that seem like a choice to you?” “It must have seemed to you that you had no other choice.” “You little beast that can see nothing but the ground.” “You little beast that thinks the sky is the sky….”

He whispered again.

“What a pitiful thing.”

His jaw dropped, but the bishop still looked up at God.

"…ha ha ha…."

It made me laugh.

“…I know your wisdom….”

“Did you have a dream?” “Sweet dreams?” “Did you like it?”

“Yes, it was so sweet. I had a sweet dream. How can I, how can I… become a star next to the moon… If I just dream a few more times, I think I’ll know….”

“But he doesn’t fall asleep easily.”

“I felt empty.”

I still can't figure out what was missing.

“I have been studying her ever since she became a saint. She is so strong and beautiful, but… she was abandoned by her family, and she

is lonely… she is cold, hungry, and hates being alone. I picked her up from a slum alley in the winter….”

I kept thinking and studying with my child by my side. I wanted to do it even if it meant creating another tradition that others would call a bad habit. I thought it would be a good thing. I thought it would be a noble act that would create another mystery.

“Why am I so empty? I feel like my insides are empty, and at the same time, like they’re blocked up. I feel like I’m doing everything wrong, but I don’t know what I did wrong, I don’t know if my thinking is right, and I don’t know what I need to fix.”

“How can that be?”

“…I don’t know, I don’t know the answer. Is it because the thing I was so worried about was solved in an instant? Is it because I received help from an evil spirit rather than a master? Am I afraid that it might not be as helpful as I thought?”

It felt like I was stuck in a swamp.

“It was so unfair.”

“How is that so?”

“…….”

“Because I love you.”

Poor thing.

“Because I only know how to love.”

You don't know how.

“How can you not know that you are wrong? Why did you commit so many sins because you did not know that you were wrong? You have

such a sweet and fragrant aroma. If you were to chew on me like this, wouldn't you be able to give me pleasure? Why is it that pure and foolish sins are so pitiful and beautiful…?"

"…Since you've already done everything that seems stupid, I'll ask you a stupid question. Are you a cannibal?"

"If that's what I want, then so be it."

The evil spirit whispered.

"Did what you saw seem like justice? Did the pitiful sacrifice seem like a noble sacrifice? Why did you see it that way when you have two eyes that are still intact? You thought the floor was the floor and the ceiling was the ceiling. You didn't even think about going over the wall."

"I did my best… as a bishop, as a priest of the Church of Dalnim, what I should… do…"

"An empty puppet is full of love, so it can't do anything properly." "If you hadn't loved, you could have at least had faith." "If you had known how to love, you could have been human." "You weren't like that." "You never even harbored malice."

"If there is no way for me to escape from you, tell me what I should do. Should I play along with your games? Should I become a puppet and put on a show? Should I lie down flat as an animal and be accepted by you?"

"Become human."

"……."

I don't know if that's possible now.

"…I've become old and ugly. I can never be the kind of person you

want me to be.”

“You don’t know how to love, how to be angry, or how to think. You are no different from a newborn animal. But you can become a human. Now, explode.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Blow it.”

The evil spirit laughs.

“What you love is in my arms.”

“…Are you going to take that child?”

“Fate is decided.”

“Don’t do that, that child… That child loves the Earth. He cares about his family. How can you take him away without achieving one thing he’s ever wanted to do in his life?”

“It makes no difference whether you become a human or remain a beast.”

“Please give it back…!”

It was so sudden that I even thought about it myself.

Was I being injected with something or was I being brainwashed? My hands were shaking and my breathing was ragged as if my head was in a state of shock.

“It’s the child of the moon! It’s a worthless child, but I’ve seen it before. Why would you take away such a precious soul when you don’t even know how that child smiles! A child who has sacrificed his whole life…!!”

"yes."

“…….”

“You’re good at it.”

"…ah."

“That is the emotion called ‘anger.’”

I realized it later, my head becoming dizzy.

“…You have inflicted anger on me and told me lies?”

“Isn’t that a demon?”

“…I really don’t know, what on earth… you want from me….”

“It’s funny and amusing, isn’t it?”

There is no way a divine being would do something like this just for fun, to tease me. There was no need to put in this much effort. Why, even revealing that ominous and mysterious appearance?

“Your moon is really boring.”

“…There is no way the Master would say something like that.”

“Now, look. That’s what you’re saying.”

The evil spirit imitated the moon by holding the moon in his second hand and raising it to his face, as if he were playing with a doll.

“It’s so boring, disciple. Come and have fun with me.”

The capriciousness of a child. The divinity that could lie. The innocent voice that imitated the moon brought fear. Their master was a mere toy to that red evil spirit.

As the moon rose slightly, I could see the lips of half of the face curve.

“What are you hesitating for? Why are you blaming yourself so much? Listen, my friend. The church you dedicated yourself to was rotten from the start. Now, giving a bedroom to a reckless evil spirit won’t make any difference.”

“…Are you saying that one day our church will be completely rotten?”

“The world is developing rapidly. It is getting better. Humans are trying to fix the precarious dimension a little without even knowing what they want. When so many things become rich, will the Dalnim Church… not force sacrifices?”

He recited a fearful future.

“You will be put on the guillotine not by choice but by force.”

And it will be dedicated.

“It will change from a noble sacrifice to a sacrifice of a living sacrifice.” “Why? Because that is all you know!” “Do you really think your descendants will be able to ignore the precious traditions you have built up through noble sacrifice?” “Who will stop you then?” “You will lock the door and hide in the shadows, alone.”

“…….”

“Listen, my little friend.”

He spoke with affection.

“How long did you believe you could say something sublime?”

The bishop could not answer.

“…….”

I'd be lying if I said I've never thought about it, but still.

Still.

"…Then why on earth…."

I was out of breath.

"Why on earth did my family have to leave me like that? Oh my god… My family who died without even letting me know their names… Those precious people who protected me and gave me strength, why did they have to go to the cold and lonely side of Dalnim…!"

Now that I've learned, I'm angry this time with my own strength.

"Oh, I made it so. I did it so. I could have stopped it, I could have protected it! I could have held on and begged you not to do it, if I had, you wouldn't have become a Dalnim! But I didn't, because I was stupid. Because I only did wrong things. Because I was unqualified, incapable, and imperfect… I was just a piece of trash with a lot of flaws, stubbornness, and incompetence…!!"

I was angry at myself.

"Was it just a dog's death? Surely not? It is true that they became part of the Master. But I am afraid, they will remain as great villains who will force sacrifices on their descendants. My incompetence has really ruined many things. I wish I had been smarter. I wish I had been more perfect!!"

It was unbearably painful.

"Why on earth, ah. It should have been me who died instead of them… I… This worthless thing should have died. They should have lived and I should have become the moon. If only I could have finished my research a little sooner. If only… I, at the very least… at the very least…"

“Little friend.”

The evil spirit asked with a smiling voice.

“What do you want to do?”

“…I want to turn back….”

"what?"

“Everything I missed, everything I did wrong, everything I did wrong.”

“Can I help you?”

“Please take this lowly hand, I will give you my all.”

“Your family too?”

“If I was wrong, not different, then the only one who is not wrong in the Dalnim Church is the saint. We have sinned and called it noble. Many things are wrong, it is a barrel of rotten wine, so please break it.”

“I like it.”

He promised the end.

“The evil customs of the moon will end for you.”

Do you want that?

* * *

“…….”

Aram hugged his pillow tightly and crumpled his face.

“……?”

Where is this place?

She was at an amusement park.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (252)

252

Episode 252

“Why did you even bring a pillow with you?”

Aram looked at the pillow she was holding tightly. Since the soft texture felt good, she decided to carry it around. Her attack and defense abilities were hands-free.

'It would be okay if my hands were tied.'

Above all, if the opponent was at the level of a demon, not being able to use your hands was a minor penalty.

‘But… it’s a little different from what I thought.’

Her wish was to 'allow her family to escape from the dream amusement park'. A demand that was the exact opposite of the dungeon's purpose. Aram thought of several scenarios.

First, it shows the dream as desired. Second, the dungeon master becomes angry and attacks. Third, nothing happens and you sleep. I considered exceptions, but these three were the most likely.

'Isn't this an amusement park?'

A fancy amusement park. I've never been there, but there are similar places on Earth. There aren't many rides that a young body that can't

grow can ride, but I've been curious about them.

"hmm…."

As I stood there, I realized that I was barefoot.

“Ah, shoes… I should have put them on.”

It seems like I came back just as I was sleeping. I expected this and wore comfortable clothes, but I forgot my shoes. I guess I fought with the bishop and wasn't in my right mind. I felt a little depressed.

'No, I am a saint of the Dalnim Church. I cannot just sit here and do nothing…!'

Aram, hugging his pillow tightly, looked around.

'I've never actually been to an amusement park, so I can't tell how different it is from the one on Earth. The teacher is absolutely right. Just studying theories in Dalnim Church doesn't increase wisdom. Even in this situation, I can't come up with any plausible ideas... .'

As we walked a little further, we felt a presence nearby.

‘… Wait, is there any sound?’

Do you feel the presence of people?

'Is it a monster that's disguised? Or is there anyone else like me who came to this strange amusement park instead of a wishful dream? I need to check, but should I hide?'

He covered his body with divine power and hid his presence and appearance. Then he lifted his feet slightly into the air and disappeared without leaving any footprints. Aram, who moved cautiously like a ghost, soon saw something.

“Oh my god.”

“!”

“You are here, sir.”

It was a woman with jet-black hair and eyes. The adult woman, wearing a neat suit, was looking straight at Aram. She bowed politely and greeted him.

“Nice to meet you, my name is Cecil the Crow.”

“…Can you see me?”

“We have good eyes.”

“The eyes….”

Otherwise, I don't feel any special vibe.

'... You said crows. Is there a separate race? I've seen a few hunters with animal characteristics on Earth. Or are they crows that turned into humans? What is it?'

I heard that in other dimensions there is a race called Suin. Is it one of them?

“…….”

There was no sense of hostility, and no trickery. If even that was being tricked, there was nothing Aram could do. Since he said 'guest', it would be a good idea to go along with the rhythm.

She soon came out of hiding and greeted me formally.

“My name is Aram. Can you tell me where this place is?”

“Of course. That’s what I was assigned to you for, so please join us.”

“Aren’t you going to guide me somewhere?”

“This is a dream amusement park, you can enjoy and see everything you want. I am just an attendant to make sure you don’t get into trouble.”

“Then… First, like I asked you earlier, can you tell me where this place is?”

It was more polite than I thought. It might be a dungeon that required knowledge and wisdom rather than just fighting blindly. This was the inside of a mysterious ship. If you followed the rules set by the dungeon master, you could at least avoid suffering losses.

Cecil the Crow answered readily.

“As I said, this is a dream park. Guests can enjoy things they have only dreamed of, or have occasionally wished for in their dreams.”

“Am I a special case? I was invited to a dream like everyone else, but I ended up in this amusement park instead of the place I wrote down as my wish.”

“It may be a special case, but you don’t have to worry about any side effects. We just moved to the place you wanted.”

“I wished for this place?”

“Our dream amusement park always reflects the desires of our guests. They are invited here because what they want is not a dream but reality. You can’t force a dream on someone who refuses to dream.”

“…….”

According to that, it could not be said that the main element here was 'writing dreams in the format you want'.

'In fact, writing down a dream wish under the pillow was not an essential element. Perhaps it was a spark that helped the dreamer to

further concretize his or her own desires? The most important thing was the inner desire of the sleeping person… .'

In that case, we should have seen that the 'Dream Park' was able to understand the inner self of humans.

'I heard another brother-in-law report something similar. If he says this, I guess he must have confirmed it. But the fact that not a single one of those brother-in-laws reported about this amusement park... means that their desires were dreams, not reality.'

No, wait.

“…So am I in reality now?”

“Yes, the guest is in reality.”

“So, my body that was on Earth was moved here?”

“That’s right.”

Somehow, I came back in the same state I was sleeping in!

“Father, my parents will be worried. If I suddenly disappear…!”

“But in reality, there can only be one of you.”

The crow, who had introduced himself as an attendant, answered kindly.

“No one can see the world from another perspective except in a dream. Once born, most people are confined to one body for their entire lives and must view the world. That is, if they are a living being on Earth, like a guest.”

Those words seemed to look down on the real body.

“…Some things become more valuable because they are the only one

of their kind.”

“What you said is correct, so you were moved here.”

“But didn’t you say this was a dream park? You said you could do everything you dreamed of, so I guess it’s hard to say this is reality, too.”

“It is true that the reality of Earth and the reality of other dimensions are different. Here, you can taste your wish. That is the meaning of the existence of dreams.”

“The dream is….”

It doesn't exist to enjoy fragments of wishes.

“…….”

But one could hope for it.

‘… It’s not wrong.’

It was just a little different from what Aram himself thought. He acknowledged it. It wouldn't work if he just counted the days as a dungeon. He had to take his time and make a rational judgment.

“Then, has anyone other than me ever visited this place?”

“Yes, that’s right. Especially those who call themselves employees of the association often visit.”

“Oh, people from the association?”

“In addition, hunters who call themselves members of Justitia also visit us often. They are not as many as the association’s staff, but they can be considered regular customers.”

“What are they doing here?”

“Unfortunately, you wake up soon after without even being able to see the whole amusement park.”

“Why? Shouldn’t dreams be able to wake their owners?”

“But those who can’t dream can’t dream.”

The crow smiled brightly.

“They have no dreams, so it is natural that they cannot stay here for long.”

“…What about me? Can you find out?”

“You can stay here for as long as you want.”

“How can I wake up?”

“If you dream all the dreams, you can wake up.”

“…No, wait a minute. What you’re saying now is….”

The crow tilted its head as it noticed something strange and became confused.

“Most guests who come to this dream amusement park are guaranteed a short stay. This is natural, since they go to sleep with the intention of being in reality, not dreaming. However, for some reason, guests are dreaming a lot.”

“Wow, that’s ridiculous. It’s a contradiction….”

“Yes, it is a contradiction. But you have made it a reality. However, dreams are something that cannot be awakened unless they are completely exhausted. Even I cannot help you exhaust your dreams in a short period of time.”

“Why do you only talk about dreams in a place like this?!”

Perhaps because reality and dreams were intertwined, it was an absurd structure.

“Please send me home! This is kidnapping!”

“I don’t have the authority.”

“Then who has the authority?!”

“Only you….”

The crow's eyes, which had been crouching, narrowed gently.

“It must be the owner of this amusement park.”

“Oh, my lord?”

“Yes, we have a master who takes care of us.”

“Are you in this dimension now? In this dungeon?”

“He always looks down on us. It’s not a topic I can dare to arrange a meeting with, but how about actively pursuing your dreams to catch His eye?”

“Even so… will that master see me?”

“Of course you will see, for He loves dreamers.”

“Your tastes are truly unique….”

I couldn't bring myself to swear.

'I don't know how much longer I'll be tied down here, so holding on to ill feelings will only harm me.'

Patience will give you wisdom.

“Phew….”

“Do you need a break room?”

“…Is there a place like that in the amusement park?”

“You can enjoy everything you want.”

“No, I want to see it as it is.”

Her dreams shouldn't be in a place like this.

“My dreams are real, not in this abstract dimension. I will start to exhaust my dreams after I have finished all the research in this dungeon. Even that is a means to escape, not an end in itself. Please remember.”

“Of course, sir.”

The crow smiled again.

“We sincerely hope for our guests’ happiness.”

“…….”

Aram hesitated and asked.

“…Um, but. If there’s another Korean person who came to the amusement park, could you arrange a meeting for me? If I suddenly disappeared in the real world, my family would be really worried… I just wanted to give them some news.”

“I will take measures to ensure that you do not experience any inconvenience.”

“Yes, thank you….”

Aram, who had been a model student his entire life, became a runaway.

* * *

The problem was that the Dalnim Church people didn't feel that way.

“Your Majesty, the saint has not appeared in the church.”

“…Is that so?”

“Give us orders.”

“Look for it. You won’t find it.”

“Can we hear why you say that?”

“It seems that the evil spirit of dreams coveted the saint.”

The bishop spoke in his usual calm voice, with an entirely different look on his face.

“I would like to ask for help from the Association, Justitia, and the Collector.”

She opened the door to the running bridge that had been locked.

It was unclear whether this would be a path of learning or a path of destruction.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (253)

253

Episode 253

Justitia.

It is the number one guild in South Korea and is famous for being a group that values justice. The guild leader is Seo Seo-hee, one of the 'symbols of eternity'. They have fought against strange incidents and terrible disasters both domestically and internationally.

“Guild Leader, may I ask you a question?”

“Okay, ask whatever you want.”

“Do you think it is right for our guild to participate in this incident?”

“Since when has Justitia weighed the pros and cons of an incident?”

Crunch.

“And this time….”

As we geared up, the guild leader, Seo Seo-hee, spoke.

“I think it’s an event that even a large guild like ours can participate in.”

“…If you consider the scale of the incident, then yes, but don’t you know that, Guild Leader?”

“What, the culprit of this incident is acting more gentle than you might imagine?”

“Yes, the head of the Dalnim Church said that the mastermind behind the incident was an evil spirit, but there is not even any proper evidence.”

“Aren’t you ignoring the bishop of the Dalnim Church, known as the Tower of Wisdom?”

“That’s not it.”

“We will find proper evidence for that at this meeting.”

Seo Seo-hee smiled and looked at her colleague.

“You’re always so scared.”

“Since the guild leader is so fearless, we too should be cautious.”

“I’ve never chosen a timid friend as a guild member.”

“Even if you say that, we cannot help but worry about the guild leader’s safety.”

“I guess you’re still not satisfied with me participating in person this time, are you?”

“I apologize if I offended you.”

His close associate, the guild leader, bowed his head.

“It’s just that the guild leader seems to be acting in an unusual way this time.”

“What did I look like?”

“I think you might be a little excited.”

“Oh, I see.”

Seo Seo-hee nodded.

“That could be the case.”

“…Sergio Hunter has been in this state ever since I heard he was attending this meeting.”

“I guess I’m a bit biased. What do your other friends think?”

“It wasn’t that noticeable. It was just my friends and I who felt it a little.”

“That’s right, I’ve always wanted to talk to Sergio Hunter.”

The fully equipped guild leader turned to face my comrade and said:

“Weren’t you looking forward to meeting him too?”

“I wouldn’t say it’s completely not true.”

Justitia pursues justice and order. It is a guild of those who know the value of goodness. The popularity of Sergio Hunter, who is not only a saint in name but also practices the virtue of a saint with his whole body, was already high.

“He seems to resemble the guild leader in some way.”

“Me? In what way?”

“…I’ve heard that he’s a person with a lot of drive. It’s not that he doesn’t care about his own safety, but I’ve also heard that he’s always second to none. He really is like the guild leader.”

"i think so too."

He smiled as he always did.

“I hope we can become good friends.”

“…….”

The guild leader bowed his head.

The main skill name of Seo Seo-hee, the guild leader of Justitia, was 'Friend'. It was an ability that allowed her to be influenced by those who considered each other friends, and it was a passive skill that she could not turn on or off herself.

‘…I hope it can be a good influence on you.’

The guild leader was worried.

'I wonder if I'll be affected in some strange way.'

His skill was simply the ability to become one with his 'friends'. He could be influenced by them for good or for bad. I was worried that he might gain additional sacrificial aspects from Sergio Hunter.

Seo Seo-hee laughed at the sight of the guild leader like that.

“Don’t worry about whether or not we can be friends. Don’t worry about it now.”

“When the guild leader decides to become friends, who can refuse?”

“Yes, it is. It is everywhere.”

That doesn't mean you can be friends with everyone in the world.

“I might not want it, and the other person might not want it. I’m a pretty sociable person, but that doesn’t mean I have the skills to brainwash or charm people.”

“We had almost the same level of affinity, but….”

“That’s too much praise. Well, my skill is quite suitable for becoming

close to others.”

Seo Seo-hee looked at her watch.

“Shouldn’t we start moving slowly?”

“Yes, I will take care of it.”

“I feel sorry for keeping a busy friend around.”

“It would be absurd for me not to go along with something the guild leader himself is taking on.”

“I told you not to worry too much.”

He smiled broadly.

“As always, we will be the ones winning.”

That childish saying that justice will prevail.

That was Justitia's motto.

* * *

The meeting place was none other than the association's party room.

As Justitia moved to the Association headquarters, she was greeted by the Association staff. They bowed deeply to the symbol of eternity and paid their respects. Then they guided her naturally to the meeting place, as if flowing water.

"oh."

There, the president of the association, Dan Hae-ra, was waiting for my friend.

“I heard you were coming, but I didn’t think you’d actually come.”

“I thought I couldn’t just sit back and relax in my comfortable office when my friend, who was so busy that he might die from overwork, showed up.”

“You’re quite the talker. Every time I see you, your eloquence improves.”

Dan Hae-ra asked with her usual doll-like smile.

“So what are your thoughts?”

“It’s different from the last mermaid incident.”

At that time, it was a national, if not a global, disaster, so Justitia's manpower was greatly needed. Since there was a clear enemy, the method of dealing with it was also clear. Even if he, the guild leader of Justitia, did not step in, it would have been resolved.

But this time it was different.

“It’s too abstract.”

The scale is large and the small is ambiguous.

“I heard that side effects are already appearing frequently.”

“There are more and more people who are addicted to dreams and are trying to find the dungeon itself.”

“Yes, the dream itself is not a dungeon, but there is a real dungeon beyond it.”

“It must have piqued people’s desire for conquest, so they became more aggressive.”

“If we leave it like this, the entire society will collapse.”

It was a society that he and his friends had worked hard to build. And it

was a world that was trying to improve, even if it was not enough. There were many things that were right and many things that were wrong, but the blood that was shed was even more.

“We can’t let that happen.”

“I agree.”

The immediate damage was small, but the potential risk was very high.

After that, they talked about various daily things. Although the president of the association, Dan Hae-ra, was still smiling mechanically, her friend Seo Seo-hee could tell that Dan Hae-ra was in a pretty good mood.

'You must be tired.'

Seo Seo-hee knew what Dan Hae-ra had given up for the world she lived in.

“…I think they’re starting to gather.”

“Because we agreed to meet at 3pm.”

“That person will come too, right?”

“Are you talking about Sergio Hunter?”

"okay."

Seo Seo-hee looked at her friend.

“…….”

“…….”

They both recognized that they felt the same thing.

'... Will it become clearer if I see it in person? If I were just a simple

contractor, I wouldn't know, but if I were the owner of the promise, Hae-ra would definitely be able to tell.'

The skill name of the association president, Dan Hae-ra, is 'Promise'. It is a kind of transaction where one can receive a promise of fate. She can receive a promise of something of the same value through an object or concept.

Among them, the most cost-effective ones were memories and emotions. Dan Hae-ra and her friends dedicated them to creating the Korea they are today. That is why they were interested in the existence called 'Sergio Hunter'.

'When I saw the photos and videos of him taken by reporters, I felt… strange.'

He might have had something to do with their 'promise'.

'But I don't know exactly what promise it is bound to.'

I heard that Sergio Hunter was 29 years old. Considering that they were both in their fifties, it was likely that they were bound by abstract promises.

'That means we might owe Sergio Hunter something.'

That is why Seo Seo-hee was looking forward to meeting Sergio Hunter. He was someone she had developed a liking for on a personal level, but she couldn't help but feel excited when she thought that he might be a comrade influenced by the 'Promise'.

'Well, he could be the main character of a negative relationship. That's something we can check little by little.'

The next ones to enter the conference room were the head of the Dalnim Church and priests.

“We’ve been seeing each other a lot lately, haven’t we?”

“It would be better if this kind of thing happened less often, but it’s a shame.”

“Please take a seat. The materials you sent us in advance and the materials collected by the association are already prepared.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

And then the collector came.

“All the familiar faces are gathered here!”

The first one that came in was Visabal.

“It’s been a while, everyone. How have you been?”

“Yes, it’s been a while. Guildmaster of the Visabal.”

This time, the association president guided us to our seats with a mechanical smile.

“Please go to the location where the collector’s name is written.”

“You’re still a sullen person… It’s been so long since we last met, and you’re not smiling at me anymore.”

“I always make everyone smile.”

“This part is a bit daunting, but I’m glad for that too. Thank you for the invitation and take a seat.”

Was there something good happening? Bisabal, whose attitude was more frank than usual, smiled brightly and looked at the 5th floor manager and curator Garasani who followed him in.

“Where is our Sergio Hunter?”

“I think I’ll be a little late because I’m having a short conversation with one of the priests of the Dalnim Church.”

“Then you will be here soon.”

Anyway, there were about 5 minutes left until the promised time of 3 o'clock. Since he hadn't broken his promise, there was no reason for the collector to be caught. Above all, since the origin itself, 'Sergio Hunter', would not have broken his promise...

As the saying goes, 10 seconds before 3 o'clock, two more people entered the conference room.

“Sorry, I'm a little late.”

“It’s okay, please take a seat.”

"then…."

As one priest sat down hesitantly, Sergio Hunter, who had come in with him, also sat down on the side of the collector. Dan Hae-ra and Seo Seo-hee stared at him.

He exuded the warm divinity of the sun god lineage and the pure aura unique to priests. His actions were elegant and upright, and the smile on his lips was somewhat similar to that of Danhae.

“…….”

“…….”

… I didn’t feel anything special other than that.

‘… Maybe we can find out if we talk.’

Seo Seo-hee looked back at the association president with that thought in mind.

'ah.'

And in that moment, I understood his intentions.

What did she see? Judging from her gaze that seemed to say, 'Let's talk later,' she seemed to have noticed something, so Seo Seo-hee opened her mouth to allow the situation to proceed naturally.

“Doesn’t it seem like everyone is gathered here?”

“I think so too.”

Danhae nodded.

“Let’s start the meeting.”

They gathered to discuss how to deal with this new S-class dungeon, 'Dream Park'.

* * *

The meeting didn't last very long.

“The saint of the Dalnim Church was captured by the evil spirit of dreams.”

There were already obvious victims from the beginning.

“What more clear damage could there be?”

“I agree with Bishop Dalnim’s words.”

The president of the association also raised his hand for Dalnimgyo.

“The Dalnim Church listened very carefully to our association’s request. Thanks to them, we were able to check the records of the dungeon’s owner, the evil spirit.”

If you go deeper than the surface of what can be called a lucid dream,

you can reach the 'Dream Park'. The Dalnim Church and the Association's staff obtained information about the 'Evil God' there.

“They say he is the evil spirit of blood and rage. It has also been confirmed that he can be described as a deity with words like pleasure, fear, and war. He seems to be treated as a very old evil spirit even within the dungeon… It seems like he has awakened again.”

“Why Earth of all places?”

“We can guess that the current state of the Earth is the most suitable time for the ‘Dream Park’ to flourish. There must have been many candidates, but we can say that we were chosen among them. We will need to investigate other detailed reasons.”

“We must assume that his divinity has evolved while he was sealed. Compared to the past when he simply ruled the world with blood and fear, he is utilizing considerably more intelligent means. He is touching the greatest desires of humanity.”

“It’s not comparable to the direct damage caused by the Saintess of Dalnimgyo, but there are already clear victims. There are more than a few cases of people almost dying from addiction to sleeping pills.”

“The funny thing is that no one actually died. How could this have happened if the evil spirit had not been directly involved? The divine being who is playing this trick knows how to manipulate humans very well.”

“Yes, since no one has actually suffered any major damage, the citizens are gradually losing their self-control. I think the evil spirit’s goal may not be the simple collapse of society, but rather the expansion of its power. It may even intend to colonize the entire planet.”

“If things continue like this, we will be swayed and eventually the Earth

may be eaten by the evil spirit. Of all beings, it has to be a divine being. Who would have thought that a being that is difficult to seal and has no other way to deal with it would set its sights on the Earth….”

The guildmaster of Justitia said.

“There have been countless cases like this so far.”

“Guild Leader Seo Seo-hee is right. We just have to overcome another obstacle.”

“Then it seems like the conclusion of this meeting has already been reached.”

A punitive expedition was necessary.

“We need to close the ‘Dream Park’. We need to block the mysterious passage so that it can no longer interfere with Earth, and we need to come up with a plan so that the citizens can focus on reality.”

“I believe that the association and the government will take action to help citizens who are addicted to dreams or who show signs of being addicted to dreams. And if that’s the case, then the attitude we should have has also been decided.”

A virtual dungeon without even an entrance. What the humans had to face was not an unkillable divinity, but their own desires and thirst. Their enemy was truly exploiting a clever weakness.

“This concludes the first meeting. Until the next meeting, I would appreciate it if each head could provide a clear plan on how to enter and deal with the ‘Dream Park.’ By the next meeting, the association will come up with a relief policy for citizens through consultation with the government.”

Now that the direction was set, it was time to put it into practice.

* * *

After the meeting.

“Sergio Hunter?”

Justitia's guild leader, Seo Seo-hee, called Sergio.

“It is fate that we met like this, so can we talk for a moment?”

“Guild Leader Seo Seo-hee is really sociable.”

“Oh, I hear that a lot.”

“Is that so?”

Geo laughed.

“That’s unexpected.”

I used to not even know how to laugh.

With that in mind, Geo responded to the conversation.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (254)

254 Episode 254 There was a group of students who really liked a teacher named Sergio. 'Two boys and two girls.' Their personalities were all different. Some were blunt, some were delinquents, some were cheerful, and some were calm. They were polar opposites, but they got along really well. 'If you ask me if there's a student who you remember in particular, they're definitely the ones who come to mind first.' The man asked Geo, who was sitting in a chair in the break room. "Is your coffee okay?" "Of course." One of the boys Sergio remembered was Seo Seo-hee. "I personally like this kind of instant coffee because it's sweet." "Then that's really fortunate. I didn't think you'd like this kind of thing, so I was a little nervous." Geo tilted his head at the joke and asked, "Then what do you think I'd like?" "Hmm, coffee brewed by a professional barista or fancy flower tea?" "Of course I like those too." "Then I'll take it that you're not picky." "All foods have great aspects. Seo Seo-hee is right." Geo thought, 'A child's taste hasn't changed even after becoming an adult.' He must still not have tasted the true taste of burnt soybean water. In the past, he had said with his blunt, model student face that there were so many delicious things in the world, so why should he drink bitter coffee? Even now, he serves instant coffee, but I don't know if it's because of that taste or because he was simply sitting in the association lounge... "... " Anyway, I liked being able to recall memories after such a long time. 'The world has changed a lot, but there are things that haven't changed.' It felt pretty good. "Why did you want to talk to me?" "I personally have a favorable opinion of Sergio Hunter." "I understand what you're trying to say." "Was I that obvious?" "After all, the things I

do are quite suitable for Justitia's taste. I didn't know that Seo Seo-hee would notice it." "It's a little embarrassing when you say it so directly... Well, you're right." Seo Seo-hee sat down in front of Sergio, looking mature. In the past, Sergio had sat in front of him as his teacher. Their roles had changed since then. Seo Seo-hee, who looked to be in her late twenties, continued to speak. “By the way, Sergio Hunter doesn’t seem to be afraid of me.” “Would you like me to make you afraid? I can do that if you want.” “There’s no way you would want that. Most of the hunters I meet don’t talk to me comfortably, so I just said it once. It’s a symbol of eternity, and all, and it’s such a grand name...” “It must be a hassle.” “…….” Seo Seo-hee blinked and answered a beat later. “… Sergio Hunter must be the first person to say that.” “Why is that? I heard that the president of the association is Seo Seo-hee’s friend.” “Oh, so… except for my peers, no one has said that.” “I thought you wouldn’t like such a grand name, so I said it.” “To be honest, yes. It’s not a very pleasant title.” “But since it’s worth holding onto, you won’t throw it away.” “Oh…” Seo-hee shrugged her shoulders exaggeratedly. “You’re more honest than I thought. I thought you’d be the type to observe from a distance rather than speak directly.” “I thought you wouldn’t be the type to get upset just because you said a few honest words, so I said exactly what I thought.” “Oh, of course. I like honest people.” “Because you don’t have to think?” “You really know me well.” He asked, rubbing his chin. “I’m asking because I’m having the courage to do so. Did we happen to know each other?” “Hmm…” Geo, who had been chewing on his question, soon laughed. “That’s unique courage.” “No matter how much I think about it, Sergio Hunter is a person who is really hard to gauge.” “So you decided to ask me outright?” “I’ve heard quite a few times that I’m a unique person, but I don’t think Sergio Hunter would be the only one who would do that.” “As you’ve thought, I hear that a lot.” “So you’re not going to answer my question?” “Don’t you already know the answer?” “…….” Seo Seo-hee smiled after her silence. “…I’m sorry.” He looked tired. To be exact, he was already tired, but it felt like he had taken off a layer of

the mask he had been wearing to hide it. He said with an awkward smile. “I think he was someone I was close with.” “Yes.” “He seemed to be unknown in Korea, but did you meet him overseas? Or if he really only lived in the collection, when I visited there… we might have met...” “…….” “…I’m truly sorry. Considering Sergio Hunter’s age, we must have become friends when the world was a bit more chaotic. Back then, the association president made a lot of ‘promises.’ I think you already know, but… these promises are, well, so broad...” He looked very tired. “Is it okay for you to show me a side of yourself that is not typical of the guild leader of Justitia?” “…Are you being grumpy? Well, I was just wondering if there was any use in being coy to someone who was part of the ‘Promise’. I don’t think Sergio Hunter would take advantage of this.” “You seem quite used to strangers pretending to know you. You seem more tired than flustered, and you don’t seem that surprised. I guess you’ve forgotten people like this a lot.” “It seems to have gotten less frequent recently, but yes. I’m not sure about that either. There are people who get caught up in the Promise, and their very existence is erased…” “Are you saying that you’ve even forgotten what you forgot?” “Yes. I’ll say it again, I’m really sorry.” Seo Seo-hee asked carefully. “…Could it be that the reason you’ve only recently become known in Korea is because of the Promise…? If that’s the case, my friends and I will do our best to compensate you. And of course, to the collector who caused the misunderstanding…” “No.” It seemed like he had a lot more self-reproach than I had expected. “It’s true that I actually hid myself.” “…Then I guess I really did meet a good person by chance. I became close with a talented person who was so tightly wrapped up in the collection.” “It was a really good relationship. At least that’s what I thought.” “I’m ashamed to erase that relationship like this.” “You can speak more comfortably.” “…More comfortably? Oh, more comfortably than now…?” He looked surprised for the first time. “…Were we that comfortable?” “We were comfortable enough to use informal language.” “That’s ridiculous.” “Really.” Sergio had used informal language to be exact. “Would you believe me if I said we were

close enough to know your family history?" "…That? That we, no. Wait a minute. When I say 'you', how many people are you referring to…?" "If my memories haven't changed, there must be four people including Seo Seo-hee. You were always together." "……." Seo Seo-hee seemed dumbfounded. "…We forgot such a precious relationship?" "I was a little surprised about that too." I thought we had accumulated quite a few memories that were too precious to forget, but I didn't think I would forget all my memories of this teacher. "But I'm sure they were used for more valuable purposes." That's why I felt bad for him. "You've had a hard time." "…Uh…" "I only recently found out that you were in this situation because I don't enjoy going out and have a hard time interacting with strangers. You must have had a hard time." "……." "I felt bad for you because I thought you must have had a hard time in a place I didn't know." Seo Seo-hee, who had been silent for a while, laughed awkwardly. "…I don't know where you started, what kind of memories… and how much you gave up on your promise." She seemed a little excited. "…I'd like to talk to you in more detail. What kind of relationship you had with us, how Sergio Hunter lived, why you only revealed yourself now… I have so many questions." "You don't have to rush." There was no reason for that. "Haven't you been living well without me?" "Hearing that, I'm even more curious. Sergio Hunter speaks as if you were quite important to us." "No, it's possible that I unilaterally remember you as someone who had a very personal and intimate relationship. Once a memory is lost, it won't come back easily, so I don't think it's bad." "I feel much better now that you say that. Still, aren't you upset that we forgot you or something?" "A little upset. I'm human, too, and we were close." But I understand. "Even so, I'm not necessarily someone you need." "Are you drawing a line? This time, I'm upset." "I would appreciate it if you thought of it as a minor complaint. You may not know, but I never agreed to your erasing your memories of me, so…" "……." Seo Seo-hee's face hardened slightly. "…Have you ever passed away?" "I don't think you're thinking of something, so I'm curious as to why you're asking that question."

“There’s no way we would have offered our memories of our living friend to the promise without his consent. If he had died and become a memory, that would be too cruel to both of us… because we promised not to do it.” “Oh, I made a slip of the tongue.” “…….” Seo-hee wiped her face and smiled her usual smile. “…Can we move to a different seat to continue the conversation? I wanted to see how much we were tied to the promise, but you are more of a special guest than I could have imagined for us to talk here.” “I’m sorry, but my party is waiting for you. In particular, the leader of the Bisabal guild is very concerned about my safety, so I don’t want to worry you. Above all, wouldn’t it be better for us to collect our thoughts and talk again?” Geo blinked and looked at Seo-hee. “Oh, and…” A thought occurred to him. “Did I only offer your memories?” “… Yes?” “I think that’s something I need to think about as well.” Geo stood up. “I’ll see you later.” “Then… when you have time, would it be okay if I make a reservation?” “At least I will have time after this dungeon is finished.” “It gives me one more reason to clear the dungeon quickly.” “I would be grateful if you would say so.” Giovanni personally did not like the dungeon. He would be grateful if someone as talented as Seo Seo-hee could help him. “Please be careful.” “Hunter Sergio too.” Geo left the break room and faced Joo-hyun, who was waiting. “Did you have a good conversation?” “Yes, it was a very useful conversation.” “You look happy.” “It’s nice to meet you after such a long time.” He then asked the bright red snake hanging around Joo-hyun’s neck. “Do I have a hole in me?” “…….” The snake tilted its head. “I don’t know.” “I guess this is a problem I should be worrying about.” “Do I have a hole? It’ll be difficult, for a human to handle.” “Wouldn’t anything be dug up in the process of fate being touched?” “It’s strange.” “Me too.” Geo looked at Juhyun. “Let’s go back to the collector.” “Should we?” Because we have to come up with a dungeon countermeasure. * * * “…….” Seo Seohee, who was left alone, soon opened her mouth. “…Did you hear?” [I heard.] Association President Dan Hae-ra appeared next to him as a translucent hologram. [There must be many possibilities.] “I didn’t think

she was someone who would exploit it." [If Hae-woon heard, he would nag her again, saying she had a lack of safety awareness.] "You felt the same way, so this is why you would react this way." [Because she's a collector…] Dan Hae-ra continued speaking slowly. [I thought it might really be a dead person.] She still remembered a portrait that had been snatched from a collector at an auction house. Yes, it was a time she couldn't easily forget. When she saw it, her breath caught in her throat and the muscles around her eyes trembled. At that time, Dan Hae-ra was clearly shaken. [I first saw him at the auction house.] "…Is it that portrait? The Black Cloak?" [Not sure. It could be the Black Cloak itself, or it could be an accessory to the Black Cloak.] "The Black Cloak's mysteries are too great for a human to contain, so the latter is more likely." [It could have been made into a portrait while collecting the dead Sergio Hunter. It has already been revealed that he can manipulate souls through the Black Cloak's Heaven.] "Then it would explain why Sergio Hunter's appearance and the Black Cloak's appearance roughly overlap. Since their scale and persuasiveness would be different, I guess we should consider them separate entities." [It could also be a half-assimilated entity. That is, if Sergio Hunter is the true Black Cloak's limb.] "I didn't think he wasn't human, but his impersonation is that great..." [It could just be human.] Dan Hae-ra continued. [When I saw the portrait, I vaguely felt destiny. I instinctively realized that it was the being I had promised to erase. That's why I wanted to buy the portrait…] "It was stolen by the Bisabal Guildmaster." [So I just thought that it might have really been a dead person. The method was strange and rare, but it's not like it's completely unheard of for dead people to come back to life these days.] "Are you sure that the portrait is Sergio Hunter himself?" [Of course.] I could tell that much. [It must have been a connection I erased.] It was instinct. But why? At some point, I forgot the face of the portrait. No, I even forgot that fact. However, if you were shaken by a portrait and didn't know its face, wouldn't that mean you forgot its appearance? [Hmm, thinking back on it, it certainly did seem like that

face…] “Since you’re saying that, I think it wasn’t us who erased the memory of its appearance. You said that none of the auction participants remembered the face of that portrait.” [Yes, everyone remembers the work at the time as a portrait painted in black paint. It’s not even known whether it was black hair, blond hair, or red hair.] “I heard that the collector also had a hand in it.” [So I don’t think I was the one who gave up my memory of the portrait’s face for the promise. No, maybe there’s a connection? He might have realized what was erased from us and erased everything about himself…] “I’m getting the feeling that he’s a unique person.” Seo Seo-hee laughed. “If he really died and came back to life, I can understand why the collector would be so obsessed with him. If his son, whom he cherished so much that he didn’t tell anyone, became a portrait, then his original tastes must have combined with it…” [It’s understandable.] “But I’m curious. How did we end up meeting Sergio Hunter? It must have been while he was alive, not after he died, but since the four of us didn’t often get together, it must have been when there was a major disaster. Was Eun-hye just a civilian?” [Perhaps it was because one of us met first and that connection spread. In that case, it’s more likely to be you or Hae-woon than Nana or Eun-hye, who don’t move around much.] “Even if Awakening was a trainer, the atmosphere seemed like that of a teacher and a disciple, so maybe it was Hae-woon…?” However, Sergio Hunter didn’t seem to have much regrets about this connection. “…….” [You seem upset.] “…We must have chosen to erase it, what’s the point of being upset?” [At least he doesn’t seem to be in a good mood.] “Because it was nice talking to you after a long time.” I thought he must be a good person. “It’s a little disappointing to think that someone like that pretended not to know.” Selfishly, that is. (To be continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (255)

255

Episode 255

“The symbol of eternity was your students?”

Geo in the portrait nodded to Yoo Seong-un's question.

“Yes, that’s right.”

“It’s true that you weren’t ordinary at all back then either.”

“My students were not symbols of eternity before the catastrophe.”

“I don’t know if I should say this, but….”

“Try it.”

“They say that they argue among themselves.”

“Please stop.”

“You would have been doing something even if you hadn’t become a portrait artist.”

As usual, Yoo Seong-woon smiled innocently during the hallway meeting that was held without fail.

“Let me guess. Even back then, you were the only one who thought of yourself as ordinary. The catastrophe was just a trigger, but you were

also quite a person, so maybe that's why you ended up like this?"

"Would you please not insult the portrait?"

"I don't know exactly what part of it you found insulting, but I get it."

I didn't want to see the eyes of the source get angry. It was probably just an imitation of anger, not genuine anger, but it was obvious that even that would be burdensome to humans.

"Still, it's a really amazing story. You're talking about when the Eternal Symbols were high school students, right? You said you were a high school art teacher. The Eternal of that time…."

"They were ordinary students."

Seo Seo-hee, a blunt model student. Jeong Hae-woon, who teased him by calling him a scholar. Cha Eun-hye, an aspiring idol who used to tease him. Dan Hae-ra, a model student2, who was free from these friends.

"hmm."

Thinking about it again, it's still ordinary.

"They were the kind of students you would see anywhere."

"I don't know the truth of what you're saying, so I can't believe it…."

"When I saw them in person, I felt like their personalities had changed a lot."

"…Because a lot must have happened?"

"Yes, I guess so."

Seo Seo-hee, who was teased for being serious about everything, has learned to smile appropriately for social situations. She has grown into

a perfect person like Dan-hae, who was always calm but sometimes broke down.

“Probably the same for other students.”

“I don’t think there was any talk about Guild Leader Jeong Hae-un. He’s the head of the second-largest guild in South Korea.”

“I don’t know how things have changed since I haven’t met them in person.”

“…What kind of person were you when you were a student?”

“I was a bad kid.”

"wow."

“It was difficult.”

I was into both drinking and smoking. As time went by, the things I was worried about and concerned about got better. Since the other three friends were so upright, even if they were bad students, there was nothing I could do.

“They were special relationships to me, but they might not have been to those students. I respect those parts as well. No matter how special they are, should they only be classmates who spent the same time with me? I was just a teacher… I think it won’t be a big deal if you forget them.”

Besides, isn't he essentially being treated as a dead person?

“I think it would be embarrassing to come to all the adults now and pretend to know them and say that I was their teacher back then.”

“I’ve never had any compulsory education, so it’s hard for me to give you any useful information.”

Yoo Seong-un looked back at Joo-hyun, who was older than him.

“What about Mr. Joo-Hyeon? I think he received compulsory education.”

“Well, my memories of compulsory education are quite vague….”

It was difficult to recite Sergio's sentiments about his high school teacher.

“But it certainly seems like there’s a sense of distance when you say teacher. What should I say? Once you leave that educational institution, you’re forgotten…? I think it was hard to feel close to them from the point of view of adults.”

“It seems like it’s something that can be either there or not.”

Don't pretend to know for no reason.

“Bringing up past relationships will only confuse both of us.”

“Is that enough, Mr. Geo? You said they were special connections.”

“I am still able to eat and live well on my own, but they are not. They already look tired, so I don’t want to give them even more tiring homework.”

“Tiring homework….”

Yoo Seong-woon asked, leaving Joo-hyun behind, who looked drowsy.

“What if they ask what our relationship was like?”

“Are you asking me whether I should beat around the bush or tell you honestly?”

“If I were you, I would ask in more detail.”

“I don’t think so.”

Seo Seo-hee clearly said, 'I want to talk to you in more detail,' but it was more like a polite remark made to the victim who was tied up in a promise. In the meantime, his students had become cowards.

“There are a lot of things to carry on their shoulders, a lot to see, and a lot to hold in their hands. Those kids won’t like the changes after making a big choice and the variables associated with it. I think they’ve already seen a lot of bad things that happen when that happens.”

What's so special about spending time with your high school teacher that you'd be happy about it? If possible, you wouldn't bring up forgotten memories. The most likely thing would be to build a new relationship on top of forgotten memories.

Yoo Seong-un smiled innocently.

“But if you ask me anyway.”

“I’ll let you think as you please.”

“On your own? Do you know what they think of you?”

“You had a good relationship, but then one day you died, so wouldn’t you think of me as the protagonist in your memories that was offered in exchange for a promise?”

“I always feel this way, but you really make things difficult for me.”

“I think it summarizes it well.”

It wasn't a wrong statement. The only difference was whether it was before or after the catastrophe, and whether they were older or younger. They had built up some pretty good memories, but they died first, so they became a concept, not a living thing...

That was Sergio.

“How that is possible aside, the end result is that I died and was resurrected as a portrait. The leader of the Bisabal Guild bought it, and that is how we got to this point.”

“If the guild leader hadn’t interfered in the auction house, the situation would have been less complicated.”

“I am grateful that I came to the gallery instead of the research center. However, the misunderstanding that I am the guild leader’s son may not be resolved. It is a story that says that I bought it after seeing my son’s portrait resurrected.”

“That is something the guild leader will have to take care of.”

Yoo Seong-un didn't care about such trivial things. More importantly, he was the one who would suffer the loss if he worried about Bi Sa-bal. There was no need to get tired of buying things.

“So this is how it goes? The leader of the Bisabal Guild had a son whom he had secretly raised, but the son died due to some kind of incident. The dead son was artistically resurrected as a portrait, and the artist bought him and put him in a gallery….”

“I think that might be the case.”

Joohyun unknowingly joined in on Geo's affirmation.

“Hasn’t it gotten even more bizarre?”

Yoo Seong-un shook his head.

“It’s okay because you’re a pervert.”

"ah…."

“As his employee, I guess I can make some excuses, but that’s a little comforting.”

“What kind of excuse are you trying to make?”

“It’s common for a famous hunter to hide the existence of a lover or child and protect them.”

“Yes, you can easily be harmed by someone with bad feelings and intentions, such as resentment. I have heard this story often.”

“More than anything, our guild leader is a water spirit.”

He is not a great man who can be easily taken advantage of by others, but that is only limited to himself. That is one of the reasons why Bisabal has not created a family until now. He is weak and does not have the confidence to protect them while 'treating them like humans'.

“So I was worried about my son and raised him in secret, but something happened… or my son died in a disaster. And then he came back alive, even if it was only in a portrait? Even if he wasn’t a pervert, isn’t that something that would make you turn your back on him?”

Geo tackled him.

“Does being reborn as a portrait count as coming back to life?”

“Uh, um, it may be different for everyone, but I think at least our guild leader was like that.”

And it was much more convincing to other people to hear it too.

“Yes, rather than raising him by locking him up in a gallery from the beginning and saying, ‘Wow, my son is crazy,’… it makes more sense to say that the collector’s eyes turned to his son who was resurrected as a portrait.”

“I still find it a bit creepy….”

“Mr. Joohyun, that may be true, but I think you can sense what it feels like from the perspective of the Awakened.”

Most hunters would agree. They come face to face with unconventional phenomena and monsters as if they were breathing. Rather than feeling fear or distance from the strange, they would first feel joy and understanding.

'More than anything, if it has to do with the return of my family.'

Well, it's not really a family thing.

“…Is this what you mean by symbols of eternity?”

“Isn’t this a more understandable story than what Mr. Yoo Seong-un said?”

“Because I can’t be sure.”

“I think so.”

His students have already become the ones leading the great disaster. They will remember the aftermath more than the before. There will be more memories after the great disaster that are big enough to be offered in exchange for a 'promise'.

'So it would be difficult to guess that the forgotten Sergio existed before the catastrophe.'

First of all, his official age is 29. He actually looks that old. Adding to that the fact that he is Bisabal's son Seol, it would be even more difficult to find out the truth.

Sergio was satisfied with that.

“I’m glad I can avoid giving you something that will make your head spin.”

“I don’t know if it’s spicy or affectionate.”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“If it were me, I would be a little upset.”

“Me? Or them?”

“Both.”

They were a good teacher and student, but they forgot each other and pretended not to know each other after that. Even if they forgot each other, isn't a relationship still a relationship?

“Well, that is also your will….”

I find this kind of clear-cut connection and disconnection eerie.

'I guess he wasn't a normal human being from the beginning.'

Since he was such a being, he could become the eye of the origin.

It is unknown whether it was because he was the source from the beginning that he became an eye, or whether he was an ordinary human who became a portrait as Geo claimed. However, this kind of knife-like knot was not something that just anyone could do.

“…I don’t mind if you’re okay with it.”

“Yes, I don’t mind. Even if I forget, I can’t become a teacher and help my students progress, but I can’t hold them back, right?”

“Anyway, it’s surprising that even the symbol of eternity had a time when he was a student. Don’t you think so too, Joo-hyun?”

Joo-hyun smiled brightly as he always did at Yoo Seong-woon’s question.

“I guess so, he was once a very high-ranking superior….”

“What kind of person is the association president that Mr. Joo-Hyeon knows?”

“Should I say he was perfect? He always had a warm smile, but it didn’t feel like that at all. I think there were many comments saying he was scary because he was like a machine.”

“It would be difficult to treat the symbol of eternity comfortably, I guess….”

Geo felt wronged.

“It’s not scary.”

“Yes, sir. I guess so.”

The teachers who taught them when they were young might have known, but not for modern people today. They were living, breathing great men and women with achievements. It would be strange not to feel fear or awe.

Geo was sad.

“It’s a shame that you won’t be able to play comfortably.”

“I’m not sure if you’d be interested in that kind of thing…?”

“You have to try it to know.”

“Indeed, a mercy bomber.”

“Please say that again.”

“I misspoke.”

I didn't want to get in trouble with Geunwon.

“Then wouldn’t it be okay if I made it a little more comfortable for you,

Geo?”

“Wouldn’t it be difficult to get involved like that again?”

“But if you even had a private conversation like that, it seems that the guild leader of Justitia is also very interested in you….”

“Everything will continue after ‘Dream Park’ is finished.”

“Oh, right.”

Yoo Seong-un asked.

“What happened to the saint? The religious world was in an uproar because you kidnapped her.”

“By the way… Is that warrior okay? The one called Ater?”

Geo nodded.

“They could be good friends.”

“What are you trying to do?”

“The warrior and the saint have been good partners for generations, it’s a common cliché.”

“Do you like that kind of stuff…? Clichés?”

“Isn’t my taste clearly revealed in this project?”

The Demon King and the Dungeons. The hero who meets the strong-minded saint. The religious community enraged by the kidnapped saint. The bishop who has become corrupted. The corrupted people. The value of dreams and reality. Pleasure and responsibility. And so on…

“I referenced a lot of pre-catastrophe subcultures.”

“Did you even take note of it?”

“I don’t know much about this kind of thing.”

Sergio, needless to say, only remembers Giovanni as a saint, and Arzio was good at using tricks to his advantage, but he didn't know how to devise evil schemes.

“Nevertheless, it seems like things are going well.”

Wouldn't you be a hero to save the world?

They wanted it, so there was no reason not to do it.

* * *

And around that time.

“…….”

“…….”

Saint Aram and warrior Ater met.

"…hero…?"

"…adult…?"

The two recognized each other's identity at a glance.

As Geo said, the two have been good partners for a long time.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (256)

256

Episode 256

During that time, Ater had many worries.

'No matter how much I think about it, it's clear that I have a role to play.'

Even though I cursed at the evil spirit and challenged him to a duel, he still behaved normally. His role could have been a simple toy, but I had a bad feeling about it.

Above all, Argio showed him his heart.

'This is not mercy shown to a mere toy.'

So does the evil spirit really want him to open the tomb?

'Or maybe it's better anyway.'

After a long period of contemplation, Ater's life became monotonous. He rushed to read the inner thoughts of the evil spirit, suffered a crushing defeat, and survived again to study the ruins and contemplate the future.

Then one day, a small and fragile being entered the tomb of the evil god.

"…hero…?"

"…adult…?"

It was a young saint who called herself a 'hero'.

'Surely no more adults could be born in this world?'

What kind of saint would appear in a world abandoned by the Creator? However, Ater, who had lived with a mission as a warrior, felt that this small being was indeed a saint.

‘Then, a saint who serves a god other than our Creator… .’

There was no sign of a beast, so he was an adult from another world.

Although he was bewildered by the sudden encounter, it was not something he could not understand. It was because he had already recognized the existence of multiple dimensions through Argio. What could be more incomprehensible when the world was turned upside down and an evil spirit had taken the place of the creator?

The two looked at each other for a while. An awkward silence followed.

“…….”

“…Are you human?”

“I am human.”

It seemed that this little saintess had seen the beasts of the 'above'. They were in human form. It was absurd for Ather, who had fought them to the death, but that was the reality.

Ather lowered his body and met the saint's gaze.

“May I, a humble servant of my father, ask your sacred name?”

“…I am Aram, the youngest daughter who serves my teacher, Dalnim.”

“Dalnim, you are not someone who is within my shallow knowledge.

Where did you come from?”

“I came over through a dream….”

Aram was in chaos in its own way.

“Isn’t this a dungeon?”

“If you were talking about a dungeon created by the Demon King, then that would be correct, but it doesn’t look like that.”

“Demon King…? I’m sorry, but… uh….”

The situation needed to be sorted out.

“…Would you like to talk for a moment?”

“I will follow the saint’s words.”

Ater was a person from an era when there was a class system. A person with an aristocratic atmosphere and a saint had to be treated with due respect. He introduced himself perhaps more politely than he had done to Argio.

“My name is Ater.”

He briefly recited his own story. The events that had occurred here in the past, the trials he had faced, and what had happened to this world. How he had been resurrected and what he was doing now.

Aram nodded after hearing everything Ater had to say.

“A dungeon is… a dimension. It was once a planet where humans lived. There has never been a confirmed case of a dungeon that opened on Earth with humans still alive… but if what you say is true, you would be the first human from another dimension.”

“If you don’t mind, can I hear your story now?”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I was the only one absorbed in your story.”

Aram bowed his head in greeting as a priest of the Dalnim Church.

“I repeat, I am a lowly human who calls myself the daughter of the Master and a saint of the Dalnim Church. The Master I serve discovered an abnormality and brought me here.”

Ather frowned when he heard how she came to this dimension.

“…So you went to sleep alone for the sake of your own dimension’s fate? To study and delve into this other dimension that can only be accessed through dreams?”

“Oh, yes.”

"alone?"

“…Because we can’t dream together…?”

“…It may sound presumptuous, but you should take more care of your own safety. From what I can tell from my limited knowledge, even if it is a different dimension, isn’t a saint of a religion someone who cannot easily get hurt or fall apart?”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“What do you have to be sorry about?”

He was grateful that she was not as unlucky and self-assertive as the saint he remembered. Ather swallowed a sigh of relief as he continued to ask.

“You said that you had a guide assigned to you in your dream, but where did you leave that person…?”

“I didn’t abandon it! I just asked to be allowed to wander around alone.”

“…Even after I said it myself, didn’t you think something was strange?”

“…We should consider that the fact that such a request was accepted as the dream owner’s intention….”

“The owner of that dream is the evil spirit who resurrected me?”

“I guess so….”

“…….”

“…….”

Ather frowned.

“Learn to be alert.”

“I was on full alert!”

“Then why don’t you run away from me, a human being resurrected by an evil spirit?”

“Because you are a hero…!”

Adults instinctively feel the human vessel.

“You said you were the warrior of this place. I could not find any lie in that statement, so I believed you. I also knew that your concern for me was genuine.”

“Even if you are aware of all that, there are things you must avoid. You must not misunderstand that all the knowledge in the world is yours. Human wisdom can never surpass God, and human destiny flows according to God’s will.”

“I know that too. But if I don’t move my body despite knowing that, how can I achieve what I want to do? I came here knowing that I would fail and that I would be at my worst. To achieve what I want to do.”

“That’s the dangerous part. If you could even think that far, you should have been even more cautious. Do you really not know what I’m doing that’s making you uncomfortable?”

Ather sighed.

“You don’t know how precious you are.”

“I know that much, how important I am…!”

“It is important, not precious. You do not know how essential peace and love are to human beings. Do not arbitrarily destroy their value. It can easily become arrogance.”

“…….”

Aram, who had been hesitating, said.

“…You say something similar to what my teacher said.”

“Are you talking about your god, the moon?”

“No, I have a human teacher.”

“I’m glad there’s someone who can tell me that much.”

The tone was no different from before, polite, but it was clearly sarcastic. Aram understood it well.

“…….”

But she couldn't bring herself to get angry at him for insulting her family and her monks. It wasn't that she didn't feel bad, but she had also been feeling the problems of Dalnim Church deeply for a few days.

The amusement park above gave her peripheral pleasures. It made her feel desires she didn't know she had. It helped her feel, learn, and apply what she wanted.

‘… The families of Dalnim Church were all destroying themselves.’

He was literally a frog in a well.

'I won't give in to that temptation now, but… .'

Clearly, humans needed those peripheral pleasures. They had to pursue romance, expend unnecessary resources, and feel more emotions, even if they were useless and unnecessary.

How could he possibly know the truth when he doesn't even know himself? Whatever the purpose of the dream master creating this amusement park, it was true that Aram had learned it.

“…Mr. Ater, you know the owner of this amusement park, right?”

“I told you a little while ago that that being resurrected me.”

“What kind of being is he?”

“…….”

Ather finally let out a sigh and said.

“It’s an evil spirit.”

He meant perfect anger.

“Have you checked the records of the ruins while coming here?”

“Yes, although the characters used were different, I had the opportunity to learn the alphabet at the amusement park above… and I learned it. The relics recorded what atrocities they had committed in the past.”

“If you go deeper into the ruins, you will understand why such an evil spirit was born. The being that resurrected me is a completely different being from the evil spirit of that time. And as long as his heart exists,

he will eventually revert to his previous evil spirit.”

“You’re worried about that.”

“The evil spirit killed my family and friends and burned down my village.”

The horrible sight and the piercing screams of anger were still vivid.

“So I wanted to kill him before that disaster struck again. But perhaps naturally, I couldn’t. Even though I risked my life and jumped in several times, he was still kindly saved and left in this ruin….”

“Oh, is he holding you captive?”

“I am the one who is imprisoning myself. The evil spirit created a completely new world, not knowing what he learned from another dimension and how he was transformed. I, who did not have the confidence to see that world, was left here by the evil spirit’s mercy.”

“You think of yourself as a relic of an old era.”

“I am a ghost who should have died then. I cannot help but wish to remain in the past rather than the future. All that I am remains only in these ruins.”

“…What do you want to do?”

“…How are you, Your Majesty?”

“I don’t know.”

The saint muttered, holding the white pillow in her arms.

“What do I want to do and what can I do?”

“I’m in the same situation, so I don’t have anything to say.”

“That’s a bit of a shame….”

“What did you see and feel at the amusement park?”

“…Well, first of all, I learned the layout of the amusement park.”

A kingdom made up of three races of beasts. There was also a castle that any 'guest' could enter. There, the fox-tribe's servants would welcome the guests and help them with whatever they wanted to do.

“It was a place that made people grumpy.”

All the amusement parks above are like that.

“In my dimension, there is a word called utopia.”

“If it’s utopia, then I know the word.”

“Thank goodness, that’s what it felt like. Even though it could never be real.”

“Do you want people who suffer because of reality to be happy for the rest of their lives?”

“I don’t think that’s right. You can’t be happy all your life, after all. Even if you dream that same dream all your life, someone will shatter that dream.”

“…I told you that I had been imprisoned in a thorn prison for thousands of years.”

Ather spoke.

“You said that you could not overcome that pain and called upon the evil spirits. It was you who remade this world and brought disaster to your dimension. But even if I were to go back to that time, I would still call upon the evil spirits.”

The reason was simple.

“Because I want to live.”

“…So you called upon the evil spirits? No matter what calamity befalls you?”

“I kept thinking about it in terrible pain, but there was no other way.”

That drove Ather crazy.

“My creator had abandoned me in disgust at my stupidity, and no mad author would ever visit the abandoned ruins, and the prison doors would never open by my own power.”

“But it must have been quite painful to summon the evil spirit through the mouth of a warrior.”

“That’s why I wanted to take responsibility, to kill the evil spirit even if it meant sacrificing myself.”

Of course it was impossible.

“But even now, I am constantly studying the method. Why did the evil spirit keep me alive? What is my role in destiny and where is the end? What can I do in it? How much responsibility can I take? I am agonizing fiercely.”

“…….”

“Don’t you too?”

"…you're right."

There could be no such thing as eternal happiness or a perfect dream.

“Ultimately, people have to stand up for themselves.”

Some people could run away from reality. They could spend their whole lives running away and be content to die. But not everyone

could do that. It's not that they shouldn't, it's that they can't.

The longer he didn't know about it, the greater the damage would be. Aram wanted to avoid that kind of future.

“So I also wonder about my destiny and what I can do. That’s why I came here. I wandered around the vast amusement park, studied history and literature, and finally… I arrived here.”

“You have overcome the poison of the Black Forest and the ominousness of the ruins to come here. You are truly worthy of being called a saint. You are amazing.”

“It wasn’t easy, but I could do it. I was lucky, who knows. I came here to learn everything about this dungeon, so I can save my brothers and make the world a better place.”

Their goals aligned.

“If the world can return only after I reseal the master of dreams, then I will do so.”

“Okay, so would you allow me to help you take on more responsibility?”

“It’s like, it’s like… some kind of play. Like going along with a predetermined fate.”

“It’s fucking unpleasant, but it can’t be helped.”

In the end, we know that this is also the fate that the evil spirits wanted. However, humans were beings who struggled in the face of fate. No one knew what kind of fate that struggle would bring about.

Even if I couldn't overcome fate, it was okay. As long as I could achieve what I wanted, it was enough. As long as I could protect what I wanted to protect, it was enough. And to achieve all of that… .

“…….”

All this required a master of destiny.

“…Argio.”

“You called me again.”

“It seems like all the actors you want for the stage have gathered here.”

“I guess so.”

Argio looked at Saint Aram, smiling naturally as if she had been there from the beginning.

“Is this our first time seeing each other?”

“…….”

“Or is this not the first time?”

"…teacher."

“I am not the author.”

“…….”

Aram laughed hollowly.

“…Somehow I felt like I was so lucky.”

I couldn't figure out where this divine destiny came from.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (257)

257

Episode 257

The teacher who saved him from suffering and treated him as an equal. But he came to know that this kind and grateful person was actually more than just a saint.

Aram wasn't particularly surprised.

“I’ve been secretly thinking that maybe this might be the case.”

“Oh, I see. I see.”

“Miracles don’t come easily, do they?”

This was one of the expected cases.

“Even a manufactured miracle would be like that, but for a human being like me, entangled in all sorts of mysteries and destinies, to have a pure miracle come to me… it’s almost absurd.”

“Also, you easily adapt to reality. You imagine all the worst.”

“Even so, it is something I should be thankful for and a valuable miracle that the miracle that was created came to me. Now, the only thing left is, what does the teacher want from me?”

"I'm sorry…."

The evil spirit said with a grin.

“I am not your teacher.”

“…How different is it?”

“Just 0.01% of all the mysteries of the world?”

“Isn’t that a rather enormous number…?”

“It depends on what perspective you look at it from.”

“…As always, it’s difficult, you can’t calculate fate with simple knowledge….”

“But you can do something similar.”

That's what it means to be a hero and a saint.

“Then I think now everyone is ready to listen to what I have to say.”

Ater, who was watching with an expression that said he would be shocked to see him go back, said.

“…It’s because I realized that there was no other way.”

“Good posture.”

“In other words, it is also called resignation.”

“It was a wise decision.”

“If it was a judgment, then it was a judgment, but I’m not sure.”

An evil spirit that suddenly appeared and began to seriously rule the world. It had to be clear that he was trying to do something, and in the process, Ater was resurrected. And even a saint from another dimension came.

“Wasn’t it a situation where we could only see that we were given some kind of role?”

It was so blatant that I couldn't help but understand it.

“More than anything, you worked hard to make sure we didn’t feel ill-will towards you. It wasn’t just that you pretended to be nice, but you showed such a non-repulsive attitude that we couldn’t even see you as an evil spirit.”

It wasn't just a story of pretending to be gentle. According to the saint's story, in reality, no one has ever died from dream addiction. The actual damage is almost non-existent.

The evil spirit laughed and urged him on.

"so?"

“…I thought that at least the things that I and this little adult had to do would not be something that we couldn’t handle. It might be a trick, but at least the suggestions would be enough to fool us in this state.”

“You guessed it right.”

The evil spirit asked.

“Do you know the story of the dragon?”

“…It’s such a distant story, I don’t know what your intention is in bringing it up.”

“If you are our saint who has been touring the amusement park for a few days, you would know.”

Aram hesitated and then answered.

“…Dragon is a god’s agent born from nature, and cannot return to the earth unless the divine permits it. It is said that because its lifespan is

so long and painful, it spreads to the world the method of killing itself.”

Similar stories have been found in other dimensions as well. It is a story about a being that lives too long, that lives forever, that cannot help but squeeze out its own death.

“What should I think about this story coming up now…?”

“I think you already know.”

“…….”

Aram, hugging the pillow, nodded his head.

“…Can I kill the teacher?”

“Even though I’m not your teacher?”

“At least it’s something similar.”

“That’s true.”

Geo didn't deny it that far either.

“Thank you for understanding.”

For that reason, Argio did not hide his true feelings even more. He whispered to Ater to jump into this play that was not a play, and he encouraged Aram to take off his shoes and step forward.

“You don’t have to kill me. But ‘we’ have been here too long. Shouldn’t we wipe away the stains and make a new home?”

“And to take out the teacher’s ‘us’, we would have to open the tomb of the evil god. Only then will the full stain be revealed. But there is no guarantee that this is not an evil trick of the evil god.”

“Of course, I could simply be whispering this to be completely released

from the seal. Aram, my little friend. Do you need some time to think?”

“Yes. I need time to think.”

“Of course, of course.”

“…….”

Aram, who had been hesitating, grabbed the hand of the evil god, Argio.

"…teacher."

“How pretty.”

The evil deity smiled, bowing his large body.

“He is not here.”

Here the saint of mercy does not appear.

“…….”

“?”

“…Give it back….”

“Huh?”

“Give me back my teacher, you wicked demon king!!!”

“Aha ...

Argio laughed heartily.

* * *

The evil spirit left, saying he would give them time to think, leaving only Ater and Aram.

“…….”

“…….”

Of the two who had been standing there blankly, Ater was the first to speak.

“…You are brave.”

“…Looking at the way things are going, I don’t think you’d be upset about something like that….”

“Still, I think you were brave.”

“Maybe I was a little too brave.”

“I had that feeling, but I would have grabbed him by the collar too.”

“A saint grabbing the devil by the scruff of the neck… How plausible. Even the priests of the Sun Church, who hate the Moon Church, would be impressed.”

“I think this is an achievement that all adults should applaud.”

“I caught it too, so I caught it….”

anyway.

“I now have one more reason to participate in the subjugation of this Demon King.”

“Is it because the Demon King deceived the Saintess?”

“No, it’s hard to call it a trick when God deceives humans. I don’t call it a trick when a fate comes to me that I didn’t know about.”

“Well, if you are a saint, you wouldn’t be angry about such a twist of fate, right? Then?”

“My teacher is inside the demon. I don’t know if he’s trapped, asleep, or simply sharing….”

“…….”

Ather, who was sitting there in despair, asked.

“…I heard a related story from him. He said that there are three ‘Geos’ inside you. They are different beings, but they share the same body.”

“…Was there anyone among them named Sergio?”

“Yes, there was. I naturally thought that the being called ‘Geo’ would be a mysterious being with the same determination as an evil spirit. However, judging from the saint’s reaction, it doesn’t seem like that at all.”

“I’m definitely not that kind of person.”

Aram was moved. He felt sad for no reason.

“Why is my teacher with someone like that…!”

“No matter how much I think about it, it doesn’t seem like it belongs to the saint, but, yeah, well.”

“Do you have a disease that causes thorns to grow on your tongue if you don’t speak properly?”

“Similar.”

“Shall I purify you in the name of the saint?”

“I refuse.”

There was a high probability that it would become an advisor named Jeonghwa.

“…What kind of person was Sergio?”

“You always made me smile.”

“I’m sorry, but I think that applies to the evil Argios as well.”

“There are different types of smiles, so what you’re thinking is not the one Mr. Ater.”

“Would you smile a little more gently?”

“Please smile as if you are filled with sunlight.”

“…All the mercy I received must have come from there.”

Ather readily agreed.

“He brought warmth to this ruined relic where even electricity did not pass through. He literally brought sunlight into the sealed space. I wondered how that was possible….”

“My teacher was bound by the name of the solar lineage divinity and family.”

“Are you saying he is an adult too?”

“You have never directly admitted it, but you are implicitly defined as a saint. If sunlight has come into this cursed dungeon, it must be through my master’s power.”

It's not that I'm being condescending, but that's the reality. In fact, these ruins are cursed. There was a reason I went into these ruins in the not-so-narrow black forest. I thought there might be something special there.

“I think that the reason why the ‘Argio’ that Mr. Ater experienced was much more affectionate and able to imitate humans compared to historical records is all because of that. If they were one body, it would have been easy for them to imitate each other and learn from each other.”

Aram's face distorts again.

“I don’t know how that’s possible. I thought that even though you have a big heart, you’re definitely a human being. Since you’re a saint to begin with, it’s only natural that you’d be… human….”

“I guess you’re saying that it’s hard to understand how a saint who made a contract with the sun god could have a body like an evil spirit. I understand. However, I’ve often heard of similar cases.”

“Have you ever received such information?”

“To be exact, I also heard it through rumors and confirmed it through records….”

Ather continued to explain in a tone of uncertainty.

“I’m sure Your Majesty knows that the abilities of adults are incomparable to those of ordinary humans. There have been many such people in the history of my dimension. And to that extent, they were able to contain many things in their bodies… I understand.”

“…….”

The saintess, who had been silent for a long time, nodded.

“…That makes sense.”

“That’s fortunate.”

“It is not uncommon for adults to slowly purify themselves by putting something unclean in their own bowl. It is no different from a purification device using people, so it has been banned in the country I live in for a long time….”

“It’s even more fortunate that it’s been banned. Even in the last history of humanity that I can remember, adults were often used in that way. Used as sealing beads to contain demons.”

“How can you be so barbaric?”

Even though the names were a bit confusing, Aram instinctively felt that 'Giovanni' and 'Argio' were different beings. Since her teacher would never affirm evil, there was only one answer left.

“As expected, the teacher sacrificed himself to seal away evil….”

“I can’t say it’s impossible, because it’s happened several times already.”

“Even without that, my teacher was famous for being a self-sacrificing saint.”

“A saint who lives?”

“It’s about giving your life for what’s right.”

“That’s… too bad.”

“He clearly noticed the presence of the evil god Argio and was using his body to purify himself.”

It wasn't such a wrong guess. The current Argio was becoming one with the 'Portrait of Geo'.

The evil spirit said that if he became one with the 'happy pig' and the 'saint of mercy', his evil would naturally be diluted. He is currently going through that process.

Ather was very tired.

“Did this happen because I called Argio’s name in the meantime?”

“That’s also a possibility, I can’t say it’s not possible….”

“The sin is great, so he must take responsibility.”

“…It’s my teacher’s job. I will take responsibility as well.”

I didn't want to lose that kind benefactor.

“Fortunately, luck was in the air. Thanks to my teacher being with him, the current evil spirit has learned mercy. He knows the value of affection.”

“Furthermore, the last saint, who was established as the main personality of the evil god, did not enjoy indiscriminate anger and the innocent blood that was shed as a result. There are many records of him cruelly treating those who attacked him, and enjoying war and battle itself….”

“That’s why the evil spirit is planning his ‘end’. He wants another chance to properly vent his anger and enjoy a proper battle. That will be the end he has decided on. No, I don’t know if that will really be the end. Anyway.”

Up to this point, it is an easy problem to predict.

“…But is this really true? There is no guarantee that the evil spirit is not trying to trick us into opening the sealed door. If that is the case, it would be a shameful act to taint the sacrifices of Mr. Ater and your colleagues.”

“Even if he is sincere, there are many problems. Argio, who has become such a complete ‘evil god’, may not have reason. Even if he does, it would be a bad thing. I know very well what kind of being that evil demon lord is….”

Even if it was a lie, it was a problem, and even if it was true, it was a problem.

“So the most important thing now is that the evil spirit does not know ‘forgiveness.’”

If he knew forgiveness, it didn't matter whether it was true or false.

“The evil spirit is creating a battlefield. He has used you, the saint, to provoke the people of the religious world. If it is as you said, your priests and the priests around them must be extremely… sensitive to the kidnapping of the saint that the devil has accomplished.”

“I am also well aware of the blindness of religious people. That is why I wanted to at least convey the message that this was not a kidnapping, but for some reason, no one from my hometown appears in this dungeon anymore. And in fact, at this point, it seems like the kidnapping is not a misunderstanding.”

“It’s not as horrible as you might imagine, but that alone won’t calm down the priests who are so excited. And it’s not just the religious people who are affected.”

“Yes, it was already a national disaster. The dungeon itself called ‘Dream Park’. It’s not just the Dalnim Church that will come… other hunters will come too. There’s no denying that this place has become a battlefield.”

“If war ends up happening here, if that is the evil god’s intention.”

"…rather…."

Aram laughed hollowly.

“It might not be a bad idea to open the hive with our own hands.”

A large number of elite soldiers will come to deal with that hive. You can either miss the timing and just destroy the dungeon, or you can uproot the evil spirit. If you have to do it anyway, the latter is better.

“You wicked demon king, you must have already calculated this.”

“It seems like we had no choice from the beginning.”

“But I also don’t like the idea of having to follow his calculations.”

“What exactly is the spirit of an adult? I don’t know what you’re thinking, but I’ll follow it for now.”

“Thank you for your strong support.”

There was no way that a being as evil as a god could not know her thoughts. However, the evil god's plan was already clear. If she could break out of that framework, her strong face could be broken a little.

'Yes, I admit it. The current Argio isn't that evil.'

The damage Aram received from him was not great at the time, but because of that, petty resentment built up.

The sin of daring to limit my teacher's scope of movement. The sin of abruptly kidnapping Aram and moving him to the dungeon. And the sin of making the people of the world and my family fall asleep were great. I also did not like the fact that my teacher had arbitrarily revealed his identity that he had kept hidden.

In this situation, I felt it was too much to just do as the unlucky evil spirit wanted.

'Let's wait and see.'

I will take revenge on my family and my teacher.

Aram crumpled the pillow in his arms and ground his teeth.

* * *

“…It’s not really like that.”

A peaceful cabin.

Geo, who was washing a fist-sized strawberry with his father, blinked.

“I think my new student misunderstood something.”

“Huh?”

“No, I don’t think it would be a bad thing for me. I’m just embarrassed.”

“Kuk kuk kuk….”

“It is fun.”

And as long as it's fun, that's fine.

'I guess so.'

Geo was convinced and silently placed the washed strawberries in front of Dalnim.

He had already realized that even a runner can become a pig.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (258)

258

Episode 258

There have been many disasters on Earth during this time.

“It’s been a few years since a humanoid monster, a mermaid, appeared.”

The bishop of Dalnim Church explained in his characteristically calm tone.

“With the appearance of the mermaids, Sankalut, who was supposed to be sealed in the association’s research lab, also showed signs of its power. Traces were mainly found in the Solar Church.”

“Could it really be that the mermaid held hands with Sankalut?”

“Now even the evil spirit of dreams seems to be like that. No, rather, it could be said that he is in charge of all this. Neither the mermaid nor the Sankalut have revealed all the power and cruelty that he is capable of….”

“It seems that the evil spirit of dreams has placed restrictions on you.”

“It is not certain whether he moved as his subordinate, but it is possible. At the very least, it must be considered that he joined hands. Also, the initiative would have been with the evil spirit of dreams.”

“Only then can we explain the attitude shown by previous disasters.”

The priests of the Dalnim Church nodded.

“It seems that the evil spirits of dreams are truly trying to colonize the Earth.”

Even the word colony has been greatly sanitized.

“Well, I guess it’s more like a feeding trough than a colony.”

“If we look at the situation, it seems like they are trying to turn the Earth’s inhabitants into livestock.”

“It would be nothing for an evil spirit to utilize the empty bodies of humans who have become addicted to dreams and have lost touch with reality….”

“The government and the association will have to come up with a decent alternative, but I don’t know how that will work out.”

“Certainly, this is something that needs to be addressed at the national level.”

But that wasn't something Dalnim Church had to worry about.

“Everyone, please concentrate.”

The bishop once again drew attention.

“Our job is not to save the citizens. As I said before, that is the job of the government and the association. Our role is to destroy or seal the ‘dream park.’ And….”

“…….”

“…The saint’s rescue, I guess.”

The air became heavy at her words. The priests’ expressions were no

different from before, but that did not mean that they were calm inside. They were quietly angry.

“…We will rescue the saint safely.”

“I won’t let him fall into the hands of the evil spirit.”

The priests of the Dalnim Church, who lived in a closed culture and whose individualism reached its peak, had greater trust and affection for the Saenghyeongs than anyone else. The only people they could trust were their families.

“Brothers addicted to dreams still cannot wake up.”

“I still wake up periodically, but my actual sleep time doesn’t increase….”

“He continues to avoid reality and is absorbed in his dreams. I am trying to stop him from taking medication to increase his sleep time, but it is only a temporary measure.”

“It’s a dire situation to just sit back and watch.”

“If this continues, they will move on to the ‘dream park’. It is not a mere dream, but a real dungeon with real substance. Unlike the saintess, they will willingly surrender themselves to it.”

“In the worst case scenario, the Earth could become empty. And the first place that would most likely be empty would be our Dalnim Church.”

They were people with a great desire for knowledge. The priests of the Dalnim Church did not delve into dreams for peripheral pleasures. However, even if they were dreams, knowledge was not an illusion, so how sweet it must have been.

The priests who were awake now sympathized with that sentiment.

Some of them went beyond sympathy and even envied those who were asleep. However, there was only one reason why they had not yet fallen asleep.

“So, the saint….”

“We must get the saint back.”

“How dare you touch him.”

“I cannot forgive you.”

The absence of the saint seemed too great for them.

“Let’s enter the dungeon.”

It was a time when a practical response was needed.

“Not everyone can move on to their dreams.”

“That’s right, some of us will once again fail to judge a dream as a dream and will be caught at the entrance. That would be putting the cart before the horse.”

“It seems that priests who have been tempted by dreams should remain in reality as much as possible. Priests who are mobilized for this entry should be limited to those who have perceived dreams as dreams more than three times.”

“Furthermore, it would be even better if there were priests who had seen the ‘dream park’. There may not be many of them, but they would be helpful.”

If all the priests fell asleep, there would be problems in the operation of the Dalnim Church. Moreover, even if they fell asleep to enter, how many of them would reach the 'Dream Park'? It was a time when a small number of elites were needed.

“So, for this entry….”

The bishop, looking around at the priests, spoke in his characteristically emotionless tone.

“I will join you too.”

“Bishop, but those who remain in reality need you.”

“If I were to sacrifice myself at this point when the saint has been taken away, which priest would trust the bishop?”

“We believe in you even if you don’t do that, Bishop.”

“I firmly believe that those of you who remain in reality will do well even without me.”

“But, Your Excellency, if you are absent now that the Holy Lady has disappeared, who can we rely on? It cannot be so.”

“Then let’s try a second-best option.”

She had to keep her seat.

“…I will decide the order.”

“Are you preparing for the case where the first entry fails?”

“You can’t get full on the first sip. It’s even more difficult when dealing with abstract enemies and inner greed like this.”

“I understand what you are saying, Bishop.”

“We will divide it into 1st, 2nd, and 3rd stages.”

“Then I guess we should consider the first three entries as a preparatory stage.”

Priests took it for granted that they would offer themselves up even

though the bishop had not said anything further. Priests who were sent to the 'preparatory stage' were, in effect, little more than guinea pigs.

Looking at them, the bishop couldn't help but think.

‘… Yes, it’s a barrel of rotten liquor.’

Even if the barrel looked fine on the outside, you had to know the wine inside. You had to recognize that it was rotten. If you didn't, it would eventually leak out of the barrel and alert the brewers.

'We have stagnated and rotted away.'

So, please clean it up.

‘Then the new wine will be filled…’

The moon and the saintess held in the arms of the evil spirit would be the beginning.

'So what I have to do is simple.'

This solid barrel had to be broken. The rotten liquor had to be allowed to crawl out through the cracks in the broken barrel. The religion built on this rotten tradition had to be broken and rebuilt.

“…….”

So we, who are sinful, will become stars beside the moon.

“…From now on, elders, listen carefully. The priests who will participate in the first to third entry may face some risks, so you must help them decide their own worth.”

“Even if the bishop does not say so, we are all ready to sacrifice ourselves. What sacrifice would be meaningless to retrieve the precious saint of the Dalnim Church and her family? Please do not doubt us.”

The catechumens who were still in training were excluded from all these events. Some were relieved, but most were disappointed. The bishop still did not allow them.

They had to survive and help the saint begin a new beginning.

“So this is how the list was put together.”

The choices of the Dalnim Church were no different from what they had always been. Priests who used themselves as expendable items. It was so normal that there was no sense of discomfort.

“We will share our plans with the association.”

“Yes, Bishop.”

“In the meantime, the priests will continue their training by praying to the Master.”

“I will do that.”

“May wisdom be with us.”

May a better future come to us.

'Even if it is a mercy that comes from the hand of the evil god.'

There won't be anything bad.

* * *

The novice priest of the Sun Church, Iru Da, asked.

“Then, isn’t this dream’s evil spirit opposing the Black Cloak?”

“Huh? Oh, oh, oh… I guess so?”

“Then it’s true that there was no harm done to you?”

She was worried about my partner, Chaisol.

“If there is a fight between the gods, it will inevitably affect the priests who serve them. After all, the power that a priest uses comes from the god he serves. And you borrow quite a bit of power from Black Cloak.”

“I didn’t think there would be any problems…?”

Above all, Chaisol already knew the truth about this incident.

“It’s okay, it’ll end well!”

This was a minor quarrel between Geo-hyung's 2nd and 3rd personalities. Chae-sol, who couldn't live without his family, had fought with his older sister. However, they eventually reconciled, so Geo-hyung would be the same.

Iru, who had been staring at Chae Sol like that, let out a sigh.

“You are so positive.”

“Then isn’t that a good thing…?”

“…….”

Iru held back his words, clearly showing that he had something he wanted to say.

“…I hope it ends well without any problems, just like you said.”

If the previous actions of the mermaid and Sankalut were the work of the evil spirit of dreams, then this dungeon was something that had been prepared for quite some time. The abstract yet stimulating 'dream park' actually posed a great threat.

'But it's strange that the damage is so small for something like that.'

In these cases, it was usually one of two things.

'Either the person who did the work is restraining himself, or someone else is restraining himself.'

But no matter how much I thought about it, it seemed unlikely that the dungeon or the evil spirit that lured people would have self-control. Even if that were the case, isn't it absurd that the damage was this small?

'If someone else is restraining the actions of the Dream Demon… then they must be considered a being of a higher rank than that of an equal. And in the current situation, there aren't many beings capable of restraining the Dream Demon.'

There was a 'promise' that protected the Earth's system, or 'Black Cloak', the sun god that Chaisol served. Considering the situation of the Earth that was returning, the latter case was much more likely.

"…hmm…."

But that's a little weird too.

“…It really doesn’t affect you at all?”

“I didn’t feel anything in particular. Is it because I don’t have the ability?”

“Oh, no. Don’t blame yourself like that all of a sudden.”

Although he was flustered, he continued to make decisions instinctively.

'The power that Chaisol received from the divinity is by no means small. But it doesn't seem like Chaisol is lying right now. In cases like this, the divinity that is served is either so great that it doesn't affect the priest who received the power, or the divinity itself doesn't change much, so there is no effect in the first place... .'

The former was absurd and the latter incomprehensible.

'Is the Black Cloak, who has become a familiar ghost story among humans, really a being of such a high class?'

But if this is not the case, then we can conclude that Black Cloak is not seriously fighting the evil spirit of dreams right now.

'It's a difficult fact to accept either way.'

No, there was a possibility that the Black Cloak was a higher-ranking being than the Demon of Dreams. With that in mind, Iru asked Chaisol.

“What do you think about this evil spirit?”

“Uh… I want to go to that amusement park too?”

“Then, you’ll get in trouble like you did last time at Sankalut.”

As I said that, Iru thought about it.

'Maybe it really is the latter. No, if that's the case, then should we consider it as both cases?'

Chaisol, the disciple of the black cloak, does not reject the evil spirit of dreams. It is the reaction of a priest who is ultimately influenced by the divine, even if he is not aware of it. He could have some confidence in it.

“…….”

But why?

'... The black cloak that enjoys protecting the Earth doesn't hate the evil spirit of dreams?'

It was something I couldn't understand, but I felt it was difficult to ask any further.

“Anyway… I heard that Priest Kang Seo-dam will also be participating in this entry, but I wonder if it’ll be okay.”

“They said no one died in this dungeon, so it should be okay, right?”

“But this is a dungeon.”

“And it’s a dream too.”

Chaisol laughed as he drew a picture of a black cloak.

“How do people die in dreams?”

“…That’s true.”

Iru didn't necessarily criticize his partner's innocent question.

* * *

Some of the deities that Geo called his friends played along with his friend's pranks.

The Sun Goddess condemned the evil deeds of the Dream Demon. The Sun Cult priests who were influenced by it showed their willingness to cooperate, even though it was the work of the Moon Cult, which was on bad terms. The Moon Cult readily accepted.

The God of Death was saddened by the dream addicts who degraded the value of life. The priests of Death did not speak, but made their position known. They helped provide material support to the Dream Entrance Group.

“…Your friends are scary.”

“They are all good people.”

Meanwhile, the black cloak was silent.

“I feel good.”

“Is that Mr. Argio?”

“You got it very well.”

The battlefield is prepared.

“I will be leaving soon, so please take good care of my empty portrait.”

Argio took his place, satisfied.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (259)

259

Episode 259

For reference, Argio.

“……?”

I was being left behind.

“What? Is this the time for me to be upset?”

“You’re such a devil, don’t be upset about something like this.”

“How sad it is that you stay in my house and pretend not to know the landlord.”

“Tenants don’t usually like to become intimate with their landlords.”

“What a smart saint she is.”

It was the first time in Argio’s life that something like this had happened.

“What are you all working so hard for, except me?”

“I’m studying.”

“I can do that well too.”

“No need.”

“I can help you too….”

“No need.”

“Be firm.”

“Honestly, I don’t think the devil could teach anyone well.”

“That is a deep, deep prejudice against evil spirits.”

Despite his appearance, he was talented as a teacher.

“You seem to be studying hard about me, but I guess you didn’t know that? This Argio was so talented even when he was alive that he taught students who were 19 years old at the age of 6.”

“That’s… definitely the first time I’ve heard of it.”

“Was there anyone who would tell you my story of being the last monster in the Black Forest?”

“No, but you can read it.”

“That’s true, there’s a lot of graffiti in my house.”

As the only beast in the Black Forest who could speak, it was hard to hold back his chatter. Argio would often scribble on the ruins and draw pictures. It was a kind of mural and record.

Lately, adults and warriors have been seeming to study it.

“It might just be a boring diary, but you’re really passionate about it.”

“You are flattering me, and have confidence. Your diary is quite interesting.”

“If I had more confidence than this, would you be able to handle it, my little friend?”

“Then don’t take it.”

“Okay, let’s do that. If that’s what my friend wants, I should do that.”

“…….”

The saintess, who was looking up at Argio with strange eyes, asked.

“…What is the standard by which the evil spirit calls someone a friend?”

“What other meaning could there be in a friend?”

“On Earth, a friend is usually someone you have been close to for a long time.”

“That’s too dictionary-like a meaning, isn’t it?”

“Of course, the amount of time you’ve known each other doesn’t necessarily determine the depth of your friendship. But even taking that into account, I think the standards for being friends are too broad.”

“I know who my friends are.”

“You’re talking about fate and… the future.”

Aram asked, fiddling with the paper on which something was written randomly.

“Will I be your friend in the future?”

“You are still walking that path.”

“Even though I hate you so much, it still ends up like this?”

“But don’t you know that and walk this path?”

“You already know what I’m going to do, right?”

“Hmm, well.”

Actually, Geo didn't know that well either.

“I don’t know everything.”

“You, a divine being, do not know the meaning of a small vessel?”

“As you may have guessed, my clever friend, I am a very foolish being who does not want to know much.”

“…That’s a very fortunate thing for us.”

Aram smiled brightly.

“Thank you for your arrogance.”

“Rather, be thankful for my reckless nature.”

Geo's indifference stemmed from a greater joy and curiosity for the unknown.

“…….”

But, definitely.

“…No, is it arrogance?”

If we limit it to Argio, it sounds like it makes sense.

“I’m letting you fool around like this because I know you won’t be able to beat me in the end. I guess this also shows my shortcomings. I admit it, you’re right. I’m a very arrogant being.”

But who sets out on a battlefield with the thought of losing?

“Please look at me kindly.”

“Still, don’t you have any intention of checking what we’re trying to

do?”

“What fun would I have doing such a thing now? Look, I was a battle-hardened warrior who turned the world upside down while I was alive, and in death I am a demon who spreads fear like an infectious disease.”

“That’s right, we can never beat you. We can’t even kill you.”

“Aren’t you already at a disadvantage to the point of overflowing? But I want to be righteously angry. What good is it to be angry at the weak and leave a bad aftertaste? You will have to suffer more, not only for your sake but also for my sake. Become as strong as you can, and use every means at your disposal.”

“We are weak, compared to you.”

Aram spoke while pulling together all the records.

“I will help you become angry.”

“Aha, really?”

“Mr. Argio is not some kind of evil spirit of dreams.”

"yes."

“You are the god of wrath.”

It is a mystery that is on a different level from shallow irritation or venting anger.

“I will disturb your battlefield.”

“Please do so.”

This was Argio's last battlefield.

“Only when both parties are sincere can we say that they are truly

angry….”

Argio respected everyone's every outburst.

* * *

“Found it.”

“Finally, oh my god!!”

While Argio was away, Aram and Ater cheered.

“If it weren’t for the records left by Argio, I wouldn’t have found it…!”

“Even those records were damaged, so it was really difficult to decipher them.”

“It was even more difficult because it was an old word that wasn’t even used now. It was almost like creating a character.”

“The only good thing is that since it was a dead language that no one used anymore, it didn’t have any complicated rules. Maybe that’s why it was definitely a more monotonous writing system.”

“I still don’t know how to pronounce it, but at least I can interpret the content. I should record this feat in the royal library…!”

“Relax, it doesn’t have to be now to build a proper library. But the help of Mr. Ater, the royal librarian, was invaluable.”

“I never knew that the old books I had read as a hobby would be so helpful. I wish I had remembered more characters, because I could have deciphered them faster.”

“But in the end, we achieved this result! If Mr. Ater and I combine our minds, we can quickly decipher even lost languages! This is the power of knowledge!”

The two who had been chatting noisily soon regained their composure.

“T, first of all, this isn’t it… Where on earth was that being? Is this the being we were looking for? Really? Was my guess that he existed true?”

“Yes, that’s right. I wandered around the Black Forest from time to time and eventually found it. I guess it was because I was an old-time ghost, and I couldn’t escape to the amusement park above.”

“Thank goodness he escaped to the amusement park, I really wouldn’t have found him…! Where is he now? Are you able to communicate?”

“We decided that bringing them to this ruin was too much, so we had them hide near the entrance. We were able to communicate with them, and they were even cooperative with us.”

“I want to meet him, let’s go right away!”

No, in fact, the excitement hadn't subsided at all. The two felt the happiest they'd ever felt since meeting each other and headed toward the entrance of the ruins. Aram looked around with eagle eyes.

And then he let out an exclamation.

"ah…!"

A deer with beautiful antlers.

“It was you after all!”

“…….”

“According to the records, you are no ordinary deer, are you? You must be able to use language. I have so many things I want to ask you. Please respond to my language.”

“…….”

“…Creator of evil spirits.”

Aram asked the silent deer.

“Why did you kill your friend?”

The ancient ghost answered.

“Anger.”

“…….”

“…I wanted a very big anger.”

He was the first beast to regain his language.

* * *

There was a deer.

It was a beast that could not speak, lacked intelligence, and was driven by instinct rather than reason.

He had a red-haired owner. On his fifth birthday, the deer was given to him as a gift.

“What should I name you?”

The child who was praised by countless people postponed the decision.

“Hmm, yes. A name is something very valuable and important, directly connected to the soul.”

“…….”

“I will teach you how to speak. If a genius like me spends his whole life teaching you, you too will be able to learn languages. Then, choose the name you want, and I will help you.”

“Beep….”

“One day you will know everything I have ever said.”

The child's absurd promise lasted a long time. Even when he was abandoned in a cave called the Black Forest, the child and the deer's lessons continued. He protected the deer from threatening beasts.

“Who dares to harm you, my brother?”

The deer still did not understand the child's words. However, it felt affection. My family, stronger and more affectionate than anyone else. The young deer grew up well under loving care.

“You must have eaten such good food to have grown so long. I thought deer didn’t live that long, but it’s amazing. I promise I’ll teach you language before one of us dies.”

“Beep….”

“Of course I love the sound of your crying right now. Your delicate and lovely cries tickle my heart, my friend. My little brother. I am a human and a beast, so I will make you like that too.”

The arrogant determination continued steadily. In this way, the child, who was called Argio and a cruel beast in the world, created a miracle. He succeeded in teaching the beast language.

“Yeah, I’m right?”

He was very happy. He hugged the deer's neck and expressed his great joy.

“By this we are equal. Rejoice, for it is not I who have been brought down, but you who have been raised up. Do not forget that this is only your fruit.”

“…….”

“You can do many things now. You can eat meals that you decide for yourself instead of having them set for you, sing songs, learn new languages, or even create them….”

“…….”

“I am proud of you, how you make me so happy. Do what you want. Make a name for yourself. You have learned from me, so you must teach me a lot in return.”

But before the deer could name itself, tragedy struck. The source of all evil in the world was called Argio. The deer, who had been protected only, was helplessly captured by humans. It became a hostage.

“That evil beast loves this deer so much?”

“I thought it was some great treasure, but this is… just a deer.”

“What kind of great bond must these beasts have built to do this?”

Captured by humans, the deer tried hard to pretend to be an ordinary animal. The more it revealed its specialness, the more surveillance it would have. However, no matter how much it waited, a suitable opportunity did not come.

And so the black forest was burned.

“God, burn this terrible curse!!”

And the beast that people of the world call cruel did not come out of the forest.

“I will reduce that evil beast to ashes!!”

“Burn the forest that spread the disease, and it will be purified!!”

“God protects our backs!!”

“He’s dead, the cruel beast burned to death!!”

“The epidemic will stop and the world of humans will come!!”

What could be the reason?

“…….”

It was something that a deer that had been kept in a human warehouse could not understand.

Why didn't you even run away? Were you seriously injured by the punitive force and had difficulty moving? Did you spend all your time evacuating the humans and beasts? Were you held back by me, your most beloved beast and family?

If not that… .

“…….”

“…my friend.”

The deer took advantage of the excited humans' carelessness and returned to the burned-out forest.

The family that taught him the language, the red-haired man, was dying. The smell of ripe flesh filled the air.

“You’re really angry.”

“…….”

“It really… hurts inside. It’s burning.”

“…Beep.”

“…anger is eating me….”

The deer family laughed and cried.

“I don’t want to leave it like that.”

He knew the mystery of this forest and of himself. If he were to die from rage like this, what a terrible disaster would be born? Argio said he did not want to be consumed by eternal rage.

“Oh, no. How horrible it would be to continue living like that. It wouldn’t be fun, it wouldn’t be refreshing, there would only be a beginning and no end….”

“…….”

“Bring your family. My family, my friends. If they stay by my side, I will swallow all of this anger instead of being swallowed up by it, for their sake. That’s how I can digest it.”

“…….”

“…Would you please do that?”

The deer called all the beasts that Argio had once cherished. All the humans under his care were killed or fled, but some of the beasts remained and awaited his death.

Argio was very happy.

“You add meaning to my cruel life.”

He was really letting his anger out.

It was a miracle. I forgave the world, remembering that I was loved and had loved as a family. I understood that I could do it. I endured and forgot.

“I am satisfied, I can die like that.”

“…….”

“…….”

But the deer did not.

“…Aren’t you like that?”

The deer was angry.

It could not control its anger or forgive the demons like its brother. The young deer, who was just learning to be wise, was helplessly swept away by dull judgment.

I was so angry. I was so angry at the humans, I was resentful of the world, and I was angry at the god who ruined the noble lion. How could it end like this? How could such an ending exist?

“Please, do me a favor, my friend. Help me end this curse….”

“…….”

“It was a perfect ending. It was the ending I had decided on, the ending I wanted. The cruel beast should end with the end of the black forest. What could be a neater and less ugly ending?”

“…….”

“Please, let me end my anger. I don’t want to be ugly anymore.”

Ignoring the family's pleas, the deer bit the dying brother's neck.

“Ugh, ugh…!!”

“…….”

The teeth of the herbivore could not end the family's life in an instant. But that was also what the deer wanted. In this pain and betrayal, you become even more angry.

Become such a disaster.

“…….”

“…….”

The deer cried as it watched its dead brother without even closing its eyes. And then it laughed.

“…When I wake up again as a disaster, give me a name.”

By killing the Son of God, the deer took away the power of speech.

Thus the Demon King of Wrath was born, but he was never given a name.

* * *

The one piece that was never returned.

deer

It's a small, young deer.

That memory was trapped in my heart.

Fairy tale rate 99.9%

It was a piece of anger.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (260)

260

Episode 260

“…….”

Ather groaned after hearing the whole story.

“…The evil spirit might not have been born….”

The world became a hell because of herbivores blinded by rage. It was a wrong judgment of an immature intelligence.

The deer, having finished its story, kept its mouth shut as if it were an ordinary animal. Aram looked back and forth between the deer and the suffering Ater. She was thinking about something when she asked Ater.

“Are you having a hard time?”

“…No, because I had expected it to some extent based on the records.”

“That’s true.”

“I won’t lose my mind now.”

Ather, who had been imprisoned in a thorn prison for hundreds or thousands of years, had often gone mad. But not now. It was foolish for the ghosts of the past to quarrel over sins and responsibilities.

“It can’t get any dumber than this.”

It was more than a disaster, it was a terrible thing.

“But this story made it clear.”

“I think the same as Mr. Ater.”

They could be sure.

“Argio is a demon of clear wrath.”

Finally, the time came to open the coffin.

“…I am ready.”

“I think I did everything I could.”

“I hope our cheap trick works.”

“It’s possible, because the evil spirits are looking down on us.”

“Even that is just a struggle within the permitted limits… but I don’t feel bad about it.”

“Now I’m mentally prepared.”

The deer did not hide as before.

“…….”

“Would you like to open the coffin together?”

“…Beep.”

"okay."

The deer did not speak, even though it could. Neither Aram nor Ater knew exactly why. They simply went to the underground tomb with the deer, who was trying to face its past sins.

The stairs were still dark, but there was no dust. Ather took the lead and held the torch. Despite being an underground ruin made in the rain forest, it was dry rather than humid. There was a deep, bloody smell.

“…Have you ever been here alone?”

The deer shook its head.

“Why did you do that?”

The deer said he was not qualified.

“…Oh, are you talking to me just now?”

“Beep.”

“You have a lot of talent.”

Aram was inwardly impressed, but also felt sorry for the tragedy. To the deer, every word of language was a sin, so he kept his mouth shut. That's why the deer seemed to have learned how to communicate with humans through air, not through language.

“…You also left a record here. I am very grateful for that. Without your record, we would have been even more at a loss as to what to do….”

Aram then asked.

“It is said that in the past, all beasts in this world gathered together and formed a single race. I have seen records that the deer race certainly existed, but they were wiped out early on. Were you involved in that?”

The deer answered that it was not so.

“Then did they naturally become extinct?”

Among the beasts, deer were the most human-like. Not only in intelligence, but also in greed. Having lost the wisdom they had as

beasts, they walked the path of extinction.

It wasn't the deer's fault.

“…That wasn’t a pleasant story, I’m sorry.”

After a short conversation and a long silence, the entrance to the tomb was soon revealed. Ater stared at the huge tomb, then looked back at Aram and the deer. He gave a firm order.

“Once you enter here, you will see several coffins. If something inside speaks to you, do not answer at all. We will go to the last coffin.”

“I understand.”

"then…."

As Ather stepped in, an unfamiliar voice echoed through the tomb.

“Here you go again.”

It was the voice of an unknown person.

“The last family toy has found its way to the grave again.”

“What brings you here?”

“Ah, the end is near. Tell me the end.”

“Have you finally decided to open the coffin?”

“I’m so frustrated, stop now….”

Ather took Aram's hesitant hand and led him. The deer walked with its characteristically leisurely pace and gazed at the coffins. There was nothing good in reacting to the phantoms who were mad with hatred and rage.

And when they reached the last coffin, all voices fell silent.

“…….”

Ater let go of Aram's hand and asked the coffin.

“…It was like this before too.”

“…….”

“Everyone was silent when they came before you, as if they were children who had been betrayed.”

“They were actually children too.”

Ki-ki-ki-ki-ki-ki… .

The coffin door slammed open.

“How old do they look?”

“…Judging from the voice alone, he seemed quite young.”

“You guessed it right, I am the eldest of them all. The one who started the name Argios in the world. Those little ones can’t beat me anymore.”

“Just because you’re older?”

“For now, yes. Those kids have calmed down quite a bit and realized that I am a stronger and more experienced player than them, so they probably figured it wouldn’t be a bad idea to follow my orders.”

“Argio, while alive, was a tyrant who freely controlled his anger.”

I read his past through the records.

“Anger was both a sword and a shield to you. You were angry because you wanted to be angry, not because you were manipulated like other people.”

“Do you know how powerful the power of someone who is very angry is? Do you know the limits of that emotion? Yes, anger is a good weapon and a strong fortress. I was angry when I wanted to be.”

Aram intervened in this.

“But it wouldn’t have been the case when you, the last saint, died and all the ghosts gathered together to become the Demon King. You had to continue the anger you didn’t want, because the evil spirit called ‘Argio’ wasn’t created just because you existed.”

"…aha…."

Through the crack in the coffin, a large ringed finger appeared.

“This small, young voice is quite sweet.”

Dalgrak.

A thick ring hit the coffin.

“Hey, little friend. Servant of a strange god. Where do you come from?”

“…I came from the arms of my teacher, Dalnim.”

“Moon, Moon… Moon… It’s not a being I know.”

“Are you still angry?”

“If I want to, I will.”

“Well then, now. Please answer my question.”

“You’re cheeky and sassy, but cute….”

widely.

The movement of the fingers stopped.

“I was very angry.”

Then a hand extended from the coffin.

“…Ah, my friend….”

“…….”

“My one and only noble and innocent family.”

The hand soon stopped in front of the deer.

“How did you do that?”

A large hand bloomed like a flower.

“Why did you do that?”

Boom, boom.

The eyes, which were completely dyed in gold, were buried in the palms of his hands and were shedding tears of blood.

“If you had only wanted to kill me, would I have been this angry? If you had only wanted to take away the power of the saint and spread the qualification of language to the beasts, I would not have been angry. You dared to judge and distort my anger, and confine me to this eternal torment.”

The hand stretched out further and stroked the deer's cheek.

“My friend, my family, my lovely sister….”

He smeared the deer's cheeks with golden blood and returned to the coffin.

“It really hurt.”

"…sorry."

“Your teeth are really dull, unlike now.”

"sorry."

“Is your anger over?”

“On that day, it ended when all mankind who sinned and all mankind who sinned again died.”

“That’s unfair. I’m still so angry, why didn’t you wait for me? You should have been angry with me, right? Isn’t that right?”

“Now all that remains is my pitiful body and my wretched existence. I have no strength left to fight you, no will, no anger left.”

"okay…?"

The direction of the whispering voice turned towards Ather.

“Why did you show me that child?”

“There was something I wanted to see from you.”

“Then how about now?”

“…I saw what I wanted.”

“I don’t know why I thought that, but I see.”

Soon the voice turned to Aram.

“Did you guess that I would forgive you for all this?”

“Yes, I thought so, and I just saw the snippet now.”

“You say you have seen in me a mercy that even I have not seen.”

“Adults are such an arrogant bunch, their very existence is born of arrogance.”

“I understand what you mean. However, I will not answer.”

Knock knock—….

The coffin closed, and the ghost spoke.

“You have received a gift, so it is time for you to open this door.”

It was meant as permission.

“…….”

“…….”

"ruler."

The voice whispered.

“Open it.”

Ather reached out.

* * *

Blood flowed.

“…….”

It was a deer's.

Ather pushed the saint behind him and drew his sword. Aram bit his lip but was not surprised at all at the tragedy that had befallen him.

The deer's blood spurted out like a painting, covering the wide floor of the tomb.

“…….”

Ather frowned at the absurd amount.

‘… It’s absurd that this much blood comes out just from killing a deer.’

Slap… .

The blood that had pooled on his shoes was bright red. It was shallow and gentle, as if it had been raining heavily and pooled on the ground.

From the natural judgment, strangeness invaded the air. A terrible poison spread from the empty space that could be breathed and exhaled. The curse grew in size like a hatchling.

'It's a feeling I really never wanted to feel again.'

A sight where all the rules of the world seemed to be broken. A lack of understanding caused by the abnormal and the absurd. That great fear was all too familiar to Ather.

“…….”

“…Ah, okay….”

Next to the hand that had ripped out the heart of the deer, another long hand reached out from the darkness. It stretched out like a dried-up tree and caressed the dying deer, its heart ripped out.

“I had a family like this….”

And then another hand reaches out.

“My family.”

"family?"

“Did I have a family?”

And then another one, and another one, and another, and another one reaches out.

“Well, I guess I misunderstood something.”

“If I had a family, why would that have happened?”

“No, no. It happened because I had a family.”

“Oh, my. It hurts. I can’t breathe. It’s stuffy. It’s too small in here.”

“There is no sky, there is no sky, there is no sky. The hand that used to caress small things has abandoned its child and left me alone. How lonely and sad this is. You have abandoned me. I am the only one left. You who are merciless, please take me away.”

“Why did I have to go through so much? You created me and never gave me a single voice or a single touch. Even when your worthless little children tore out your heart, cut off your arms, and displayed your head, you just shamelessly ran away….”

“It hurts, it hurts, God, take care of this pain. Or else, send hell down. The disaster you have created awaits you here. Open the door, you. Open the door and look at my face. Show me your face. I have been waiting for you.” “It is so dark here, I have wandered through the air countless times, unable to see what is in front of me. Whisper to me, you, my creator, why you cannot light the world even with a torch. You created me with your greed. Where have you run away when I am still here?” “Ah, come back, father. Call my name and look at me. If you created this terrible beast, give me a name as well. Where have you gone? Where have you gone? Yes, yes, yes, I know that you are such a being. Arrogant and ignorant of your subject, more than the being you created. I understand.” “Where is the end of this anger? How long must I be angry? No one can take away my anger. Only this heat that burns my heart and melts my brain makes me exist. So whisper more and more, add evil deeds to me and sing songs. Call my name with insults and make me point fingers at by all things in the world.”

A thousand mouths whispered in the air and darkness, in a language too long to read.

Countless hands crawl out of the coffin, and countless shadows follow them.

It gradually rose up, oozing out through the cracks in the coffin, as if it were stagnant, putrid lake water or a swamp in a black forest.

“Have mercy on me, how can you not pity me?” “I will laugh while you scream.” “Draw your sword at me, you! Rebuke me as the worst and the lowest!” “Here is the wrath of all the world, denounce me and beg for mercy. I will not give you even a single piece, so waste your precious life in vain screaming.”

“God, my father! Look at me! Or else give me your head! Why did I have to die in this dark forest! I was lonely, I cried terribly, and my eyes melted from the poison!”

“You told me to protect the world, so I followed your will, but if there is no one to recite your will with me, what is the meaning of all this? Take me away, take me away, take me away. You should have taken my breath away and left me to rot, so know your sin!!”

“Why? Oh, why? Why, why, why, why, why have you forgotten me? You have forgotten me. Do not forget. I will stab you with a knife. I will stick a sharp dagger in your heart and decorate it with all kinds of poisonous plants, so give me your neck. I have waited for a very long time, so give it to me as a gift. Father, ah! My father…!!”

Then a bright red body crawled out.

It was much longer than a snake's, and had numerous feathers that looked like the wings of numerous birds had been torn and attached to it.

Enormous feet and heavy claws extended between the long torso, crushing the floor of the tomb.

“I had wings, but now I cannot fly.” “Humans have broken their ends and put countless torments on my back.” “Evil ones, terrible ones, my beloved traitors. Worshipers of nature, who have insulted me and imprisoned me in this bloody tomb.”

“If I had not been greedy, I could fly. But I cannot fly with these dirty wings. How can I not fly with my wings? The sky is above, and I cannot escape anywhere.”

“Do you see what is left to me now? There is only screaming flesh, iron-smelling feathers, and giant feet that will trample your flesh. These added fingers cannot count your number, these patched eyes cannot see the world, and these unnatural arms cannot embrace you.”

“You all made me like this. You remade me like this. Are you satisfied? You should be satisfied. You should be satisfied. Then, that’s how it should be. Didn’t I become like this for you? Didn’t you break me and make me like this!!”

“So what can you call me now?”

“Me, me… my name is….”

“…What did you call me….”

"I…."

Aram hid even further behind Ater, as he whispered, screamed, and yelled like a madman until he was about to die.

She muttered to herself as she gathered her strength so that she could escape at any time.

"…dragon."

It was a mess of humans, ghosts, and rage, but at its core it was a dragon.

“…you were right.”

“…It looks even more horrible than I remember.”

“You said that the wizards who imprisoned Mr. Ater borrowed the power of that evil god when they tried to kill the creator of this world?”

“Yes, that’s why….”

Ather swallowed his sigh with difficulty.

“It’s gotten worse.”

“…For a messenger of God to become like that.”

“Human greed was great.”

Humans ruined the dragons.

“So you have to take responsibility.”

Ater left the tomb with Aram.

'Argio', who was suffering from the combination of numerous personalities and anger, could not even figure it out. However, it was only after a long, long time that he finally saw the body of the deer that had fallen at his feet.

Only the golden eyes did so.

“…….”

A long, stiff hand reached out and cradled it like a baby.

“…Ah, you still have nice fur.”

'Argio' laughed like a child.

“Are you sleeping?”

“…….”

“I will protect you….”

It stretched out its arm, lifted the deer's heart, and swallowed it whole.

The lips, soaked in deer blood, formed a long, wide smile that made it seem as if they had been blank for a while.

And then, slap!

“…….”

The man's head split in half, leaving only his lips. The broken pieces disappeared into dust in the air.

He felt for the shape of my head with his strangely twisted hand. It was like a half-cut porcelain piece. Inside it, brilliant golden blood flowed abundantly.

Soon the lips take on a vicious crescent shape.

“…Ahahaha!”

It was fun.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (261)

261

Episode 261

The fox tribe's chieftain, Rami, called out to his old friend.

“Gargal.”

“Oh, okay.”

The wolf clan chief nodded.

“We should step back soon.”

“If he were to take the form of a beast, he would not harm us.”

“But wouldn’t it be better to stay away from the battlefield if possible?”

“You’re right, the children are already in the forest.”

“His protection will give you the strength to overcome the poison of the Black Forest….”

“…I’m not feeling so good.”

Rami's form soon changed into that of a fox. The red-furred fox lightly shook its body and looked at Gargal. Gargal also changed back to a wolf form and looked down at his friend.

He laid his huge body down in the castle hallway.

“Everything… is according to His word.”

“Yeah, that’s bittersweet.”

“Will peace come here after all this commotion is over?”

“Would God ever break a promise he has made?”

“Then we will be free.”

“Or it could be thrown away.”

“Maybe so. You’re right.”

The evil spirit made them a promise.

He said that he would heal the ruined land caused by human greed. He said that it would become the final battlefield of the evil spirit, and that you would borrow the land for a while, and when he himself came to an end, you would make it your home.

Yet it was not in the promise that beasts would plough his battlefield.

“It may be an incredibly stupid way to treat God, but I finally believed in Him and followed Him….”

“The being that will devour this battlefield will not be the one we know. Give up your foolish thoughts, Rami.”

“Humans would not dare kill a god, would they? Even the previous creator said that all he could do was to make them abandon this place and leave.”

“Isn’t that something that depends on what God thinks?”

Their friend and master said that God is a destiny with a will, so if that will is directed to its own end, even a god cannot escape death.

“I’m not saying I like it, but….”

Gargal scanned the empty interior of the castle.

“…Yeah, it’s bitter, just like you said.”

“Right?”

“It was always a noisy place.”

An amusement park, as they called it. This huge castle, its enchanting rides, and the luxurious town surrounding it became a special place for them. It was always bustling and full of joy and happiness.

There was no one left there anymore. He had told them to hide themselves when the time came so that they would not be caught up in the war. Each chieftain followed his will and hid all his family members in the forest.

“…….”

“…….”

Maybe that's why it was so quiet.

“…Was this the time of destruction that humans had in mind?”

“It would have been more than this, not less.”

“No matter what, the end of an era is so desolate.”

“If He had not taken us, we would have gone down the same path.”

“Actually, I don’t think this kind of life was that bad.”

Delight in dreams.

“It didn’t seem real at all, but still.”

The long days of suffering are still vivid. The pain of not being able to

even give milk to newborn babies, and even that was contaminated with poison, and having to bury countless descendants in dirty ground. This era was like a compensation for those times.

Just then a crow flew into the window.

“Listen, you guys.”

"ah…."

“Mr. Balf.”

“Why are you here without moving?”

The fox smiled wickedly at the crow chieftain, Balf's question.

“It’s a shame to step down like this.”

“Hmm, if you witness war firsthand, things will be a lot different….”

“Our children are already hiding in the forest. I am not worried, as he would never harm his friendly beast.”

“Do not judge the wrath of the evil god by the judgment of a mere beast. The god who has received all wrath will not distinguish between good and evil, so you should not be too reassured.”

“Unless we directly show our wrath to Him, we will not be able to see the gaze of God. Of course, we can be crushed by His blind hand and footsteps at any time….”

“That’s why you should be with your children even more.”

“…Even so….”

Rami's ears fell backwards. Her fluttering tail stopped.

“…Is this really the end?”

“…I guess you’ve fallen for it.”

“I know this is stupid.”

“He has been in human form for a long time. I understand how you feel. He had to humble himself to do so.”

“If it is His will that I should feel this way, must I retreat to the forest and hide? Can’t a mere fox help Him?”

“If it is His will, it is not that there is nothing.”

A crow flapped its large wings and nodded beyond the window.

“Look over there.”

"…hmm?"

Gargal, who had been quiet the whole time, saw something under the window.

"human being…?"

“Oh my, you’re human?”

“One of them seems to be a saint from another dimension who was in charge of the Crow Tribe.”

“I told you that I worship a god named Dalnim.”

"uh…."

Gargal looked back at Balf.

“Are they also God’s arrangement?”

“I think it’s closer to a toy than an arrangement, but in the end, it must also be God’s will.”

“Then is it also part of God’s will that we talk to them?”

“I don’t know that either.”

Flutter—

A crow flew through the sky.

“But it’s worth talking about, whatever that may be.”

“Mr. Balf is right.”

The fox scratched the wolf's large leg, and his eyes sparkled.

“Gargal, Gargal.”

“You can do this much too….”

“I am small and weak, so I get hurt easily.”

“Damn… Anyway, it’s annoying.”

Gargal bit the fox's nape and lifted it up.

“Kaeheung, you were going to do it anyway.”

“Tsk tsk tsk, geul zu mur….”

The wolf with the fox in its mouth stepped onto the window and jumped down. The fox, left hanging in the air, flailed around and made a crying sound.

“Wow!!”

Kuung—!!!

The fox cried as the wolf touched the ground.

“Can you please treat me a little better?!”

“Whew!!”

“Wake up!!”

“This is already pretty, what more could you ask for!!”

“Anyway, wolves are so savage that they can’t get along…!!”

Woof, woof woof!!

Kkang, kang!!

A crow flew in while the two were arguing with their mouths.

“…Ignore them for now.”

“…Oh, yes.”

Ater, a human male who had been looking at the beasts with strange eyes, nodded.

“…My name is Ater. Before the destruction of humanity, I was undeservingly called a warrior, and once participated in the sealing of the Demon King. I survived thanks to the mystery of the ruins and the mercy of the evil god.”

“Nice to meet you, gentleman. I am Aram. I am the youngest daughter of my master, Dalnim. I have joined hands with Ater to help us fight against this evil spirit invasion.”

The crow flapped its wings as the information about the two was injected as if it had been waiting for it.

“I am Balf, the chieftain of the crows. It is surprising that there are still descendants of humans who were thought to be extinct, and it is also surprising that the guests who came to the amusement park have not yet returned home.”

The crow tilted its head.

“What do you want to offer us?”

“Before that, I have a question.”

Aram, who was a guest at the amusement park, asked.

“Are you the minions of the evil spirit, his friends, or his family?”

“All three.”

“What do you consider to be the most important value among them?”

“I would say family.”

As the crow looked back, the fox, who had stopped fighting, blinked.

“Me?”

“Then who would be there?”

“…I consider myself a subordinate, his faithful servant.”

“Let’s say the same thing we usually do.”

“It is also the beast that receives the greatest love from Him!”

The fox showed off its rich fur and thick tail without hesitation. The wolf, who had been looking at the fox, who had posed as if she were a statue, answered one after another.

"friend."

“How blunt.”

“…I think we’re friends.”

“Huh, anyway, I said there was no progress.”

“Don’t bother me until this happens, Rami….”

“It was actually the right time.”

And Aram asked again.

“Then do you love your master?”

“It’s such an unfamiliar word.”

“We also saw and felt what kind of being Argio was in human form. We received his mercy, and we thought that he himself could not be called an evil spirit.”

“…The same applies to us, my master’s guests.”

“I have so much to say and I wish I could be more careful with you, but unfortunately, I don’t have much time. I’ll get straight to the point.”

The saintess called the Family of God asked.

“What would you do if you could ruin this war?”

"…that…."

The wolf grinned.

“That sounds quite interesting.”

In this way, the beasts joined the will of the saint and the warrior.

* * *

The first punitive force to enter the amusement park was not Dalnimgyo, but Justitia.

“See, I told you it wasn’t difficult?”

“Looking at the situation at Dalnim Church, it seems like we are the

only ones who can enter more easily.”

“Anyway, what’s important is that anyone can enter.”

Seo Seo-hee, the guild leader of the Justitia expedition team, looked around.

“…It’s quieter than I thought.”

He asked a guild member who had visited this place before.

“Was it originally like a closed amusement park like this?”

“Um, no, that’s not possible. I think I submitted the report….”

“I’m asking because I wonder if my memory is wrong.”

“I was just saying that. But it wasn’t like this before. It was much noisier and more crowded. They even assigned a guide like a crow to each person.”

“It seems like it’s hard to find a guide like that these days.”

“I think so too.”

The guild members assessed the situation with calm faces.

“I guess we weren’t the only ones preparing.”

There were no friendly guides, no delicious food to tickle your nose, no twinkling lights to dazzle your eyes. The amusement park, with all the lights off and not a speck of dust, seemed somewhat eerie.

“Just like the guild leader said, it really is like a closed amusement park.”

“I’ve never been to an amusement park before, but I feel a bit bitter for no reason.”

Seo Seo-hee laughed.

“Okay, then….”

He raised his head and looked down into the basement.

“Let me see the landlord’s face.”

“The vibration is ringing, Guildmaster.”

“Something is coming up from below.”

“Yeah, he’ll be here soon.”

Knock,

Kkuddeuk, tsk, tsk!

Kwaaak…!!!

"oh."

The first thing that caught my eye were the long, massive arms.

Next is the tail of a long, red beast. Next are the arms and legs that match it. And then the bizarre wings that cover its massive body… .

“You look sick.”

In the meantime, the figures of many humans were piled up.

『—Ah, ahh… Aaaah… ! Aaaahhhh!!』

A scream rang out.

"Eternal wrath upon me! Your eternal insults upon me!!"

"Hey, buddy. Have you come to see me? Have you come to see me? Have you come to see me?"

"Let's dance, sing, and bleed happily."

Its voice was not loud, but it was very audible to the members of Justitia's guild. It was not because their physical abilities were outstanding. It was because the voice of the 'human' resonated in their heads.

One of the guild members scratched his ear hard.

“It’s been a while since I’ve felt like this.”

“Because I haven’t had to compete with the divine for a while.”

“Is an evil god an evil god…?”

That voice, just by reaching my ears, was maddeningly ticklish and painful. It was as clear as an actor's singing voice in a theater resonating in my brain. Its mere presence made life rot and cause pain.

Seo Seo-hee muttered as she looked at the radiant being covered in all sorts of golden treasures and bright red feathers.

“…It’s a dragon.”

An evil spirit that was once a dragon.

“…….”

Seo Seo-hee realized its essence.

That was a terrible, bitter thing.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (262)

262 Episode 262 “A dragon?” The president of the association, Dan Hae-ra, tilted her head with a smile at the contact from her close friend. “It’s not common for a dragon to become an evil spirit.” [It’s not uncommon, though.] “Yes, that’s the problem. This is a headache.” The nature of the dragons that appear in each dimension is different. Some dragons are more like beasts, while others act as sages or are given the role of gods. However, they all had one thing in common. In every dimension, dragons were called messengers of the gods. “If a dragon were to become that ugly, the hatred would be immense. There has never been a case in which a dragon committed a sin and changed itself, and if it was to the extent of becoming an evil spirit… That would be quite…” [There must have been a lot of things, since the dragon, the greatest defender of nature, became an evil spirit. It would have been impossible for it to have simply been betrayed by all of humanity or abandoned by the gods.] “What exactly was its form? Did you say that the dragon’s upper body was made up of a being very similar to a human?” [Most of them were immature humans who hadn’t even reached adulthood, all crushed and tattered. No, isn’t the word crushed a bit odd? They looked like they were broken like porcelain here and there, or stretched out like molasses…] “Just listening to you, I think of an elongated dragon from the East rather than a Western dragon. Hehe, you didn’t have time to take a picture, did you?” [It was hard just to bring our guild members out alive. I think I saw all the curses I’ve ever seen in my life there, and they were so diverse?] Seo Seo-hee had escaped from the dungeon and was being treated for her injuries. As the name suggests, she didn’t have any major injuries, but

all sorts of curses had been placed on her soul, making it impossible to endure without receiving treatment. One of the curses Seo Seo-hee received was that her flesh would rot and fall apart. The sound of bandages rustling echoed. [Fighting against the divine is exhausting. Each and every one of those insignificant beings is such a huge blow to humans. When I hear a voice, blood flows from my ears and my mind goes blank… Wow, it was no joke.] “How could you not die just by holding that being in your eyes?” [Right, after all, since it was essentially a dragon, it wasn’t that threatening. It must have been that it wasn’t the traditional divinity that was fate and nature from the beginning. That alone confirmed our possibility of winning.] “If it’s a created divinity, then we have a chance of winning.” Divinity is fate and nature, or in other words, history. As living history, they could measure its level with the mysterious time they contained in their bodies. And compared to the traditional divinity whose time could not be measured, the created divinity… . “It’s not the worst.” It was possible for humans to handle. “…Hmm, should we limit the participation of collectors?” [Oh, that person… Is that so… That’s what happened…] The story of Bisabal came up out of nowhere, but Seo Seo-hee agreed as if she knew what she was talking about. [The Bisabal guild leader can’t use his legs if it’s a dragon.] “How foolish it would be if his own eyes were dragon’s.” [Now that I think about it, this evil spirit really does have a lot of eyes.] “That’s an even more ominous story.” [No, its hands, arms, and wings… were filled with golden eyes…] Seo Seo-hee described the evil spirit she had seen. [It seemed like it had a lot of arms, probably because it was made up of many people. The wings were also more numerous than I would have thought. They twisted and twisted like the branches of a giant tree, wrapping the entire amusement park like a spider web… As time passed, it became impossible to even figure out the path.] “You managed to get out.” [It covered everything, almost like a maze. But if it’s a maze, there has to be a way out. If we searched for a way out, we could get out. Those countless hands stretched out and tried to crush us, but it wasn’t to the

point where we couldn't shake them off.] "If you say so…." The association president nodded. "Maybe it would be better to set it to EX level." He was referring to the level of the 'Amusement Park of Dreams.' "This way, the citizens will also be alert." [Is your cooperation with the government going well?] "Most of the victims of this incident are citizens of the city, so it wasn't that difficult. In the end, it's just a matter of stimulating the remaining responsibility in reality and stimulating the desire for growth here." [You even gave them a point of difference.] "It's only natural that the more diligent people who wake up early get more compensation." Thanks to this, in addition to the official relief policy, many people had to be deployed, but the situation was gradually improving. Citizens who remembered the existence of things that were truly important to them were returning to reality one by one. "Furthermore, the image of those who rely on the 'Dream Park' is created as very incompetent people, so there's no reason to be immersed in their dreams even more. Your active participation was a great help." The citizens' affection and trust for Justitia was sky-high. Among them, the most beloved hunter, Seo Seo-hee, personally took part in this subjugation. It was inevitable that he would develop antipathy toward the 'Dream Park' that opposed him. [That's why I didn't throw away the symbol of eternity and all.] "I'm always grateful to you for enduring the inconvenience and burden and working hard for me." [That's embarrassing… Friends should help each other out in times like this, right?] "That's what I'm grateful for." Dan Hae-ra nodded. "Since it's come to this, we need to seal or deal with the evil spirit as soon as possible and close the dungeon. If we waste any more time here, the citizens who were stopped by your fame and my tricks will be tempted by their dreams again." Seo Seo-hee looked embarrassed. [It's so easy for you to say you're not the type to step forward.] "You can do it, right? And, in my opinion…" Dan Hae-ra thought of the little saint she had seen once. "…Um, that's right. The saint who was kidnapped wasn't the type of person to just take it." [Oh, can we get help from the Saintess of Dalnim Church?] "The Collector

would be much more accurate in this regard than I am. He really has good eyesight. And since the Collector has expressed his intention to participate in this expedition, the possibility of it happening is quite high." [This is very welcome news in the midst of such a headache.] Seo Seo-hee asked. [What about Hunter Sergio?] "He hasn't been coming out of the collection shop recently, citing poor health. The Collector hasn't said anything, and judging from the fact that he didn't participate in this list, there must be a reason for it." [I can already hear the regrets of the expedition team. He seemed quite healthy the last time I saw him. Could there be a connection between Hunter Sergio's abnormal condition and this dungeon?] "We'll have to look into it more, but the circumstances are quite coincidental. He could be hiding because he's scared of this dungeon. If our guess is correct, he died once and is still alive as a mystery, so the Collector, worried about his family, stepped in and stopped him." [At least he didn't look like someone who was hiding because he was scared, so he must have a reason as you said. If you feel like you don't have enough power, you can bring Hae-woon, so there's no need to worry too much.] Seo-hee's laughter was heard. [See you later.] "Yeah, then…." [I'll try to seduce Hunter Sergio.] "I hope that time comes soon." Dan-hae, who always had to make promises, always needed special emotions and memories. * * * Of course, the deaths continued. "That abominable evil spirit…!!" The ones who reacted particularly sensitively to this were Dal-nim-gyo and Tae-yang-gyo. "With a horrible voice, she melted my partner's brain! Oh, we absolutely have to seal it. If we leave it like this, the evil spirit of dreams will reach out to reality again and ruin the world!" "There are only a few traces of the saintess left, and I can't find her… Where on earth is she? She couldn't have been eaten, could she? Please, please, that can't happen…!!" "He is a traitor! He rebels against everything traditionally sacred. How could such an evil being come into existence? It must be sealed!!" The evil spirit melted the human brain with his singing, cut people to pieces with his dancing hands, and made people shed tears of blood with his enchanting

golden eyes. The divinity itself was a threat. “But how? He, he will see us as toys… nothing more, nothing less. You know how much he, a monster in his lifetime, loved battle and blood…” “This is nothing more than a prank to the evil spirit of dreams. He is literally playing war. You can tell just by looking at the giant hand that suddenly pops out and plays with dolls!” Some priests were overcome with a sense of helplessness. They were the ones who were more knowledgeable about divinity and mystery than anyone else. Rather, they knew the danger and nobility of it well. That is why the Sun Cult began to lukewarmly approach the battle. The Moon Cult criticized the Sun Cult for such things. “You cowards!” “It wasn’t even our war to begin with!” “Did you think that if you left the evil spirit of dreams alone, you would be safe?!” “That’s not why we changed camps…!!” In the midst of the tense situation, the Dalnim Church gradually collapsed. Their advance and methods were aggressive, and because they were not good at war, the number of victims continued to increase, and the priests suffered in their vacancy. The bishop remained silent in the midst of all this tragedy. “Bishop, I’m sorry… but still, let’s have dinner…” “I’m busy, so I can’t do it for you. I’ll have it later.” “It’s already been four days. I understand that you are greatly shocked by the saint’s absence, but if you, too, are secluding yourself like this, who can we rely on?” “I trust you.” She said with a rare smile. “Aren’t we proud disciples who serve Dalnim?” “T-That’s… what you said, Bishop, is correct.” “Did you think that all of this was unreasonable?” “No, I am satisfied with our use, Bishop.” “Is that so?” The bishop muttered. “Yes, this is what we are.” She was faithful to all the duties she had to do as a bishop. She planned the layout of the camp, took care of the wounded, and planned the future strategy. But behind all of that, she was always absorbed in some research. The Dalnim Church did not find it strange. The individualism that was deeply ingrained in their souls made it possible. If there was something they wanted to do, they were free to do it, and they did not look at each other strangely. That was the Dalnim Church. “……” Nevertheless, the Dalnim Church

gradually collapsed. “—Look here, my friend.” “…….” “Look here, look at me. All the knowledge you want is here. Shall I open the library of my magnificent castle? Do you want to see the wider world and see all its mysteries? Yes, I will allow it. I will allow it. My friend, we are on good enough terms… Don’t doubt me.” “…Ah, ahh….” “What’s wrong? What’s wrong? Friend, are you going to abandon me? Oh, it hurts so much. I can’t breathe. Are you feeling that way too? Then I can help you. Reach out to me, beg for mercy, surrender yourself to me.” “T-stop. Please… please stop…!!” “Stop? Stop? What should I stop? All of this was due to your weakness. Why does my voice seem to be heard only by you? What do you think is the reason? You accepted me. You were curious about me. I will help you, don’t be distressed. My friend. My honorable, clever, wise friend…” The whisper of the evil spirit seeped into my weakened heart. “Now, look. Look with those pretty eyes.” “…….” “Where is your precious thing here?” The giggling, squeaking laughter of the child, the soft fingers that sweetly caressed their cheeks and necks, the hands that gently stroked their heads. Drenched in the enchanting golden light. With their eyes soaked in gold, the people went crazy. “Bishop, bishop. We must follow his will. He will give us rest. Only he can lead us on the right path… and place us in the arms of the Master…” “Thank you for understanding my will.” “Ah, I wish I had known sooner. Surely the Saintess is already in the arms of the moon? Into her merciful and sweet arms, led by those kind and warm hands… I envy you. I envy you, I…” “…Yes, I suppose so…” The bishop gently hugged the priests who were shedding tears of blood and blood in gold. “We can become stars.” That must be the will of the moon in the dream. * * * “…….” And in all of this, the saint had no intention of remaining silent. “…So, please let me go?” “Ahaha, haha! Hahahaha!! Hahahaha! Ha…! Haha!!” “I’m going crazy.” A prison of hands and arms where words could not be communicated. The saint looked at Ater, who was captured with me. “We can’t communicate.” “Just be thankful that you’re not crushed like this.” “That’s true, but it really makes me mad, Ater-sama only knows how to say the right

things.” “I learned other things, but I forgot them while I was in the thorn prison.” “Just look at how you bring up sensitive pasts because it’s disadvantageous to you.” “I became the palace librarian because I know how to do this much.” “Your ability to rationalize yourself is truly amazing...” The saint, who was trapped in the clutches of the evil spirit, or more precisely, the Demon King’s castle, crossed her arms. “Let’s see who wins.” Let me say it again, Aram really had no intention of remaining silent. Shouldn't we at least execute the operation we worked so hard to prepare? (To be continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (263)

263

Episode 263

When the seals of the evil spirit were completely released and Aram and Ater were working hard to persuade the beasts, the evil spirit, who seemed to have lost even his wits, kidnapped them. It was a literal act.

“It seemed like I was kidnapped in reality, but it wasn’t really like that….”

Ater nodded at Aram's muttering.

“But now that you’ve actually been kidnapped, it’ll be hard to convince you that when you get back home, it wasn’t as bad as you feared.”

“Stop talking nonsense.”

“Someone has to face reality.”

“How could someone with that personality become a royal librarian?”

“I think it was possible because there was no librarian with better abilities than me.”

“I see.”

It's easy to say, but it probably wasn't like that in reality. Basically, the palace was a den of evil in any dimension.

In a world of monsters wearing human skulls, if you could become a royal librarian with just one ability, that ability would be overwhelming and undeniable.

That's why Aram could laugh.

“I feel so good to have such a great person with me.”

“Suddenly, he started speaking in a noble tone like other high-ranking officials….”

“And if you are so confident in your abilities, you must also know how to escape from the top room of this Demon King’s castle?”

“Honestly, I can’t give you a definitive answer.”

Ather stroked his chin in a room clasped together by countless hands with golden eyes.

“It doesn’t seem like it would be impossible.”

Even if it is just a false reputation, he was once called a warrior.

“As I have experience, I know well how to deal with the Demon King. I was the one who organized all those damn curses and unusual events that broke the common sense and rules of the world into a book.”

“So how do you think we can get out of here?”

“I have to make you close your eyes.”

“I’ve thought about that part too.”

“I had no doubt that you would do so.”

Even though the two were captured by the Demon King, the situation did not get worse. This was because the two captured were Aram and Ater. The combination of a saint who had studied all sorts of mysteries

and theories and a royal librarian who had experienced enough to be an opponent of the Demon King was quite excellent.

“First of all, the most important point is that evil spirits are also divine, and divine is fate, nature, and mystery at the same time. And these mysterious beings with this reason all value rules.”

“In fact, I don’t know if Argio in his current state has the right reason, but there are definitely some parts that we agree with. Even if he seems to have lost his reason and gone mad in our judgment, he is still a god. No matter how far he falls into the abyss, he will be smarter than us.”

“More than anything, it was my teacher’s influence that this evil spirit was clearly merciful to us. I don’t know if it was arrogance or affection, but I think it is at least worth using. First, I think I need to find out about the evil spirit’s behavior. Do you have any organized information?”

“That’s my specialty. Of course, it looks quite different from what I remember it to be like before, because of what happened while it was sealed, but that doesn’t mean its essence has changed.”

Ater rummaged through his belongings and soon took out a thick document.

“Here is my analysis of the research journals of the wizards who attempted to overthrow the Creator.”

“Where did you come from?”

“In my time, another word for warrior was homeless or a wanderer. This is the basic quality of a warrior. I apologize for not being able to share this in advance due to the busy situation.”

“So where did it come from… No, but this is quite interesting. Even if the situation weren’t like this, I would have liked to hold on to it for a

month and savor it, but I'll ask you to do it later."

Aram, who had been staring intently at the data, narrowed his eyes and spoke.

"Well, isn't this the most important part of this diagram? It seems like the wizards wanted to use the wrath of the evil spirit toward the creator, and I think this part of the diagram led to that."

"You are indeed a saint. Yes, that is right, the wizards wanted to use us as a power source and use the evil spirit of wrath as a weapon. So this kind of aggressive scheme had to be used. Let's start from here and dig into it…."

The two began to attack the situation step by step, as if they were scholars opening up a debate. Their discussion started with, "What kind of mechanism does the evil spirit of wrath have?" and continued to, "What must we do to avoid the evil spirit's surveillance and prison in his hands?"

"…Then I think it would be better to put this kind of diagram here. I think it would be better to apply 31-4982. This way, we can utilize the 952 space."

"But then the schematic for space 952-21-424 will be affected."

"Oh, I see. Then I think we should change it a little and use the 933-4982-11 space. Isn't this one okay? Well, then this place…."

The knowledge of Aram and Ater spoke different languages. They had to share their wisdom using only the concepts they had in common: numbers and diagrams. The work became more complicated, but the speed never slowed down.

"It was good."

“Let’s go.”

The two of them, with the evil spirit watching them, made them close their eyes, fixed their hands in space so they couldn't move, and used the evil spirit's mystique to escape from the attic.

Of course, that didn't mean the evil spirit would let the two go easily.

“ Ahh, they’re chasing me! They’re chasing me! The hands are chasing me…!!”

“That was expected. No matter what happens, I will at least take you to the first floor.”

“Left there! Then right, then straight for 341 steps, then right turn!!”

“There is no other experienced forest guard like you.”

Ater was terrified, but was impressed by Aram’s ability to understand everything about the castle. He had been wandering around the amusement park before entering the Black Forest and meeting Ater, and he had already figured out the structure of the Demon King’s castle that had been mutated due to the Demon King’s resurrection.

Even in the midst of all this, the hand continued to chase after me.

"for a moment,"

Kaaaang !!!

“Excuse me.”

“Ugh, I’ll go first.”

“I will follow you.”

Ater used the weapon he had acquired in advance to strike them down. It was a bit awkward, as it was not the greatsword he had used

before, but he was also called a warrior. He was used to fending off the Demon King's attacks under unfavorable conditions.

“There’s a trap 813 steps ahead!!”

“I took note of it!!”

Aram took the lead and guided them through the labyrinthine path, while Ater struck away all the hands that came near them, and again, Aram moved quickly while weakening the power of the evil spirits so that Ater could strike away the hands.

“Since you’re already weakening it, why don’t you make it so it can’t come near at all?!”

“If that was going to happen right now, would we be doing this?! I don’t even have enough divine power to fly right now, so hold me and run. From here on out, I have to figure things out one by one and guide you!!”

“I didn’t know that the Saintess’s small stature would be such a blessing…!!”

Ather held the small and light saint in his arms with one hand. Fortunately, Ather mostly used weapons with one hand, and Aram was almost weightless to Ather.

“I’m not a bother, am I?”

“It’s fine, except that I only have one hand left when I could have used two.”

“Don’t worry and stop it, I’ll put it back when that hand is cut off!”

“That’s why these authors who are adults…!!”

Ater followed the orders of the High One obediently, even though he was annoyed by them, and Aram used his freed body to weave more

complex diagrams. Aram's eyes were filled with a heavy divine power that turned bloodshot.

"…Right here!!"

"……?!"

When Ater was led to a place blocked by a wall, he was shocked, but his body was already moving. And as soon as Ater moved, the walls of the Demon King's castle began to recede as if they were alive.

"crazy."

"Follow my instructions."

"Of course."

Aram, who had gained freedom of both hands, was delving into the authority of the Demon King's Castle.

A path appeared in the direction she guided. Ater moved her feet as fast as she could, and Aram continued to find the path. Ater asked Aram, who was beginning to shed tears of blood from abusing too much authority.

"Is it okay for us to proceed like this?"

"It would be a bigger problem if we were caught by the evil spirit again."

"That's right."

"This time, lower left."

"yes."

The hand's pursuit became more intense. Their claws became sharper and they even had red fur. They looked more like dragon's hands than

human hands.

If it had come to that point, it might not have been possible to guarantee their survival if they were caught. The evil spirit they remembered was in human form, so even a single mistake could not be tolerated.

It was when I got close to the exit on the first floor.

“…!!”

Boom, koogugugguung !!!

“This is…!”

“I think the main body noticed.”

“I thought it would be slower than this…!”

“Isn’t it true that an evil spirit is an evil spirit?”

Space began to warp and paths became blocked and twisted.

“If we delay any longer, we really won’t be able to get out.”

“Now let me down, it is time.”

“I wish you good luck.”

Ater set Aram down, and Aram ran through the twisted space without looking back at Ater. As she walked, the footprints she left behind were filled with diagrams using the divine power of the moon, blooming like nebulae.

Aram used his master's power to find a way. His small size and vast divine power made it possible, but he could never include Ather. The two had to go their separate ways.

“…….”

It wasn't something that was agreed upon separately, but both of them quickly realized the fact.

Soon, all directions of vision were blocked.

"…ha…."

Ather wiped his face with his blood-covered hands.

“…I finally have a colleague, but now I’m alone again.”

“Oh my, how pitiful.”

“I didn’t expect you to come.”

A small prison, blocked on all sides by the hands of evil spirits. An evil spirit with a familiar form approached with a smile. It was the last saint that Ater knew well.

A man with long, braided red hair that reached the floor and adorned with all sorts of gold and jewels. The man who had approached while walking barefoot through the prison of hands was now standing in front of Ather and looking up at him.

“Why didn’t you call me this time?”

“What more could I possibly do by calling you here?”

“Don’t you really hate places like this?”

“…That’s right….”

My stomach was churning.

“This is terrible.”

The prison of the fleshy hand reminded me of the prison of thorns.

There were hallucinations from all sides and curses rotted the soul.

Whose name was that? Ather wanted to go crazy like this.

“Okay, how comfortable would that be?”

“…….”

“Why don’t you just howl like an animal and groan in pain? Yes, that’s the privilege of an animal. Not having to think too deeply. No need for belief, no need for malice, just groaning while remaining true to your instincts… That’s the convenient advantage of an animal.”

“…Who are you?”

Yet Ather suffered, endured, and held malice.

“Someone I know treats me more politely.”

“I am that one.”

“Isn’t it a little different?”

“It’s a little different.”

A large, cold hand reached out and gently grabbed Ather's face.

“You called me.”

“…….”

“Yes, my friend?”

It was miserable.

"…you're right."

This situation came about because he, a warrior, could not endure the eternity and summoned an evil spirit.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (264)

264

Episode 264

Locked in a thorny prison, he called upon the evil spirit and begged for mercy.

“That is my sin.”

If only he had behaved better or been strong enough to ignore all that, then he would not have been locked up in prison. He would not have dared to call upon evil spirits in his suffering. He knew what kind of disaster would come.

What I'm saying is that you shouldn't ask for mercy on such a topic.

“I know, all evil gods are like that. They don’t listen to your prayers for happiness. They always think about how to make this person more miserable, and they give them the most terrible mercy within the rules.”

“But wasn’t that mercy what you wanted?”

“Yes, it was mercy. I wanted to suffer more than the pain I felt when I was locked up in the thorn prison. Even that would be a reward for me. I was already crazy, I was too tired, and if there was any change, it would be salvation.”

Even suffering becomes truly tedious when it lasts for eternity. That was the suffering of Ather. It was a hell he wanted to escape from, so

he dared to ask the evil gods for mercy, even if it was an even worse hell.

“But what did you give me?”

It truly gave salvation.

“You were merciful. You were kind. That made it all the more horrifying.”

“Aren’t you a friend too good to be killed?”

“I realized that day that you were truly an evil spirit. You should have killed me instead. Do you know how much I resent you?”

“I know, foolish one. You resent me, yet believe in me. Because I have only remade your world. How weak and blind are humans….”

“That day you became my new god.”

Ater was the ghost of an old age who lived in an era where religion could not be separated. The first god was driven out by the hands of humans, and the god also abandoned all of his children, so he thought there was no longer any faith to follow.

And yet, didn't this wicked demon king extend his hand? Didn't he fix the broken world and become a new faith? I don't know how much of a damned peace that was for Ather.

“…Where did the Argio I know go?”

Inevitably, shallow hatred flowed out.

“Where did my friend go?”

I already knew this would happen.

“He may be a god, but he is human.”

“Why do you think I’m not?”

“Because you are not human.”

“…….”

The golden eyes had an evil glint, and stared at Ather like a beast.

“…Ah, my father’s ugly doll….”

Kkuddu… .

His nails dug into Ather's face.

“Human, human, human. Yes, human.”

Ather's blood flowed down the nail embedded in his face. It was red blood.

“Those terrible seeds that covered the world. Those evil seeds that twisted and ruined me and burned the forest with my family. You see, how could I be human?”

His voice was filled with hatred.

“You have forsaken me. I have been abandoned, burned, and beheaded by my family. I curse you. I resent you. I love you. I hate you. I loathe you. How beautiful it is that you are trying to tear my head off again.”

“…….”

“Are you listening to me? My friend, my little friend, my dirty, ugly doll.”

A smiling face recites a curse.

“Are you here to kill me?”

“…I thought you knew.”

“Proud one, I remember you, but I am not your friend. I want to forget you, but that alone is very difficult.”

"okay."

“Why did you call me? You shouldn’t have called me. Why on earth did you call me… Do you regret opening the coffin door now?”

Bloody tears flow from the evil spirits into gold.

“I hate the world. I blame my father. You have treated me so cruelly. You have not even cared for the disaster you created with your own hands.”

“…….”

“My brother bit my neck and conceived me, but did you not give me the seed? It was the sprout you made, the tree you made, the fruit you caused to bear.”

“…….”

“Yes, my father. My mother. You, my parent. Ah, you, why have you treated me so cruelly… Because I am a beast? Not a human? What am I?”

His fingernails slid down, leaving long scratches on Ather's face.

“Toys? No, you are my fathers. You created me and gave birth to me.”

"sorry."

“…….”

Soon his hand falls away.

“…Why can’t you even make me angry?”

The brilliant golden eyes were empty.

“The individual is good, the crowd is evil. Oh, yes, that’s right. That’s you.”

“…….”

“I love you. This is necessity. This is fate. This is humanity. Terrible things. Lovely things. They are so cruel, yet they make me fall for them.”

“…….”

“It hurts too….”

Pale hands touched his own face, exerting strength.

Knock knock .

“…….”

He died by breaking his own neck.

"ah."

Ather stretched out his hand, but withdrew it before it could dare touch the flesh.

Argio's shadow fell into the prison of the hand, and the golden-eyed hand that was swarming slowly swallowed it like swamp mud. Starting from the deformedly bent neck, grabbing the shoulders, holding the hands, hugging the waist, very slowly... .

Soon, only Atherman remained in the prison of the hand.

“…That is what you mean.”

He loved humans instinctively, but he could not bear the horror and chose to die. He was going to leave only anger and hatred inside him.

“…….”

Ather sat down in a prison made of hands. The skinny hands, like old trees, occasionally poked Ather and grabbed his shoulders, but they did not hurt him anymore. They simply confined him.

It was so disgusting I couldn't stand it.

‘… In the end, even this is different… .’

It was a cramped, thorny prison, but unlike the wizards', they were just playing a prank.

I'd rather hurt myself more. Dig into my flesh and crawl into my gut. That seemed better.

'I wish it was complete hell.'

Ather, who had been sitting blankly, opened his mouth again.

“…you wanted to go down in history as an evil being.”

I wanted to respect that.

“I wanted to give you what I wanted to have when the Black Forest burned that day, but couldn’t.”

But I still wondered.

“That day in the forest, you could have escaped, but you burned down along with the forest. If you were that angry, why didn’t you just leave the forest and slaughter all the humans? Isn’t that right?”

But that wasn't the case.

“I know the answer.”

He knew the laws of nature and understood human instinct.

“I guess you didn’t want to be ugly.”

Because I knew that even if I clenched my teeth and held on, the same tragedy would repeat itself countless times. Because it was all part of the providence of nature and history that would repeat itself, I didn’t want to get swept away in that pointless time.

Ather let out a hollow laugh.

“I guess a dragon is a dragon after all.”

The lofty wisdom was indescribable. It seemed arrogant, and at the same time, reasonable. It was the behavior of a dragon who raised his own butcher so as not to remain a miserable ghost.

You could have remained in nature as an ideal messenger of God.

“…….”

So I was sorry.

‘… I wanted to respect him because he wanted to remain evil… .’

And yet, weren't we called warriors because we saved everyone?

* * *

“There is something strange.”

Dan Hae-ra continued explaining to her friend Seo Seo-hee.

“The Sun Cult’s Chaisol, the disciple of the Black Cloak, doesn’t really hold any ill will toward the evil spirit of dreams. He doesn’t seem to feel any particular sense of danger, and is said to be safely protected within the Sun Cult….”

“Really? You’re not doing anything?”

“They say there is no sign of any impulsive action.”

“That is certainly unusual.”

Seo Seo-hee, the guild leader of Justitia, quickly gave an answer.

“Is the Black Cloak a being of a higher rank than the Dream Demon?”

“What’s even more surprising is that the Black Cloak isn’t hostile to the Dream Demon.”

“Didn’t Black Cloak enjoy protecting the Earth?”

“Such a gigantic mysterious action does not change direction all at once.”

“So does that mean that you have concluded that the evil spirit of dreams will not have any negative effects on Earth yet?”

“This may be a sign that this expedition will end safely.”

“Maybe it could be seen as a kind of prophecy. No, maybe….”

Seo Seo-hee thought of a dark temple.

“It could be in the same direction as the god of death.”

At one time, the God of Death was classified as an evil deity. Even today, he is defined as an evil deity, but few citizens actually consider him a threat, because death is an inevitable concept.

“The evil spirit of that dream, or more precisely, the divinity of wrath?”

“Yes, if it’s the case of the God of Death, then Black Cloak’s attitude also makes sense.”

“Either way, it won’t harm humans. Right now, it’s just too raw malice, so it needs to be tempered.”

Just as the god of death was once treated in this way, it was not right to deny its very existence by calling it a negative concept of divinity. Those who were called the symbol of eternity knew this very well.

“Perhaps we will end up coexisting with the evil spirit of wrath?”

“It’s possible, after all, people have to live with anger.”

“…In fact, these days, there are practically no people who know how to be angry.”

“I understand why Black Cloak is just standing by and watching this situation unfold.”

“Because he is a higher-ranking being who can be trained at any time, he may have thought that the Earth now needs a divine wrath.”

“In reality, it’s not like it’s that difficult to subdue them among ourselves, right?”

“No, you really… Wow… That’s not what you’re doing….”

“So you’re not going to do it?”

“…Be patient.”

Seo Seo-hee laughed in vain.

“Well, I guess I’ll try my best.”

Didn't they 'promise' for that?

“By the way, why did the leader of the Bisabal Guild participate in this expedition?”

“I’m giving you ample support, so let me do whatever you want.”

“That old man is also really funny.”

* * *

Traditionally, the presence of animals that help humans was considered auspicious.

'Honestly, this is a common factor that is cited regardless of the East or the West or across dimensions.'

That's why in old fairy tales and legends, animals that help humans always appear at least once. Like a bird that guides you when you're lost, or a horse that carries a person with a broken leg.

So Aram thought.

“Your role is important.”

“…I understand, but do you really not have to say anything?”

“No, you will eventually be able to speak, but not right now. If you start using language from the very beginning, the sense of mystery that visitors will feel will be greatly diminished.”

“Oh, yeah, I see….”

Gargal, the chieftain of the wolf tribe, accepted Aram's words with great awkwardness.

“It’s not that difficult.”

If it's just about keeping your mouth shut and helping people.

“You seem to have suffered a lot while trying to escape from the Demon King’s Castle, as you seem to be injured here and there. Is it okay for us to proceed as planned?”

“You don’t have to worry about me. These wounds, insults, and shame will heal on their own when everything is done successfully. What I need right now is for the plan to proceed smoothly.”

“Are all humans like you?”

“What does that mean?”

“Um, uh, no. Just.”

Gargal looked back at his family, his ears slightly bent back.

“Anyway, that’s what they say.”

“Kurrrr….”

“I’m not going to kill you, I’m going to help you, so try to look more harmless.”

“Chief, our impression is originally dirty.”

“Tsk, oh, that’s not right. Didn’t you hear what the saint said? She told you to become an auspicious animal.”

“How can we possibly look harmless with our size…?”

“You can do it, if you get crumpled you can do it.”

The foxes laughed at those wolves.

“Anyway, they say that just because you’re big doesn’t mean you know how to act smart.”

“What do you expect from the wolves? You know that we will be the ones who contribute the most to this operation.”

“Oh my, how barbaric. How can you try to win over people’s hearts with such a blunt attitude….”

The wolves howled at him.

“Do you think we’re big because we want to be big?!”

“Oh my, do you really think it’s just a matter of size?”

Aram looked back at the crow Balph as the wolves and foxes began to fight again.

"…i look forward to."

“…I’ll try.”

Thus began the so-called 'Auspicious Animal' operation.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (265)

265

Episode 265

The evil spirit gathered actors for a grand play.

'Then we should respond in the same way.'

Argio, whose heart was sealed, did as little damage as possible, but he was not a fully divine evil god. He was revealing his rage as it was, causing numerous victims.

In this situation, there was no one who could calm her down even after seeing her tattered appearance after being kidnapped. However, it was not right to proceed with the operation to subdue the Demon King like this.

'The sacrifices would be too great.'

It's a sacrifice.

‘… That shouldn’t be the case.’

It was necessary to make a cool-headed judgment. A way to minimize the damage that would occur in the future, to minimize the burden on both sides, and to end things with mutual understanding. The saintess found that way.

‘If we’re not careful, it could come back as even greater damage…’

Aram wanted to turn the crisis into an opportunity.

'My teacher is also with the evil spirit. The many mercies and caprices that the evil spirit has shown so far must have been helped by such a teacher. Shouldn't I show the same amount of sincerity as the help he has given me?'

Yes, Aram's plan also had this meaning.

"……."

The evil spirit wanted an end.

'That might really mean death.'

He had to endure the rage of eternity for too long. It was a level of pain that could not be resolved by sealing. Argio could have ended it all and died.

The death of the divine being was close to impossible, but it was possible. Especially if he himself wanted it. But if that happened, who knew what would happen to Aram's teacher who was sharing the body with him?

'And, that's definitely not a good thing for Argio himself.'

That is why he planned it. Perhaps this choice of Aram may not be much different from that of the evil god. Just as he did not give Ater the mercy of death but spared him, it may be too cruel for him.

'But this is the best I can do.'

In a situation where it was not clear whether this plan would work or not, there was no time to consider the other person's suffering. Aram, who had made up his mind, looked at the crow that had flown near him and asked.

"…How do people react?"

“It’s more friendly than I imagined.”

“Well, Koreans really like that kind of thing….”

“What do they like?”

“Being different from me is kind to them.”

Wasn't this a world filled with the romantic notion of becoming friends with monsters? As a hunter, I knew how absurd that was. But that's also why I knew more about it.

And just knowing it was enough to influence people.

“Please do them a favor.”

So that you can stop.

“Be a wall and a shield to keep me from getting too far ahead.”

“I understand.”

The crow that was once Aram's guide blinked its eyes as if smiling and flew away again. The wise crows placed the humans who visited the 'Dream Park' in the right places. Their foresight was trustworthy.

“…….”

Aram's two hands were clenched tightly.

‘… In order to save Mr. Ater, we must at least complete the plan.’

Even though it was close to hatred, what Ater held for Arzio was affection and faith. Arzio, who was a god but also a human, would not easily end Ater's life.

Also, Ather was not someone who would die easily.

'I have my role.'

Aram rose from the stump.

“…Haaaah….”

She swept my face away.

“I hope everything goes well.”

Even though it looks like this, it has been quite some time since I lived as a saint.

In other words, she knows how to use her position quite well.

* * *

When the hunters visiting the dungeon were exhausted and in pain, animals appeared.

"…fox?"

“You didn’t come here to dig up our corpse?”

“Fuck, stop saying such ominous things.”

Foxes that reveal themselves little by little, wagging their tails. Crows that tilt their heads as they quietly fly between various structures. And wolves that quietly watch humans while shaking their huge bodies.

“Isn’t that them?”

“What? Oh, oh. That….”

“I told you there were guides at this amusement park.”

“I heard it was human-shaped back then?”

“Surely the animals aren’t going to attack us after the demons?”

“I don’t know, everyone put your gear back on. Be on guard.”

But contrary to such ominous expectations, the animals were docile.

"…? what?"

“…so cute.”

The ripple effect of the foxes, who were particularly adept at digging into people's bosoms, was tremendous. They approached people with their thick tails wagging and their cheeky smiles on their faces.

Naturally, everyone was wary of them, and even attacked them. However, the foxes only whined and ran away despite the cold treatment, and did not fight back.

Some hunters even started to hug the foxes that were acting cute.

“Hey you crazy kid, you hugging monsters in the dungeon?”

“No, it’s just an animal… It doesn’t seem like a monster….”

“Even though they look like animals, they were the guides at this amusement park.”

“But it’s cute.”

“…….”

The hunter, who was extremely exhausted, nodded.

“…That’s true.”

Since it was a dream, there was no need to eat or sleep. However, this made people feel exhausted. In this situation, a cute ball of fur was a great comfort.

“Actually, aren’t these guys like that too? They were either under the control of the Demon King, or they were forced to work… It could be something like that.”

“No, but I wonder if it’s right to not be on guard like this… Damn, I don’t know. At this rate, I don’t know when I’ll be able to go home.”

“When will this fucking dream end? People who wake up wake up just fine, but why only us… Shouldn’t we go back to reality and get things straight?”

“If it were up to us, we wouldn’t be here. Oh, but it’s really soft. It feels like I’m going to fall asleep… It’s nice….”

This dungeon was truly horrifying. It felt like living in this place was not living at all. The corpses were so horribly stale that I couldn't even feel the passage of time. I couldn't return to reality until the 'dream' ended.

“Should I just die once?”

“You crazy kid, talk some sense.”

“No, you could just wake up from a dream….”

“No one has ever died here and returned to reality.”

“…It’s like a dog, really….”

“If you don’t want to die without leaving a body behind, then just shut up.”

“…That must be it.”

By this point, even the hunters were tired. As long as they didn't die, they could accept anything that happened without much thought. This wasn't just a story about hunters trapped in dreams.

“If the war continues any longer, it will have an impact on reality.”

“Most of the hunters who have already participated have lost their motivation, if this continues….”

“I really hate to say this, but you will follow the devil’s will.”

“We have to come to a conclusion, no matter what.”

Even the hunters who could wake up from a 'dream' were tired, no matter what the criteria.

It was three groups of animals that dug into them. Foxes skillfully dug into their bosoms, wagging their tails, and crows flew in to bring them sweet berries.

In particular, the wolves quietly stayed by his side and even pushed away the hands of the evil spirits that approached him.

“Look at this, I told you that these guys also didn’t like being ruled by the evil spirits.”

“Come to think of it, animals have never actually caused any harm to people….”

“If animals help us, wouldn’t the weight of victory be added to our side?”

But there were also some parts that were questionable to think about just that.

“Then why didn’t you help us from the beginning?”

“The wolves look really big and strong, but they don’t really help much other than fending off the approaching evil spirit’s hand.”

“It’s clear that he understands what you say, but when you ask him about the body or heart of the evil spirit, he doesn’t even tell you.”

“Isn’t it too much to say that they are completely on our side?”

In that situation, the animals suddenly started moving to one place.

“…You want me to follow you?”

“Ah, maybe….”

“But what if this is a trap?”

Seo Seo-hee, the leader of Justitia's guild, appeared among the hesitating people.

“Then I will go first.”

“Uh, no, over there….”

“Don’t worry, you don’t think I’m dangerous, do you?”

He took the lead with his characteristic trustworthy smile, followed by some of Justitia's guild members. Emboldened by his appearance, the other hunters also followed Seo Seo-hee and chased the beasts.

And they were guided to the ruins of the Black Forest.

“…Oh, this is it.”

Seo Seo-hee smiled at the small figure standing in front of her.

“Are you the saint of Dalnim Church?”

“Yes, you found it.”

Aram, surrounded as if protected by beasts, welcomed them.

“I've been waiting for you.”

Her pure white hair resembled Dalnim's, and despite all the wounds and redness, her calm and intelligent gaze contained an incomprehensible mystery. The moment she saw her, Seo Seo-hee understood the saint's intentions.

He decided to give the saint a timely performance.

“Are these many animals following the saint now?”

“…these people and I had a common purpose.”

And Aram also quickly figured out the intention of the guild leader, Seo Seo-hee. Since the symbol of eternity had decided to keep the rhythm, there was nothing more to fear. With the support of his distant senior, Aram opened his mouth.

“Are my family here now?”

“…W, Your Majesty….”

“Come to me.”

“Saint, we, we….”

A priest of the Dalnim Church, who had been among their group, stumbled forward.

The hunters who sensed something strange were considering the possibility that the saint was in league with the evil spirit, but they did not come forward because one of the symbols of eternity was holding out.

Thanks to that, the highest ranking elder among the priests of the Dalnim Church safely arrived in front of the saint.

“…I wonder if you… disappeared into the shadows….”

In the Dalnim Church, death is expressed as a shadow. It means the shadow of the moon. Even if they die, they cannot enter the arms of the moon. Only saints and holy men can enter.

Their separation was an eternal separation. There was no more memory, wisdom, or honor. How fearful were the days when I thought that my dear family member and the saint I respected as a colleague had become like that.

“Oh, thank you. Thank you, Saint. I truly appreciate you staying strong.”

“Did you feel fear in my absence?”

“Too many things are going wrong. Lord, I can’t reach you anymore. There’s something wrong with the Dalnim Church in reality, and no one is coming anymore. I have a shiver of foreboding.”

“I know what happened to them.”

“…Saint, we, we… by any chance….”

The elder swallowed his tears and asked.

“…Abandoned…?”

“…….”

The saint calmly embraced the elder, who was several times her size. The elder could not even groan as he accepted the saint’s embrace. He was clearly resigned.

And Aram had no intention of leaving it that way.

“…There was something I wanted to show you all this time.”

“…Please tell us what has happened to us. Tell us what we should do. We will do as you say.”

“Please come inside.”

The saintess released her embrace and stepped back, calling out to the hunters within the ruins.

“Everyone should see it.”

Now that we have successfully captured their attention, it is time to

know and share the truth.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (266)

266

Episode 266

God created humans and animals in the same world, but their language was not balanced because they could communicate with each other. Language means wisdom, so they were busy hating each other. So God changed the world.

“…….”

He exalted man and humbled beasts. He took away their wisdom and power and confined them to a single point, and from that place a tree grew abundantly. God made flesh out of the tree and broke his bones to build a foundation, and from his blood flowed a bright red dragon was born.

“…….”

God said, "My child, you, a gentle lamb, guard the world I have created. You are my favorite lion, so obey my will. Do not make my things afraid." The dragon took on human form and sometimes became a beast to guard the world according to his will.

“…….”

Since God did not take it, its life would not end. The dragon went to the forest and killed itself. The blood, as vast as the sea, covered the forest and gradually rotted and became poisonous. Thus, the forest

turned black, and God became angry and sent a new messenger and cursed the mission.

“…….”

From that day on, whenever the dragons needed to die, they went to the forest and killed themselves. The forest became a grave and benefited the world. The dragons sacrificed themselves for the world that God loved. They became part of the forest and fulfilled their mission.

“…….”

The forest is filled with poison, and the dragon's mission is fulfilled, so the world is filled with peace.

So, sacrifice the dragon to the forest, and do not forget to sacrifice a beast in human form to the forest. Only then will the dragon bring peace. If you do not sacrifice, peace will be far away. Humans, humans. I will sacrifice the messenger of God and continue the era of humans.

The dragon exists for you, so offer up your huge body.

“…Even this is a fairy tale.”

Ater, the royal librarian, returned the worn-out tome to the depths of the earth. The book, which resembled a fairy tale, was full of lost language and was not easy to decipher.

“Is it true that dragons actually existed…?”

He wanted to acquire all kinds of knowledge, so he studied dragons. However, all he found were absurd stories. The leader said that dragons actually existed, but there were no records of them remaining intact anywhere.

“…….”

Why did he put the dragon in his mouth?

“…Hmm.”

It was something that Ather could not have known at the time.

He shook off his dusty hands and stepped down from the high study chair. He put the long chair, like a ladder, back where it had been. He turned off all the lights in the dark study filled with old books, closed the door tightly, and returned to the study on the ground.

It was a story about a greatsword-wielding librarian of commoner origins who stayed in the royal library.

* * *

“…….”

The priest of Dalnim Church, who heard the whole story, remained silent.

“…So, the current evil spirit….”

“The evil spirits of today are monsters that have been sacrificed for many generations.”

"…that…."

Dalnimgyo licked his lips.

“…They’re no different from us at all.”

The hunters looked back at him with surprised eyes at those groan-like words. Only Seo Seo-hee, who had guessed the situation of the Dalnim Church, held back a sigh. However, the Dalnim Church priest, who looked dazed as if he had lost his wits, could not even react to

that.

“It’s like our Dalnim Church.”

At first, it must have been a mission. Even if it was created by God, the dragon must have looked after the world with a noble heart. That is how it became a part of the forest. However, in the end, it ended with the destruction of the world and the birth of an evil god.

If that's the case, then wouldn't the Dalnim Church also end up creating evil spirits someday?

“…….”

“…we took pride in our own mission. Not only me, the adult of this generation, but all the adults before me. I can tell, because I was really happy.”

Aram continued speaking, writing down the records of the ruins.

“Even if that was right, I realized after coming here that it was not the right direction. It would take too long for a small stone like me to warm up the moon.”

“…In the meantime, a tragedy like this will happen again.”

“It was our arrogance. We dared to look down on the Divine. They are immutable beings and concepts of eternal life to mere insignificant beings. How could we possibly be great to them?”

Even the dragon, the child of mystery, had fallen into corruption. The end of the Dalnim Church, which had such a tradition, was obvious. Aram met the gaze of the priest who was looking at him blankly.

“So this isn’t a slaughter of fallen dragons, it’s a memorial service for abandoned children. That’s why I stayed here, and now I need your help.”

“…What should I do…?”

“Think about it, what should we do?”

“…….”

“I will now go and meet my teacher, Dalnim.”

Aram held the elder's hand and placed his forehead on it as if praying lightly.

“You do what you have to do.”

“…Well, I don’t know. What should I do? I am such an immature being.”

“We are all born immature and we all end up immature. Even if we burn this short life trying to embrace all knowledge, it is impossible. I have accepted that, and now it seems to be your turn.”

“But, the Dalnim Church… can grant permission for anything….”

“Within the scope of that permission, there is no such thing as a bad habit of creating evil spirits. It was a contradiction. So think about it. Endlessly struggle and find a way. That must be the meaning of our human lives.”

“Ah, I, I….”

“…….”

“…….”

The elder, who had been hesitating for a while, looked back at the hunters who were watching the situation. Some of them were wary of the Dalnim Church, while others looked at them with pity. Only then did the elder realize.

There was no way that a tradition that made people make such expressions could be right.

“…I will do my best to find a way.”

“That’s enough.”

“May I dare to show you the path you should walk?”

“I am so grateful.”

When Aram turned to Seo Seo-hee, he smiled and asked.

“I think I can help you.”

"…thank you."

Man cannot kill divinity.

But if it was a divine and divine thing, it was possible.

‘… Mr. Argio knew that and created the current situation.’

In the vast Demon King's Castle and the countless hands, there was no Moon that was captured. It was not in a large ruin like this village either. Aram felt that his master was not there in his dream.

“…….”

Aram hoped this wasn't a fight between gods.

“…I think it’s time to wake up from this dream.”

So Aram woke up after a very long time.

When I opened my eyes, I was in the bedroom of Dalnimgyo.

* * *

“…….”

Aram rose from his soft bed.

In her arms was a pillow that had been lost at some point. A pillow filled with fluffy down. It was a little worn, but it was one of the things his adoptive mother had bought him when he first came to Dalnimgyo.

Back then, when I had nothing, I was so happy with just this one warm pillow… .

"…Bishop."

Her voice echoed hollowly in my room.

"Where might you be?"

Aram moved his feet, leaving the pillow on the bed. The injuries and dust he had accumulated while running around the amusement park and the forest had disappeared as if it were a dream. For some reason, it felt bitter.

She walked slowly along the quiet Dalnim Bridge.

"……."

Everyone was asleep.

'… Yeah, I thought it would be like this.'

At some point, support from the real Dalnim Church was cut off. It wouldn't have happened without something going wrong. However, if it had happened in reality, there would have to be a clear cause.

Aram's feet soon reached the common prayer room of the Dalnim Church.

"…Bishop."

"……."

"…mother…."

“…Saint.”

On a pitch-black lake where the moon had not risen, a woman holding the moon in her arms was sitting.

“Have you come to see me?”

"yes."

“The saint is truly clever.”

She praised the saint who had come to her in one step. The round moon inside was holding her like a sleeping child, emitting a faint light. The bishop, who was sweeping it and staring at it, never looked at Aram.

“When I first saw the saint in the snowy alley, I felt that this child wanted to see more. She was curious about the world. As soon as I saw those bright eyes, I knew where the saint should be.”

“…….”

“That doesn’t mean I… didn’t expect the saint to take the saint’s seat. Maybe I even hoped for it. As a bishop of the Dalnim Church, the birth of a saint is a welcome thing. But wasn’t it terrible? That void really hurt me….”

Her words were gentle but messy.

“It was so painful. There were so many saints, known and unknown, who passed me by. I thought to myself over and over again. They should have taken me. I, oh, I… should have died in their place.”

The bishop threw the moon he was holding into the lake. The pale moonlight gradually sank and disappeared beneath the black water.

“…….”

“…Saint.”

“I never once!!”

Aram shouted.

“I never thought you sacrificed me!!!”

If it was a sin, it was my sin. If it was your sin, it was everyone's sin. If I was going to rot away in agony because I couldn't bear the pain of such a sacrificed life, how could I just stand by and watch?

Don't even try screaming. Don't even try saying it hurts.

“…Even if you are a bishop, you cannot insult my choice.”

“My sins are truly great, truly great. Even though I know all the truth and have learned much, isn’t the saint still angry at me calling her a saint?”

“I like this position. I have come to this position on my own, and I have built up a lot of things. If I fail, I should fail. If I have to suffer, then that too is my choice.”

“Saint.”

“Mother, I have the right to challenge.”

Even if it is foolish and extremely dangerous.

“Everything is worth trying for me with my own will.”

That was the value of humanity.

“We’ve never fought even once, right?”

“Because I didn’t want to do that.”

“I made a friend. He was a royal librarian named Ater. He was really annoying. He only said the right things, and I realized that he could make people angry even when he said the right things.”

“…What are you trying to say?”

“It’s okay to fight. People need to be angry. It’s natural to be angry. It’s one of the few valuable ways to gauge the existence of different opinions.”

It is both a weapon and a fortress.

“How can we argue with each other if we don’t get angry?”

Some are right, some are wrong, but there are plenty of people who are both right and wrong. Aram and the bishop were just one of those common gray elements. They should be angry.

“Be angry with me, Mother.”

“Saint.”

“And tell me your story.”

“…….”

"…I am…."

The saint sobbed, smiled, and raised her hand, bringing the universe into her dark pupil.

The two were now in space.

“…I have never once heard my mother’s thoughts.”

In pursuing mystical knowledge, we have missed the closest knowledge.

Aram was also a past that meant being a sinner.

* * *

“…….”

Bishop Bae Seo-kyung blinked as he looked at the universe shimmering with nebulae.

“…It’s truly beautiful.”

This is my story.

That wasn't important. The story of a bishop who wasn't even the leader of the Dalnim Church was useless knowledge, so to speak. I didn't want to waste Aram's time, who had to continue his short life, on that.

If you still want to hear, I guess I should tell you.

“The moon looked lonely.”

She looked into my eyes, my pure white, moon-like child.

“That was the beginning. I once thought I would become the moon, but I failed. So my family and friends left me. I still remember them. This memory is so vivid… Moreover, they were all kind and gentle people.”

In the prayer room covered with the aurora of the universe, Bae Seo-kyung continued her confession.

“I have continued my research since then. To create stars by the side of the moon. So that those who are not qualified can reach this terribly dark universe. So that the moon will not be lonely. By its side, together with the saints who have become the moon, I whisper to the hearts of humans… In that way, by…”

No, actually.

“…In fact, I simply couldn’t bear the pain. The life of the moon is so long, and the era of humans is so short, so how can we, with just us, make the moon human? Yes, I knew that I would fail. I tried to deny it and become a star, but it was really hard.”

No matter what knowledge or wisdom she had, she could not become a star.

“But now it’s different. The God of Dreams has lent me wisdom.”

“He is not some dream god or anything.”

“But to me, you were the God of dreams. Who else but the Divine of dreams is the One who understood my dreams, whispered a greater dream, and showed me the way to get there?”

“So you put all the disciples of the Dalnim Church to sleep.”

“No, they are still awake. Yes, Saintess.”

Baek Seo-kyung said as she looked at Aram, who was shining like the moon.

“Look around you.”

‘Stars’ twinkled in the mysteriously shimmering universe.

“Your star.”

“…….”

Aram twisted his lips.

“…I don’t wish for that.”

“Then I guess I should be angry.”

“I've been waiting.”

“I wasn’t like that….”

Bae Seo-kyung couldn't understand. They wanted it themselves, and they are your eternal family who will protect you.

“Aren’t these stars beautiful?”

Why are you angry?

A meteor shower fell toward the moon.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (267)

267

Episode 267

The previous day, Baek Seo-kyung received the moon from the evil spirit.

“I’m going to be very angry soon.”

It was a soft tone and words, as if comforting a young family.

“How will I remember you when that time comes? I will be consumed by anger and make countless foolish choices, so I will leave this precious moon to you. I trust you to fulfill your duty.”

“…Is this really… what you mean by Master…?”

Baek Seo-kyung carefully lifted Dal-nim into her arms.

“…….”

It's also noble.

It was cold and round. Even though I was holding it, I didn’t feel like I was holding it. It was only thanks to the mercy of the evil spirit that I could hold Dalnim in my arms with this inadequate vessel.

"…ah…."

Bae Seo-kyung hugged Dal-nim as if she were hugging her own

daughter.

“…I have wanted to see you for a long time. I have asked you countless times why you won’t take me. Still, I have never heard an answer, and I have always had to sit down again.”

“Now your master is in your arms. You are the bishop of the Dalnim Church. You must protect the families of that cold house and lead them to the right path. I ask you, what do you wish for?”

“On the right path. I want to lead my poor family on the right path.”

“I wonder what kind of steps the right path you are talking about will take.”

“What more could I need in this cold house? All I want is family, love and warmth. I will not let anyone leave alone.”

Rotten liquors that I love.

“We will make our sins known to the world and become stars in the sky as atonement for our sins.”

That's all I wanted.

Bae Seo-kyung smiled happily and accepted the generous opportunity.

* * *

Kukukukung…!!

The sky is falling down.

“We have all gathered here for the saint.”

A star fell.

“Can you imagine that this shining thing is your brother-in-law? Oh, how beautiful it is. This is truly the path that the Dalnim Church should

have walked. If a sinner becomes a star in the sky, what greater honor can there be in the world!”

The star soon reached the small moon above the ground, the saint.

“Your family has been shaped into such a precious form!”

“The type of family I want is definitely not a star!!”

Kagang ! Kagagagak!!

The saint twisted the sharp direction of the star with the power of the nebula.

“I never wanted to be a star! I just wanted to be a little stone, never to sacrifice you! Why would I want to be the moon if it meant harming my family!!”

A fallen star was captured in her universe.

'Burger.'

Aram was only a human. He was only a little bigger than a vessel, but he could never be called a divinity. Naturally, it was difficult to use the power of the universe. There was also a limit to containing these numerous stars.

'But you must not miss a single one.'

The already quiet Dalnim Church became even more silent. All the priests who remained in reality fell asleep. The result of that sleep was these brilliant stars. It was so cruel.

If Aram missed or hurt even one of these, her family would never be able to return to their original state. That was not what Aram wanted. She expanded her universe with all her might.

“My excuses, how cowardly you are making excuses…! You should

have told me long ago! That you suffered from such excruciating loneliness! That the evil spirit's whispers were so sweet because you spent your days groaning!!"

"It is true that I was tempted by the devil, but, like you, Saint, I only did the best I could…! Look at this small vessel! My pitiful appearance! I could not dare to become the moon in the sky or a piece of the universe! This was the best I could do!!"

"Why on earth did I do my best when I didn't even expect it! You could have said something to me!! I'm your daughter. I was your family and your friend. I was your colleague…!!"

Oh my, tears came out.

"Why didn't you tell me!!"

Aram loved her mother as much as Bae Seo-kyung loved her.

"That too is my fault, it was my fault. I was so intoxicated by the affection you gave me that I couldn't see reality. Did my respect for you do any harm? My blindness towards you blinded those two eyes, because I relied on you!!"

The stars continued to fall.

It was such a beautiful sight. They say that a meteor is the corpse of a star, and it was exactly that.

Her family fell to the ground as stars. Falling down into the abyss. There may be life beneath this pitch-black lake… .

My family was buried beneath a black lake filled with only cold knowledge and wisdom.

"Why are you shouting that it's only your fault? I'm also a member of the Dalnim Church, and I'm no longer a squalid child. I'm not the

skinny, stupid kid you brought me that day!”

“It would be a great arrogance and sin if I said that all this was for the sake of the saint. This is for you, and also for me, and to change this rotten water. Look, saint. Do you not know the sins we have committed here…!”

“How can running away from a sin be an atonement?!”

“This is not an atonement! Look at me, don’t you know what I really wanted to do to deserve this? It was all my selfishness! It was all my shortcomings! This is just a tantrum and venting of anger due to the mercy of the evil spirit!!”

Bae Seo-kyung also cried out in sorrow.

“I don’t want to leave the moon alone anymore!!”

I had to send so many family members away.

Oh, don't do that. At that time, Bae Seo-kyung was young and foolish. She was lacking in wisdom and small in character, so she was simply grateful to the saints who were in the moonlight. However, as time passed, she realized it.

That is to say, humans can never shake divinity.

“Everything, everything…!”

“Please stop!!”

“It was all just a dog's death!”

Bae Seo-kyung was angry at herself.

“I caused them to die a miserable death!!”

The young priest who was the second most loved by the moon among

humans, even though she could not become the moon. That was Bae Seo-kyung. She had the authority and the freedom. She just watched the deaths of the adults.

“But not anymore, not anymore, I have learned how to become a star. I have borrowed the wisdom of the devil. Your universe is so small now, but it will become so much bigger. It won’t take long to get there. I was so scared of that.”

Even now, look.

“You still have endless potential.”

“I didn’t want that…!!”

“Aram, please. You’ve already been so cold…!!”

It's a cowardly thing to say, but yes, I should have desperately stopped it then. I shouldn't have brought that brilliant child into the Dalnim Church. At the very least, I shouldn't have made her a saint.

“I know how lonely you are. I saw you on the street that day. I saw you shivering alone on a cold winter day. And yet, I gave you this disgusting fate, even though you looked at the world with loving eyes….”

He is a child who deserves to be loved by more people.

“The stars in the sky will be ours, so look at the world. Look at the world with your bright eyes. You have just been given a great opportunity. You have been given a great teacher, a chance to live a new life, and a chance to learn the precious emotions that we have been ignoring.”

“Yes, that’s what I wanted. I realized that even the peripheral joys that I thought were shallow and shallow are precious emotions that make up a human being! I realized the joy of eating a delicious meal for the first

time in a long time! I had forgotten all about it, that's how it was!"

Kwaaaak !!

Aram expanded his universe with tears.

"But there was also the joy you gave me there!!"

My family, my foolish people.

"How can I say it was my fault that I wanted to hear the story of my family after neglecting them for so long? Mother, please, my mother whom I respect and love. You loved these people too. To become a star, how lonely and terrible it must be?"

"But we need a suitable hell. And if I become your star, it would be the greatest luxury among all hells. Yes, it is luxurious. I want to enjoy luxury that is not suitable for me. What can I do? We are saved by the mercy of the evil god!!"

Bae Seo-kyung stretched out both hands and called out the stars.

"This beautiful hell will never be allowed again!!"

The stars clumped together, collided, and shattered, obscuring the saint's vision with their fragments. The sight of all the stars in the universe shining brightly and scattering was truly artistic.

"Please help me to be trapped in this beautiful hell. And you will stay in the human world to learn and master more. Then, even when you become the moon someday, your loneliness will be less. We will fill that empty space, you sinners, your sinners…!!"

"I will become the moon !!"

Among the broken and shattered stars, Aram screamed like a bird.

Silence falls.

“…….”

“…….”

The world stopped.

She held my universe.

“…Ah, haha… hahaha….”

At that sight, Bae Seo-kyung collapsed on the surface of the pitch-black lake. Her legs gave out.

“…It’s beautiful.”

The star that Bae Seo-kyung had carelessly blown and destroyed found its place in space and floated comfortably. It was calm, peaceful, and mysterious, just like when you lay down in an observatory and look up at the sky.

It was nothing compared to the night sky she had created.

“I wanted to create this… sky.”

A night sky filled with peace. I wanted to create such a world.

“…….”

“Does this look like hell to you?”

“…it looks like heaven to my poor eyes.”

“Does this seem like a place where you can atone?”

“This is a single piece of work, so there is no space for me to step into.”

“Then why do you want to become a star?”

“I have no way….”

All I could see was the old sin, and the path I had to take was a cliff. That was why I was thankful for the mercy of the evil spirit. Even though I was trapped on the cold and lonely ice star, he showed me the way.

“I wanted to be a good bishop, a good brother, and a good parent.”

Golden tears flowed from Bae Seo-kyung's eyes, which were stained like those of an evil spirit.

“…I knew all along that it couldn’t be done, so I prayed to the evil spirit. And I received the moon from him. But it seems that I am really a small vessel. Even though I held the divinity in my arms, I was only imitating the night sky, which was incomparable to the saint…”

The saint expanded, expanded, and expanded her universe. She even embraced the night sky that Bae Seo-gyeong had decorated so poorly. And then she hugged it so that it would no longer shiver from cold and loneliness.

The stars embraced in the mysterious universe looked very comfortable.

“…….”

“…the road….”

Was it because the bowl was forcibly expanded? Aram was sweating and the colorful field was exhaling. It was because he was struggling to prevent any of his family members from being thrown under the lake. That was the reason.

Aram, who had screamed several times for the first time in his life, spoke in a hoarse voice.

“I, I can be the way.”

Aram realized that this was the path that adults had to take.

Aram sat down on the water with her mother. Then she dove into the lake and put both hands in. She immediately got up and in her hands was the pure white moon that Bae Seo-kyung had locked up.

Aram said.

“…What is the role of human beings? Where is the value of mystery? How can the world develop? As my mother said, there is still much I do not know and much I need to know.”

Above that small hand, the moon shone brightly.

“But it is the role of man to constantly seek out the way, and the value of mystery poses questions to us as fate and nature, and the world develops through this never-ending process of agony.”

The moon rose quietly from Aram's hand.

“This is my belief.”

It was also malicious.

“This is a world I must embrace with all my heart.”

“…….”

“I will become the moon. I will not be eaten. The moon, the library of knowledge, is merely a collection of information and cannot be called our teacher. I will hold this and see the world.”

“…Aram….”

“I know, it must be hard. If it weren’t for the mercy of the devil, I wouldn’t have been able to hold the moon in my hands by now. But

look, Mother.”

Aram showed off his arms full of moons.

“…It’s warm.”

Unlike the dragons of the Black Forest, the noble saints who had sacrificed themselves were warming the moon, however faintly.

“It wasn’t a case of dog death. The adults my mother had sent away were still warming the moon inside. They had endured the cold and loneliness and had not lost their warmth.”

“…….”

“It’s just that we lacked the knack. It was an inevitable deficiency because the method was wrong. So I, who have not yet become deficient, will take up the moon. I will become the teacher of the four disciples.”

Between learning and punishment, Aram chose learning.

“Since we sinned in ignorance, shouldn’t we learn and repay it…?”

Aram crawled towards his mother, shedding tears.

“I will take responsibility. That is what I have decided. We are all responsible. We have been on the terrible path to creating evil spirits, but we have not yet… gone that far. I will take away and protect all the coldness and loneliness of the adults inside.”

“…That’s…so…difficult…”

“There must have been an easier, more comfortable way. But there is no guarantee that it is the right way. How can atonement through death and annihilation be the only right way? We will walk a different path from the evil spirits who wanted to punish us with anger. I will help

you, so help me.”

"…but…."

“Mother, please. Listen to the moon.”

Aram, who approached on his knees, placed the moon in Bae Seo-kyung’s trembling hands. The small and wrinkled hands held the large, shining moon. It was light and splendid.

Bae Seo-kyung absentmindedly touched the moon. It was something she had definitely heard of before, but strangely enough… .

“…….”

Because I felt warmth.

"…ah…."

I cried transparently.

* * *

A man wrapped in bandages was looking at the sight.

“…….”

What he touched turned to gold, then melted. Then turned to pitch-black poison. Wearing a sheep's skull, he limped into the darkness, bleeding golden blood.

There was no sound from those bare feet.

“…My second hand is empty.”

In the poisoned air, only his voice remained belatedly.

"What should I listen to now…?"

A deer followed him.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (268)

268

Episode 268

While things were going on, the dungeon hunters weren't sitting still.

“Let’s explore this forest some more.”

In particular, the priests of the Dalnim Church were the most active.

“The flow of time is different inside and outside the ruins. It would be better if everyone moved together without having to be divided into two.”

“That’s right. Even if we slowly explore this vast ruin, there’s barely any time left outside. All the brothers, gather here.”

“The saint has come forward for us sinners. We cannot remain silent. Let us do what we can do best.”

A hunter awkwardly asked the priests of the Dalnim Church who were discussing and reaching an agreement among themselves.

“Hey, hey… let’s talk….”

“I know you will feel uncomfortable and have a hard time with the sins of our Dalnim Church. You don’t have to conform to us. It will be uncomfortable, so let’s each do our own thing.”

“No, don’t make that decision so suddenly.”

“We are sorry to tell you the unpleasant truth. However, since our saint has gone to such lengths for the Dalnim Church, we cannot remain silent. We will make sure that no one will be inconvenienced, so please do not worry.”

“Let’s have a conversation, you guys. Are you doing this on purpose?”

Experienced hunters dragged the priests of the Dalnim Church by the scruff of their necks and placed them between the hunters. The priests were dragged along, saying, “Uh-huh.” The hunters murmured at their wrinkled faces, which seemed ready to be beaten.

“Was Dalnim Church originally like this… like this? I don’t really know the religious community.”

“As far as I know, they were dry, individualistic… cold priests who valued only knowledge and wisdom.”

“Can you still call yourself cool-headed after seeing those fierce reactions?”

“That’s how it was normally, normally.”

The hunters sensed the problem of the priests of the Dalnim Church. It wasn't that they dug into it and realized it, but rather that the priests' expression control had collapsed for a long time. There was something missing in the priests of the Dalnim Church.

Having been exposed for their greatest sins, they did not even try to hide their shame.

“Ugh…! Kill me!”

“What the hell is wrong with these people?”

The hunters were simply dumbfounded, because they did not attach much significance to the sins of the Dalnim Church.

“Even if there’s a problem, it’s something that happens within the Dalnim Church. There’s no need to bow down to us like that. What are you talking about, suddenly asking to be killed?”

“What the… Are we filming a historical drama? There’s already a lot of work to do in the dungeon, so let’s not make things uncomfortable for ourselves. Priests, please raise your heads. You can just go out and take care of it. I really…”

“If you’re going to do something else, please include us. Our guild leader left a few hours ago, probably because he had a dream. Please lend us your wisdom.”

The actions of the Dalnim Church, which sought to benefit the world by dedicating adults to the divine, were horrifying. Some even got angry. But in this day and age where individualism is rampant, what does that have to do with them?

“So what should I do?”

They just wanted to wake up from this fucking nightmare.

“Can I take a look around this ruin?”

“You must not get involved with us, who are sinners. We will find our own way to repent….”

“Let’s share that method. I’ve never seen Dalnim Church like that before. They’re so selfish. They only want to attack each other.”

“We are sinners who watched the miserable end of these precious people…!”

“Are you part-time?”

“Oh, how could you say such harsh words…!”

Some of the Hunters realized the true nature of such a cult.

“…Ah, lack of social skills.”

“Oh… I see.”

“Somehow, we couldn’t communicate.”

The closed culture of Dalnim Church, which was usually hidden behind the image of cool scholars, came to mind. Since they gathered together to study and research, they probably couldn't develop social skills. It was a natural result.

“In many ways, he is different from the priests of the Solar Church.”

“When I meet those people, I feel like my energy is sucked in….”

“Before you know it, you’ve been donating money.”

There must have been a reason for the long-standing bad relationship between the Sun Church and the Moon Church. The difference in their tendencies was too great. In fact, some of the Sun Church priests who were in the group looked at the Moon Church with a pitiful look.

“Oh, really. How could you treat such a noble saint like that….”

“If that’s the case, let’s give it to them.”

“Sister, there are many ears listening. Speak politely.”

“I think it would be better for us to worship the saint rather than the Dalnim Church.”

“Yes, that’s it.”

The Sun Cult was already dissatisfied with the fact that Sergio Hunter, who was presumed to be a saint, had recently taken refuge in the Dalnim Cult. Perhaps after this dungeon was successfully completed, they would stir up trouble inside and outside the Dalnim Cult in order to

take Sergio Hunter and Saint Aram away.

Even though Dalnimgyo knew what Taeyanggyo was thinking, he couldn't bring himself to get angry. Taeyanggyo felt uncomfortable with his intimidated reaction. It would have been better for them to just keep hurling harsh words at each other like they usually did.

“…Tsk, tsk, I can’t say anything because of that.”

“Why are you so discouraged? You should have been doing better a long time ago….”

Seo Seo-hee smiled amidst the strange atmosphere among the priests.

“Then, shall we start moving slowly?”

“Oh, yes.”

“Yeah….”

The hunters analyzed the ruins, led by the Dalnim Church priest who was skilled in organizing knowledge and information. The ruins were as wide as a castle wall surrounding a large city. There were many stories about evil spirits there.

Most of it was explained to us by Saint Aram before she left… .

“…….”

Seo Seo-hee, the guild leader of Justitia, stared at the wall.

“…….”

“Guild Master? Is there something there?”

“No, nothing.”

There was nothing.

“I just thought it was well made.”

There were countless engraved works all over the walls of the ruins.

There were works so delicate and realistic that you almost thought they were real, and there were also abstract paintings of landscapes, animals, or people without faces. Seo Seo-hee looked up at the ceiling.

“Isn’t it cool?”

“…….”

The guild leader also looked up at the ceiling. It was a ceiling that depicted twilight.

"…ah."

At first, I thought it was a magical illusion, but it wasn't. It was a twilight created purely with torches, shadows, and engravings. The guild leader instinctively realized that it was a work of human hands.

Seo Seo-hee asked her friend about his reaction.

“Isn’t it amazing? It’s still in pretty good condition even though it’s probably been left like this for quite some time.”

“…The guild master would be the only one who thinks like that in the dungeon.”

“No, the leader of the Visabal Guild is similar. Finding romance in the dungeon.”

“Isn’t he a bit of an unusual case?”

“Haeun is like that too.”

“…….”

When another 'Symbol of Eternity' appeared, the Vice-Guild Leader kept his mouth shut. It was an expression of his intention that he didn't mind putting the other guild's Collectors on his tongue, but he didn't want to treat his superior and his friends as he pleased.

Seo Seo-hee laughed lightly.

“Oddly enough, I really like this kind of work.”

It was a world where magic existed and mystery ran rampant. If you used your skills, you could create amazing works of art. But Seo Seo-hee liked this better. Pure miracles and emotions created by humans.

Isn't it huge, intuitive, and beautiful?

“I wonder who made it.”

“Based on the records so far, this would have been the last dragon to die in this forest.”

“If you’re talking about dragons, don’t they usually use magic? They’re called the ultimate mystery beings. They could have used easier and simpler methods, but they made things so much more cumbersome.”

“I was wondering where the broken wooden chairs and ladders were used, and I guess it was something like this.”

“…What a pity….”

My mouth felt bitter.

“He must have been a great artist.”

“That artist is trying to kill us now.”

“I’m not trying to kill you, I’m just so angry I don’t know what to do.”

“Do you feel sorry for that dragon?”

“I can’t help but always think about what if….”

If everything had gone well, he would have been a leading artist of his time. He would have been a good sculptor and painter, and a great dancer who could sublimate joy into art. But he didn't.

‘…Someday, such a tragedy could happen in our world too.’

So I kept an eye on the situation at Dalnim Church. Another friend and symbol of eternity, Jeong Hae-un, was also working on the groundwork for that.

Although I wasn't able to utilize what I had prepared, I felt good that I was able to prevent the unexpected tragedy of Dalnimgyo.

“…….”

Yeah, just think of something pleasant.

“So where should we go now?”

“Aren’t you going to look at the ruins any further?”

“There are many people who are better at that than me, including the priests of the Dalnim Church.”

“The guild leader is right.”

“The house has been left in such disarray that it is time for the landlord to show up, but he is nowhere to be seen. Where on earth is the giant dragon I saw when I first came to the ‘Dream Park’?”

“Wouldn’t the Demon King be in the Demon King’s Castle? If he’s not at home, he’d be at work. There aren’t many places to go.”

“That’s a good guess too.”

Seo Seo-hee took up her sword and started walking.

“It’s unfortunate, but we don’t have that much time.”

“It has come to a point where there has been a negative reaction from the citizens of the real world.”

“If we drag this on any longer, things will get worse.”

The saint seemed busy in her own way, so they had to do their work.

“How much could a saint with a reputation for being smart have predicted?”

I wanted to get some help.

* * *

The evil spirit asked.

The man in the prison answered.

“…….”

Ather had a strong will to live.

“Well, if you ask me why… I don’t have an answer for you.”

Wouldn't it be better to be alive than to be dead?

“…Of course, there are lives that are worse than death. I continued to live that kind of life, imprisoned in that terrible thorny prison. At that time, death was a mercy I could not hope for, so I called you, Argio…”

It's a terrible thing.

“It was a great achievement that my colleagues and I achieved by giving our all.”

It was Ather's own selfishness that broke it. If he had just endured the pain, the boredom, it would have been fine. If he had, the evil spirit

would not have been released from the seal. It would not have been.

That fact could not help but corrode Ather.

“…But what could I do?”

Ather had suffered in the thorn prison for perhaps thousands of years. For a human who lived only eighty years, he was considered to have lived a long life. He had truly enjoyed glory beyond his means.

“Of course, it’s all excuses. I know that fact well. During the process of trying to seal the evil spirit, my 14-year-old colleague was trampled to death by the dragon’s foot. My 16-year-old colleague was torn alive and chewed to death. My 16-year-old colleague cried and cried until his eyes finally melted with bloody tears before he finally found eternal rest.”

The curse of the evil spirit is truly terrible.

“I remember that time. Curse, curse. It was definitely different from magic. It was different from the divine power that adults use. Those times when all the rules of the world were broken and they threatened me without a care. Those scenes. Oh, it was really… confusing to me.”

The palace librarian, who prided himself on knowing the rules of the world better than anyone else, said:

“The rotting flesh and hearing voices were just a joke.”

There were things I remembered vividly. The evil spirit was extremely sensitive to emotions of anger.

“A person who commits adultery and incurs the wrath of his lover ends up becoming one with his lover. Sharing one leg, their two bodies were separated, and they quickly died of exhaustion.”

What else was there?

“Parents who abandoned their children and incurred much resentment died because their tongues, vocal cords, and lips were erased and they could not eat or drink. Even thinking back on it, it is not a pleasant sight.”

There were many others as well.

“It was cruel, horrible, dirty, and disgusting. It was different from the fear I felt on the battlefield. I felt the fear of the unknown rules defiling me. The disgusting feeling of bugs crawling on me….”

Would the evil spirit have incurred so much hostility for nothing?

In a way, it was a punishment from God. But no one believed it. Ather still agreed with that opinion. It was just a mysterious, twisted anger seeking a sacrificial victim.

In other words, it was a natural phenomenon.

“…and humans have always tried to defeat nature….”

Ather blinked slowly, trapped in the embrace of the evil spirit. A strange drowsiness crawled up his back. Then it settled on his brain and embraced it calmly. The weight of sleep grew even stronger, pressing down on his forehead.

He pressed his finger against the heavy feeling between his eyebrows.

“…….”

Then he opens his mouth again.

“Why wouldn’t I be crazy?”

Ather was already a madman.

“I have suffered for so long. I can no longer be proud of being human. The evil spirit has reshaped me into human form, but how can I call it

human? I am now an ancient ghost, a monster. Nothing more, nothing less….”

Still, I was glad to meet the saint. I was grateful that I could follow her advice. He was just a ghost, but he could at least pretend to be human. It was a little different from the conversation with the evil spirit Argio.

“When I spoke to the demons, I didn’t feel like I was alive. I was just a mysterious being floating in the air. I didn’t feel human. But I was definitely alive. Why? I was.”

But when I was with Aram, I felt like I was human.

I won't discriminate. Both were feelings and positions that Ater affirmed and loved. What Ater wanted to say was simple. He could be human, but he wasn't human.

“And if I am a monster created by the evil god, then take my head.”

“Even though your will to live is strong, you still desire it.”

“I was just being true to my role. My time had to end along with my era.”

“Yeah, I see.”

The evil spirit embedded in the palm of his hand laughed softly.

“If you do that, I will lift you up.”

My hands are empty, right?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (269)

269 Episode 269 In the 'Dream Amusement Park', there was a place called the Demon King's Castle. Beyond the amusement park that was splendidly decorated and blinding people's eyes, a huge castle was located at the very end of the castle walls. Those who had been officially guided to the 'Dream Amusement Park' were also allowed to visit there. However, no one had seen the owner of the dream there. "But is this really the Demon King's Castle?" "I think it's more like a theme park..." Seo Seo-hee laughed. "I have a friend who is similar." He looked at the man with the greatsword in front of him. His two eyes, dyed in a strange golden light, were unfocused. Dark tears, like melted gold, continued to flow, hardening and falling to the floor. Every time, a small, dull metallic sound was heard. Seo Seo-hee read his presence with her skill. [Ancient Ghost, Ather] "In eternity, even suffering will become mercy." "... This." It seemed as if the warrior had fallen into the clutches of an evil spirit. “The saintess must be sad.” “You must have expected this much, she seemed to know the situation well.” “At that time, it must have been just a case.” There was a big difference between predicting a situation and experiencing the situation you predicted. “It’s not a bad story for us.” We went around every place we could in the dungeon. Even in the ruins that seemed the most plausible, and in the black forest, the demon king’s body was nowhere to be found. The only place left was the ‘demon castle’ decorated with all kinds of gold and silver treasures. ‘Until then, the evil god was blocking the entrance, so we couldn’t enter.’ That’s why we came only with the vice guild leader just in case. So the existence of the humanoid monster we encountered inside was welcome. Doesn’t that

mean something is going on? Of course, that too was following the evil god's intentions, but it didn't matter. It was always effective to match the rhythm when dealing with a mystery. 'The saintess seemed to have figured out the situation and was moving. So she must have given us all the information she could. Thanks to that, I was able to know what kind of person that warrior was when he was in his right mind.' And Seo Seo-hee was the best at keeping up with the rhythm. "... I don't know exactly what the evil spirit was thinking, but it seems like he's prepared a very interesting stage. Right now, he's forgotten everything and has climbed onto the stage, causing confusion...." "..." "I heard that the bishop of the Dalnim Church has betrayed. Oh, of course, this is information that only I and some of my friends know. If bad news spreads in this situation, it would be difficult for my friends." The information was safely controlled. He couldn't hear more because he had to rush back to the dungeon, but he believed that the saintess who had woken up from her dream was handling the affairs of the Dalnim Church well. In that case, Seo Seo-hee could help the saintess with what she did best. "Judging from the greatsword you're holding and your posture, you must be using your strength." Seo Seo-hee playfully waved her one-handed sword. "If that's something I'm confident in, then." "..." "She's a quiet person." He smiled and tilted his head. "That's okay." Seo Seo-hee pushed the sub-guild leader aside. "Please support me." "Are you okay alone?" "Look at those solid muscles. Our skinny sub-guild leader is not a water body, so he'll be hard to handle." "Not a water body, but… Yes, I understand." The sub-guild leader's true value was not in direct combat, but in support. He was a healer, a buffer, and a debuffer. He would heal Seo Seo-hee if she got injured, and he would put a curse on any threatening monsters. In short, he was Seo Seo-hee's lifeline. She couldn't drag someone like that into this dangerous battle. Seo Seo-hee stumbled and met the golden eyes staring at her. "……." "……." The smile disappeared from his expression. The two blades clashed. * * * The heavens and earth collapsed. That wasn't a simple metaphor. '… So this building was an

illusion after all. Judging by the fact that it was easily damaged, I guess they didn’t take great care of it.’ It was just like that dazzling amusement park. 'In the end, it was just a kind of stage prop.' It could never have been someone's house or castle. 'If the evil spirit truly cherished this place, it wouldn't have collapsed so easily.' Kang Eun-seong, the vice-guild leader of Justitia, surrounded me without even a wink. I wanted to do it for the guild leader, but it only got in the way. The sound of the world collapsing rang painfully in my ears. It was a thunderous noise that shook my brain. Amidst the thick dust like yellow dust and the huge debris that obscured my vision, the vice-guild leader stared at the battle with bloodshot eyes. "...Still..." You don't spare yourself. 'When will you ever fix that bad habit?' The vice-guild leader carefully gestured and remotely treated the guild leader's injuries. His superior preferred getting hurt and getting better rather than not getting hurt in the first place. All of his innate talents made it so that Seo Seo-hee wouldn't die easily. Even if he was slightly injured, it wouldn't affect his ability to fight, so his own defense and recovery always took a back seat. At that time, would it be better to swing the weapon once more? 'Knowing full well that the people watching are worried...!' The hand holding the staff for no reason tightened. Remote healing was not an easy task. And especially in the middle of such an enormous battle. 'You wouldn't be trusting me and going wild any more, would you?' Guild Leader Seo Seo-hee trusted her friend too much. I wish it weren't so, but it seemed like she was still acting like this because she believed that Kang Eun-seong would fix her. Since she couldn't not fix him because she was annoying, it only worsened her guild leader's bad habits. "...." Anyway, she's not easy. 'They said she was an ancient warrior...' Ater was a human who could catch dragons. A warrior who fought the Demon King. A hero chosen among humans. His intuition and destructive skills, which had become even more fierce because he had gone mad, not only destroyed the 'Demon King's Castle', but also shook the world. 'It's a refined swordsmanship, but it's so barbaric.' His greatsword was bigger than Ater's body. It was a size

that fit the word “large.” The blade of the greatsword, which seemed so foolish, was so rough that it felt merciless. If it even brushed against that sword, most people wouldn’t be able to expect to live. “Is that meant to inflict pain?” The guild leader quickly understood. “After all, it’s a weapon meant to catch dragons.” Thinking back to the demon’s gigantic body and terrible curse that he had first seen, he understood. He would have had to be as destructive as possible, and not picky about the means and methods, to gain even a small chance of victory. “But to be able to handle that kind of weapon so nimbly, I can’t help but think of this as a miracle in another sense.” He pushed forward dozens of attacks in the blink of an eye. His defense using the greatsword was also excellent. However, his strategy using terrain was excellent. He didn’t waste even a single piece of falling debris, airflow, or ground shaking. “It doesn’t even make a sound….” He was intentionally destroying the castle. He was continuing an almost aerial battle using the falling rocks. He jumped between the falling rocks as if he had no weight, flexibly dodging attacks, or counterattacking. “…This is a rather tricky type even among humanoid monsters.” Not only was he destructive, but he also had considerable intelligence. The saintess said that he was once a royal librarian, and he certainly seemed capable of it. However, that wasn’t the only problem. The enormous density of the curse surrounding him. “…Ugh….” “Eunseong!!” “It’s okay!!” The vice-guild leader was pouring out his magic power to prevent the curse from reaching his superior. Blood flowed from the orifices of his body. His flesh was rotting and his mind was becoming disoriented. While he was worrying about the guild leader, his own body was actually being eaten away, but it wasn’t enough to kill him anyway. If it was pain that could maintain the status quo, it was more efficient to ignore it. That was the thought of the vice-guild leader, but it didn’t matter. Justitia’s basic attitude was like that. A guild where people who valued the ‘right cause’ more than their own personal safety gathered. They discussed and saw the world countless times for that reason. ‘If I didn’t think I could be of any help, I wouldn’t have

followed you here in the first place.’ He stared at the guild leader through his glasses. My veins were bursting and I was almost shedding tears of blood, but I couldn’t let my guild leader’s help go by for even a moment. He trusted me and entrusted me with his body. ‘… Detecting a curse. It’s a corrosive curse. Is it directed at equipment and weapons? It’s specialized for metal. Counterattack. Return it. This monster is too clever. Does he have the brain to identify the curse while going wild like that? Injury, this time it’s the neck. We need to stop the bleeding first. Connect the veins. We can’t let him feel pain. Anesthetize him, and then, yes, cut the largest stem there…’ Remote healing was a skill that only three people on Earth could do. For a civilian doctor, it was like operating on a patient who wasn’t anesthetized and was still conscious from over 1km away with forceps. It wasn’t something that could be solved easily by pressing a button. But the vice guild leader did it. It was actually familiar. The superior who assisted him always asked his friend who was by his side to do ‘part-time work.’ Yes, he called it a double-job. '... Each of us does what we do best.' And the one who has spare time takes on the burden of his 'friend'. 'The guild leader is doing his job just by restraining and dealing with that monster. My role is to prevent that person from losing focus or getting seriously injured. My role is to assist that person so that he can do his job.' Even so, he had to constantly block the attacks flying towards him. If he died here, who would assist the guild leader? The situation was not relaxed enough to leave the guild leader alone. 'I don't think I've ever heard of a warrior this strong...!' When he thought about it, it was natural. He was a high-quality material that fell into the hands of the evil spirit. The terrible curse surrounding him must have been bestowed by the evil spirit. He was out of his mind in many ways. "Ugh...!" If I had known this would happen, I would have brought a few more! '... Now that this commotion has occurred, someone will come soon. The guild leader is not a person who will give up. If we can just maintain the status quo, support will come and seize the opportunity. But if a certain person interferes, there is a high chance that they will

become a burden or be taken hostage. That would actually have the opposite effect.' He wanted to send a telegram. As a capable wizard, he was also good at telepathy. He could even contact people on the other side of the world. However, he did not have the luxury of doing so right now. Telepathy was completely different from speaking. If he was not careful, he could remotely destroy someone's head. He wanted to avoid that situation. However, even if he were to ask for support during his spare time, who would he call? 'If we had to select talent in that way in the first place, how would we explain it? Only the strong ones? Only A-class or higher? No, the ones who interfere in this battle cannot be simply A-class. They have to be top-tier A-class. Since this is a place where curses run rampant, vulnerable people should also be excluded. Damn it, aren't there any other S-classes?' The red-haired collector came to mind for a moment, but he quickly ignored it. 'That person is no help!' He wasn't the kind of person who would come to a place like this easily in the first place. His personality was also problematic, but that wasn't the only problem. Bisabal was weak. You might wonder how an S-class could be weak, but he really was weak. 'As the manager of the bizarre treasure, he must be well-versed in curses, but in a battlefield this dense, there's a high chance that he'll get injured. The way he fights is ultimately to utilize his collection. He excels at defense and command rather than attack. If the scheme is already set up this way, it could backfire.' And he couldn't stand it. There was a high chance that he'd try to trick her into thinking it was art or something. Bisabal was the least respectful of life among S-classes. The only life he respected was his collection. 'More than anything, he's someone who hates the guild leader.' On the surface, their relationship wasn't bad. However, Bisabal unilaterally detested Justitia. To put it simply, they were a bunch of suckers. Despite that, they always gave him good support. Seeing that, the collector's feelings seemed to be close to love and hate. So even now, if I desperately asked for help, he would click his tongue and come help, but no, no. No matter how much I think about it, that’s really not

true. The collector was not someone I could trust. ‘What the heck…! If only Sergio Hunter had been okay, I would have asked him for help!’ Sergio Hunter, who was secretly an S-class and a saint. He was also a priest who served the Black Cloak. There was no way he wouldn’t be good at curses. He was an all-rounder who could both tank and heal. ‘He even has a good personality.’ Unlike my parents. It was fortunate that it almost turned into a huge disaster, but anyway, Kang Eun-seong’s current situation was not so comfortable. ‘I can’t expect support from the collector. Right now, the collector is just a human who came to this dungeon to play. The collector’s guild members are probably busy supporting him. Is there a most suitable person among the A-class hunters who participated in this expedition? There isn’t one? There isn’t one, damn it, there isn’t one.’ The conditions for a person who can interfere here and bring victory are strict. Strong, smart, and versatile, it had to be close to S-class. “……!” Nevertheless, as always, Kang Eun-seong found the right answer. “Excuse me—!!” The vice guild leader slammed the floor with his staff—!! A large white magic circle appeared around it, and soon a pale figure similar to him appeared. Boom! “Huh?” The girl who had been forcibly dragged by Kang Eun-seong’s teleportation looked momentarily flustered. “Uh, ah.” Then she nodded. “Uh…of course.” “I will formally apologize for this rudeness.” “I wonder what kind of commotion this is as soon as I return to the dungeon, but...” The saintess, Aram, held up the silver moon. “You called well.” The victory was with them. (To be continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (270)

270

Episode 270

'I thought it would turn out like this.'

It wasn't a story that was agreed upon in advance with Ather.

But when they had no choice but to leave Ater in the castle and run away, they both knew the future. Ater would fall into the hands of the evil god. For that reason, Aram came with Dalnim in his arms.

Now it was her turn to bring Ather.

“Phew….”

Aram raised the moon into the sky.

It rose high, very high, and soon became a moon that covered the sky. The whole world was dyed in a crimson void. The moon was the center, and the stars twinkled. That pale color, shining with a cool silver, was their moon religion.

It belonged to Aram, an adult.

“…Thank you for waiting for a long time.”

She lifted her lips, casting a huge universe over the shaking heaven and earth. Her pure white hair sparkled like a meteor shower made of silver and jewels, becoming one with the universe.

Her red eyes, their pupils filled with white moons.

“From now on, it’s my stage.”

She was determined to steal the stage from the evil spirit.

* * *

The first thing Aram did after stealing the moon from the bishop was to wake up the 'stars'.

Those who had been possessed by the evil spirit soon came to their senses and followed the bishop. Aram asked them, who were reproaching themselves.

This time, I ask you not to sacrifice yourselves by your own choice, but to become my stars. Become stars that are awake on their own. Become part of my universe.

The death row inmates complied.

“There are no people in this world smarter than the priests of the Dalnim Church.”

She was confident.

I see it in their eyes. In the eyes of my disciples, in the eyes of my brothers in the moonlight, all these curses and mysteries are contained.

The material, direction, and effect of the weapon Ater used. The fate surrounding him. His will. The movements of his body. The range of influence caused by it. Everything else was visible.

The star clouds whispered.

'And I'm listening.'

Aram called the guild leader of Justitia, who had summoned me.

“Guildmaster?”

“My name is Kang Eun-seong. Please call me comfortably.”

“I intend to take the initiative away from Mr. Ater from the evil spirit.”

“…….”

Kang Eun-seong closed his mouth for a moment. Then he answered a beat later.

“Don’t overdo it.”

It was a shame to receive help from young saints, but it was a grateful thing. If they were lacking and could receive help, they should accept it with a guilty but glad heart.

“I hope you don’t get hurt, is that possible?”

“In this situation, it would be difficult to avoid getting hurt at all. That too is mine.”

Aram, floating in the air and space like a ghost, grabbed Kang Eun-seong's shoulder.

“I’ll try not to get hurt though, since you were worried about me.”

The curses surrounding Kang Eun-seong are lifted in an instant. The curses that made him shed tears of blood, suffocate, hear voices, and see visions.

That alone was enough to show the saint's power. I couldn't help but acknowledge her strength and ego.

“Then please do so.”

“Of course.”

“I will take charge of the guild leader. Is that okay with me?”

“I will stop the curse coming from Mr. Ater.”

Aram waved her hand lightly like a conductor. Her hair shone brightly, and the stars twinkled noisily in response. Like a clear sound. Like light bouncing off like a drizzle.

It was like a musical score. The stars moved to find their places. Countless stars gathered their wisdom. What kind of curse is that? What kind of mystery is this? And they came up with a solution.

"good."

and,

It's blocked.

“…You are wonderful.”

“Now, you can rest easy and assist Guild Leader Seo Hee-soo.”

“That’s the most welcome news I’ve heard this year.”

“You don’t need to protect me, my brothers are watching over me.”

“If that’s the case….”

Aram was physically very weak. In a way, she was like the collector Bisabal. However, Kang Eun-seong believed her words. The vast universe that unfolded before his eyes made him believe it.

Seo Seo-hee laughed loudly as Kang Eun-seong focused entirely on his superior.

“—Ahahahahahahahahaha…!!!”

My body felt light.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve seen such a battle! Such cooperation! It’s such a blessing and a miracle to be able to join this dangerous battlefield with such a compatible friend!!”

“…….”

“Isn’t that so?”

Jeez, paang—!!

Seo Seo-hee's sword broke.

“Mr. Ater!”

—And then, countless daggers were wielded.

“I’ll take it until you completely let go of all your anger, I’m really good at that!!”

Seo Seo-hee flew with agile and large movements, unlike before when she was heavy and stiff. Daggers flew from her hands like a circus performer.

The dagger nicks Ather's Greatsword, obscures vision with falling fragments, and inflicts numerous wounds.

Aram thought as he looked at it.

'Indeed, the number one hunter in Korea.'

His main skill is 'Friend'. He is influenced by those he recognizes as friends.

'That is, it can be copied.'

Seo Seo-hee could fight as long as she had unlimited stamina and regeneration. It could be for a day, a week, or a year. There was even a record of her continuing to fight for four years in a dungeon where

the flow of time was different.

'That is why the role of a supporter who assists him is even more important.'

No matter how talented Seo Seo-hee is, how wide her fighting strategy range is, and how strong her mentality is to endure it, she is still human and needs to recover. And a healer or supporter can make that possible even during battle.

So, the guild leader and vice-guild leader of Justitia are almost one body. I heard that they are always together when there is a big battle like now. This is because Vice-guild leader Kang Eun-seong is the second person in the world who can best assist Seo Seo-hee.

'And the first person who said he would assist me well was the leader of the second largest guild in South Korea, Jeong Hae-un… .'

It is one of the symbols of eternity, like Seo Seo-hee. Aram, who had thought of it that far, focused on the situation of returning.

Ather's eyes, now turned golden, are visible.

“…….”

Golden tears of blood were flowing.

‘…same symptoms as my mother.’

And at first glance, it resembled the eyes of an evil spirit.

'Is that the kind of symptom you get when you're possessed by an evil spirit?'

Aram delved into the curse, the mystery. Do not be prejudiced. There is no right or wrong in knowledge. Just focus on the fact itself. Aram closed his eyes and fell into the darkness.

All she had to do was wrest control of Ather from the evil spirit. She had already done something similar with Dalnim. She could do it, she could do it. All she had to do was recall that familiar feeling.

'Mr. Ater was crazy to begin with.'

The only reason he could act normal was because he endured. It was never because Ather had completely become peaceful. A wretched mass of flesh that had fallen into the abyss of subhumanity, imprisoned in a thorn prison for thousands of years.

Ather described himself as such. Perhaps that was right. The evil spirit had reshaped him into a human being, but had not been able to remove the hatred and anger that had arisen from his suffering. Ather cried, laughed, and broke down like an animal at the traces of his comrades.

'The evil spirit, what Mr. Argio did… must have just added a little bit to it.'

How easy would it be to get hold of someone who was already crazy?

'But I know Mr. Ather.'

I know the will to live. The vitality that kept him going. I know the faith that he never lost even as he became flesh. Ater was not someone who would be easily taken into the hands of an evil spirit. Aram knew that.

The two had never spoken, but Aram believed in Ater as if they had come to an agreement. No, he was convinced. It was simply a realm of knowledge. It was merely something that was perceived with intellect, not emotion.

"……"

Aram extended his hand.

The stars cried. They resonated. They resonated throughout the universe, clear as a harp.

One far away, one next to that, one further away. We filled the universe with our diagrams.

'Unravel all the mysteries that bind him.'

And replace it with mine, with Dalnim's.

'Breaking through the curse that surrounds him.'

In this way, Ather eliminates the threat he did not want.

'Mr. Ater is also looking for me. I have to ask him questions, and Mr. Ater will answer me. I just have to touch him. I just have to touch him for a moment and talk to him. That's enough...'

And Aram soon reached Ater.

"it's okay."

It touched his imagination.

* * *

Woohoo …

“…….”

“…….”

The loud noise stops and the world becomes quiet.

“…Mr. Kang Eun-seong.”

“Yes, your Majesty is safe.”

“I wanted to ask about my friend’s well-being first.”

“You know I’m always okay.”

“Where in the world can you find someone who is always good?”

Seo Seo-hee dropped the broken spear on the floor. The cracked spear shattered into pieces even with the slightest impact. She had been holding it together with her magic power during the fight, but when she released it, it ended up being broken.

Seo Seo-hee, who had sent away the weapon that had been replaced for the 48th time, relaxed her shoulders.

“Oh my, Sakshin….”

“Please stay still while I treat your injuries.”

“No, I can take care of this.”

“But there’s no need for the guild leader to worry about such things….”

“It’s okay, things are different now. I just got some free time.”

Seo Seo-hee saw 'Mr. Ater' standing still with his greatsword in his hand.

“It seems the saint did a good job.”

Aram also had her eyes closed in a similar manner. Her long hair swayed gently like a living river, and the stars embedded in her hair sparkled with beautiful colors.

Seo Seo-hee looked around and smiled.

“He’s a minister….”

“Would collectors like it?”

“Unlike me, that person is quite fond of such mysterious sights.”

“I don’t know where they find such artistic beauty in such a sight….”

“Why, isn’t it cool?”

“It’s more creepy than that.”

The void of space.

“…to make us realize the insignificance of humanity.”

Only the faint whisper of stars filled the universe.

They were still in space. It was proof that the saint had not yet taken control from the evil spirit. But for this moment, they could rest easy. This was the realm of the Dalnim Church saint.

'But apart from that, it's not very pleasant.'

The universe was vast. The fragments of a castle, seemingly man-made, were floating in the void. It was a space of nothingness where temperature could not be detected, but somewhere it was cold. Cool and lonely.

He listened to the murmur of the stars, touched his ear, and looked at his superior.

“Have you finished recovering?”

“I’m good at that too, Eunseong Kang.”

“The guild leader’s fighting style makes my liver drop.”

“You can put something back together if it falls off, but that’s a joke.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“That means I trust my friends that much.”

Seo Seo-hee smiled brightly.

“Is Kang Eun-seong the vice-chairman for nothing?”

“…Ahem.”

The guild leader, who had cleared his throat, looked at the saintess and Ather.

“I hope this will make things a little better.”

“No, I don’t think….”

At that moment, the universe shook.

“……!!”

“Prepare for battle.”

“But the saintess is still…!!”

“Look carefully.”

yet.

“This is how you fight evil spirits.”

Crunch-.

Ather's neck fell off.

“…….”

It's a sudden, unrealistic sight.

Kang Eun-seong saw blood scattered across the universe, the heads of ghosts with their eyes closed, and the saintess quietly opening her eyes. All of this sight was as grotesque and beautiful as a work of art

that mere mortals could not understand.

And soon, Kang Eun-seong became aware of the whole situation.

“…Did the saint fail?”

“Well, I guess we’ll have to try that out more to find out.”

Crack, crack, crack-!!

The universe began to crack as if it were a jewel.

“We haven’t defeated the Demon King yet.”

“…No, ha….”

“You are amazing.”

The universe of the saint was fixed without being completely broken. The stars were filled with the screams of agony. In between the gaps, all dimensions seemed to mix.

Explorers of the Black Forest and the Ruins, as well as hunters struggling to survive inside the dungeon, meet each other's bewildered gazes through the dimensional rift.

And an evil spirit descended upon the universe.

"My friend"

With a body as small as a human, he reaches out with his empty second hand and grabs the head of the warrior floating through space.

Then he held it in his arms. His left hand, one of his third hands, held the ghost's arm like a doll. The red hair, as rich as wool, covered the universe like leather.

Barefoot, barefoot adorned with all sorts of ornaments, treads the void. A rich tail like the aurora wraps around one leg. The silk that wraps

around him flutters like a fairy. The golden water that filled his broken head flows down and paints the divine body, gold upon gold, the head of his bosom.

Then it dyes the universe golden.

『Friends, friends, my friends…』

The brilliance of the red feathers bent strangely and looked down upon the world.

"Prove that you are human"

The third hand's golden eye contained a human being.

"I am before you"

"Why don't we do it together?"

And then all over the universe, rotten and decaying dragons appeared.

They all had red fur. They coiled their long bodies like snakes and howled, they were stuck in the debris of the universe and struggled, and they were huddled together like corpses, forming a mountain and a nest. They looked like stagnant blood.

The second hand of the evil spirit strokes the head of the ghost and commands.

"Open your eyes"

The wraiths opened their closed eyes, and the dragons roared in rage.

“—Oh, I’m so angry.”

“I was very angry.”

“Are you guys like that too?”

“Anger bestows value on those who are prepared.”

“Will it be a weapon or a swamp?”

“You will decide.”

“Tell me.”

“Are you a human or a beast?”

The evil spirit laughed among the dragons.

"Can I help you?"

The disaster spread like an epidemic.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (271)

271 Chapter 271 A fierce battle began. “What the heck is that…?” “It’s a dragon…!! A dragon has appeared!!” “Everyone, wake up and prepare for battle!!!” Strange things happened here and there in the ‘Dream Park’. The entire sky turned into space, and soon it shattered into a crack. And through the cracks that resembled shards of a mirror, strangely rotten dragons crawled out. They weren’t very big, but they were bizarre and disgusting. Some of them had human bodies. Instead of dragon feet, they had human limbs, or their heads were not dragons but humans, or they were rotten and twisted as if they had been cursed. An evil spirit whispered through the cracks of space. “Prove it.” It was either the evil spirit’s spite or a test. Either way, it was a disaster for humans. “Everyone wake up! Don’t listen to the whispers!!” “Priests, please!!” “Everyone, wake up so that you don’t get consumed by the curse…!!” “If you hold on, we will help you!!” The dragons screamed at the patience and will of the humans. “AAAAHH ... “Ah, ahahaha…!! Yes, humans are disgusting!! Ahh, we abandoned these kids! They deserve to die!!” “Catch that bastard, don’t do anything stupid!!” “AAAAH!!! AAAAH!!! Don’t let me live, please! I can’t live like this, kill me…!!!” Quite a few of them committed suicide. Some were able to stop it, but some were not. In the midst of the extreme hell, a few hunters who had some time to spare noticed the sight reflected in the cracks in space. “The evil god…!” “The evil god is over there right now!!” The evil god’s face was reflected in the cracks like a broken mirror. Only half a face. A head full of golden water. The hunters who encountered that ecstatic smile lost their fighting spirit and went crazy. These were the words of those who had faced the evil god. “Everyone,

don’t make eye contact with the evil god!!!” He had no eyes, but at the same time, he had eyes. It was a foolish choice to face a twisted mystery like the evil god head-on. However, the situation was not so good. “Captain, the damage is too much…!” “Why the hell are these little punks looking straight at a god and talking nonsense!!” “Even if you tell me that…!” How many battles with the divine have there been on Earth? “That’s why these little punks have to work so hard!!” Well, there used to be a lot, but recently there haven’t been that many big battles. It was thanks to the symbol of eternity holding its ground. It was also thanks to the Earth’s system blocking them. The young hunters were inexperienced in fighting the divine. “Hey hey hey, tell them! Tell them quickly! Don’t look up at the sky!” [—Ah, Hunters! Hunters! I’m telling you in the middle of battle! Don’t look up at the sky! Don’t look up! I earnestly request that you focus on the battle on the ground right now!!] “That’s right, my kid did well!!” “The captain only says I did well at times like this!!” “Then when the fuck do you use the loudspeaker?!” “No, not that loudspeaker…!!” “What the hell, fuck, keep telling them!! Keep yelling!!” [—… I’m telling you! Don’t look up at the sky! Don’t look up! I earnestly request that you focus on the battle on the ground right now…!!!] As one person came to their senses and began to take control of the battlefield, the hunters from other guilds also spread the same message around them. With the help of the experienced hunters, the confusion was somewhat resolved. “We’re so busy fighting right now that we’re dying, how can we afford to look up at the sky, you punks!!!” The young hunters came to their senses at the harsh cheering of their seniors. “Ugh, fuck…!!” “…This is why divinity is divinity….” “I’m going crazy, can we really win this?” “Do you understand? If you don’t want to die, raise your axe!!” The same confusion occurred in the Black Forest and the ruins. “T, this is…!” “Dragons are crawling from the amusement park!!” The hunters who had been researching data in the old world, an abandoned dimension, quickly got into a battle stance. It was because liquid-like creatures had rushed in through the narrow hole leading to the abandoned world.

Naturally, they were rotten dragons. “What, what the…!” They crawled into the abandoned world like a sticky swamp. Then they crawled, shaking the black forest. The sticky, viscous fluid threatened the hunters with its toxicity. Fortunately, the hunters gathered in the underground world had quick judgment and most of them were experienced. They quickly escaped the confusion and began to restrain the dragons. The priests of the Moon Church were the same. “We will protect you!” “The wisdom of the Moon is with us, so please take care of this inadequate vessel…!!” When fighting against divinity, the priests were by far the most powerful. They protected their comrades with their sinful faith. With the help of the priests, the hunters could run wild more easily. And it wasn’t just a battle between humans. “—Kurururururururur!!!” “N. Wolves…!! Wolves!!” “Kwaak!!!” The animals in the dungeon also came forward to help the humans. “Huh?!” -Caak! Caak!! Kkuuuuk!! Caak!!! “Th-that’s right now…!!” “It’s a crow, a crow is helping us!!” “Good job, damn it!! Blocking our vision!!” The wolves used their large size and agility and strength to bite and crush the dragons that were rushing towards them. The crows flew through the air, blocking the dragons’ vision and scratching their eyes to obstruct them. “Ugh, ugh… Huh?” “Wow.” “…Who, fox?” The foxes took care of the injured. “Wait a minute, where are you going…?” “…What, there’s a hole in a place like this?” The foxes gathered the weakened into the holes they had dug. With their fluffy fur and charming gestures, they lowered the guard of the people and helped them recover by taking them to their holes. The mentally exhausted and even the insane also received help from the foxes. The fox dug into their arms and helped them find stability. It licked them with its warm tongue and hugged them with its fur. “…th, thank you...” “Kae-heung.” The hunters who came to their senses like that went outside one by one and helped their comrades again. “T-this is how it is…!” “But it’s worth it!!” “Come on, you little earthworms!!” Whether it was a created world or an abandoned world, the animals helped. The fact that humans and other species were helping them boosted their motivation. The hunters

fought the bizarre dragons that poured out, seeking a little motivation. However, the situation was not hopeful. “This is just a dream, after all, the dungeon of the evil god.” “I can endure it, but how long can I do this…!” And as expected, the experienced hunters answered. “Just believe.” They had always built up this kind of history. “Someone will save everyone.” “Ha, but...” “That’s how we’ve lived until now. There’s nothing else we can do anyway.” A middle-aged hunter stabbed the dragon and said, “So hold on.” There was always a hero among them. * * * Yes, it was a fierce battle. “Mr. Kang Eun-seong!!” “Leave it to me and rush in, I’ll be assisting you!!” “Thank you as always!!” Kwajijik-!! Seo Seo-hee swung down her greatsword. “Hoo…!!!” Kwagagagagagagagagagagagag-!!! The slash flew and shattered the evil spirit’s body. 『Hey, friend. Why are you so angry?』 『Come on, tell me. I’m listening.』 『I’ll help you, I’ll embrace you… 』 Clang!! The sound of breaking glass or porcelain echoed. The once quiet universe was filled with all sorts of loud noises again. Seo Seo-hee swatted away the giant hand that was attacking her like an old tree and counterattacked the evil spirit. He called out to the saintess of the Dalnim Church. “Saintess!!” “Just continue.” She also did not stay still. “All curses that touch you, I and my brothers will cut them off.” Aram turned his back to the great moon and received help from his brothers who were shining stars. Many priests gathered their wisdom and stretched out their hands. Then, all the mysteries, visible and invisible, were refined once. The curses that were burning hotly cooled down with the coldness of the moon. Aram did not stop there, but gestured to the stars and composed a musical score. Ting! Ting! Ting, ting-!! The stars made a strong sound and declared their intention. “Brothers that I love.” He waved his hands like butterflies, and a meteor shower fell like a dagger. “Have courage, have determination, and look at the world. I am with you. The wisdom filled with the moon is with us! The day has come when our faith will rewrite history!” One, two, three. And countless stars twinkle. The stars give birth to light. The scattered halos soon formed their own moons, large and small, shining with their

will. Their stars touch the evil spirit, scatter, and explode. “Our wisdom creates mystery!!” They touched the essence of the evil spirit. Divinity is mystery. These stars are humans who imitate mystery. “Read that lofty diagram! If you read it, fall like rain! If you fall and touch, destroy the mystery! I will help you, the mystery of me, the moon, and the universe is helping you!!” All the stars shone brightly in response. Aram laughed along with him. “…See, you’re doing well.” When the saintess gestured, the stars roared. Aram was grateful for all of this. Her mother in reality, the bishop of the Moon Church, was uniting the spirits of the four siblings and coordinating their individual wills to shine. She was truly a great administrator. Yes, failure also becomes knowledge and wisdom. “Eyes, right…! Attack the eyes! Block the view!!” “Saintess, you seem a little too excited!!” “Push the nose of that unlucky evil spirit!!” “Oh my….” Seo Seo-hee laughed awkwardly while moving diligently. It seems that the saintess had accumulated a lot of resentment while she was kidnapped. Should I say that she was glad that she was so full of energy? 'Well, anger is a pretty good tool.' Anger was effective when overcoming fear, and it was also effective when giving her a reason to live. Anger could also be used to mediate conflicts, and sometimes gave her the strength to show abilities beyond her capabilities. 'A weapon and a fortress.' The evil spirit's words were accurate. 'She is indeed worthy of being the divine spirit of anger.' Seo Seo-hee looked the evil spirit straight in the eye. Unlike when she had seen him before, he had shrunk to the size of a human. No, he must have been that size originally. He must have grown larger as curses and hatred piled up. That was such a sad story. "...Saintess!!" "Speak!" "How long do we have to do this?!" "Hold on, you can do it!" Aram answered. "Wait until Mr. Ater finishes persuading!" Whether they would be annihilated or learn something was ultimately up to them. And isn’t this anger the ghosts’? * * * “…….” Ater knew this sight. “…a ruin.” It was a ruin full of life. “Oh, that’s mine…!” “That’s because you ate late!” “It’s really deadly!” Children with unfamiliar faces were playing with food. They grumbled and got

angry, but quickly made up. Then they laughed. They were typical of children growing up healthily. “So I…” “Oh, really? Isn’t that too much of a lie?” “No, I said it’s true?” There were also young men laughing in light and bright voices. They seemed to be chatting happily. They were weaving silk or making accessories with it, as if they were good with their hands. “Now, spread your hands out there….” “Like this?” “I told you not? Like this!” There were also people sharing the magic and martial arts they knew. They gathered together to discuss, or were amazed when someone demonstrated. There were also adults kindly teaching children with weapons. “…….” Ater clenched and unclenched his hands. ‘… Am I invisible to those people?' He couldn't tell exactly where he was. Was this a dream? Or a revolving lantern? Maybe he had just gotten to where he wanted to go. Ater walked through the ruins. The ruins were much more splendid than he remembered. The walls were filled with neat records and beautiful paintings. Ater looked up at the ceiling at the sound of a small noise, thumping, thumping. "...Ah." Twilight. 'Wonderful.' Twilight created by human hands was being created. "Mr. Argio." "Who is calling me?" "My god." "...Hmm, let's see..." The one who had climbed up the ladder chair that was long enough to reach the ceiling looked down at Ater with a grin. His long red hair that reached his waist swayed leisurely like the tail of a beast. The last dragon looked at the last warrior. "I'm not a god." "...Of course." Ater let out a hollow laugh. (To be continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (272)

272

Episode 272

“Let me introduce myself.”

Argio came down from his very high chair and welcomed Ater.

“Now, these are our children. Some were born here, and some were brought here. But most of them were brought here. Most people who come here are afraid of having children.”

“…Oh, I see.”

“Most of those discussing over there are commoners. Oh, I see. Do you see a few people with white faces over there? They were nobles. They have a lot of knowledge and they are sharing it.”

“…….”

“They are… Oh, they are making me some jewelry. You know I like shiny things? Oh, if only all the world’s wealth could stay in my nest.”

He led Ather with his bright red hair fluttering.

“This is the children’s bedroom. Well, there are many who use separate rooms individually. Those who start a family here inevitably need a house that they can use only… Fortunately, this place is really big, so I was able to respect their personal time.”

“No, I, I don’t want to hear that kind of thing.”

“Does our librarian have any plans to get married? Haha! Don’t take it personally, I was just curious. It turns out that relationships in this world aren’t as easy to make as you might think. Isn’t that right? Come here, don’t you think? Come here.”

Argio also introduced us to a huge farm.

“This is where my friends farm. Although it is a harsh place because the sunlight does not reach, the harvest is not bad, so everyone seems to be somewhat satisfied.”

“…It’s certainly not possible to take care of this much farmland with just torches. Still, the crops look to be in excellent condition despite not getting enough sunlight. Have you improved the varieties?”

“You could say that. After all, it’s a crop that grows in the Black Forest. It seems to have been influenced in many ways and has a unique structure. But it’s still pretty tasty, so it’s okay.”

“I never thought you’d be so serious about your food. Mr. Argio, not just you, but everyone you’re responsible for… Breeding must take a lot of effort.”

“It’s thanks to having talented friends.”

Argio laughed.

“The friends who came here are diverse. Some I dragged along, some came willingly, and some were offered to me as sacrifices.”

“Dragged here…?”

“It would be better to live with animals than with pigs, but there are some pitiful people who insist on it. Oh, even if that weren’t the case, I brought in and trimmed the sprouts that were making annoying

noises.”

“…When you say it like that, it sounds a bit scary….”

“What on earth do you think I am? Yeah, you’re right. I’m very violent.”

"aha…."

“Yeah, he was just looking at what I was making with interest.”

Argio smiled with golden eyes.

“Shall I show you?”

“…Yes, I want to see it up close.”

“The ladder chair is narrow, so that would be difficult, so I’ll guide you to a place where you can see it up close.”

He climbed quite a few steps with Ather. Then they came out onto a terrace that looked like a spire. Well, Ather didn't know what to call it, because it jutted out so that he could see the ceiling.

However, as Argio said, the ceiling was visible from quite close.

“…….”

It was a beautiful sight.

“…Magic isn’t included?”

“I’m a little awkward at writing that kind of thing.”

“I hope you will also consider my position when I hear that you are clumsy with magic.”

“Truthfully, when doing this kind of activity, magic is rather… uncomfortable.”

Argio scratched his neck as if something was bothering him.

“For me, magic is all about combat. It’s pretty rough and crude. Not really suited for that kind of activity.”

“So you made it with your own hands?”

“That’s not difficult. I just adjust the size of the torch to determine whether it’s full daylight, dusk, or evening. That’s enough magic to do.”

“You seem to be using it for convenient purposes….”

“I guess I’ll have to tease the smart ones and learn some cute magic. It’s a good thing the place where the torches are used has this high and huge ceiling, otherwise it would have been difficult to control the size of the torches.”

"…still…."

Ather looked at the ceiling as if possessed.

“It’s great.”

It is so magnificent that it is hard to believe it was created by human hands.

It contained nature. No, it was nature itself. Through engraving, he created the time of day and the sky according to it.

Argio could be heard laughing. When Ater saw him, Argio explained.

“I guess the ruins can’t see the sky. There are a lot of people who are depressed, so I thought about how things could get better. That’s why I showed the flow of time like this.”

“…Isn’t the scale too large?”

“I have to accept that my friends are like this too. Many of my friends

are tough and strong, but there are also many who are more fragile than you can imagine. I have to be careful not to ruin them.”

“You say something like that so casually and then you say you’re not God….”

“Where in the world can you find such a god?”

He laughed, lightly patting Ather on the back.

“If you’ve seen everything, come down.”

“…I haven’t seen it all.”

“If you keep looking up at the fake sky, time will pass quickly.”

“…….”

Ather nodded.

“Yes.”

On my way down the stairs, I saw a deer with horns.

“Oh, my dear brother has come. Hey, my friend. Say hello. This is my little brother.”

“…Your little brother is really cute.”

“Right? I think you’ve grown a lot, but I still wish you had gained some more weight. If you’re so skinny, you might get bullied by your friends in the Black Forest.”

“Well, I’m not sure. You seem quite sturdy for a deer….”

“Can’t you see these legs that are nothing but bones?”

“I can see the muscles.”

Of course, it was skinny. But that was the limit of the deer species. The deer he introduced was quite muscular for its species. It looked so solid that it seemed like even your teeth wouldn't fit if you bit into it.

Argios led Ather with the deer.

“I didn’t know such a good friend would come to see me. Wasn’t it hard to get here?”

“It was very difficult.”

"okay?"

“And his neck was cut off.”

“That’s really funny, did you get your throat cut?”

“The remaining body ended up in the hands of the evil spirit.”

“You are a very dedicated person.”

“I’ve never really thought about it that way….”

“Why not?”

The evil spirit laughed.

“You gave your all to seal me.”

“…….”

The torch went out.

The once warm ruins were now filled with cold, heavy air.

I looked around. It was full of broken and crumbling debris. Dust was piling up, bugs were crawling around quietly, and moss was growing everywhere.

The ruined ruins were instantly filled with silence… .

“…That’s right.”

It was a scene from the ruins immediately after the evil spirit was sealed.

“Aren’t you supposed to be in a happy dream?”

“I was just admiring a precious painting I had.”

“You have no regrets about those old memories.”

“I’m not that delicate of a person.”

“I think you’re also called the evil spirit of dreams….”

“Isn’t it fine as long as it’s fun either way?”

Argio, who was stroking the deer next to him, smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Then he started walking again. Ater followed him obediently.

“You too have suffered a lot because of me.”

“It’s true that more than half of the hardships in my life are because of you.”

“It is because you only say the right things that the saintess is so angry.”

“Rather than that, it seems like I’m more angry at you….”

“How can you expect me to resist such a sweet reaction?”

“It is indeed the devil.”

“Then, who am I?”

Argio laughed and went down the stairs. The sound of deer hooves clacking echoed through the ruins. It was a pleasant noise, like stones settling into place. A light rhythm.

Argio rubbed his chin.

“Hmm, okay. I see….”

“…….”

“Why did you come all the way here?”

The evil spirit was puzzled.

“Were my arms that uncomfortable?”

“…it was comfortable.”

With his head cut off, he was drowned in rage and hatred. Ather screamed and struggled inside, going mad. He also looked at the world falling apart through the cursed eyes of countless dragons.

It was more comfortable than I could have imagined. The feeling of being whole. The feeling of being fulfilled. The feeling of falling into the endless abyss without having to struggle in pain or exhaustion. Honestly, it wasn't bad. It was quite pleasant.

“But I will remain human.”

I wanted to do that.

“It was because there were too many things I didn’t want to give up.”

“Well, that’s true. As expected, these guys who are called warriors are really stubborn….”

“If I didn’t have that much stubbornness, how could I have tried to seal you by sacrificing my body? You wouldn’t be able to do something like

that without going crazy. But I wanted to do it.”

“You weren’t kicked out because you were disliked by the higher-ups?”

“That may have been the case. My personality didn’t suit the royal family. But in the end, I made my choice. I could have held out longer… but I just did.”

“Then all three of us were crazy.”

The evil spirit smiled like a satisfied, full beast.

“Then let me ask you again.”

Argios reached the underground tomb and saw Ather. The deer also looked at the warrior with straight eyes.

『…Why did you come to me?』

He was wrapped in bandages.

A rough voice that had been completely worn out. It still had the power to charm people, but it was hard to call it a beautiful voice. It was covered in bandages from head to toe. No, it looked like a bandage, but it was just torn cloth.

It was covered in blood and sap. Argio's body was bent over as if it was difficult to even stand, and his arms and legs were as thin as old trees. His golden eyes were not even visible.

“……”

Ather's face immediately distorted as he saw that his neck was torn and ripped as if it had been bitten.

“…Argio.”

"okay."

“It’s you….”

The last dragon killed in the burned forest.

“…I, you….”

The evil spirit watched him in silence. Was it indifference or permission?

Ater reached out his trembling hand towards Argio's. He hesitated as he had done countless times, but he finally grabbed it.

It was a thin hand that looked like it would soon crumble into ash. He held it with reverence like a son serving God, and with earnestness like a refugee seeking salvation.

“…….”

My breath was trembling.

“…I wanted to meet you.”

He cried.

“I wanted to apologize.”

The words burst out.

“As the last remaining old-time human, I wanted to pray for those who betrayed and turned away from all the dragons. I, I, dared to be called a warrior… but before that, I was a human… I was a person who understood and despised all the tragedies… I wanted to apologize.”

It was his honest feelings that he had to hide and ignore due to responsibility and fate. It was guilt. He poured out his feelings, even if only in this absurd dream of an evil spirit. He did so because he was human.

“I’m sorry. I’m really sorry. We were wrong.”

『…You say that?』

“This is what I am saying. This is an apology from me. This is an apology on behalf of humanity. We have suffered countless losses and tragedies from you… but that doesn’t mean anything is over.”

"What do you want to end?"

“Actually, we don’t have to finish anything. But there are things we have to do. There are things we have to do, things that are rightfully ours….”

Ather, who had been crying with her forehead against her withered hand, raised her head and looked at the bandaged face.

"…sorry."

『…….』

“I’m sorry, really.”

"ah…."

A faint smile appeared between the gaps in the bandage.

“…I wanted to hear that.”

The last dragon slowly embraced Ather.

It was a weak force that could have been easily shaken off, but Ather accepted the embrace obediently. A lukewarm warmth spread along with the scent of ash left behind by the forest's burning.

He asked.

“Would you like me to tell you the name I first received from God?”

“…Of course.”

“Saitan.”

“…….”

“I had a good dream.”

He patted and stroked Ather's back leisurely, like an old parent in his twilight years.

“Thanks, my friend.”

Argio whispered.

“…I forgive you.”

“…I, too, forgive you.”

“Thank you.”

He broke the embrace, took Ather's hand, and lightly touched his lips to her fingertips.

“And you did well.”

He laughed softly, then soon crumbled into sand.

“…….”

"thank you."

"…ah…."

Ather clenched his fist.

The deer, having expressed its gratitude, sat down on a small sand dune as if making a nest. Then it closed its eyes.

The deer, who seemed to have fallen asleep and was less restless, soon melted away. He soon became a bouquet of small flowers.

All that remained was the deer's skull.

“…….”

Ather sat down and carefully swept the fine sand and the cluster of flowers blooming on it. After staring blankly at it for a while, Ather reached out his hand.

There was something among the sand and the flowers. It was a silver necklace with a scarlet gem.

“…I will understand that it is a gift.”

Ather stood up and immediately left the underground tomb. His hands were heavy and his breathing was light.

He closed the tomb door and climbed the stairs. He climbed and climbed. He saw the ruins, dimly lit by torches. It was a slightly older sight, a scene from when Ather had been transformed into a human being again.

"…ha…."

Ather went further.

After walking for a while, I came across a place where children were playing around childishly. After passing that, I came across a place where young men were making jewelry. After passing that, I came across a place where runaways were sharing their wisdom.

As soon as that passed, the ceiling in the distance became visible.

“…Is it the night sky?”

The night sky, where the stars and moon twinkle even when the lights

are off.

“That’s great, Seyton.”

How many people have been comforted by the sky created by human hands?

He was a god even when he was human. He was a human even when he was god. He was a saint who knew how to forgive even though he was angry countless times.

And finally, Ater stood in front of the entrance to the ruins.

“…….”

Okay… .

He wore a necklace.

“…We have to move forward.”

I took a step.

* * *

Bassuk—.

Ather's head was shattered.

"…ah…."

Aram clenched his hand tightly when he saw that.

‘…you did your part.’

Aram stared straight at the evil spirit.

The head of the evil spirit, whose second hand became empty, tilts.

He looked down at his empty hands, his lips slightly parted, and he

twitched. It was a faint movement, as if he were calling out to his dear family.

The hand soon began to shake, tremble, and then with a scream it tore off half of my head.

『… Ah, ah, aaa ...

The overflowing golden water looked just like the tears of an evil spirit crying in pain.

『Why, why, why, why on earth!!! Why did you leave me!!!』

"Forgive me? Forgive me? Forgive me?"

『Please, give me anger…! Pain!! Insults—!!!』

The red wings trembled strangely. It radiated the pain and confusion of the evil spirit. It was a sight far removed from life and warmth, like the nerves of a dead bird fluttering in life.

『My brothers…!!!』

The rotten and decayed dragons screamed in response to this discord. The great roar drew the dragons together one by one. Aram's broken, damaged, and imperfect universe began to fill up with dragons once again.

“Your Majesty, may I ask you to explain?”

“…I think you probably know the gist of it….”

Aram answered, wiping away tears.

“This is your first and last chance.”

“I see.”

“I’ll do it this time.”

“Are you okay?”

“Our brothers and sisters should have something to say too.”

She frowned with reddened eyes and held the broken moon in her arms.

The moon in Aram's arms soon regained its original form. Aram held it in his hand and looked at the dragons gathered in one place, and gathering. Their anger was mixed with confusion.

'Fallen Dragons.'

Poor messenger of God.

She whispered softly as if she was talking to a friend.

“…we can talk.”

Aram raised the moon again, and the silver moon shone brightly.

“There are a lot of similarities.”

The faint warmth of the moon spread throughout the world.

The young dragons were soon captivated by its warmth.

“…Right?”

Aram smiled wryly.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (273)

273

Episode 273

Do you know how much anger is buried in that forest?

* * *

One day.

The child was struggling with an empty stomach.

'There's nothing to eat here.'

Look here, look there, there's nothing but weeds. They're so dark that no matter how you look at them, they don't look edible. The smell is strange, too. In addition, the color of the soil where they took root is murky.

The smart child tried his best to endure the hunger. If he ate something like this because he was hungry, he would get sick right away. He didn't want to do that, since there was no medicine and no one to take care of him.

But that too has its limits.

"…eww…."

Just a sip of water.

'Wouldn't it be okay if I just drink it once?'

I drink it little by little so that I don't get sick. It tastes really horrible, but I feel like I'll die right away if I don't drink this stagnant black water. I don't like that kind of thing.

The child walked breathlessly until he reached a small puddle. He reached out, shivering. Sizzle—a sound that would not have been heard in normal water came from his fingers where they touched. But there was no pain.

'It'll be okay.'

What could be scarier than dying right now?

‘You just have to tie your neck, that’s all you have to do…!’

Gulp.

“…! Ugh, ugh…!!”

My throat was sore as if it was burning.

Tears welled up in his eyes. The child cried out in pain, not even knowing that the monsters could hear him. He cried until he realized that the monsters were watching him, and ran away. He held his neck and ran for a long time.

But it didn't work. For some reason, the sensation in his body gradually became dull. His vision turned red, black, and blue. He couldn't breathe properly as if his ribs were being squeezed. The child saw himself only after he fell.

“…….”

It looked like it was rotting alive.

“…Ugh, euah… Aaaah….”

Is this my hand? Is this my arm? Why are my legs like this? Why are my feet like this? I'm not ice, so why am I melting? It hurts, it hurts so much. It hurts. It hurts, it hurts, it hurts…!

“Oh, Mother… Mother! Whoaaaah…! Oh, I hurt so much…! Please save me! Father, Brother! Where is everyone! Dahlia, I hurt! I’m scared! Help me…!!”

The voice gradually became more and more bizarre. I hated it so much that I scratched my neck, and it felt strange. When I looked at my hand again, there was a disgusting piece of flesh stuck between my fingers, squished like cheese.

'That's ridiculous.'

This must be a nightmare. This must all be a dream. Human skin can't be this fragile. I've scratched a lot when it's itchy, but this has never happened before. Yes, of course. I'll wake up from this nightmare soon.

'Then Dahlia will come wake me up?'

I would get up from my soft bed and go see my mom and dad. I would hold onto my brother and cry. I had such a scary dream. So I would cry for him to comfort me.

'Yeah, yeah, so…!'

Before I knew it, my vision had darkened.

'I'll wake up soon.'

But that wasn't the case.

“…….”

The child lay on the rotten ground for a long time.

I couldn't move my legs. I couldn't raise my head. I couldn't scream. Even wiggling my fingers was difficult. I couldn't see anything, I couldn't hear anything.

All I could feel was my body slowly being torn apart or melted away.

“…….”

I think a monster is eating me.

‘… It was right that my mother abandoned me.’

His father, his older brother, and everyone in his family abandoned him.

I had known this since I came here, but I had tried to deny it. There was no way my family would come to this place where monsters were running rampant. The child was to slowly rot away here and be eaten by monsters.

'Death wasn't the scariest thing.'

I don't know how much time has passed. The monsters ate him one by one and left. Was it because his body was melting? Please, someone kill me. May God take my breath away.

The child's fear of being trapped in an eternity of emptiness soon turned to anger.

* * *

One day.

The child was so lonely.

“…What time is it now….”

I looked up at the sky in despair, but I couldn't tell what time it was.

Black sky. Black trees. Black monsters. Black flowers. Black weeds. Black earth. Black puddles. Everything was black.

‘If this continues, I might end up turning black too.’

The child crouched as much as possible and held his breath. He had learned how to avoid the monster's attention. He just had to pretend to be dead. But he was so lonely. He had no one to talk to, and no one to look after him.

'Have I done something so terrible that I deserve to be punished in a place like this?'

The child covered his small body with his wings covered with rich feathers as much as possible. His family screamed when they saw this. They should have hidden it as much as possible, and not bragged about having something cool.

'I was stupid.'

No one liked the only thing he had never wanted. His family was the same. He was left with regret. If he had kept it a secret, he could have been with his family. Now it seems like a dream.

"eww…."

It was cold, hot, dry, and humid. This forest, where the weather had gone mad, was not inhabited by any normal creatures. Soon, he himself would become one. Thinking about it made him feel depressed and like he was going to go crazy.

'I don't want to be alone.'

But the monster was scary.

'I want to get some sunlight. I want to see clouds and the starry sky.'

No, actually, anything was fine as long as it wasn't black.

'I'd like to talk to my friends in the village. If not, at least my family. I'd also like to talk to old people who are wandering the streets because they're bored.'

Well, actually, just anyone would be fine.

‘There’s nothing here… .’

It wasn't just the absence of color and people. It was also the absence of time and ease. Here, the child was rotting alive, like milk forgotten in a warehouse. Or like a broken object.

“…….”

The scared child hid for a very long time. He died in a very quiet place, avoiding the monster, without eating or drinking anything. And he missed a lot for a very long time.

The longing for the child whose existence had been erased soon turned into anger.

* * *

One day.

The child wanted to live somehow.

“ Everyone die!!”

“What are you doing, put it in quickly!”

“Do you think you can get away with this?! Cowards, hypocrites! When you serve me, how dare you treat me like trash?!”

“We have to throw that thing away in the Black Forest so we can survive…!”

“A curse will fall on you all, all of you!!”

He struggled to keep himself from entering the Black Forest. But it was no use. The adults were much bigger and stronger than the child. The door to the sturdy, massive wall surrounding the Black Forest was blocked. The child was abandoned.

“May God punish you, you evil spirits!!”

The child grumbled and insulted those who had abandoned him. But those on the other side of the wall did not even respond. Now, the only place the child could go was inside the forest. The child ground his teeth.

“…I will never die like this….”

I was scared. I shivered from the sense of betrayal, and my eyes were dizzy from the sense of hopelessness. But I didn’t want to die simply. I wanted to live. In order to do that, I had to become strong. I had to have courage.

The child desperately grew in strength. He learned skills and gained wisdom. Sometimes he ran away as a swift fox, and sometimes he flew in the sky as a bird to avoid monsters. It was a rare ability that made him abandoned by humans.

In this way, the child also found out small truths.

“Yes, you piece of trash! I am the Son of God who was sent down to save you!!”

It was a terrible truth that made me even angrier.

“If God had a conscience, he would punish the world…!”

So I decided to try becoming an adult in the Black Forest. The child was really diligent. I barely managed to survive in a world where everything wanted my death. Living meant becoming stronger. Those

were rewarding days.

But in the end, the child died.

“…Ugh, ugh….”

There was no particular reason.

“…Ugh, ugh… Uweeeek….”

I was bitten by a poisonous mushroom spore while I was sleeping.

I woke up in a hurry, but it was already too late. The child was so wronged that he cried bloody tears. How could I have endured this far and died so meaninglessly? I hated it, I hated it so much that my insides twisted.

But death was slowly approaching.

“Ugh… euaaaah, uhaaaah…!!”

The child cried bitterly in extreme sadness.

He worked so hard. He really tried so hard, but no one recognized him. He would just be abandoned and forgotten by history, becoming nothing more than a speck of dust. It was an unbelievably miserable thing.

The child prayed to God.

“Please save me. My noble father…! Please, me…!!”

And during the prayer the child died.

The desperation of the once faithful child, as always, turned to anger.

* * *

“…….”

Good kid. Bad kid.

“…….”

Some children loved their families, and some did not. Sometimes they were boys, sometimes they were girls. Some were hungry, some were lonely, some were angry…

Some were eaten by the monster without even being able to scream once. Some were trampled to death by the monster while moving their feet in silence. Some felt a terrible sense of betrayal, and some felt only deep despair.

“…….”

Some children gave up on life, and some did not.

"…ah…."

But the results were all the same.

They died hating humanity and being angry at the world.

“It must have been scary.”

“…Yeah, that must have hurt a lot.”

“You look very young.”

“If we’re young, aren’t we young too…?”

“But that was our choice.”

“That too.”

The figures, shining like pure white moons, each added a word. There were not many of them. They were young or young silhouettes, gently sweeping away the memories of the bright red dragons.

They were in a huge library made of silver and marble.

“I hope my juniors don’t end up like this.”

“Honestly, me too….”

“…I didn’t mean for it to look like this.”

They, once the saints of the Dalnim Church, gathered the memories of the little dragons. They understood, remembered, analyzed them in their own way, and then carved them onto white, strong paper.

“So let’s remember.”

This wasn't sympathy.

“We can help each other.”

“The younger generations will learn a lot from the anger, sadness and pain of those children.”

“We who are inside here will also be extremely careful and walk more cautiously.”

“So, you must record it without making a single mistake, not a single letter, not a single second.”

“That’s courtesy towards the little dragons who taught us.”

“And thank you.”

One by one, pure white books were made. They were the precious records of their study, made by binding them with moon halos. The saints of the Dalnim Church memorized them by putting them in the Dalnim bookshelf. The huge bookshelf was soon filled to the brim.

The little moons spoke together.

“We will remember you.”

“You remember us too.”

“Let’s talk about what’s the right way.”

“You can do that as much as you want….”

One of the moons was hugging a pure white book.

“…Look at this, it’s warm.”

“Oh, it’s true.”

“Is it because it’s a dragon?”

Someone laughed.

“With so many dragons, the moon will soon get warmer, right?”

Their library was very cold and lonely. But it was full of all the knowledge and wisdom they loved. The moon saints loved their teacher, the moon. It was a pitiful and lovely being.

“Well, of course. Our junior is hugging the moon.”

“I wish you would hug me a little tighter.”

“I’m sure you’ll do that someday.”

“Because he seemed like a junior who was much smarter and kinder than us.”

“Let us trust Aram.”

The small white figures leaned against the dragons' bookshelf and sat down. The bookshelf was warm enough to make them feel hot when they were close to it, and it vibrated so faintly that it was difficult to detect.

“…It’s just like a living animal.”

“Oh, so that’s what it felt like?”

“I forgot everything so I can’t remember it well….”

“But yeah, I guess this is what it felt like to hug an animal like a cat.”

“Let’s each hold these kids.”

“That’s a good idea.”

The adults huddled around the book, laughing quietly.

“Ah, it’s warm….”

"I know."

They stroked the book.

"thank you."

Thanks for helping me.

* * *

The emotions that come after anger are very diverse.

So not all endings can be happy, but those who belong to nature and destiny instinctively know how to embrace that ending. Even the smallest and most foolish creatures in the universe.

The little dragons finally closed their eyes quietly.

“…….”

Among the dragons that had turned to clay, Aram simply remained silent.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (274)

274

Episode 274

The whole world became quiet.

The strange and beautiful fragments of the universe disappeared from the sky. All that remained in the 'Dream Park' were parts of a castle floating in the air and the ruined decorations of the park.

The curses that were eating away at my body and mind were nowhere to be found, and the air was clear… .

“…….”

The hunters were momentarily lost in the dreamy sight.

"…end…."

Someone opened their mouth.

“…Is it over…?”

“…I think so?”

“Fuck, I survived.”

Thud !

The middle-aged hunter sat down.

“I guess I’ll never fight an evil spirit again…!!”

“Honestly, this time it wasn’t us who fought the evil spirits, Captain.”

“Did you really have to say that now?”

“We basically just dealt with the dregs that came from the evil gods….”

“Wow, that kid can’t even read the mood.”

Thanks to the grumbling hunters, the atmosphere gradually eased up.

Hunters who seemed exhausted sat down on the ground one by one. They exhaled deeply. The air was refreshing and light, unlike before, and it was truly welcome. It felt like breathing was sweet.

“Ah, shit… I’m hungry….”

“…When I came to my senses, that’s what happened….”

“I really lived? Wow, I’m crazy.”

After a little more time had passed.

“…Oh, but wait a minute.”

Someone raised a question.

“Then why haven’t we received the attack message yet?”

“Please don’t do this.”

It was a very valid question.

* * *

Aram saw the dungeon transformed into a dreamlike sight. There was only the land barely floating in the air like an island, otherwise it was impossible to tell which was up or down.

Plus, there are bone graves of little dragons lying all over the place… .

“…….”

But it looked peaceful.

All the curses and poisons that had created a dangerous atmosphere were gone, and all that remained was peace. A peace that was like a dream.

“The fact that we defeated the evil spirit remains unchanged.”

Aram opened his mouth.

“…Most of what originally formed the evil spirit was anger, and that was the anger of the young dragons who had been sacrificed in the Black Forest. Thanks to the efforts of my seniors within the moon, I was able to release that anger.”

“Are you saying that all those dragons have let go of their anger and forgiven the humans?”

“No, the end of anger isn’t always forgiveness. It could be resignation, it could be liberation, it could be loss. But maybe… yes, it could be forgiveness.”

A lukewarm warmth was felt on the moon where the story of the little dragons was recorded.

“But that’s not what’s important right now. Well, it is, but everyone is probably wondering why the strategy message hasn’t appeared yet.”

“Yes, for some reason….”

Kang Eun-seong, the vice-guild leader of Justitia, who had been staring into space, continued speaking.

“…The system used to send a notification at this point, but it doesn’t now. I’ve even defeated the evil spirit, so isn’t it a bit strange that there’s no response like this?”

Then he said, “Ah.”

“Of course we didn’t destroy the evil spirits, right?”

“That is exactly what the evil spirit wanted, yes, but he did not destroy it.”

Aram, who held the moon in his arms, had great authority. This was because he had received permission from the seniors within the moon to use its divinity. And divinity can be killed by divinity. That was what the evil spirit wanted.

But that's why Aram started the uproar so that it wouldn't happen.

“The little dragons did not disappear from their own providence, but rather, they simply released their anger and returned to nature. The death of a divinity is nothing but annihilation… If that had happened, there would not have been any bones left behind like there are now.”

Aram saw the bones of dragons sleeping quietly on a small piece of land floating in the air. They were pure white and shone like marble in the dungeon sunlight. They were like the color of polished ivory, just like jewels.

And on the ground nearby, delicate flowers and grasses bloomed. Life is a matter of providence. It was a sight that meant that those who had fallen from wrath had returned to the providence of order. It was also beautiful.

“If I had continued the violent fight using the divinity of the moon, this result would not have been possible. However, I did not want to commit a tragedy like the one in this world, so….”

“You gave the people the strength to endure, used the animals here to gain the upper hand, and then made the warrior Ater a part of the evil spirit to guide the dragon back to order.”

“It was a risky plan that required the help and trust of many people. But in the end, it produced such good results. I think you also need the courage to try and see what happens.”

“Oh, yes….”

The guild leader looked at Aram with a subtle expression.

“But in the end, didn’t you defeat the final boss of this dungeon? It’s strange that you still haven’t finished conquering the dungeon. Usually, this happens when there’s more work to be done.”

“I think so too, and I can guess some of it. This was the dungeon of the evil god.”

“Well, yeah….”

Kang Eun-seong nodded as if he knew what was going on.

“There are times when the dungeons created by the Divine are not well-suited to the Earth’s systems. This is probably because they are great mysteries possessing separate providences, and the mysteries of order surrounding the Earth cannot handle them….”

“I had the same thought as Vice-Guild Leader Kang Eun-seong. In that case, even if the strategy is practically complete, the system notification may not arrive, or the notification may arrive a little late.”

“What do you think, Your Majesty? Either there are still conditions for the strategy that have not been solved, or the strategy has actually been completed but a system error has occurred. It seems to be one of the two.”

“I think it’s both….”

Aram stopped talking and stroked Dalnim. As the noble sphere shone faintly with light, Aram blinked once as if he was having a conversation. Then he opened his mouth again.

“…You’ll understand as we go further, will you follow along?”

“I will listen. What should I do?”

“Then first, let’s go to the ruins of the Black Forest in the Underworld and find the tomb of the evil god underneath….”

“Ah, wait a minute.”

The guild leader, adjusting his glasses, asked.

“…Didn’t we just fight the final boss?”

“Isn’t that so?”

“Is there going to be another battle?”

“I don’t think so, trust me, I’m a saint.”

“I will believe it as a prophecy from an adult.”

Seo Seo-hee, who had been listening to their conversation, approached them.

“Then I will never take up arms again, Your Majesty?”

“All the rage that has been corrupted has returned to the seat of Providence, so there will be no need for violent means any longer. The dragons here have already unleashed all their rage.”

“Then I guess we need to talk.”

"you're right."

Aram said, hugging the moon that had become much warmer.

“…If you don’t go, you might end up regretting it.”

They headed to the ruins of the Black Forest.

* * *

“W, Your Majesty….”

“I’m glad that you all were doing your own thing while I was away.”

“…Because it’s one of the things our priests of Dalnim Church do best.”

The priests of the Dalnim Church who were staying at the ruins happily welcomed Saint Aram.

“That is, perhaps….”

“It’s the moon.”

Aram showed Dalnim, whom he held in his arms like a baby.

“…….”

The elder of the Dalnim Church smiled awkwardly as if he was about to cry.

“…You don’t call me Master anymore.”

“The moon was merely a storehouse of knowledge and wisdom.”

“Yes, of course. But it’s warm now.”

“Because Dalnim wasn’t alone all this time.”

“…Is that so….”

The elder slowly bowed his head.

“…I see you, Master.”

“I see you, Master.”

Following the elder, all the priests of the Dalnim Church bowed their heads.

“Please take us in.”

It was towards their saint Aram.

“Would you please do that?”

“Of course, I hugged Dalnim for that.”

Aram smiled brightly.

“But it seems like there’s still work to be done.”

“Yes, the Earth’s system did not notify us that the conquest was complete. Did you come to this ruin to finish it?”

“Yes, only a few people want to join.”

“Our Dalnim Church will follow in the footsteps of our Master.”

“…Please only join us if you have some energy left, and the rest can rest.”

Seo Seo-hee called her friend, the leader of the guild, leaving Dalnim-gyo behind, who started a game of rock-paper-scissors full of trickery.

“Mr. Kang Eun-seong.”

"yes."

“It seems the saint has something to show you.”

“It does look like it’s gathering an audience.”

The two, both experienced and seasoned hunters, were gradually beginning to figure out something.

Some hunters who were still in the mood for something to happen got up from their seats. As the crowd grew larger, Aram nodded. This meant that there was no need to go any further.

“Then let’s move.”

When Aram raised the moon, it flew leisurely into the underground tomb.

“I'll follow you.”

“Oh, that’s really….”

“There won’t be any danger.”

The path to the underground tomb was smooth. All the curses and even magic that had long enveloped the relics had been lifted. Seo Seo-hee looked up at the ceiling of the relics.

And then I was amazed.

“It’s the night sky.”

The ruins where not even a torch burned were a night sky densely filled with stars. It was not as enchanting a sight as the universe that the saintess of Dalnim Church had shown me, but there was a tranquility that calmed a corner of my heart.

So they soon reached the underground tomb. The priests of the Dalnim Church looked a little surprised.

“It wasn’t such a peaceful sight just a moment ago….”

"…no…."

“The blood has also disappeared.”

The blood inside the tomb, which had formed a shallow lake, had now disappeared.

They were the priests of the Dalnim Church who had investigated the relics on behalf of the saint. They remembered how horrible this tomb had looked. It was a place filled with curses and irrationality. It was completely different from now.

But now, there was a calm and peaceful atmosphere here, something different from the silence. Those who first came here were surprised by the fact that this place, which was the tomb of an evil spirit, had such a stable atmosphere.

"…quiet."

“Yes, that’s right.”

The stone floor, stone walls, and stone ceiling were slightly worn and covered with moss. Between them, a torch flickered dimly, illuminating the tomb. Inside the huge coffin, which seemed gloomy, there were strange children sleeping one by one, on soft flower beds.

Dalnimgyo easily recognized them.

“They are young dragons.”

“…Fortunately, you have a calm face….”

“What a relief.”

They didn't look that old. Unless they stopped growing at a certain age like the adults in Dalnim Church, they would probably be the same age they looked. It seemed like more than half of them weren't even in their

mid-teens.

And at the end of it all there was a man.

“…….”

“…….”

A very skinny man, wrapped in bandages so tightly that not a bit of skin was visible. He sat on the cold stone floor, his body as thin as a tree, and was caressing the carcass of a deer with its throat torn off.

He soon opened his mouth.

"…okay."

The man asked the visitors in a hoarse voice, clearly exhausted.

“Have you come to see me?”

“Yes, I came to see you.”

Aram continued, having seen the moon floating between the man and herself. She had to tell the story of this man in front of people.

Aram recited the man's story with tacit permission.

“You, the last dragon, knew how to forgive from the beginning.”

That's why I tried to forgive.

“And yet you were angry. You were consumed by the anger of the young dragons who had died before you, and you respected that anger. Above all, in that great anger, your forgiveness alone… would have made no difference to the mystery of the disaster.”

But things have changed.

“Well, for some reason, the seal that held the evil spirit of wrath tightly

in place developed a crack.”

The next step was a sequence that Earthlings were familiar with.

“From there, the evil spirit of wrath began to influence the Earth. It had mermaids, humanoid monsters, and an evil spirit named Sankalut under its control. Fortunately, thanks to the help of the Black Cloak, all these disasters were quickly suppressed… but you alone would have remained.”

So the evil spirit came out in person.

“The evil god tried to reach out to the Earth. The black-cloaked disciple, Sergio Hunter, noticed this and embraced the evil god. In the midst of this, a variable arose as one saint was organizing and refining the evil god’s corrupted wrath.”

Ather, he was the culprit.

“A ghost brought about the disaster. One of the warriors who once sealed the evil god, named Ater. He had suffered for eternity due to the greed of the humans of this world. The warrior called upon the evil god’s name to end his suffering.”

The evil spirit called Jinmyeong gained power over the world.

“Because of that, Sergio Hunter was hit and went into hiding. His exact condition is known only to the Master of the Collector’s Guild, but at least… it’s not in good condition. And so the evil spirit of wrath began to use dreams to fully devour the Earth.”

What happened after that wasn't really a secret.

“A saint of a certain religion is kidnapped, she meets an ancient warrior and prepares to fight against an evil spirit, and countless people from Earth come to help them….”

Aram extended his hand.

“…….”

The moon gently took its place on her hand. It seemed as if the place where it should be was on the hand of a saint, not an evil spirit.

“…But in the end, all of this is just an illusion.”

“Why do you think so?”

“You just wanted the memorial service that those angry kids never had.”

"and?"

“You must have been hoping for your own end, too.”

Aram held Dalnim in his arms like a child.

“It was thanks to your help that I was able to dare to embrace Dalnim in a human body….”

It was the evil god Argio who made the moon so small and docile. If it had not been his will, how could he have snatched the moon from the bishop's bosom and treated it so well?

“You would have wanted me to kill your divinity with this power.”

“It was not the most miserable, cruel, or dirty ending.”

“But now all that anger has subsided and only you remain.”

“Yeah, that’s right….”

A rough voice laughed.

“I get angry when I want to.”

“And?”

“And forgive when you want.”

It was the dragon's last laugh.

“Anger is a weapon and a fortress to me. There is no way I can’t handle it.”

My young ancestors were angry, so I was angry with them. And when all this anger was over, my brothers fell asleep. The soft, gentle breathing gently enveloped this quiet underground cavity.

The men filled their coffins with flowers. They were filled with colorful, fragrant flowers, and they made soft beds.

“So the time has come for my anger to end.”

“You forgave humans a long time ago.”

“Anger is valuable when it can be forgiven.”

“You are truly the god of wrath.”

Aram lowered his head with his eyes closed.

“…It’s not like there’s an evil spirit.”

Anger was the noble master of emotions.

“I have come to tell you, mystic of wrath, that I wish to bid you farewell.”

“Yeah, I see. You’ve been asleep for a long time, haven’t you? Yeah, right, so… hmm.”

Even though his voice was very hoarse, a pleasant rhythm flowed out.

“Dreams are really good, aren’t they, my friends? No matter how hard

or painful things you go through, when you wake up, your memories will fade and your thoughts will become deeper….”

“…It’s almost like anger.”

“That’s too much praise. You don’t have to define it as one. Joy, anger, sadness, pleasure, love, hate, and desire are all like a dream. You should enjoy life to the fullest.”

“And I will learn.”

“That’s why your value as a human being shines. How wonderful.”

The Hunters were quietly stirred by the conversation between the two. It was because they had read all of the evil god's thoughts and beliefs. It was completely different from what the evil god was commonly known as.

The man, free from the small commotion, smiled slowly.

"…good."

As the man waved his hand, the deer's corpse immediately turned to dirt and lay on the ground. What remained after sinking was the deer's skull. The man held it in both hands, shining like a pure jewel.

And then another hand lowered the sheep's skull, which had been on top of its head for some time.

“Yeah, I like it.”

Instead, a deer skull rises above its head.

“It’s a very peaceful day….”

The first hand holds the deer's head above the head. The second hand gently supports the sheep's head above it. The palm of the third hand faces the ceiling so that it can be seen up in the sky.

The deer's antlers grew green leaves like the branches of a budding tree.

『… Anger is a weapon, and it is valuable because there is forgiveness beneath the castle walls. I will always keep my eyes upward, so show me the sky you humans will make.』

“…….”

"On that day I will affirm you."

The middle-aged hunter held his breath.

“…How could the evil spirit….”

It was the face of someone who had witnessed an impossible miracle.

“…Captain. What is going on now?”

“…the evil spirit has returned to providence.”

The blue horns of a deer symbolizing life, the head of a sheep that can be lifted at any time but is now held in one's arms, and the golden eyes of a third hand that look up instead of down.

All of this was signaling that the fallen mystery had stabilized.

"I hope it was a painful dream."

The lips of the half-headed, bandaged head drew a large curve.

The Divine Fury, having completed the trials, returns to the natural order.

Dungeon: Completed the walkthrough for 'Dream Park¿'

Please check your receipt of compensation

"yes?"

Receipt of compensation

A gift for you who survived until the end, “Call our friend, the little dragon!”

They will grant just one simple wish for their friend and benefactor.

* * *

The conquest was completed, and all those who had not returned from the 'Dream Park' returned to reality.

“Wow, crazy.”

This included people who died in the dungeon.

“You said it was a dream, but it really was a dream….”

“No, so you’re saying I really died?”

“I said I didn’t remember.”

“Not that much, but my memories from right before I died are a bit blurry….”

“It’s okay, I haven’t completely forgotten.”

The hunters who returned safely breathed a sigh of relief.

“…It was really hard.”

Humans achieved peace.

maybe?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (275)

275

Episode 275

Despite the sudden appearance of an evil spirit, the world was peaceful.

“Uh… I’m glad everything ended well, right?”

“I guess so, I guess…?”

This was because there was very little for ordinary citizens to see and experience.

The only serious thing they knew was that 'there were many people who were addicted to dreams'. And no one died from it. If there were any injuries, it would be cases of taking too many sleeping pills.

People in the world didn't see that level of 'damage'.

“Didn’t you say that the evil spirit was the final boss of this dungeon break?”

“I heard that too, but wasn’t it just a strong monster pretending to be an evil spirit…?”

“If not, how could there be no damage like this?”

“You said no one died in the dungeon.”

“Hey, that’s not a lie. How can you run a dungeon and not have people die?”

“Actually, I don’t know because I just heard it from someone I know….”

Hunters had a greater sense of alertness than the citizens.

“Everyone must be so carefree until they are devoured from head to toe by the evil spirits. Don’t you think so?”

“The guild leader is right.”

“…But is that really the dungeon of the evil god?”

But even most of them, who had not directly participated in the battle, found it difficult to believe.

“It definitely seems like a dangerous dungeon since there are two symbols of eternity, but even so, how can there be this much damage while fighting an evil spirit?”

The only thing that made me believe that the danger of the dungeon was not a fabricated lie was the value of the names of the 'Symbols of Eternity'. They did not go out anywhere. It was because they knew the weight of their names.

But why is the evil spirit's notoriety so high? Any hunter of any age knew the danger of the evil spirit. If humans were unlucky, they could be wiped out with a single glance, not even a breath.

“Compared to the past, it didn’t really feel that way… right? No, I don’t think that many people are conspiring to do this now….”

“I’ve heard that there are definitely conspiracy theories coming out in some quarters.”

“What? You really don’t know how scary the association president is, and you keep saying things like that.”

“Doesn’t that mean that it’s an exceptional situation? It’s almost impossible for something to end peacefully like this when it’s intertwined with a divinity. Even traditional divinities cause minor disasters….”

“Yes, it was none other than the work of the evil spirits. You know that? The disgust they have for humans, the little creatures of Providence….”

“How could I not know?”

"…hmm…."

So most people had no choice but to realize the direction in which they were flowing. There had only been one instance in which the damage caused by a being called an evil spirit was this small.

“…Is it like death?”

“You mean the god of death? That’s what I think too.”

“Actually, anger isn’t always a bad thing.”

The direction of the mystery was perceived as negative from a human's perspective, so it was called 'the evil spirit'. This situation could have been created if it was not a simple traitor. Very rarely, such cases occurred.

Evil that simply exists without hatred or corruption.

“But according to the information you shared this time, wasn’t it a fallen dragon?”

“It seems like there are more details that are not yet known.”

“Hey, that’s why the president is scary. He doesn’t tell you anything.”

“If you don’t mind, would you like to ask the association for their

cooperation? I will make a polite request."

"No, no. There's a chance that sparks will fly this way."

People with such good brains came to their own conclusions.

"I guess this was some trick from the evil god."

"They say we almost all died, but I wonder if you still call it a trial…."

"Does that change the essence? It's closer to just being nice than a trial, and at least he's a good-natured evil spirit. I heard that the gods of various religions also added a word…."

"…I don't know about the God of Death, but I didn't know that the divinity of the Sun Church would be involved in the pranks of the evil god."

"That's the scary thing about evil spirits, they make even traditional gods who love providence lie. Well, the fact that the evil spirits committed atrocities that were actually condemnable probably played a part."

"Well, to that extent, I guess it's hard to call it a lie… Hmm, I thought they were being passive, even though they only said a few words each."

"It's a miracle that humans have stopped at this point, even though they've been playing into the hands of the gods. Most of the time, when evil spirits play tricks, it's hard not to have deaths. If that's fortunate, then it's fortunate."

I'm not grateful at all, but it was something to be thankful for.

"…Actually, at this point, it's a bit odd to even say it was just a joke."

The guild leader of a certain guild squinted his eyes at the sight he was

seeing beyond the glass wall.

“Do you see that?”

“Yes, I heard it was a protest related to the revision of the labor law.”

Most office workers go to work at 7 a.m. and leave at 9 a.m. Among them, there were many who worked overtime. Some started to claim that this tight work environment had a big impact on the recent 'Dream Park' incident.

Moreover, they went to the government building and the headquarters of the Korean Hunter Association to protest. Many people were afraid of expressing their opinions directly, but many also agreed. This dungeon incident was like a beehive bursting.

“It’s been a really long time since I’ve seen that.”

“Are you talking about protests?”

“Whether it’s a protest or something, people are saying what they want to say.”

The guild leader laughed heartily.

“The way the world goes around will be less frustrating now.”

“Just because the guild leader is angry, doesn’t mean we should make others angry too….”

“Tseup, you’re like that because you’re young. Back in my day, everyone lived like that! People need to be a little angry and live like that!”

“That’s because the guild leader only gets angry.”

And in fact, the labor laws were changed.

The government and the association accepted the citizens' demands as if they had been waiting for it. They drastically reduced the maximum weekly working hours. In short, the main content was to start work at 9 a.m. and finish work at 6 p.m.

Of course, it was not applied right away. What does it mean when we are already creating a society by grinding down one of our resources, humans? In a way, it was like legally banning one of the usable resources.

“No matter how much I think about it, doesn’t this seem a bit wrong? If this continues, the company might find a way to replace its workforce.”

“Won’t that lead to fewer jobs? It’s already hard to get a job because the population is so low….”

So, this labor standards law was only revised, and it was decided to go through a pilot application period first. Some companies that received support from the government and associations decided to try this out.

Afterwards, it was decided to gradually expand the scope of application after review. So, nothing has changed right away, but the citizens’ circumstances were different. They were dumbfounded.

“…This worked…?”

“…Really? That’s ridiculous.”

I couldn't believe that first class citizens listened to them.

But the government and the association did not change their words. Companies that realized their intentions took care of themselves. If they were hated by these two in Korea, there would be no place to emigrate.

“Oh, then shouldn’t we protest this too?”

“Hey, since I got one, I think it would be good to buy some….”

“I see… Well, if you go against my will, you might end up with your neck cut off on your way home at night.”

“…What were you trying to say?”

“Re-implement compulsory education…. They said there was something like that before the great disaster.”

"…ah…."

The old man who was one of the protesters nodded, thinking that it was a reasonable opinion. He was from the time when compulsory education was available. He may not know for sure, but he knew that it was better when there was school than when there was no school.

But since they had already secured a guaranteed rest, people were worried rather than angry. They were worried that if they raised their voices again after having done everything they could, they would be hated.

“…Then how about this?”

“Huh? What?”

“Ha, protesting isn’t the only way to let the higher-ups know that you want to do something.”

“…Oh, that’s right. That’s right.”

I felt like they would never listen, so I resorted to the method of protest. It was also because I was so angry after experiencing something so big that almost turned the world upside down. But I was angry enough, and they needed some real compensation.

And then one day, the president of the association, Dan Hae-ra, laughed.

"oh."

She waved the paper she had received from her secretary.

“It’s not a protest this time?”

“Yes, just a suggestion in the purest sense.”

“It’s time to revive the National Archives. We should push for it during this meeting.”

“I’ll add it to the schedule.”

“By the way, that’s fortunate. I was worried that I would get excited once I tasted the sweetness of protesting….”

Dan Hae-ra carefully placed the citizens' petitions down, as if she were handling them as a precious gift.

“Is it okay to expect this much from people now?”

Dan Hae-ra, who spoke like that, smiled for a very long time with a rare gentle smile. The secretary was genuinely delighted by that sight. It was rare for my boss to be in such a good mood.

“It seems that the Black Cloak followers also helped a lot.”

“Yes, it’s a group with tremendous driving force and capital. The direction is also plausible.”

Among the so-called 'Black Cloak Enthusiasts', quite a few were first-class citizens. Most of them approached it as a hobby to appreciate mystical works, but ended up opening their eyes to social service.

They worked together with one mind and one purpose to protect the Earth that Black Cloak loved. The same was true in the outskirts outside the city. Thanks to this, the citizens gradually began to

recognize each other as 'neighbors'.

“Even when things were really noisy because of the dungeon, I received a lot of help….”

The government and associations also used carrots and sticks to get people out of their dreams. However, the fact that they were able to shake off the temptation of dreams and return to reality was largely due to their connections in reality.

No matter how good the dream was, they could not abandon their families, friends, and lovers in reality. With their faith in their neighbors revived by the activities of their enthusiasts, they returned to their daily lives to pursue real relationships.

“At this point, it would be better to recognize the Black Cloak as an official religion.”

“Is any action needed?”

“Let us adjust it so that it can be like the time of the last God of Death.”

“Yes, Mr. Chairman.”

“If we were to build a temple, well….”

Danhae-ra tilted her head.

“I’m sure the Visabal Guild Leader will take care of it.”

I thought it would be better not to interfere.

* * *

The Dalnim Church closed the temple doors, leaving only a small number of people there.

“Dalnim Church will not be accepting new brothers for a certain period

of time. Instead, we have decided to focus on internal reorganization. We will show our face again when Dalnim Church can stand before everyone as a priest worthy of being called a priest.”

The bishop appeared at the official event with a haggard face and reported the situation of the Dalnim Church. The atrocities that had occurred, and the events in the dungeon.

But people had a hard time figuring out whether to get angry, be scared, or just let it go since it wasn't their problem.

“It would be nice if we could be a negative example for the Earth.”

Dalnimgyo really locked its doors like that. Since it was originally operated under research commissions from the government, associations, or other places, there was no problem even if it disappeared for a long time.

Of course, that's the official situation.

“ Teacher!!”

“Aram.”

Aram visited the collector unofficially.

“Are you feeling okay?!”

“I am always healthy.”

“And even after causing something like that?”

“This teacher’s specialty is accomplishing big things with a healthy body and mind.”

“It’s a little scary when you say it like that.”

“What would you have been like then?”

Sergio Hunter's platinum blonde hair was dyed a deep red.

“But, yeah.”

He smiled, caressing Aram's cheek.

“Was it worth it?”

“…….”

Immediately afterwards, Aram's scream rang out.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (276)

276

Episode 276

After a few hours, Aram came to terms with the situation.

“Is this some kind of side effect…? A personality being superimposed….”

“Strictly speaking, they are all the same being, so you don’t have to be that surprised.”

“…Don’t you get dizzy when things change so quickly like that, teacher?”

“Isn’t it difficult to use both your left and right eyes as you go through life?”

“I understand what you mean.”

She seemed to think that Sergio Hunter had merged with the evil spirits in the process. In fact, it wasn't a completely wrong statement, and Geo simply agreed. As expected, his disciple was smart.

But Aram still seemed to have many questions.

“So, in reality, aren’t you using the power of two divine beings together…?”

"…hmm…."

1. Black Cloak, known as the Sun God. 2. Argio, known as the Divine of Wrath.

“…That’s right!”

This wasn't wrong either. Geo didn't lie. He was innocent.

“But don’t worry. Through this process, we have become one whole. There will be no harm caused by not being able to control our strength or willpower, so please rest assured, Saint.”

“But I hope you don’t overdo it….”

“Aram is the same. I heard you closed the temple doors this time. You must have made a big decision. Well, you have to solve the problems that arose internally before you can look forward to the future. You made a good choice.”

“Ahem, thank you. However, it is unprecedented to use different divine powers in one body. I know you are not an ordinary adult, but I am worried.”

Officially, 'Sergio Hunter' was in seclusion due to health reasons. Aram had a similar guess and came to visit him, not just to see him. She nodded after observing the teacher's condition a little more.

“But you’re not the one who will be affected by what I say.”

“Was I really that indifferent to my students as a teacher?”

“I know you are a very stubborn person.”

Since he was that kind of person, it would be the saint of the Dalnim Church who had healed him. Aram accepted this and raised another question. It was a question directed at the divine being of wrath who was sharing the same body with him.

“…Then, by any chance, Mr. Argio….”

“That too, I am. Because the Black Cloak has taken away the divine power of wrath.”

“I guess I’ll be able to see your face often like before.”

“I’m glad I made a good friend.”

Today, Geo's friends continued to grow.

“Now that it has stabilized safely, you will be able to meet the Divine Fury often in Korea. The ‘Dream Park’ that was created before is currently closed. It may be disappointing for the hunters who have worked hard, but it will be difficult to expect to obtain resources from there right away.”

Aram smiled as if he had expected this.

“Usually it’s hard to get something real in a virtual dungeon.”

“I see, I think you said that if you get a reward, it’s something like learning a skill….”

“And this time, the system rewarded us really generously.”

The hunters didn't even know what the so-called 'Little Dragon Call Ticket' was. It was said to grant 'simple wishes', but no matter how they looked at it, it didn't look simple. So they gathered opinions and asked the association for advice.

“Probably no hunter will act rashly until the association responds, but thanks to that, it seems like there aren’t many people who hold ill feelings about the recent ‘Dream Park’ incident.”

“That’s amazing.”

“The fact that it ended without anyone actually dying was significant. In a world where everyone risks their lives, this was a truly peaceful ending. Given that the opponent was an evil spirit, it seemed like they

would treat it as a mild disaster.”

“I thought everyone would be upset.”

“There are some who give, but no one stands out in particular. Not only the system compensation, but also the government and the association have provided a lot of help in recovery and restoration.”

Aram played with the ends of his long hair.

“…there were many people who welcomed a society that had become a little more honest.”

She asked cautiously.

“Will there ever come a day when the Divine Fury will reside in this dimension?”

“I still do that.”

“I don’t think he’ll build a temple, but I hope he settles down. He was a mean and annoying person, but he helped me out more than that.”

“Even after seeing so much suffering and death?”

“…I guess you don’t like the God of Wrath, Teacher?”

Aram smiled awkwardly.

“I’ve been through a lot, but in the end, nothing bad happened. Besides, people in today’s world wouldn’t have been able to change this quickly just by gently coaxing them.”

“…have you forgiven him?”

“…Maybe? I just felt a little angry at some point. I must have gathered all my strength and threw a shooting star party, so I might have just lost all my energy.”

“I guess so too.”

Giovanni smiled his characteristic smile.

“I’m glad you look healthy.”

“…Is the teacher angry with him?”

“I also got released at some point, so you don’t have to worry.”

“Then that’s good.”

Aram got up from his seat.

“Next time, teacher, please visit our school.”

“Okay, I’ll do that.”

“Stay healthy.”

Aram bowed his head and left Geo's private room.

“…….”

Giovanni smiled with narrowed eyes on the bed in the private room that Visabal had decorated luxuriously.

“…I guess I should have been angry.”

Giovanni just couldn't do it, so he didn't do it.

It was his fault for being lazy, as he was not born with anger.

* * *

"so…."

Yoo Seong-un asked, rubbing his neck.

“It’s completely merged, now?”

“Yes, ‘Argio’ was satisfied.”

The man in the portrait continued.

“If you are looking for an easy-to-understand metaphor, the word ‘becoming Buddha’ would be a good fit.”

“That doesn’t mean I’ve truly left this world or disappeared, but it definitely feels real.”

“I felt a great sense of satisfaction. I don’t want to be angry anymore. I just want to enjoy the peace it brings.”

“Oh, good, peace, everything is good….”

Yoo Seong-un took his hand off her neck and asked carefully.

“…Hasn’t your speech become stiff again?”

“Please understand, Mr. Yoo Seong-un. I have completed all the assimilation with the humans included in this portrait, so I cannot act as I used to. Does it feel unnatural to me?”

“It just feels like an urban legend that allows for easy conversation? It doesn’t seem like a person at all, but it’s a good idea to keep this in mind if you plan on returning to human society later.”

“Yes, I understand. I will try not to make things awkward for the people around me this time. I just often forget what I should do, what I should say, and what I should look like. I will do it.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un was worried.

'If I tell you that even just from what you're saying now, it seems like you can't do it at all, you'll get mad.'

Now his portrait had even taken on the divine wrath. He could not hope to remain as gentle as before. Yoo Seong-un decided to refrain from saying anything that he didn't need to say. He didn't want to offend the portrait.

Yoo Seong-un smiled his characteristically innocent smile.

"But that means, that's right. So you're not going to look for a new… um, 'Geo' for the time being? Didn't you say that it would be easier to act like a normal person if you received help from them?"

"What Mr. Yoo Seong-un said is correct. But from my experience, I can tell you that if we proceed with the fairy tale with the help of 'Geo', a huge event will occur on Earth."

By the way, the part where he said, "I can tell you that something big is going to happen on Earth" was an example of Geo's language being mistranslated as it passed through the portrait. Geo simply said, "Every time I unite with 'Geo', it seems like something big is going to happen on Earth."

However, due to nuances in translation, Geo ended up acting like a prophet.

"What happened during that time was traumatic for me."

"Oh, really?"

And Yoo Seong-un thought. Could it be that he misunderstood the meaning of the word trauma?

'I'm not sure if I'm mistaken, but I still think I'm using it wrong.'

But I understood what he was saying.

"It was inconvenient to create something on Earth."

“I understand you well.”

“Should I thank you for caring for our fragile planet…?”

The Bisabal who participated in this dungeon conquest spoke frankly about his feelings. He said that 'Geo's Portrait' seemed to be educating Earth in the way it wanted to be. Thinking about that, it made sense.

'I think Geo also knows that he can't properly educate them if he just pushes them too hard.'

Perhaps Geo wanted to give Earth a break. The big events had already thrown a fuse, and the straw was slowly burning, so he probably wanted to watch until it was completely burned down.

“…….”

A sudden thought occurred to Yoo Seong-un and he smiled broadly.

“You are definitely a teacher.”

“I told you the same thing before, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“No, it’s just that I feel like I’m finally starting to understand what it means.”

As expected from what the source had planned, it was both creepy and delightful.

“Oh, right. You know what? The Association has recognized the Black Cloak as an official religion.”

“Doesn’t a formal religion need proper institutions, buildings, and capital? I don’t have any of that. I don’t have any doctrines or a Bible, which is what a religion should have.”

“You’re suddenly talking too fast. What’s that… Your fans should know how to make it themselves?”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged his shoulders.

“You, the teacher of the Earth, thought of the religions before the Great Disaster, but modern religions are much more diverse and light. If it can be recognized by the state, then it is a religion.”

“It’s a huge burden, please take it away.”

“I told you it’s not something I can take away. After all, religion is something that has divinity and followers. The rest will come into being over time. The systems, buildings, and capital that you mentioned.”

“I know very well how religions were created. But I don’t think the ‘black cloak’ is enough to be the object of religion. I hope you don’t include me in that noisy and extravagant party.”

“Doesn’t it matter? It’s not common for the gods of most religions to show up in person, give awards, or speak to people. Even if you disappear for a century or so, the religions that have been created now won’t disappear, right?”

“I hope you don’t include me in that noisy, extravagant party….”

“There’s nothing wrong with making friends, Geo.”

I couldn't tell if it was friendly or not. It was probably just imitating humans, but it also seemed like it was shy, but it wasn't. And that was proof that Geo wasn't human.

'I guess it's just a matter of taking whatever attitude you want at the time.'

As expected from a being of origin, it had a light yet heavy, contradictory aspect.

“So what are you going to do now? Our timid portrait must be exhausted from this incident, so will he take a rest as usual? Or will he

go see the power of an official religion recognized by the association?"

"No, I plan to go to the dungeon."

"…That's surprising, but if it's a dungeon, it's called the 'Dream Park'? Well, it's a natural choice since there are animals that you cherish there too. You even said they were Argio's children."

"Good idea, but no, that's not it. I'm going to visit the four-legged rainforest underground."

"… Are you talking about the 'Underground Four-legged Rainforest'? Of course, you can visit it as Sergio Hunter, or even as a portrait… but why there all of a sudden?"

When Yoo Seong-un asked about the unexpected destination, the portrait answered through the black paint.

"That is my brother."

"Um, yeah."

Yoo Seong-un opened a piece of candy, chewed it, swallowed it, and asked.

"If you ask for an explanation, what should I offer?"

"If you give me some delicious strawberries, Mr. Yoo Seong-un will be at ease."

"Strawberries are great, they're at their peak of flavor."

"I'm joking."

"Now even breathing is a lie."

Geo explained to Yoo Seong-un, who seemed dizzy and resigned.

“It was another world created by Argio’s father.”

The Creator who abandoned the red dragon.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (277)

277

Episode 277

Yoo Seong-un checked again after hearing Geo's explanation.

“…So the original creator of the ‘Dream Park’ was kicked out and created the ‘Underground Four-legged Rainforest’?”

“In summary, yes.”

“I thought it was a similar space, but….”

The fact that it's a forest. The existence of all kinds of dangerous poisons and creatures. The selfishness of humans. And so on... There were many similarities that could be recalled. But wasn't history completely different?

So, I thought that although the meteor clouds were very similar, they were separate spaces.

'I'm sure Geo said that too... Ah.'

In the past, Geo only said things like, "It's a separate dimension," and "It's not my hometown." He never said that they were not related at all. Maybe "Geo's Portrait" is something he only recently noticed.

Anyway, it was a surprising and embarrassing situation.

“…So how are you feeling, Geo?”

“I feel a little bit of responsibility.”

“Responsibility? Why?”

“Because we need to prepare to welcome a new family.”

“That’s why you said we were brothers.”

“I didn’t recognize them back then.”

“Because I hadn’t completely merged with ‘Argio’?”

“But maybe they recognized me.”

“Oh, right….”

Yoo Seong-un blinked. He thought of the flower dragon that was only friendly to Geo. At that time, the content of 'Argio' was high, so Geo's words could be right.

"uh…."

But I didn't know what to say.

“…Have a nice trip?”

“I will do that.”

The portrait greeted him bluntly, as always.

‘… something… .’

Yoo Seong-un's eyes rolled in all directions.

'It's like nothing happened.'

I felt like I was back to normal life.

Since then, the Dragon of Wrath has been frequently found in the 'Underground Four-Legged Forest'.

* * *

“In that sense, I’m going to try eating rice today.”

At Geo's words, the teddy bear sitting on the dining table tilted its head.

“Huh?”

“Isn’t it a happy day when a new family member joins?”

“Kuk kuk kuk….”

The doll clapped its hands with its fluffy cotton pads. Of course, it didn't matter if Geo liked it. The reactions of the other family members were not much different.

First, Honey was looking at Geo with eyes that said, 'So what about food?' Dana was walking around nearby, squirming, as if she liked the baby dragons. The dragons were sniffing around the unfamiliar house, exploring it.

It was overall cute.

'As expected, leaving home is a real struggle.'

If it weren't for Mr. 'Argio's' stubbornness, this wouldn't have happened.

'I really need to rest now.'

In fact, he was busy because he was doing the work himself. Anyway, Geo realized that 'if I'm not careful, my precious and lazy life could fall apart' due to the Argio incident. He decided to be more careful.

'For the time being, the fairy tale is sealed.'

Who knows if the next Geo will be a workaholic?

“Kuku? Kuku?”

“Yes? Oh, yes.”

Geo nodded to his father's question.

“Your parents are here with you too, so I don’t think you need to worry.”

By the way, the giant water dragon that was supporting the 'underground four-legged rainforest', or the dungeon itself, was also present in Geo's cabin. Geo took out a small flowerpot from inside his cloak.

"…? dream?"

"yes."

“Kyuu….”

“This is Woorim.”

"dream."

“My sense of naming has always been poor, Father. There’s nothing I can do about it. You can tell just by looking at the fact that your first grandson’s name is Honey. It must be miserable, but please accept the reality.”

"dream…."

“I think it would be better to eat outside today, since there are flowers and rainforests. This table is too human-centered and uncomfortable to eat at. The weather is nice and bright, so it will make for a great lunch.”

Geo placed Woorim on the table to facilitate smooth conversation.

“…….”

Woorim looked uncomfortable somewhere.

“Is something wrong, Woorim?”

“…….”

“Huh? I don’t know what you mean. How could I eat Mr. Woorim?”

“…….”

“Just because you put it on the table doesn’t mean you’re going to eat it all, right?”

It was the same as the old Sankalut. Woorim asked if the reason he was put on the table was to eat him. Geo strongly denied it. He was not that kind of person.

“I am not a weakling like Mr. Woorim who eats weak trees.”

“…….”

“Mr. Woorim? Why aren’t you saying anything?”

“…….”

“…Do you eat trees that aren’t weak? I said it without much meaning, believe me.”

“…….”

“I said that because small trees are often good for medicine or a type of tea, but I didn’t mean to say that I was going to eat them. I mean, how can you eat a part of their tiny, newborn bodies….”

The current potted rainforest was more like grass that was just starting to take the shape of a tree.

“First of all, there’s no way I could feed my family.”

Woorim did not take his eyes off him with suspicion. No, he did not have eyes. However, he did not take his suspicions off him. Argio was not a traditional deity, so he could have lied at any time.

“I was so sad that you didn’t trust your family like this, and I just wanted to sprinkle water on you.”

“…….”

“I’m glad you like it. Today, Mr. Woorim’s meal will be the spring water of the forest.”

“…! …!!”

“What on earth are you doing! How sweet and refreshing this water is! I swear on my three meals a day, you will be healthy in no time!”

“……!!!”

“You have to be strong, Woorim, to protect those little friends in this harsh world…!!”

Dana watched with interest the rare sight of the young tree desperately writhing its entire body. It was a remarkable sight not seen in the cave where no plants grew.

In the end, Geo compromised with Urim's meal as iced tea. He said that all that would be used would be water made by melting the ice pearls in the ice storage. Geo was very sorry that he couldn't prepare a perfect meal.

“I can really feed you well….”

“Kung, kung, kung.”

“You don’t trust your father either.”

“Kung….”

Honey looked up at Geo as if to say, 'This can't be helped.' She was full of affection, but there was no trust. Geo was saddened by the truly painful truth. He wanted to turn everyone in the world into pigs.

“…Then I’ll suggest the next meal.”

Fortunately, the flower dragon had a mouth and could eat.

“Mr. Woorim could eat it if I pierced his mouth, but he refused.”

“Kuk kuk kuk.”

The teddy bear smiled as if it was worth it. Beings born from the fate of providence were in pain from change. It was a similar case to humans who, when their original hand was cut off, suffered severe mental pain in addition to physical pain.

It would have been the same for the tree, whose heart was loved by God. So his creator would have cursed him to turn into a dragon. That would have been a very effective punishment.

“Well then, let’s see. First of all, stew doesn’t seem like it’s for me.”

“Oh my.”

“Dana thought so too. Right, we ate it too often. Of course, Dad can make 340 delicious stews without getting tired of it even if he eats it that often, but it’s kind of… no matter how I think about it, it’s just horrible.”

“Ugh.”

“Thank you for your agreement, daughter.”

The stew was a very good meal, but it was not the only thing I could do, so why have stew again? Again? Once more? As Sergio the Pig

said, that was against the rules.

“Then, the Dongpa Pork made with the power of father….”

“Kung.”

“You ate that last time when you were giving it to the moon.”

Dalnim was surprisingly greedy. Maybe it was because he had a lot of family members inside.

“But if you look at it that way, there’s nothing we can eat.”

It was recognized that food and its accompanying gastronomy were also a kind of sweet knowledge. Dalnim continued to harass Geo. To taste more diverse foods. Geo had to make and offer all the foods he knew.

'There must have been a terrible deal behind the moon becoming small enough for a person to carry.'

That's why I couldn't find any food that I hadn't fed to Dalnim.

“But Dongpa Pork is definitely a food that I ate quite recently. Let’s go back a little bit. For example, tacos. It’s a kind of wrap made with corn flour tortillas with various meats and vegetables.”

“Yeah.”

“Well, that would be inconvenient for Dana to eat. Seeing how much weight she’s lost while Dad wasn’t paying attention to her, I need to feed her something right away, but a small portion won’t do. What should I do? For now, I think meat would be good….”

Geo, who had been standing still, tilted his head.

"barbecue?"

It wasn't bad.

“This dad is really amazing at making folded pork. Of course, the taste of grilled pork will be different from that of low-temperature cooked folded pork, but trust this dad, the son of the sun and the benefactor of the sea. He is confident in controlling the temperature and the juice.”

“Gurrrr.”

“You can look forward to a chewy grilled tofu like soft tofu.”

Geo headed to the 'Animal Kingdom'.

* * *

“So you came here to hunt?”

“Do you have any complaints?”

“That can’t exist.”

The fox tribe chief, Rami, laughed, rubbing his hands together.

“I asked because I thought you might need more workers. Fortunately, things have stabilized a lot since the war thanks to your mercy. Look, isn’t it beautiful?”

As Rami said, the 'dream park' boasted a dreamlike beauty. The ground floated in the air like clouds, and on each of the large and small cloud islands, various plants and animals grew.

But that wasn't all. Fragments of a luxurious amusement park were flying and glittering in the air. There were carousels, sweet candies and chocolates, and bright ivory rails that connected here and there.

“Oh, of course, I’m also diligently managing the surface and underground world. The Black Forest and the ruins are still maintained. The wild beasts there seem to have stabilized a lot, as they don’t come

out of their own territory.”

“Then what should I hunt…?”

“Anything but one of our foxes, master!”

The fox smiled brightly, wagging its tail. Rami, who had been imitating a human for the first time in a long while, pointed at the wolf with his finger.

“If you’re big enough, even a wolf can beat you, so how about you?”

"hey."

The wolf that returned to greet its owner who had returned after a long time made a face as if it had chewed shit.

“Don’t suddenly sacrifice yourself to others.”

“You don’t even have that much loyalty…?”

“Why don’t you mature as you age?”

“Isn’t that the story about wolves with small brains?”

“That one bite keeps going….”

The wolf tribe chieftain, Gargal, gnashed his teeth and then let out a sigh.

“…If it is all right, I will go down and bring you some good game. If it is known that you wish, all the beasts will help. How much meat do you need?”

“…Well, well….”

Argio said after thinking about it.

“I think five plump sheep would be enough.”

“? Who are you going to catch and eat that?”

The wolves, whose bodies were as big as houses, basically ate a lot.

“I know you call me a substitute, but I have a question.”

“Tell me, buddy.”

“What will happen to this world now?”

“You have become my property. Don’t you remember our promise?”

“I remember, but I was wondering if you plan on using it again.”

“There will never be another battlefield here.”

“It’s reassuring, but… also disappointing.”

“What do I regret when I will never leave?”

This is Argio's hometown, so they could never be separated.

“But when I think about it this way, I’m worried about Ater….”

“…Ater? Wasn’t he dead?”

“Oh, it’s a little different. But I still need to rest, so let’s leave it alone.”

“Um, uh, yes. Okay….”

Gargal nodded.

“Let’s go hunting.”

* * *

So Geo returned with 58 sheep, 42 cows, 10 pigs and 95 chickens.

They were all alive and healthy.

“…….”

“…Ta-da.”

Geo added as if making an excuse.

“It’s okay, most of them will put us in. Or they can just release us into the forest.”

“…Kkuu?”

“Yes, they are all quite large. If we catch one, we can expect to get quite a lot of meat, but we also have to eat to live, right? We can do it.”

"dream."

“If you make any leftovers, you can share them with Yoo Seong-un and Joo Hyun.”

As always, it was a peaceful ending.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (278)

278

Episode 278

The public opinion was that this 'Dream Park' incident was a prank by the gods, and the world returned to its daily life as usual. The incident at that time became a minor topic of conversation.

“Some say that it was helpful to Korea because it was able to inform people of the dangers of the sacred after a long time. However, since damage is still damage, such opinions seem to be criticized….”

“Even if I was out of my mind when the incident happened, if people had a sense of humor, they would have known. If the divine had not been watching over me, I wouldn’t have been able to get away with it without much damage.”

“Well, it was our guild leader who came to visit… well, he was so….”

"…yes…."

And the collector tried hard to ignore all these facts.

“…….”

“…….”

If you pretend to know, it's extra work.

“…Is there anyone else who wants to say something?”

“…What were we talking about just now?”

“This person is good at socializing.”

"thank you."

I knew that this 'Dream Park' incident was related to their black portrait. Even if I wasn't informed, I had a clue.

Yet the collection staff managed to erase all these truths from their minds.

'I'm already busy.'

'If you get entangled, it's hell.'

The staff of the collection store had a good immunity. Not only against diseases and curses, but also against the mental realm. Things happened dozens of times a day, and they were so surprised that they couldn't do their work.

“Oh, lunch time is over.”

“See you later.”

That doesn't mean I wasn't surprised at all by this incident.

‘… Considering the number of cases so far, this time the scale was large.’

'Fuck, this fucking world. Guild Leader, I believe you…'

'I trust you, really. I believe you have some thoughts.'

They were simply relying on the guild leader, Bisabal.

'He is not the kind of person who would plan anything that would damage his collection.'

'I'm not the type of person to let such a disaster happen, you can trust me on that.'

The members of the Collector's Guild knew about the collector's irrational obsession. They believed in it. And as if to repay their trust, they returned to their daily lives like this. The employees' 'pretend not to know' was based on that trust.

However, it was not possible to pretend not to know about 'Sergio Hunter'.

"……."

"Hello, Mr. Binary."

"…Yes, hello."

"It's been a while."

"Long time no see, I win…."

Binary, a Grade A Hunter and Curator who had become a regular employee of the collection store, held back a deep sigh. It was a sigh that was about to come out due to extreme tension, but he barely held it back. He couldn't go against the other person's wishes.

Binary's gaze fell on a blond man wearing a black cloak.

'…I don't know what to say.'

There was a limit to brainwashing him into thinking that he was just a 'good person'. In the past, he was at the level of a monster, but now it's been officially recognized as a divine being. His attitude naturally became timid.

'It's certainly a bit disappointing that the situation has gotten to that point and they still let this being go free. Well, there's probably no way to limit the actions of the divine in the first place... .'

I couldn't help but be more careful.

'What if a disaster strikes because of the nonsense I unknowingly uttered?'

That coincided with the concerns that Yoo Seong-un once had. These mysterious beings would cause disaster if they deviated from even one standard. Standards that humans could not even understand.

Binary thought for a moment and then said.

“…I heard you haven’t been feeling well lately.”

Guild Leader, I believe you.

“Are you feeling better now?”

“Thank you for your concern, I’m fine.”

“I asked because I don’t think I’ve seen Sergio Hunter in the company recently.”

“Did you find me? I was doing some soul-searching.”

“Ah, self-reflection… I see….”

Fortunately, the world didn't end up collapsing after exchanging a few words.

'... Yes, if there were going to be any problems with communication, you would have given notice in advance. Right now, the only rule regarding this entity in the building is a notice that is either a joke or something. This should be fine.'

There is no way to stop a being as big as a god. However, it is possible to control people. The fact that it did not do even that would mean that it was okay to interact as before.

“I think this was a good time for self-reflection…?”

“It was a truly meaningful time for me.”

The blond man smiled and waved.

“Would you like to talk to me?”

“…….”

Somehow, human imitation seems to have become more crude than before.

"…uh…."

I guess I shouldn't point it out.

'I don't know how you plan on living in human society again with this level of imitation, but it's not my problem to get involved in. If you really thought this would cause problems, you seniors would have intervened a long time ago.'

Binary tried hard to suppress the intense discomfort. He wanted to treat this precious work with respect.

“…Excuse me, but I have a Sweet Tea Party scheduled for 30 minutes, at 4 AM sharp.”

“Sweet porcelain girls, I know. Do you still care?”

“Yes, I am still working on that job.”

Perhaps the opponent had remembered something from the past. It was an unbelievable miracle that such a being could remember such a humble human being. He even remembered the name.

'We didn't even sign a contract.'

Binary saw the black cloak.

“…….”

He was still looking at Binary with a friendly smile. The stuffed smile that befitted the nature of a portrait gave a living human being a sense of alienation that he could not shake off.

Still, a favor is a favor, so I couldn't bring myself to refuse.

“…So, after I finish work at 4 o’clock, yes, I can talk to you whenever I want. Is that okay with you?”

“I’m worried that I might be interfering with your work.”

“To tell you the truth, it’s not that it’s not a nuisance….”

It was crazy to me, but I couldn't lie. Those who are entangled in such a strong mystery often hate lies. I had to muster up the courage to be honest.

“…but I have a personal curiosity and a goodwill towards you. I would be lying if I said I didn’t feel fear towards Sergio, but I didn’t feel the need to force myself to interact with you for that reason. Sergio is kind to all of us and would leave if we asked politely.”

So this was Binary's intention.

“So, please wait a moment. I would like to talk to you after I finish work. When we first met, I was so confused… There were many things I couldn’t ask you.”

“You are kind.”

“…Mr. Sergio too.”

“I will accept your offer.”

"thank you."

“That goes for me too.”

Mr. Sergio, who was standing in the hallway 1 on the 3rd floor, gave directions.

“Would you like to go with me?”

“…If that’s okay with you.”

“Of course I’m happy, Mr. Binary.”

“…….”

Binary cursed himself inwardly.

'Even if I end up taking on additional work, I have nothing to say.'

But what could he do, he really had a lot to be curious about. Things were different than when he was a rookie.

Binary had adapted to being a collector and was a proper curator. It was only natural that he would be curious about the being he was in charge of, the Sweet Tea Party, calling it the 'godfather'.

Binary followed behind the hem of the black cloak, holding back a sigh.

“…….”

There was no shadow and no sound of footsteps.

Only the faint sound of dry grass could be heard.

* * *

“Oh my god.”

Garasani greeted Sergio and Binary with a bright smile.

“Your Majesty has walked.”

“Hello, Mr. Garasani.”

“It’s been a long time, Sergio Hunter. I’m sorry I couldn’t meet you in person in that magnificent dungeon last time. I understand that you must have been very busy.”

“I was sick at the time, so I couldn’t come see you, teacher. Could you please be generous and understand?”

“What are you talking about… It’s really nice to see you again like this.”

At that conversation, Binari took a step back. It wasn't just because of the cold-blooded butler's unfamiliar smile.

Binary thought behind her expressionless face.

'This is a conversation I don't want to get involved in.'

A perfect work imitating a courteous priest and a deacon who respects and loves him. It was a conversation that was truly uncomfortable, one that made me feel an instinctive rejection as a human being.

Binary looked at his wristwatch.

'It's exactly 11 minutes and 4 seconds from now... .'

Then the curator asked him,

“Were you preparing for work?”

“…Yes, I am in charge of ‘Sweet Tea Party’.”

“Oh, I know that. They’re the cute porcelain ladies who have to set up the tea table within a margin of error of five seconds every hour at 4 AM. I think they were sixth grade. According to the report, today’s tea was macaroons.”

“Yes, we have prepared blueberry, yuzu, and pistachio macarons for

each of your preferences.”

“Since we have a large dessert today, the tea party will take a little longer.”

Garasani asked, rubbing his chin.

“Where did you meet ‘Mr. Sergio’?”

“We met in hallway 1 on the third floor.”

“Did you agree to talk to this person?”

“Yes, after I finish work….”

"aha."

Garasani nodded and looked at 'Sergio' again with a smile.

“Did that young friend cause any inconvenience?”

“No, he was kind to me.”

“Well, that’s good. However, there’s still time until four o’clock sharp. If it’s okay with you, Sergio Hunter, I think we could talk together until then.”

Garasani spoke in a tone like that of a caring old man.

“That guy is brave and capable, but he doesn’t have enough experience to handle such a noble person along with the work he has been assigned.”

It was only then that Binary realized that the 5th floor leader was trying to help him.

'Does this mean I should just do my work without any pressure?'

It was certainly nerve-wracking to work under the watchful eye of the

black cloak. Binary glanced at 'Mr. Sergio'. At that glance, 'Mr. Sergio' smiled gently.

“Then I’ll see you after 4 o’clock.”

“…Yes, I’ll see you then.”

As Binary lowered his head, Garasani escorted 'Sergio'. As the two disappeared beyond another wall, Binary raised his head. Then he let out a very faint sigh.

Although it was a companion I chose myself, I was still a bit nervous.

“…….”

But it was a more positive feeling than I had imagined. The fullness of having briefly contained something huge.

‘… Is this why there are people in this world who enjoy thrills… ?’

Soon, at 4 o'clock, Binary placed a purple, yellow, and green macaron in front of each of the porcelain dolls. It took a little longer, perhaps because they were larger than the usual size of the snacks.

“It’s a nice crunch.”

“It’s a nice moisturizing effect.”

“It was a good time.”

Binary was nervous about the words that predicted today's fortune.

'This time, another abnormality may occur. Prepare to receive it in advance and be fully prepared so as not to miss it… .'

As expected, there was additional comment.

“It smelled good.”

“It was a nice snack.”

“It was a good decision.”

“The lighting is nice.”

“It was a nice consideration.”

A total of 5 positive comments.

“It’s going to be a bad day.”

Just one negative comment.

“Godfather.”

“The godfather has arrived.”

“Please give me a hug.”

And the dolls closed their eyes as usual.

“…….”

Binary sighed deeply.

‘… I think I know what the bad fortune that came out at the end means.’

I've spent quite a bit of time with these porcelain dolls. They didn't die from one or two bad fortunes. If you add in additional good fortunes, the bad fortunes they were talking about would be minor misfortunes.

'I guess it's bearable if it's just breaking a leg or an arm, but I wonder what it'll be like.'

That's when Binary turned his head.

“…….”

“Are you done with work?”

“…Yes, Manager of the 5th floor.”

“Then thank you for your hard work.”

For a moment, he doubted my gaze.

It wasn't surprising that he approached without a sound. The problem, or rather, I don't know if I should call it a problem, was that Garasani was holding something in his hand. A piece of paper that was freshly stained with bright red blood. And something thick wrapped in that thin paper... .

No matter how I looked at it, it was a chunk of meat that had just been slaughtered.

“Then I will go now.”

“I look forward to seeing you again next time.”

“Oh, please call me….”

The fifth floor manager bowed politely to Mr. Sergio and left, holding a handful of meat in both hands.

“…….”

“Did you finish your work well?”

“…Oh, yes.”

Suddenly, Binary began to wonder if her 'bad luck' was just beginning.

* * *

And the curator who was working the early morning shift on the third floor witnessed Binari walking around the gallery, dripping blood and

holding a piece of meat wrapped in paper in his hand.

“Oh, sir, are you crazy?”

“Are you done screaming?”

“I thought it was one of your works.”

“I was hit by the piece….”

“Ah, it was a piece.”

After that, a warning that 'Mr. Sergio' had started his activities again appeared on the homepage of the regular employees of the collection company. They praised Binary's courage in personally confronting 'Mr. Sergio'.

And Binary was called to the Visabal.

“You said you got meat. Was it lamb? Cow? Chicken? Pork?”

“Please, why are you doing this to me?”

“Or something else?”

“I want to leave work.”

“I became the guild leader to prevent that from happening.”

“I really want to get off work….”

The fortune telling of the porcelain girls was excellent.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (279)

279

Episode 279

When the first news of the portrait that had resumed its activities after a long time was that it was a 'bloody raw meat gift', Yoo Seong-woon went straight to see Geo.

“Geoya.”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“Do you have any ill feelings about our company’s policy?”

“Not at all. And you came at just the right time. Mr. Yoo Seong-un, I have a gift for you. You will be very happy to receive it.”

“Now you just let it go like a breath? What did I do wrong? What kind of warning is this? No, before that, did my words even reach your ears?”

“I became stronger.”

“Yeah, I see.”

It was a portrait of Geo, who had adapted well to human society in a strange place. Yoo Seong-un quickly stopped the portrait that was moving as if it was lifting something.

“Hey, wait a minute. Before we start lifting meat again, let’s talk first.”

Yoo Seong-un was terrified. He had no idea what he had done wrong or where things had gone wrong. If possible, he had to resolve the situation through dialogue.

And fortunately, Geo was a portrait that could be interacted with in a moderate manner. If he was good, he could even persuade him. Yoo Seong-un desperately tried to refuse.

“I’m not as talented at cooking as you are, so I can’t make anything with meat that hasn’t had its blood drained. More importantly, I didn’t give you anything, so how can I repay you for giving me a gift like this…?”

“Is Mr. Yoo Seong-un my friend?”

“…Friends, then?”

“You paid every price necessary to get here through it.”

“I’m really sorry, but did I unknowingly sign some kind of slave contract? Or a body waiver? What did I give to deserve such a gift?”

A great terror has struck.

“Geo, I always tell you that if you want to make a contract with someone, you should at least give them some notice beforehand. Am I really a human and can’t die? Am I immortal? Am I immortal? Or was that a joke about being friends with you in the next life?”

Geo ignored it cleanly.

“Luckily for you, Mr. Yoo Seong-un, this time you have a choice. Choose between a sheep and a chicken.”

"…chicken?"

“You are a good adult for making such an obedient choice. I will give you these two things as a reward.”

“Please don’t do this.”

Nevertheless, Yoo Seong-un ended up holding a large chunk of meat in both hands.

“…I have a question. You clearly said they were sheep and chicken, but why are they both so heavy? Aside from their size, why are they all so red? Isn’t one of them chicken? Why is the blood dripping down? More importantly, why wasn’t the blood drained when they were slaughtered? Are you sure you’re not angry? I’m really scared.”

“That is your misunderstanding. This is the best blood, so I cleaned it up to the minimum. When grilled, the meat density increases, and when boiled, the savory taste increases. You can separate the blood and eat it separately, but I like it best when cooked like this, so I gave it to you as a gift.”

It meant that, contrary to what Yoo Seong-un had worried about, there was a valid reason.

“You can find the answer to the size and color of this gift in my portrait. May I invite you, Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

“Unfortunately, I just got back from working overtime. There are a lot of areas I need to check right now, but I put everything aside and came to see you. I wondered if this was one of your protest methods.”

It was a portrait that always presented high-quality ingredients and food to humans. I couldn't help but feel a chill down my spine when I suddenly saw him giving away raw meat that hadn't even been cleaned of blood.

It is not uncommon for works to give such obscure warnings.

The portrait seemed to have only just realized the fear of humans. There, Yoo Sung-woon could recall that he had made a similar mistake

in the early days when his work was exhibited.

Although the portrait still had a gloomy and blunt atmosphere, he tried to reassure Yoo Seong-un with his own kindness.

"…you and all the staff of this company were very kind to me. I had no complaints and I had no intention of complaining. I apologize for the lack of gift wrapping. I wrapped it in paper to absorb as little blood as possible, but I didn't expect you to be so surprised."

"I wonder if it's just a packaging issue…."

"I will try to be more moderate in my actions from now on. If the other person is not afraid of me, I will also explain the gift."

"…Well, okay, if you have no complaints, then that's fine. I was wondering if you were angry because you couldn't build the Temple of Wrath or something."

"We don't need a temple of wrath. Don't you think so?"

"My opinion is not that important…."

Yoo Seong-un let out a sigh that was either relief or confusion.

'… I didn't say anything to the guild leader or the 5th floor leader, so I thought it wouldn't be a very serious situation… but it was really less problematic than I imagined.'

He wrapped the neatly wrapped raw meat, which was slightly stained with blood, in a ziplock bag again. He then wiped the blood off the outside with a handkerchief.

Yoo Seong-un returned to his usual innocent smile after putting the meat in his work bag.

"Anyway, I'll eat this well too."

“You’ve lost a lot of weight. Don’t you eat properly?”

“I always say, Geo. Hunters should die when they become pigs. If you don’t have a good reason to fatten them up, you’re not worthy of being a hunter.”

“But Mr. Yoo Seong-un is thinner than average.”

“I’m average, you know? I eat twice a day, so don’t worry.”

“Twice?”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un handled it like a professional.

“It’s going to be the fourth time.”

"great."

The portrait nodded.

“If it’s not my imagination, you seem to have been particularly busy lately.”

“Oh, what should I say? The world has been in a lot of chaos lately.”

“Is it because of what I did?”

“That may have had some influence, but… The Earth was already quite creaky, it was truly a castle built on sand. With the mystery so disturbed in such a situation, it’s only natural that the gardens would become noisy.”

"aha."

'Portrait of Geo' said as if he understood.

“There have been a lot of little commotions lately. I’ve seen friends big

and small walking around the city. I remember Mr. Yoo Seong-un referring to them as the Children of Origin."

"Children, what a cute expression."

To Geo, the Eye of Origin, it would feel like a child.

"That's right, it's because the mysterious organs and blood vessels surrounding the Earth are stirring. That's why the snowfield I'm in these days isn't quiet. Do you remember the therapist Jeong Yeong-won you met last time? I heard he's completely secluded too… It's one of the events you can't help but experience if you live on Earth."

Yoo Seong-un smiled innocently.

"It's not like it's your fault."

"I apologize for the inconvenience."

"It's a natural phenomenon, so you don't have to feel responsible. The Earth naturally has this kind of midnight phenomenon. It causes big and small disturbances like this and then returns to its original place."

"Sometimes I wonder about Mr. Yoo Seong-un's garden."

"…okay?"

It was a slightly happy remark, so Yoo Seong-un smiled with his eyes wide open.

"But unfortunately, I don't have the authority to invite others to the garden like you. If you were to step forward, things might be different, but for now, that's fine by me."

It would be strange if a mere gardener had the authority to do whatever he wanted with the garden.

"Would you like to see my eyes instead?"

“Did you recommend Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s eyes?”

“The part that shows off a garden the most is the snow.”

“Snow….”

“…….”

Even though it was covered in black paint, I felt eyes on it.

“…….”

As expected, it's scary.

‘… It’s been a long time since I’ve felt this creepy.’

There was a coolness as if my heart, my brain, and my marrow were touching the air.

If the portrait's gaze had not been obscured by that paint, Yoo Seong-un would not have been able to endure it. Rather, as a gardener, there were many things he could feel more clearly.

Soon after, the portrait finished admiring the garden.

“It’s cold.”

It was a plain assessment.

“I will knit you a scarf soon.”

“Oh… I appreciate that, but I’m not really going to be stuffed like that, am I?”

“Since Mr. Yoo Seong-un has accepted me as a friend, there is no need for such a price.”

“So in the end, was it my opinion that mattered?”

“Isn’t being friends always about what each other thinks?”

“Sometimes I think you really like your friends, don’t you?”

“I like it.”

The portrait was positive.

“I like friends I can hang out with, promises I don’t break, and punishments that are necessary when the time comes.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un opened his mouth for a moment, then closed it.

"…I see?"

I thought it would be better not to stir it up.

“Are you curious about my current situation? Or the current state of society? Since you’ve been staying in the portrait these days, I thought you might want to hear about this as well.”

“I wonder if the collectors’ staff are okay.”

“As for you, uh, there was a new notice recently. It said that you were giving us bloody meat as gifts these days, so be careful. We didn’t know exactly what that meant.”

“I apologize for the poor wrapping of the gift I gave you.”

“You don’t have to be so sorry.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled refreshingly.

“Everyone is familiar with this kind of thing.”

For example, a pitch-black portrait gives you an unidentified piece of meat.

This was Geo's first time, but as I thought when Yoo Seong-un came, it was not uncommon for works to try to warn of something in this strange way.

If you were a collection store employee, you would have to be very alert at times like that.

Usually, such things were expressions of discomfort or ominous curses, warnings, or prophecies. The curators also judged it to be a type of 'art piece'. It wasn't for nothing that it came to Geo like a meteor shower.

“As for other perceptions, are you a little surprised that you have been officially recognized as a deity? I guess that’s about it. In a world overflowing with deities, there are only a few religions recognized by the state.”

“That must mean there are a lot of people who play pranks.”

“That’s right. If you rashly acknowledge divinity, its mysterious power will become enormous. And too much power can be a disaster to humans. Unless divinity itself has some self-control, it should not be acknowledged as a religion.”

“But you did it for me.”

“You… because it’s you… yeah….”

Yoo Seong-un had nothing else to say.

“Do you know what your followers are doing these days?”

“They are not believers, they are enthusiasts who like my paintings.”

“Yeah, enthusiasts. You know what they’re doing?”

“They have been visiting people in need recently and providing them with appropriate assistance.”

“That’s it. Look at how much positive influence the believers, who still don’t have proper doctrine, temples, or even uniforms, are having on society. The association and the government made the right decision.”

“Oh, God of Heaven and Earth.”

“What if you call him….”

He was powerless to help Geo.

“If you’re a collector, don’t worry. They’re all just anxious to make you feel better. Right now, collectors fall into one of three categories.”

“I am listening.”

“People who like you, people who respect you, people who fear you.”

“I will choose the second one.”

“Unfortunately, you have to choose all three. Even if you demolish the house in this collection, it’s the same. What the members of the collection guild think of you is, well… yeah.”

Yoo Seong-un came to a conclusion.

“It’s a natural phenomenon.”

“Natural phenomenon.”

“It’s like the fog that often covers a lake.”

"fog."

“Fog that allows conversation and interaction.”

It was already that way, but it became even stronger after I became convinced that the Black Cloak was something more than divine. It wasn't an ordinary reaction, but it couldn't be helped since it was a

collection of extraordinary collectibles.

The portrait asked that question.

“Everyone, stay calm.”

“Everyone knows that’s wise.”

Yoo Seong-un knew very well what his colleagues were thinking.

“We are a collection, Geo. The status quo is essential. The guild master never forced it, but only those who want to do so are left here now. What can such excellent service workers do if they are constantly swayed by their emotions?”

So I had to be polite.

“I should be polite to you as well.”

It didn't matter whether their feelings toward him were awe, respect, or fear. They just had to follow the manual. Appreciation was theirs alone. It wasn't something the cogs of society had to show off.

“So don’t worry, our thoughts and feelings don’t matter. All the staff at the collection are there to serve you. But whatever they have, they will turn away of their own accord. Then you will know that it will be very, very tiring.”

“I see that that is your way.”

The portrait's answer was, as expected, blunt and plain.

“I respect that.”

“Really? You’re not offended?”

Yoo Seong-un wiped the corners of his mouth with an embarrassed smile.

“You’re, um, a person…? I guess it feels wrong to treat a being that thinks they’re a person this way. It’s a bit late to ask, but I wonder if it’s really okay.”

“I know that’s one way you see me. I affirm all of those ways. What I think about myself doesn’t matter to you.”

“Like we are?”

“And as I am.”

The portrait was briefly summarized.

“We respect each other.”

“That’s cool.”

“I like it too.”

“Yeah, that’s right. That’s right….”

I could understand what was being said.

Humans interpret this existence as a 'portrait'. And this existence also interprets the humans beyond the frame as 'paintings'. There was no reason not to respect each other, since they were each other's works of art.

Suddenly I got goosebumps.

“…A sudden thought occurred to me, you seem to be changing, but you don’t change at all.”

How is that possible?

'... he became the son of the sun, and the god of wrath. One day he became a man, and another day he became a dragon. And then he returned at the end and became a painting that claimed to be human.'

This being was capable of interaction. And to interact meant to mix. If you put paint in a river, it would naturally become cloudy, but it stayed in the same place. It was truly a stuffed painting.

It was an incredibly strange thing.

"hmm…."

However, if you show too much of this, you might feel uncomfortable. 'Portrait of Geo' thinks of itself as a human being, so it's better to go along with its pace as much as possible.

Yoo Seong-un spoke as if he had just remembered something.

“Yeah, I think I’ll have time soon.”

“Are you on vacation?”

“I rolled around in front of the guild leader. I cleaned the floor with my whole body.”

“I don’t think you were embarrassed.”

“I hope you enjoyed it and took a vacation. This is how I live, Geoya.”

It was worth it to take the shame and show some flair.

“I have the whole day off this Friday. If I add it to the weekend, I think I can go somewhere to have fun. If it’s okay with you, how about going on a nice overseas trip? It’s a total mess, but the US is pretty organized, so I think it’ll be okay.”

“I can help you move.”

“Oh, that’s right. That’s right. Anyway, tell Joohyun-ssi that I said that. I’m going to be very busy until Friday, so please take note. If you want to go out before then, bring Joohyun-ssi with you. Don’t forget.”

“Joohyun and I are one body.”

“When you say that, it doesn’t sound like a metaphor.”

“We are separated like one body.”

The portrait answered after a moment of thought.

“I will wait.”

“Wait a minute, I just had a feeling. You’re not going to sit around and wait. What are you going to do while you wait?”

“I have to farm first.”

“I don’t know what it is, but I’m looking forward to it.”

“Please look forward to it.”

* * *

And so it became Friday.

“So this is Geo-ssi’s fried popcorn?”

“For today, I selected corn that would be successfully fried.”

“Oh my god….”

This is the first time I've seen popcorn the size of a baseball. It was fluffy and soft, just like a slightly hard marshmallow.

Joo-hyun picked up a popcorn container neatly folded out of paper. Then he sat down next to Geo. Next to Geo, Yoo Seong-un was sitting, covered with a blanket made of the skin of a golden-footed sheep.

There were also Danawa Honey, a teddy bear, a water dragon, and an unidentified flower pot.

“……?”

Joo-hyun, who had been hesitating, asked in front of the huge TV.

“But why do we sit on the floor instead of this big sofa?”

"ah."

"ah…."

Yoo Seong-un offered a plausible answer.

“Because your legs are comfortable?”

Geo added a word.

“It’s okay to drop food on the floor.”

Joohyun nodded.

“I know you all know there’s no deep meaning to it, so let’s just put on a movie.”

So on Friday evenings, they would have discussions where they would put on a horror movie and deeply analyze the occult phenomena it featured.

In particular, Yoo Seong-un was satisfied, saying, “I’m learning a lot.”

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (280)

280

Episode 280

Geo also met Sanarae.

“Hello, how have you been?”

“Wow, that’s a really typical greeting.”

“I hope you are doing well.”

“At this point, I’m starting to get a little scared….”

Sanarae greeted Geo with a slightly awkward expression.

“Why did our precious Sergio Hunter visit our guild?”

“I came to see Ms. Sanarae.”

“Somehow that ‘see’ really sounds like it came to see, um, well, maybe it’s just my imagination.”

“It must be because of your mood.”

“Why on earth did you come here, did I do something wrong??”

He was afraid of Geo, unlike before. To be exact, he seemed very reluctant. It wasn't a bad feeling of rejection, Geo just had a feeling of pure curiosity.

“Are you scared?”

“Um, okay… how much say do I have?”

“You can say anything.”

“I know the world can’t be that kind to me. And I also know now that Sergio Hunter is quite a good liar. In the end, I guess I’ll have to be careful.”

“That’s an exaggeration.”

“If you listen to what Sergio Hunter says, it doesn’t seem like that at all….”

Sanarae hesitated for a moment and then asked.

“…How can you not create that kind of atmosphere?”

“I'm doing my best.”

“I heard that you possessed a couple of our guild members on the way here. I don’t know if it was intentional or not, but I’d like you to let them go on the way out. I’ll show off my skills.”

“I didn’t mean to. I would have done that even if you didn’t show off. It’s so sad to see, so please don’t worry.”

“It’s strange, I don’t think it’s ever been this awkward before.”

“To put it simply, the trial period for a tool that has arbitrarily helped me make my life easier has ended. I expect to remain like this until I find a new tool.”

“Oh, then, that….”

On rare occasions, Sanarae hesitated.

“…It’s not easy to say anything. I suddenly feel like talking somewhere

more private.”

“It doesn’t seem to be like that here.”

“Yes, to be honest, that’s not really the case. My family is such a rough bunch that there’s always a bugging device installed in this kind of reception room. Did you hear it when you came in? It’s a measure to make sure we know for sure if something happened or not.”

“Then shall we go to the place you want?”

“… Now that I think about it, that’s scary in its own right, so let’s stop talking here. Like I said before, I’ll filter it out myself. Even if there’s a wiretapping device, we can delete it if we both agree. You probably got notified about this, so why did you come looking for me while being treated like this… Ha, no….”

Sanarae just gave up.

'There is nothing more foolish than measuring a non-human by human standards.'

That was the reason.

“Is that really the only reason you came here? You came to see me?”

“I was wondering if you were well.”

“It’s a bit scary when Sergio Hunter says that.”

“It seems like you’re still being too harsh.”

“Thanks to you for taking care of me, I’m in very good health. I’m curious about Hunter Sergio’s recent situation. Do you know? I think you probably know, but I was one of the hunters who participated in the recent ‘Dream Park’ subjugation.”

“I don’t think I’ve seen you.”

“Haha, that’s funny.”

Sergio Hunter did not participate in this 'Dream Park' incident. He was not someone who could be hidden by hiding his activities. However, if he said something like 'Oh, I was there too', I couldn't help but imagine something.

“…….”

Why did that evil spirit smell similar?

“…I don’t know anything, you know? Right?”

“Of course, Sanarae doesn’t know anything.”

“Anyway, that kind of thing happened, so I was really worried. Listening to what Sergio Hunter said just now, it seems like your physical condition isn’t what it used to be.”

“Are you scared?”

“It’s the same question as before.”

Well, he didn't answer.

'It's amazing how such a being can coexist among humans.'

For a moment, I felt envious.

"…scared."

That was his honest feeling.

“I know that Sergio Hunter is a good ‘person’. I know that he is a good ‘priest’, and I also know that he is a good ‘hunter’. Who wouldn’t have bad thoughts behind their backs? But Sergio Hunter is not one of those cases.”

Isn't that truly an ideal being?

“But maybe it’s because I’m so uneducated, but I become afraid of people I can’t bite. Sergio Hunter is like that to me. He’s so idealistic.”

“I am not perfect.”

“No, it’s just to make it look that way. Sergio Hunter wanted it that way. Can I beat you with my brain? Or with my brute force? Skill? Intrigue? Politics? Power? Money?”

“Do you always want to win?”

“I learned that I had to do that to survive. As I said before, I was so poorly educated. That’s probably why I’m scared of Hunter Sergio. Honestly, I don’t even know what he’s thinking.”

It wouldn't make any difference if he were human.

“Does Sergio Hunter know about the symbol of eternity?”

“I hear it often.”

“They created a system on Earth. From what I understand, they did. They limited outside interference, like divinity, and helped people deal with the monsters and anomalies of the cataclysm. And they gave them destiny.”

“It’s fate.”

“It’s the fate of being human. That’s why the symbol of eternity never grows old or dies. That’s why it’s easy to handle that enormous power… but I personally think that’s too much.”

It was terrible.

“A person is only human when his time comes and he dies.”

Sanarae's eyes widened like a crescent moon.

“…That’s why I don’t like the symbol of eternity that much. It’s not human. If you can’t die when the time comes, don’t age with time, and have excessive power, but you have to deal with it, how can you be human? Aren’t you just a natural disaster with a will and inclination?”

He shrugged.

“Oh, of course I don’t like most people in the world that much.”

“Do you hate humans?”

“I hate humans and I’m afraid of natural disasters. I can’t trust anyone unless they become my family. Humans are fickle and I can’t stand natural disasters….”

“It seems like you have a lot of fears.”

“…What do I look like to you?”

“…….”

'Sergio Hunter' made eye contact.

“It looks like Mr. Sanarae.”

"…and?"

“Nothing more, nothing less.”

“Then how can you describe me? Why did your daughter show her friendliness towards me?”

“Unfortunately, I have no reason to blame you.”

“Yes, indeed… you are so merciful.”

Even Sanarae admitted it, he was a coward.

“Please understand that I am so scared. If you don’t know, you will know, and if you don’t, you will hate to see me, but I was born so pitifully. I am a beggar who desperately needs a little mercy from Sergio Hunter.”

“You seem angry, and contrary to what you just said, you don’t need help. And most importantly, aren’t you still afraid of me?”

“…This is what’s scary. No matter how much I sarcastically try to cover up the outside, it won’t work. No matter how hard I try to cover up the outside, they only see the inside and judge and react. Why do you have to be so scary?”

You are God.

“…….”

And the gods were all cruel. Just by existing, they were cruel.

“…As I said before, I know that Sergio Hunter is a good person. He probably has no ill intentions, and judging by his actions, I don’t think he would be that fickle. Yes, he really is a good adult.”

But it wasn't trustworthy.

“I wish it weren’t so strong.”

“Do I look like that?”

“You can’t be weak, so it would have been great if you were someone who gets hurt and breaks easily. Then I could have trusted you. I know very well how a being with a weak side tries to live… I can understand that…”

“Can I help you understand?”

“…No, my family is enough here for now.”

“I want to be friends with Sanarae.”

“…….”

Ah, as expected.

“…Don’t be scared….”

I'm scared.

My sensitive senses scream.

Your eyes, your nose, your ears, your parched tongue, and your intuition of your chapped skin are all screaming at you to run away. That you are not an opponent you can defeat. That kindness is malice, and mercy is disaster.

Even though there is a ‘person’ sitting right in front of me, all I can feel is the huge forest and the throbbing pulse… .

“…….”

Disasters mimic humans.

“…I’m sorry, please listen to me without getting angry. I just….”

“I know very well that Ms. Sanarae is a very timid person.”

“…Okay, I’m sorry.”

“I also know that I am a bit greedy.”

“…….”

When Sanarae raised her head and looked at the other person, he was smiling with his eyes down. It was the same smile as when she first saw him in the reception room, but Sanarae could find something a little different.

It was a human smile.

“Poor thing.”

It was sad and full of love.

“Then shall we do it like this, Sanarae?”

“…What and how?”

“I’ll make a candy house soon.”

“A candy house? Oh, that’s what I told you back in the dungeon… Are you really going to make it?”

“And then I call you.”

The priest who resembled the sun smiled kindly.

“Is it okay if I send you an invitation?”

“…I’ll think about it.”

Sanarae also laughed along, albeit awkwardly.

Because I really thought he was a good person.

* * *

“They say with power comes responsibility.”

Geo touched the sunlight coming into the attic. Following his gesture, the sunlight found its place elegantly like silk threads. It became a single surface and curved like an aurora.

I caressed the fluttering sunlight like butterflies and flower petals, like black tea and frills.

“I don’t think that power should be taken for granted. That’s unfair. But

there are definitely things that come along with power. People call it… responsibility.”

The sunlight is fading. It resembles the cellophane that children draw and play on. The sunlight, gently rippling like a layer of trees, soon covers the attic like a blanket. Slowly, very quietly.

“So it’s not like I’m responsible just because I’m strong. If that were the case, why did my mermaid friends have to be so twisted? Just because they were a disaster?”

It didn't seem like that would be the case.

“It might be a pretty idealistic society where the strong take responsibility. Those who have more give, and those who have more to spare help others. But that inevitably requires more sacrifice.”

Geo felt really bad for the strong people.

“It’s a shame.”

How many people in this chaotic world are there who were forced to choose something because they could? Maybe Geo was one of them, but I didn't want to think about it that way.

He was always free.

“What do you think, Mr. Ater?”

“…….”

“You too were called a hero….”

Geo asked, looking at the clean sleeping body.

“It must have been hard, right?”

The right strong person takes responsibility.

Ather was a righteous man. He valued life, was angry at injustice, and tried to help the weak. He tried hard even though he felt wronged by the unfairness that was poured on him.

It's not something that anyone can do. That's why I'm thankful and affectionate. I love him. Geo was a person who really liked people. People who do great things seem even more amazing.

“It must have been hard.”

So that's why you've been sleeping for so long.

“You can sleep longer. This is my home, your castle. Sleep for a long time in this cozy attic where no birds or cats come. I will cover you with sunlight. When the moon rises, I will cover you with moonlight.”

“…….”

“And when you all wake up, tell me what you want to do. I really like people like you. Aren’t we friends? If a friend tells you what he wants to do, then being there to help him can also be considered friendship….”

Then he went back to black hair again.

“…….”

“…….”

I quietly close my eyes as the sunlight sparkles and breaks down.

“…I wish it could be simpler.”

The world is still so complicated.

* * *

A few days later.

Geo met Seo Seo-hee Hunter.

“…Over there, what is this…?”

“It's a gift.”

I'm talking about galbijjim.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (281)

281

Episode 281

A few days ago, Justitia requested an interview.

“Emergency!!! Emergency—!!!”

Naturally, the collector was put on emergency alert.

“What the hell, what’s going on all of a sudden! Did Black Cloak finally summon Cthulhu?!”

“Mr. Sergio, weren’t you Cthulhu yourself? Did you suddenly reveal your true colors? No, you’re such a gentleman. You said the meat gift you gave me last time was purely a favor. Then how could you suddenly do something like that?”

“Excuse me, but everyone, shut up so I can hear what’s going on. So why are you doing this?”

The employee who asked about the shocking news briefly summarized it.

“Seo Seo-hee Hunter wants to meet Sergio Hunter.”

“…Emergency—!!!”

They were nervous.

“Oh, Black Cloak’s condition isn’t very good these days.”

“You must have been through a lot and still haven’t fully recovered….”

“So you weren’t resting at the time?”

It was because I knew the state of their portraits well these days. In the past, they would at least try to imitate humans, but recently, they either got tired of it or they didn't have the energy to do even that.

“Does anyone know the details of Sergio’s recent condition?”

Witnesses quickly squeezed out their testimony.

“You walk around with a shadowy face. If I don’t tell you, you walk around without it. If you point it out, it’s fortunate that you don’t get angry.”

“It’s not like it’s something that can be solved just by fixing the puncture wound. There are shadows, but sometimes they’re strange deer or sheep shadows. And there are also many times when something like a mermaid sways within them.”

“You haven’t been paying much attention to human sounds lately. You might hear the rustling of grass or the sound of hooves, but no matter how much I think about it, it doesn’t sound like a human presence.”

“You don’t have any sense of weight. You’re also quite high-class. Maybe you don’t want to bother with things, or, um, yeah, well, maybe you just don’t have any energy. I heard you’re an introvert….”

“I think it’s funny to be called an introvert, but I’ve also heard that from Yoo Seong-woon and Joo Hyun. The fact that I speak in a stiff manner is just cute.”

It was a bit of a tricky situation.

“Oh my, why is my precious flower pot so wilted….”

“But what is a flowerpot to someone who still communicates with me, a flowerpot?”

“This is a headache. If it’s a request from the symbol of eternity itself, it’s difficult to refuse.”

“Can I refuse?”

“If this news gets out, our Seo Hunter will become even more famous, so that’s not good.”

“I guess you don’t like it….”

Joo-hyun, who was caught in the middle of it, was very embarrassed.

“I’m sorry to have to tell you this news so suddenly. I know it won’t be of much help, but is there anything I can do to help you?”

"there is."

“Oh, if you could tell me, I would do my best….”

“Please give Sergio Hunter some human lessons.”

“Excuse me, but I don’t think that would be possible.”

"shit."

They tried their best to restore the condition of their portraits.

“How about trying a quick lesson? You might get angry, but I think it’s worth a try….”

“Can’t you just send him back because he’s sick? He might be famous, but it’s a bit much to send Black Cloak out in his current state.”

“It’s not like we can avoid it. It’s something that Black Cloak wanted, so Joohyun came to tell us. How about giving us a human user manual instead?”

“Ha, this is really tricky….”

At that point, Joo-hyun revealed the cruel truth.

“I think you’ve already thought about it that way, but I can’t just cancel this interview. It’s true that we haven’t set a formal schedule yet, but, um, Mr. Geo is… preparing to make galbijjim right now.”

“What else are you slaughtering?”

“This time, you are making it using materials from the Earth. Since the barn is already full of meat, I don’t think there will be any slaughtering for a while.”

“Oh my, for a second I thought you caught a person.”

“Mr. Geo doesn’t eat people.”

“I know that too, but I feel uneasy when you mention words like slaughter… Anyway, since they’re already in the process of making the gift, I guess I can’t stop it. It’s too bad.”

The mysterious being bound by rules is said to be preparing a 'gift', and a gift for humans at that. If he were to stop it, he didn't know what kind of trouble would come. Shinbi's own feelings would also be considerably upset.

“Hey, I can’t help it.”

The conclusion came quickly.

“Sergio, unless you want to end your human life, you will take care of things well.”

“He’s not someone we can nag at, so I wonder what the point is.”

“I’ll just let you go. Since it’s a symbol of eternity, you probably know

about our portrait, right? If there aren't any major issues along the way, it'll be resolved quietly."

"By the way, how did this request come about… Does this have anything to do with the reaction of Hunter Seo-hee that Joo-hyun mentioned last time?"

Joohyun nodded.

"Yes, I know you were quite friendly last time. I didn't know you would go as far as to make an official schedule like this… If what Curator Yoo Seong-un said is true, he must be someone who knows Geo's situation well, so you don't have to worry too much."

Of course, Joo-hyun, who said this, didn't know that Geo would come carrying a huge jar. Joo-hyun had to bring in numerous cases and hypotheses from the human world in order to limit it to a realistic size of galbijjim.

It was a meeting that was made possible through everyone's efforts.

* * *

"……."

"……."

And on the day of the interview, Hunter Seo Hee-hee was captivated by a wondrous sight.

"…So this is galbijjim?"

"Yes, I wanted to bring a little more, but I reduced the amount because people kept stopping me."

"It seems like enough, but no, that's not it."

What caught Seo Seo-hee's attention was the silk and container that

wrapped the braised ribs.

“Why do I feel the energy of regeneration in this silk?”

“Regeneration. Come to think of it, it was silk made from the wool of sheep that had the power of regeneration.”

“Did you make it yourself? There’s a certain nuance to it….”

“I wanted to make it look fancy since the quantity has decreased, so I knitted it myself.”

“Then what is this container? Mother-of-pearl lacquerware? Something else.”

“The last time I was at the beach, I found some pretty shells and tried them out.”

“Yes, you made this yourself too.”

Even this container that can feel the energy of the moon and the sun.

“……?”

Seo Seo-hee felt a slight sense of confusion for the first time in a long time.

“Excuse me, but Justitia is a person who does not accept bribes….”

“I don’t have anything to ask of you, Hunter Seo Seo-hee?”

“Then is this a gift born of pure kindness?”

“I am so glad that you understand my feelings.”

“I’m really sorry to ask this, but, we….”

Seo Seo-hee, who had been hesitating, asked cautiously for a rare moment.

“…Were we this close?”

“You forgot our deep friendship.”

“I can see you’re pretending to cry. But please don’t cry, it’ll be embarrassing.”

“I apologize if I caused any inconvenience.”

Sergio Hunter smiled softly as if to say, “When did you ever pretend to cry?”

“I was excited to see Hunter Seo Seo-hee after such a long time. I was concerned that she had lost a lot of weight the last time I saw her, so I wanted to prepare a simple side dish, but I was told that the portion was too much, so I reduced it like this… I think she tried to make up for it in other ways.”

At those words, Seo Seo-hee saw a pentagonal container.

“…….”

And then I saw Sergio again.

“I have a lot to say right now.”

“Nobody stopped me.”

“Well first of all, I’m not skinny….”

Seo Seo-hee's smile was empty.

“Isn’t that something you can tell just by looking at my muscle mass? I’ve been managing my body in a way that’s not too much, and I’ve always prided myself on being above average, but it’s a little embarrassing to hear people say I’m skinny.”

“…….”

“…It seems like Sergio Hunter has a lot to say, so I won’t stop him. Whatever you say, I will take it into account and listen to it, so please speak. I am listening.”

“You can only see bones.”

“Do you have clairvoyance?”

It couldn't have been like this unless it was really 'only' showing bones. No one in the world would say that Seo Seo-hee was thin. Above all, the nuance of Sergio Hunter was, well, a little… .

It was like something said while looking at a child who was very skinny.

“I eat well and go out.”

It was to the point where excuses just came out naturally.

“To be healthy, you need to eat three meals a day. That’s how I live. I eat well, sleep well, exercise hard, and study hard. No, I don’t know why I’m making excuses for this… but I just wanted to tell you that I’m living really well.”

Seo Seo-hee suddenly had a gut feeling that the old 'relationship' he had forgotten must have been like this.

“…Was it unexpectedly the case that I was the one receiving the care?”

“Do you remember even that much?”

“Ah. Rather than that, data has been accumulated in various ways. In this way, there are times when we forget good and bad relationships… and times when we meet them again.”

“I understand.”

“Yes, I’m also accepting this situation without much difficulty. It’s

strange. Why does this feel familiar? I didn’t think I would hear such things anywhere.”

Seo Seo-hee's expression became a little awkward.

“Or maybe we met when I wasn’t eating well….”

“…….”

"…okay."

It was still embarrassing.

'It must have been quite a while ago.'

I'm sorry and I was anxious.

'I don't know exactly when this story was, but when I didn't eat well... I don't think I was a very good person.'

Seo Seo-hee didn't live this kind of life with this kind of personality from the beginning. When there was a lot going on on Earth, she was even more miserable. It seems like she met Sergio Hunter around that time.

“As expected, forgetting memories is such a troublesome thing.”

“I think there must have been a good reason for that.”

“Thank you for your understanding.”

I felt a little dizzy.

“…….”

Was it a relationship where such a gift would not be a big deal?

'Oh no, of course, but even so, a gift of this level would be a bit surprising.'

Still, it would have been an acceptable gift. Sergio Hunter said he was 'excited to see you again after such a long time', so that would mean they were very close.

I couldn't help feeling this anxious feeling that was tickling my toes.

'It had to be a promise worth it, but I'm not sure.'

After we make a promise, we usually don't remember its contents.

'Where did I spend this good fortune?'

I just hope that it is one of the precious pillars that support the Earth.

"…And there's something else I want to say."

"I am listening, Hunter Seo Seo-hee."

"You said you reduced the amount, but it doesn't look like much at all."

"I was worried because you've been so few in number, but surely it's still…."

"Who said there were too few sheep? If you blame me for this, Sergio Hunter, it will be a problem."

Seo Seo-hee let out a strange laugh.

"I guess you are a big eater, Hunter."

"Yes, I hear that a lot."

"To someone like that, most people in the world must look like they're starving. I eat more than average, but this is a little more than that."

"I will keep that in mind."

"It really seems like you should just take note…."

Apart from the self-reproach that was building up in my lungs, I found this conversation awkward and not unpleasant.

“And you made this yourself? This silk and the container? I don’t know how that was possible, but even if you bought it somewhere, I feel bad. It’s such a big gift.”

“I’m telling you this out of concern, but it really wasn’t a bribe….”

“Yes, I know you’re not lying. It’s probably one of two things. Either we were that close, or Sergio Hunter has a very unique perspective on the world. Maybe it’s both….”

Dare I say, it was a little bit cheerful.

“…Ah, this is interesting.”

It's been a very long time.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (282)

282

Episode 282

After the visit, the guild leader approached and asked.

“Are you okay?”

“In what sense are you asking?”

“…I’m asking because you seem to like Sergio Hunter more than I imagined. You even ate the food Sergio Hunter gave you without any inspection, and you even accepted his overly extravagant gifts.”

“Is that because I’m not like my usual self?”

“To be honest, yes.”

The leader of the guild, Hunter Kang Eun-seong, has been assisting my superior for quite some time. He has a good-natured face, but he is a very cautious person. The symbol of eternity cannot trust anyone but each other.

They say that all elders who have experienced a great disaster are like that. Kang Eun-seong also understood. But in the midst of all this, Sergio Hunter intervened. It would be a lie to say that he was not flustered.

“I think you’re seeing that person as quite the exception.”

“I didn’t intend to go that far either.”

Seo Seo-hee smiled and shrugged.

“People were so funny that I let my guard down.”

“What nonsense….”

“Really? Your way of thinking is really unique.”

And, what should I say?

“He seems like a person who really likes people.”

I felt a deep sense of goodwill toward the world. No matter what form or direction this world took, it seemed as if that affection would not change.

“It’s a separate issue from sociability. I just like people themselves. I try to give them as much as I can.”

“I held back because I thought it was just a joke, but it could really be a bribe. The guild leader is also human. If he accepts such a gift, the process could be shaken.”

“I don’t seem like the kind of person who would plan something like that… Well, don’t think of it that way. No matter how good a gift I receive, I’m not the kind of person who would shake up the process.”

It was also largely because the opponent was the opponent.

“Sergio Hunter has nothing to gain from me.”

“I don’t know, the guild leader is the symbol of eternity.”

“Of course I am. I am one of the symbols of eternity, the head of the number one guild in South Korea, and one of the strongest hunters in the world. I have a lot of money, a lot of friends, a lot of power….”

“Do I have to keep hearing that story?”

“But Sergio Hunter, those are all things you don’t need.”

Isn't that right?

“As the son of a collector, he will never be in need of money, as he is loved by no one else. Sergio Hunter, who likes people but prefers narrow and deep relationships, will not ask for a wide network of connections. Power? Does he seem like the kind of person who likes that?”

The only time Sergio Hunter showed himself to the world was when he had to be introduced. Since then, Sergio Hunter has tried to hide himself whenever possible.

“First of all, you are a priest.”

“There is talk of him being a saint, but it is not officially recognized. And although a saint is a person of great character and will not harbor personal greed, he may try to infringe upon the authority of the guild master for the sake of a greater cause.”

“Isn’t that something I should be thankful for?”

“Who knows if that is really the right cause? No… Yes, that is right. From Justitia’s perspective, it is something to discuss. To be honest, I am worried about the guild leader’s attitude of making such an exception.”

What on earth do you see in him?

“…It’s unlikely that he would be so friendly with you just because of your abilities or personality, so he must be one of the people the guild master has forgotten. But what if he tries to exploit that person’s forgotten memories?”

“Haewoon was worried about that too.”

“There must have been many such cases. The guild leader was particularly concerned about such connections, so he almost suffered several times already. It was thanks to the help of other friends that we were able to block the danger in advance.”

“I should do that much for them too. The Earth is able to survive thanks to those forgotten people. Compared to that, being deceived is a good price to pay.”

“My heart sinks every time you say that, Master. If you are wrong, what will happen to Justitia? And what about the Earth?”

“I won’t die.”

Seo Seo-hee spoke leisurely but firmly.

“I won’t die, I won’t age, and I’ll stay like this until the end of the Earth.”

"…sorry."

“It’s not something Mr. Kang Eun-seong should feel sorry about.”

It was simply the most cost-effective price they could offer, our fate. The fate that we, as humans, deserved to have. Time, memories. They gave it up and gained a precarious peace.

“By the way, Sergio Hunter. How old do you think he is?”

“…I heard you were 29. Now that the year has changed, you must be 30. Even if you lied about your age, you must be in your late twenties to early thirties.”

“Mr. Kang Eun-seong, did Sergio Hunter seem like an ordinary person to you?”

“…It seems like there’s some information I don’t know….”

“That person probably died once. Now, he seems to have been resurrected as an apostle by the choice of the Black Cloak, so he may not be half human.”

“…….”

“So I wonder, when on earth did we meet?”

Seo Seo-hee muttered while caressing the soft silk to the guild leader who was unable to continue speaking and could only open his mouth.

“I think we met a long time ago.”

That could have been certain.

“I remember when I didn’t eat well. I could have just assumed it, but I could tell just by looking at his eyes. They were the eyes of someone who truly felt sorry for me.”

“…As I live, I sometimes see people who sympathize with the guild leader.”

“It was closer to affection than sympathy. Kang Eun-seong, you wouldn’t feel good if I ran out and got hurt. That kind of face? That kind of gaze? But you talk about friendship, but I don’t think you think of me as a friend.”

“Oh, no way.”

Kang Eun-seong was embarrassed.

“Did you acknowledge him as your friend?”

“Well… Honestly, I think that way because I’m a greedy person.”

Seo Seo-hee nodded.

“The food you made was really delicious.”

“…Shall I make a restaurant reservation?”

“I heard that there was a taste of grandma’s cooking that couldn’t be replicated with something like that?”

“Grandma? You’re going that far? You went too far?”

“You knew everything I liked….”

“You can’t be sure of that, there are so many good cooks out there.”

“Did you know I like galbijjim?”

“…….”

Kang Eun-seong shook his head.

"…no."

“Really? I like galbijjim.”

“The guild leader never reveals his likes and dislikes.”

“You knew that?”

“That’s a fact that you can know, even if it’s a bad relationship, a good relationship that has deteriorated, or a relationship that has fallen and is being exploited. Aren’t you worried?”

“I wasn’t worried even if I tried.”

Seo Seo-hee spoke quietly.

“There was quite a lot of ginkgo nuts in the galbijjim. It was barely stewed, so it was more like a soup than a sauce. You know? It was rich and light, like sagol soup… Yes, it really was like sagol soup. Should I call it a slightly strong galbitang?”

“…….”

“It wasn’t too sweet. It wasn’t too salty either. There were probably about six chestnuts soaked in the broth. The sweetness of the chestnuts remained, but the galbijjim sauce tasted refreshing. It was that kind of chestnut. It melted in your mouth.”

“…….”

“I cooked the jujubes, which were just big enough to give off a fragrance, and the white stems of the leeks, which I left intact. I think they were meant to be eaten rather than used in soup, so I lightly grilled them and boiled them just enough to give them the flavor of the soup. I really like eating the stems of leeks.”

He laughed.

“Do you know what I'm saying?”

That wasn't something I could make just by telling you.

“Each dish was tailored to my taste. It wasn’t a common taste that I could share with someone else. It was bland like an old person’s taste, and the ribs were cooked thoroughly and tender.”

"hmm…."

“Do you know, Mr. Kang Eun-seong? I eat everything that is given to me without any worries. I’m not obsessed with gourmet food. But Sergio Hunter knew all about it. If we weren’t very close, how could he know such trivial things?”

“…What about skills?”

“I’m not so stupid as to not notice that. If that were possible, it would be more powerful than the Symbol of Eternity, so I’d just have to fool you. What kind of disaster are you trying to cause on Earth?”

“I guess I was being unreasonable.”

Kang Eun-seong let out a soft sigh.

“Excuse me, but there’s no way you’d do something like that out of spite. You didn’t seem to have any ill intentions either. You didn’t seem like the type of person who would bribe the guild leader, and you weren’t someone so needy that you had to beg for help.”

“That's what I said.”

Seo Seo-hee smiled brightly with her eyes downcast.

“This is just a gift from a friend who couldn’t contain his joy and sadness.”

But one question still remained.

“So… how old do you think Sergio Hunter is? His homepage profile keeps saying he’s 29, so maybe the leader of the Bisabal guild is playing a prank on him. That means he’s already dead.”

“… Then it would be unnecessary to actually consider the actual age. What the guild leader is curious about is exactly when the relationship began, when it was forgotten, and what was gained in return… things like that.”

“Right, I don’t know exactly what I owe or how.”

Seo Seo-hee began to think seriously.

“According to Sergio Hunter, he never agreed to be forgotten, so it seems like the promise was made after the person died… Then when was that?”

“It must have been around the time when the system on Earth was well-integrated that the guild leader started eating properly. And the collector is quite old… well, if he has a son….”

“Let’s assume that she was born when she was young. The current leader of the Bisabae Guild is about eighty years old. It’s not known before the Great Disaster, but she may have been married before. Isn’t that right?”

It was a world where almost all records before that day had disappeared. No matter how famous the collector was, if he didn't tell you directly, you couldn't know whether he was married or not.

And the catastrophe broke out 32 years ago. The exact age of Bisabal is unknown, but it is estimated to be around 80. When the catastrophe occurred, Bisabal was in his late 40s to early 50s.

“What age do children of parents in their 40s and 50s usually have?”

“…I don’t know about the standards before the catastrophe….”

“I made a mistake. Wait a minute. Let me think about it. By then, considering my surroundings….”

“…….”

“…About 20 years old?”

Whether it was in the early or late 20s varied depending on the family. However, the children of parents of that age would have been around that age. Anyway, around 20s.

"…ah…."

If you think about it that way, you can guess Sergio Hunter's situation.

“Maybe he was older than me…?”

"oh my god."

“This is a bit surprising.”

Even Seo Seo-hee, the person involved, couldn't help but be surprised. She acted so maturely that she thought she was no ordinary person, but she never imagined that Seo Seo-hee would be younger.

Because he had become the world's adult on Earth.

"…No matter how much the Bisabal Guildmaster enjoys the world, he is not the type of person to have children during a time of great disaster. And after stabilization, the Bisabal Guildmaster said that he would never start a family."

"Could it be that it was a lie?"

"But Sergio Hunter himself said he was 29. There's a high probability that he died at the age of 29. The great disaster happened 32 years ago. The person who declared with his own mouth that he 'won't have a family because I don't have the confidence to protect them' was the leader of the Bisabal Guild."

"Then, could he really be the child of the pre-Calamity? Sergio Hunter? The leader of the Bisabal Guild?"

"And if the leader of the Visabal Guild had children at a normal age before the Great Calamity, he would have been older than me, Sergio Hunter. I was 19 on the day the Great Calamity broke out…."

My mind was blank, but on the other hand, I felt convinced.

"So that's why you didn't think of me as a friend."

"Because he's my younger sibling?"

"Somehow it felt like I was the one being cared for."

"You were in a position to be taken care of by the guild leader…?"

"It seemed so familiar to me that you were taking care of me."

And my breathing became increasingly heavy.

“…Ah, what should I do?”

Seo Seo-hee was definitely not a good person at that time.

At that time, he and they were not in their right minds. The world was even crazier. The only people they could trust were a few of their friends, and even if they were lucky enough to have good abilities, it was hard because of that. They resented the world.

At that time, he was an older adult who took care of me and us.

“What can you do if you forget someone like that?”

“…Guild Leader.”

“I don’t even remember how I took care of it.”

The guilt I had been holding back was welling up inside me.

“…I don’t even remember what I got in return for that person….”

Why did he die in the first place?

“…….”

“…….”

Only then did I feel completely out of breath.

“…It’s a bit of a mess, isn’t it? Just a moment ago, I was happy because I felt like I had found a good friend again, but now the atmosphere has become so gloomy. I feel bad for Kang Eun-seong.”

“…I understand your feelings, Guild Leader, and there are days like this. I was worried that you might be a threat, so I tried to dissuade you, but if it’s such a good relationship, there’s no reason for me to

stop you.”

Kang Eun-seong, who had been hesitating, asked.

“Should I ask you to come back again soon?”

“No, that person is probably busy too. I can’t do that for my own good.”

“Judging from the expression on his face when he brought me the gift, it seemed that Sergio Hunter had also been looking forward to today’s visit. When he returned home, he had a look on his face like he was glad that you had enjoyed the meal.”

“Let’s not be selfish.”

“…I was presumptuous, I apologize.”

I couldn't call a busy person to try to ease my boss's mind. That would be too selfish. Kang Eun-sung knew that and suggested it, but he was rejected. Seo Seo-hee couldn't possibly allow it.

“If you receive a request for collaboration or a visit, how about considering it in the most positive way possible? There will never be any harsh words from the collector or anyone else.”

“To that extent, I should be grateful.”

Seo Seo-hee, who wiped her face, smiled in vain.

“Wow… Am I really going through menopause?”

“You’re talking about menopause with such a plump face….”

“I suddenly feel a surge of emotions.”

“As I said before, there have to be days like this.”

I felt sorry for his superior.

“…The guild leader is also human.”

Those who were too strong could not even show their humanity. That was the price they had to pay to maintain this world. It was the price paid by the few strong who were the symbols of eternity.

Kang Eun-seong thought to himself.

'I hope that since it has come to this, it will be a really good relationship.'

Kang Eun-seong wished Sergio Hunter would meet his superior more often. He was one of the few people he trusted, and there were few people he would make exceptions for, especially someone he felt indebted to.

‘I rarely get involved with collectors, but this is… .’

I felt regretful that I had kept my distance from them because of the visa issue. If the guilds had been close, there would have been more opportunities to collaborate and the two would have had more opportunities to meet.

But now it was impossible to create it.

“…….”

Still, I hope that Seo Seo-hee will have more days where she can smile and feel safe.

Is it too selfish to live under his cozy shadow?

* * *

“……?”

This time, Geo, who was making tofu, raised his head.

“I can hear my student digging the ground.”

“Oh, can you hear that? Are your ears good?”

“The tofu will be ready soon.”

“It’s been a long time since I’ve had Sondubu. I’m really looking forward to it.”

“The old kimchi is well-cooked. It would be heavenly to eat it with grilled pork belly on the lid of the pot. Look forward to it.”

“I was already looking forward to it. This is spectacular, isn’t it?”

Geo, Yoo Seong-un, and Joo-hyun were preparing a tofu party inside the portrait.

“…….”

“Mr. Geo, what are you thinking?”

“I’m thinking about feeding you….”

“Oh, that’s something I always think about.”

“Yes.”

Geo came to a conclusion in his mind, thinking of his disciple who seemed to be digging the ground somewhere.

‘… Well, one time won’t fill you up, right?’

It's all because I'm not full.

'Become a pig, yap.'

Geo was prepared.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (283)

283

Episode 283

Geo was a man who would do anything.

“Hunter Seo Seo-hee.”

“Ah, Sergio Hunter.”

He has since visited Justitia a total of 21 more times.

“You don’t have to come here every time.”

In less than a month.

“At this point, it seems like Hunter is a member of the Justitia Guild.”

“I couldn’t help but come because I thought you were still hungry.”

“Where on earth do you look at me to always say things like that…?”

“You can’t avoid my eyes.”

At first, they were surprised, embarrassed, and even felt burdened, but Sergio Hunter's friendliness was amazing. In less than a month, he became friends with all the members of Justitia's guild.

Literally, 'all' guild members.

“Sergio Hunter?”

“It’s been a while, Hunter Kang Eunseong. I brought you a packed lunch.”

“It already smells delicious.”

At first, Kang Eun-seong kept his distance, saying, “What kind of person is he?” Seo Seo-hee laughed awkwardly at the sight of the guild leader suddenly disappearing after naturally receiving his share of lunch boxes.

“There’s no stopping it anymore.”

“The risk assessment was done on the first floor.”

“I’m the guild leader, so I heard that news, of course. But I’m afraid that if Hunter Sergio puts poison in our lunch boxes one day, we’ll be completely helpless and fall apart….”

“I believe that will not happen.”

“Then I guess I will have to be more thorough in protecting security as you trust me.”

Seo Seo-hee smiled brightly.

'I'm glad you don't take offense.'

Sergio Hunter always visited quietly and disappeared quietly. He was more proactive than anyone else in essential security checks. The guild members of Justitia, who were initially embarrassed, were able to regain peace thanks to him.

Usually, there were many hunters who felt 'unpleasant' or 'rude' during such a process. They were treated coldly. However, Sergio Hunter showed no such signs even though he visited frequently.

'Even though I'm not human.'

Seo Seo-hee maintained a faint smile.

“…Thank you for always packing me a lunch box. Honestly, I’m a little embarrassed, I might turn into a pig soon. I guess you give me a good nutritional balance, so my digestion is good….”

“But I think you’re still hungry.”

“So, I don’t know exactly where you are looking when you say that.”

On the topic of what I said, when I actually opened the lunch box lid, the story was different.

“It’s tteokgalbi.”

“This is tteokgalbi with pine nuts.”

“How did you know that I like tteokgalbi?”

“I know quite a bit about Hunter Seo Seo-hee.”

“Why does it smell so good….”

This menu consisted of tteokgalbi, grilled scallops, and various side dishes. The white rice was so full of grains that you could feel the grains, and the texture was exquisite.

I think it was probably rice cooked in a pot, but I didn’t have to chew much and the rich and sweet flavors came quickly. They always give me a generous amount, so I try to eat a little less every time… .

“…….”

Seo Seo-hee gave up and accepted the violence from the food.

'Just increase the training time.'

Yes, that will work.

“…It’s delicious.”

“Isn’t that so?”

“To tell you the truth, my pride is a little hurt.”

“I learned that you shouldn’t be proud when it comes to food.”

“Well, I guess pride is of no use at the dinner table, ha….”

“You can do it by exercising.”

“That’s right.”

It was just a little disappointing.

'This is just how good my self-control is.'

I thought I didn't enjoy gourmet food, but all that was in vain in front of Sergio Hunter's shocking cooking skills. I never got tired of eating no matter how much I ate, because he knew my taste buds so well and planned a harmoniously balanced diet.

'Mr. Kang Eun-seong's situation seems similar.'

It's so blessed to be eating so well.

'It's Western style over there again today. It looks greasy.'

Kang Eun-sung returned to his secretary's seat and had a good time with his lunch box. He had been like that for a week. It was thanks to Sergio Hunter, who had asked about his preferred diet, that he had also taken care of Kang Eun-sung's share.

Seo Seo-hee smiled awkwardly at the already half-empty lunchbox.

“Isn’t it hard to pack lunches like this every time?”

“I think I say this every time you come here, but I hope you don’t take away my fun.”

“Oh, what is it? I have a strange feeling about this… What is it really…?”

They seemed like old people who enjoyed taking care of their grandchildren in their later years.

“How old are you this year?”

“Is it important?”

“That’s not it.”

In fact, it was a person with whom it was meaningless to discuss actual age. Seo Seo-hee quickly accepted and finished emptying her lunch box. The pickled tomatoes piled up in the small side dish compartment whetted her appetite.

The strong scent of plum is felt, while the refreshing alcohol only makes its presence known and disappears cleanly. The mouth, once refreshed, once again demands oily meat and chewy seafood.

“…….”

Seo Seo-hee couldn't help but think.

'I wish you would sell it.'

I wonder if you're thinking of opening a side dish restaurant.

“…You said it wouldn’t be a hassle, but I’m not sure if it really would be okay.”

He shrugged slightly.

Seo Seo-hee was also a person who knew a lot about origins and

mysteries. He was known to have played a part in creating the Earth's system, so there was no way he wouldn't know. That's why I couldn't help but worry even more.

“…….”

After thinking for a moment, he opened his mouth.

“I believe you are acting in a way that does not burden Sergio Hunter.”

Seo Hee-hee and Sergio both knew that the 'Sergio Hunter' was the source being. However, this was the first time they had said something like that directly. They didn't want to provoke the source being who wanted to pretend to be human.

But I felt it for a few days. There was no such 'rule' for this being. And it was a 'person' who embraced and acknowledged all gazes. Seo Seo-hee spoke, empowered by a feeling that was difficult to call certainty or trust.

“On the other hand, I also know that you are someone who would never do anything that would harm me. However, how should I put it….”

“Are you still worried about me?”

“I’m not an expert in this field, so I don’t know what to ask.”

As expected, there was no disadvantage to pretending to know. Seo Seo-hee smiled lightly and continued talking.

“Well, don’t you think the price is too low? It seems like you’re not getting anything in return for what you give.”

There are some mysteries that can only be shared very rarely. But even then, it only seems like that, and in reality, there is definitely a give and take. Balance is important to mystical beings.

'So, Sergio Hunter will receive something in return for what I receive. Or maybe he will receive something in the future. However, it is not in keeping with Sergio Hunter's personality to receive such a price without prior notice… .'

So I was worried, and more than that, I was just curious.

“What do you want from me?”

“You don’t have to give anything to Hunter Seo Seo-hee.”

“Then… are you receiving it from those around me?”

“No, I’m paying.”

“…….”

This was an amazing story.

“…Was that even possible?”

“Of course I can, since I’m packing your lunch.”

“No, that’s not what I was asking… That’s true, but….”

“Aha, I see what you’re worried about.”

Sergio, who had been watching Seo Seo-hee eat the whole time, said with a smile.

“I received a nice gift from a friend as a reward for my hard work in the past.”

“…I want to analyze each sentence and ask questions. Is it a reward for hard work? A friend? A nice gift?”

“Thanks to you, I was able to pack lunch without any worries. Do you see the stamp on the lunch box container?”

“Oh, yes. It’s the pattern I’ve seen every time you brought me a lunch box.”

“This stamp is what created that pattern.”

Sergio Hunter was suddenly holding a seal in his hand.

'How long have you been holding it?'

It was surprising that he didn't notice.

Seo Seo-hee stared at the stamp, her emotions in her eyes. It was a harmless shape that could barely be pressed with wax. It was unusual in that it was transparent, as if it was made of a mineral similar to marble.

As I was watching, Sergio Hunter asked, placing a stamp on the table.

“Would you like to try using your skill?”

“…It’s not my area of expertise….”

Even as she said that, Seo Seo-hee blinked.

Reward: Seal

It was a short and simple explanation.

“…Was this a seal you received as a system reward?”

“Yes, it is. I have been using it usefully since I first received it.”

“I can’t read anything beyond that.”

“Is that so?”

“As I said before, it’s not my area of expertise.”

Of all the symbols of eternity, he was the one most remote from

mystery.

Next was the association president, Dan Hae-ra, and then another guild leader, Jeong Hae-un. Jeong Hae-un, in particular, had extensive knowledge of these mysteries as he worked a lot on work related to the source.

"hmm…."

Seo Seo-hee smiled awkwardly.

“Thank you for your permission, but I have difficulty reading it.”

“It’s a shame we didn’t share the same vision.”

“Then, could you please allow me a little bit of your vision, Sergio Hunter?”

“Of course, since it was Seo Seo-hee’s request.”

Reward: Seal_“Compassion and Attunement”

“…Another name for the seal is mercy and harmony.”

Grab the small pillar and pay the price

“I’m telling you to pay the price.”

Seo Seo-hee looked at Sergio Hunter, who was smiling unchangingly.

“Is Sergio Hunter paying the price I deserve?”

“To be honest, I was a little surprised, I didn’t think you’d read that far.”

“Does this mean that it wasn’t Sergio Hunter’s intention?”

“I think my friend was playing a prank.”

“Now I know who the ‘friend’ Sergio Hunter was talking about is.”

A hollow laugh came out.

“It was a system.”

The relationship before my eyes seemed to be closer to the source than I could have imagined.

“…….”

A ghost intertwined with the system.

‘Ah, as expected… .’

Or really.

Suddenly, Seo Seo-hee felt her stomach churning. She was a little out of her mind because of the constant thoughts that kept coming up even though she tried not to think about them.

He tried to smile. And fortunately, he was confident in one thing: smiling.

“…How can I eat in peace after reading this, Sergio Hunter? May I ask what price you paid to pack this lunch?”

“I think I’ve already paid the price.”

“What do you mean? You’ve already paid the price.”

“I don’t know either.”

"but…."

It was a difficult story.

“Then how do you know whether a price was paid or not?”

“There must have been something I should have given, but I didn’t give anything. And yet, you packed me a lunch today. So, isn’t it like the

price has already been paid?”

A being that was once human smiled.

“I don’t think it’s something you necessarily have to know in depth.”

“Then you could get in big trouble. If it’s not a price that has already been paid, but a debt that will have to be paid in the future, especially for someone like Sergio Hunter… wouldn’t that be a big blow?”

“If you live simply, the world seems beautiful.”

“So you want to see the world as beautiful? That’s great.”

It seemed like I couldn't ask any more.

‘…he is a difficult person to read.’

Sergio really had no regrets, no obsessions.

'It's really about accepting everything as it is.'

He had no deeper interest or curiosity than to notice the existence of the price. He just let it go as it was, as it was not worth keeping it in his eyes and recalling it in his brain. That is why Seo Seo-hee, who was not the person involved, could not know about it.

'Is this a reaction that can only be seen because it is not human?'

For some reason, she had a feeling that it probably wouldn't be the case. Sergio probably wasn't an ordinary person even when he was alive. Seo Seo-hee laughed as she thought that without any real evidence.

“I wonder if I’m causing trouble.”

“Do you think it’s a nuisance if your parents prepare meals for you, Hunter Seo Seo-hee?”

“Oh, now even my parents are going? Oh my god….”

I really don't know how much I owe you.

Finally, Seo Seo-hee couldn't hold it in any longer and asked.

“What do I owe you?”

“You played with me.”

“Oh, that’s right….”

A blunt voice.

“…….”

For a moment, the world seemed quiet.

When I looked up at Sergio, I saw a calm face that was hard to call an expression. There was something cold and gloomy about it, but the gaze that was staring at me was so straight that it almost felt arrogant.

Suddenly, it occurred to me that it might be a face we know.

“So I was good.”

The eyes are squinted so narrowly that it is difficult to call it a smile.

“It was fun.”

“…Sergio Hunter?”

“It's here.”

A familiar smile was suddenly drawn on his face.

“I've always been here.”

“…….”

But even then, I felt like it was 'strange'.

It was a smile that Seo Seo-hee was very familiar with, but it was still the same. She wanted to see the face from just a moment ago, which could not be called gentle, once again. It was a weak impulse that she could not explain.

“So please don’t worry and accept my favor.”

“…Are you happiest when that happens?”

“You know a lot, you are indeed Hunter Seo Seo-hee.”

“You can treat me like you used to, really.”

“I think you forgot, but I’m a very shy person.”

“You don’t look like that at all.”

“Don’t we all need some time?”

“…….”

A little late, he nodded.

“…That could be the case.”

Seo Seo-hee finished eating the remaining rice.

“It’s still… warm.”

“Because I brought it in a container filled with the power of the sun.”

“I understand now why the collectors were so desperate to keep Sergio Hunter locked up in the gallery. I think I would have locked him up too.”

“I think everyone is saying really interesting things.”

“I’m worried that you might really get caught and taken away. Have you ever thought that your kindness is too generous?”

“If I want to do something and can do it, is there really any reason why I shouldn’t do it?”

“That’s really clear logic.”

I couldn't handle it.

“What would you like me to call you, Sergio Hunter?”

“I think it’s okay to call me like that now.”

“You packed such a delicious lunch box for me, so I deserve special treatment.”

“If that’s the price that Hunter Seo Seo-hee came up with….”

The dead man asked for his opinion.

“What about you, teacher?”

“…Hmm, that sounds good.”

teacher.

‘… What a pity.’

Because they are teachers who are like parents to me.

It must have been a fun time, but I still don't remember it.

* * *

“…….”

I think I'm getting it with a slightly different feeling.

‘… It doesn’t matter because it’s fun.’

Geo's ultimate positive mind shined today as well.

I thought it would be okay because I understood the context similarly. Of course, that was natural. The world won't end or anything if you get a couple of past truths wrong.

Geo nodded inwardly.

'Taran.'

I guess I should ask Visabal if he had any formal plans to adopt.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (284)

284

Episode 284

“Ahhh, this doesn’t seem right.”

Joohyun strongly opposed it.

“Why on earth would you think that?”

“I don’t know exactly where you are getting such a strong reaction.”

“I’m sorry, I was a little rude. But no matter what, I just can’t accept the idea of being adopted by the leader of the Visabal Guild.”

"okay."

Geo looked back at the meteor cloud.

“What do you think, Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

“I want to respect everything about you as much as possible, but this might be difficult, Geo. Even I, who has been through all sorts of disasters and trials, have limits that I cannot endure.”

“I didn’t know you would react like this.”

At the hallway meeting after a long time, Geo was faced with opposition from his friends.

“But I’m sure there are many people who already think that way. Those who are a bit quick-witted will probably think I’m the son of the leader of the Bisabal guild.”

“Just thinking about it and actually putting your name on the family register are two completely different things. In that case, I don’t know how you and the guild leader will change.”

For the being of the origin, 'justification' was extremely important. Justification was, in other words, a story. It was impossible for the 'family' that Shinbi had personally acknowledged not to be affected. Even Shinbi himself.

“The guild leader is already a burden to humanity. Thinking about him evolving any further sends shivers down my spine and chills down my spine. I… I’m really against it.”

“Thank you for your active opinion.”

“No, I’m the one who really appreciates you calling us here before things get worse. If you had quietly carried out the work and then informed us of the situation, we would have been helpless and had to watch the tragedy unfold….”

“I was half joking, don’t worry.”

“You were half-serious, right? It’s okay, I know that.”

Geo often pretended not to have such unique tastes.

“That may be true from the perspective of a gardener and curator, but, um. I think it wouldn’t be much different from the thoughts of Hyun-ssi, who is the most ordinary among us.”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-woon is right. I’m not talking about objective risks like Mr. Yoo Seong-woon, because changes due to one’s own choices are always something one must bear.”

He had something else to worry about.

“The Visabal Guild Leader is not a very… good family.”

“Oh, I admit that. Our guild leader enjoys his life too much.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“The guild leader has been openly saying that he has no intention of having a family. It is true that he is too weak to protect his family, but the bigger reason is that he lacks the confidence to fulfill his responsibilities and manners towards that family.”

He was the kind of person who would rather watch his work than spend time with his family.

“You know that if you had to choose between your work and your family, you would choose your work. But the guild leader isn’t that cruel.”

“In some ways, I think it was a wise decision. That’s why it’s even harder to ignore Geo-ssi being registered under the guild leader’s family register. Above all, the guild leader….”

Joohyun, who had been hesitating, said.

“…I think you’ll really like it.”

“…Honestly, that was the biggest reason I opposed it.”

Joo-hyun and Yoo-seong-woon made tired expressions. He was also a person who liked the rumor that Sergio Hunter was the son of Bisabal, which was secretly floating around. How much more of a fuss would it be if he was officially registered?

“No, of course, there’s absolutely no chance that our guild master’s family register will be leaked. I know that the guild master’s power is powerful enough to make even a bird fall, but in the first place, records

from before the great disaster are practically nonexistent. Besides, if it's a family register of someone around the same age as the guild master, it's not very credible no matter what you show…."

"It seems like you're quite worried since the story is getting longer."

"If the guild leader himself were to blow it up in any way, it would be different. Ah, that's not it. What I meant to say was… Since the real family register won't be revealed anyway, is there really a need to officially list the name?"

"That's true too."

Joohyun continued, smiling awkwardly.

"I also know that the leader of the Bisabal Guild is someone who doesn't cross the line. However, what worries me is that he enjoys everything he can within the limits."

"Geo, you're a bit uneasy about that. From our perspective, if you don't cross the line, if you think it's fun, and if there's no reason not to… I think you'll definitely join in. The Earth is already in danger without it."

"I'm also a little concerned that Guild Leader Bisabal would see Geo as a 'work called family.' Of course, this is just my personal opinion, but I don't think other people would see it as a proper relationship."

"In the same vein, it's not a good thing for the guild leader's reputation. As I said before, public rumors and official recognition are completely different things. I'm asking you to think about our guild's image as well."

The portrait, which had been listening to their conversation, spoke.

"It's fun because everyone is desperate."

"Okay, as long as you enjoy it."

“…I apologize for my rude remark.”

Joo-hyun asked Geo's words.

“I think you’ve been having trouble controlling yourself lately. Are you okay?”

“That’s right. These days, there are many times when I don’t keep basic manners in mind. I try to be careful, but it’s not easy for me either.”

“Um… If this continues, you will often have difficulties living in society. I know that Mr. Geo is not using another ‘Geo’ because of various circumstances, but wouldn’t you like to reconsider?”

Yoo Seong-woon thought to himself at Joo-hyun's words.

'People are so consistently brave.'

At this point, it was amazing.

The Eye of Origin has decided. Ju-hyeon was not in his right mind to urge him to change it. Of course, this kind portrait will not get angry or bring about disaster, but isn't there a limit?

And as always, the portrait ignored those words.

“I won’t do that for the time being until things are sorted out. However, I understand your concerns, Joohyun, and I will take them into consideration as much as possible.”

“If that’s what Mr. Geo says, then that must be it.”

Joo-hyun also just let it go. His role was to help Geo with his life and choices, not to guide him. Geo wasn't even a child who had yet to become an adult.

The portrait nodded.

“Let me think about adoption a little more.”

“Why did you bring that up in the first place? It seemed like you were enjoying playing the role of the son of the leader of the Bisabae guild before, but you didn’t feel the need for official confirmation, did you?”

“Because Hunter Seo Seo-hee knows me as the son of the leader of the Bisabal guild.”

“Wasn’t that the case before too…?”

“I think I’m sure now.”

He stroked his chin.

“I also know that I was Seo Seo-hee’s teacher. Whether it was fate before or after the Great Disaster is still open to possibility… but that’s it for now.”

“Oh, you’re telling me the truth? You were just pretending like you were going to let it go.”

“It’s a little different from the truth, Seo Seo-hee knows me as the son of the leader of the Bisabyeol guild. That’s why I wanted to make it a real story so that I wouldn’t feel embarrassed later.”

“Uh… I wonder if it’ll be embarrassing….”

I thought it would be a bit heavier than that. That is, if Hunter Seo-hee finds out the truth.

“…Listening to what you have to say, it seems like you’re going to tell the whole truth someday, so why don’t you tell me in advance? Are you going to wait until Seo Seo-hee Hunter or the other students find out the truth themselves?”

“There are several reasons.”

The portrait answered bluntly.

“First of all, it’s fun.”

“What exactly?”

“A kind of role-playing?”

“…….”

Soon Joo-hyun smiled.

"…okay!"

“Listen to me a little more.”

Geo added as an excuse.

“I was their teacher. Their personalities may have changed a lot since then, but the fact remains that I was an adult and they were their wards.”

“Is that… something you didn’t like?”

“I like my current relationship a little more. Those friends back then saw me as too perfect.”

“Honestly, I think that’s still the case now.”

“I misspoke. I wanted to say that I felt a little uncomfortable with the way they treated me, even though I wasn’t really that great of a person.”

“…You said you served him?”

Joohyun was embarrassed.

“It’s a story that’s hard to imagine now. It’s a bit strange that a symbol

of eternity would treat someone like that…."

"Why did it turn out like that? Even now, being a teacher is a job that is respected by students, but what you're talking about doesn't seem to be at that level."

Geo, who had been pondering Yoo Seong-un's question for a moment, answered.

"…there was something I needed to do to help those kids."

"What kind of help did you give?"

"Just because you're young doesn't mean you won't get sick or have a hard time."

"I don't think it's something I should ask in detail about, but…."

Yoo Seong-un shrugged and asked.

"Did you hate those kinds of reactions because they were burdensome?"

"It wasn't something I could say no to."

The portrait shook its head.

"It's just that they thought I was too idealistic of a teacher. I appreciate that they think well of me, but it's embarrassing that they think of me as more than I really am."

"What kind of image did you have as a teacher?"

"Anyway, that's all. I think he's helped me and received help from me often, and the results were always good, so he must have had some kind of illusion. Since it was an illusion, I don't think it would have been a big deal if I disappeared."

"oh."

I don't think so.

'If I say this, will you get angry?'

Yoo Seong-un held back, but Joo-hyun did not hold back.

“I don’t think so.”

“I am sometimes amazed by Joohyun’s courage.”

“Oh, no… It takes a lot of courage to just say that.”

“If you experience any physical or mental changes in the near future, please contact me and I will ask the temple for help.”

“This is driving me crazy, I told you it’s not like that?”

Joo-Hyeon, who had roughly harassed and passed over Yoo Seong-Un, looked at Geo again.

“I know the relationship between teachers and students before the Great Disaster. As Mr. Geo said, it wasn’t that great of a relationship. It wasn’t a relationship that guaranteed anything other than learning.”

“Yes.”

“But if the students had respected him beyond respect, he would have been a really good teacher. Mr. Geo to those students. I don’t think it was a typical teacher-student relationship.”

“If you’re talking about dependence or obsession, it didn’t lead to that kind of relationship.”

The portrait nodded.

“Eventually, everyone found their place. The role of a teacher is to help students fit in well and stand strong in society.”

“Just from what you say, I think you would have been an ideal teacher. I think you probably helped him a lot in private as well. Am I right?”

“Yes, the roles assigned by the school alone were not enough to fill the gaps in those children’s lives. Fortunately, as a teacher, the scope of my help was not limited.”

“…I feel a little sad.”

I felt upset even though it wasn't my job.

“I think I know why they say ‘served and served.’”

Even Joohyun would have done the same.

I don't remember exactly what the world was like before the Great Calamity, but in any era, there was pain and condemnation, and it was hard to find a solid pillar to support me when I was young and wavering.

‘It may be a useless compensation mentality since I’ve lived a tiring life…’

It was natural that he did not want to lose that support.

“But, Mr. Geo, were you uncomfortable with those students’ reactions?”

“To be honest, yes. I wish they had been more open with me. It was probably a very unscrupulous thought for a teacher to have.”

“It’s hard to expect comfort in a vertical relationship.”

“Fortunately, those kids forgot about me back then.”

Geo was calm as always.

“If we were to build a relationship again now, it would be closer to

horizontal than vertical. So I hope that Seo Seo-hee Hunter will remain ignorant of the deep truth for a long time.”

“Then what will change?”

“You forgot about me. It’s more of a cognitive thing than an emotional thing. It will take time to accept and adjust to the fact that there was such a relationship. And it will take a step-by-step process.”

“To Mr. Geo too?”

“Of course. I’ll say it again, I like our current relationship. I like it when you just enjoy eating my lunch box. I think people and the world run the happiest when they’re simple.”

"but…."

Geo said as if he was reading a book.

“If you had kept remembering me, you would have found your own way to enjoy yourself, but that doesn’t mean you need to ignore and slander the pleasure you have now, right?”

“…That’s true too.”

Yoo Seong-woon said to Joo-hyun, who nodded slowly, while rubbing his neck.

“You must have been embarrassed too. There were students who liked you that much. Even though your name was known to the world, there was no reaction at all. You probably simply thought it was because you had become ‘completely independent’….”

“You can’t really call it independence. They weren’t that dependent or obsessed with me. It’s true that we had a good relationship that I didn’t want to lose, but it wasn’t a situation where it would be ruined if one person disappeared.”

“So what did you think?”

“What Mr. Yoo Seong-woon said is right. I thought everyone was doing well without any problems. As I said before, it wasn’t a situation that would be ruined just because I disappeared.”

They were students who knew how to live well on their own.

“I didn’t know you had completely forgotten….”

The portrait added bluntly.

“I expected you to become a normal member of society.”

“How would it feel to see a student you were teaching become the savior of the Earth?”

“I thought you were having a hard time.”

“That’s your typical sentiment.”

Yoo Seong-un took his hands off his neck and stared at the portrait.

“…….”

“Why are you doing that?”

“…Don’t you think your speech has become a little looser?”

"oh."

The portrait nodded.

“Whenever I talk to students, this is what happens.”

“Good. When are you planning on giving me lunch again?”

I just hope that he can adapt well back into human society.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (285)

285

Episode 285

After the hallway meeting.

“Huh?”

The teddy bear asked Geo a question.

“…Are you asking if my students are in the same situation as the mermaids?”

“Kuk kuk kuk.”

“No, it’s completely different. What you’re worried about won’t happen.”

Giovanni laughed as he sat the teddy bear on his lap.

“I didn’t know my father was worried about that.”

“Kyuu….”

“I’m not really lying, they’re not that weak of students. In many ways, they’re friends who are different from our mermaid students.”

"dream?"

“The mermaid disciples couldn’t live without me, right?”

The teddy bear was left speechless by Giovanni's refreshing remark.

“…….”

“…You knew and yet you died like that? Well, I don’t know. I thought it would be a big blow, but I didn’t know it would be to the extent of going around and eating planets in the ocean. I really didn’t know that.”

“Kuuuk….”

“Of course, I admit that it was an immature breakup.”

The mermaid in the shadows shimmered faintly.

“But it was the best choice for me.”

The cloudy shadow soon subsides.

“So, in many ways, we should see the students on Earth and the mermaid students as being different. First of all, they were not that dependent on me. Their lives were not greatly affected by my disappearance.”

“Kuku?”

“Yes, they were much more mature students than the mermaids. They were ready to stand up on their own, and I was just there to give them a little foothold.”

"dream…."

“Of course, my mermaid disciples and I were also preparing for such a mature farewell. But don’t mermaids live for such a long time? Those children regarded me as their parent, and almost as their only friend.”

So, the obsession was bound to be severe.

“Mermaids, above all else, are a bit….”

“…….”

“…because there’s a side to him that’s annoyingly persistent.”

“Kuk kuk kuk.”

Crunch!

The mermaid's tail in the shadow hit the floor.

“Oh, you look angry.”

Giovanni laughed teasingly.

“Then I will live a good life.”

Thud thud thud thud thud-!!

“Who do you take after to have such a stubborn personality?”

First of all, it didn't seem to be Giovanni himself.

“Anyway, what Father is worried about won’t happen again. The mermaid disciples probably didn’t think much of me. Of course, we got along really well, but… well, no matter how much I think about it, we weren’t on the same level as these guys.”

Affection beyond a certain level can turn into obsession and possessiveness. Giovanni may have had no choice because of the mermaids' environment and characteristics, but Mr. Sergio was not the type to let that happen.

His students have always been excellent independent individuals.

“Huh?”

Because you want to?

“…What if?”

“Kku, kku.”

“How can you blame me for this? There are people who take the lead in relationships everywhere. As a teacher, I have to prevent my students from going down an unhealthy path.”

"dream?"

“Didn’t I tell you that mermaids have different environments and characteristics? Our students, as I keep saying, are completely different. You can’t put the two on the same level.”

To begin with, 'Giovanni' and 'Sergio' were completely different people. They had similar fates and trajectories, but they were complete strangers. It was only natural that their attitudes toward those they taught were different.

“So even if the disciples of Earth regain their memories, it won’t turn the world upside down. They love their roots and know how to embrace me and others.”

They were mature adults.

“The reason I’m taking such a cautious approach is because of those guys and my position. Especially because of my position. No matter how I think about it, I like our current relationship. Their attitude no longer burdens me.”

“Kukukuu?”

“Oh, even thinking about it now makes me dizzy.”

Sergio looked devastated.

“Everyone thought I was such a great person.”

“Kyuu….”

“I wasn’t much different back then. I was just a fashion terrorist who couldn’t smile or even wear clothes because my facial expressions were stiff. I remember kids calling me the Grim Reaper.”

"dream."

“Yes, it suits you well, thank you. I remember running into students walking around at night and hearing them scream. I was scared back then too….”

Sergio's impression was somewhat scary, so the students had a hard time looking at him.

“I gave them candy, chocolate, cookies, potatoes, sweet potatoes, and corn… Maybe it was because I was young, but the students often thought of me as something special.”

"dream?"

“No, where in the world would you find a grim reaper who gives sweet potatoes? To be honest, when the ‘sad story of the mafia boss’s successor’ came out, I enjoyed it a bit, and it was definitely funny, but apart from that, I felt a little burdened.”

“…….”

The teddy bear tilted its head as if it was puzzled.

“It was burdensome.”

really?

“Oh really.”

I could say this on the honor of the gods of heaven and earth. The gods of heaven and earth passing by might have felt a little wronged, but it meant that Geo was sincere. People can like something and also dislike it.

“… Well, if teachers and students could become close, how close could they be? After all, I was an adult and strong, and the students were children and weak. But no matter what, that distance was a bit…”

I thought of the students who had been expecting something from me with sparkling eyes. Even the blunt Seo Seo-hee was no different. They seemed to regard Sergio as something perfect that would solve anything as soon as he stepped out.

“He wasn’t as good a person as you might expect.”

Dependence and obsession can be shaken off, but there is nothing that can be done about such simple expectations.

I would be lying if I said I didn't have fun, but that was a separate thing. The relationship back then was good, but the relationship now is just too good to throw away.

“…So my complaints have nothing to do with the fate of the Earth.”

“Huh?”

“This time, you can really trust me, they are not students who would do bad things. The reason I am cautious is simply because I want to maintain this equal relationship. It is a kind of role-playing.”

“Kuk kuk kuk….”

“If my father likes it, then this son is also good.”

Giovanni smiled brightly.

“There is nothing to worry about.”

There's nothing serious about him.

* * *

Geo in the studio was fiddling with the stamps.

“…….”

“Oh my.”

“Your daughter is here.”

“Ugh.”

“Welcome.”

Dana naturally climbed onto Geo's lap and took her place. Honey, who was sitting by the window, flew over and got into Geo's hood. Either way, it was a cute sight.

Geo stared at the stamp while stroking the plump Dana.

“How far will this guy evolve?”

I received this seal after completing 'Giovanni's' quest. After completing 'Argio's' quest, the seal was upgraded.

At first, stamps were only accepted for letters, but now they were easily exempted from payment for food and containers, big and small.

'But it's not like there's really no price to pay.'

Maybe it had something to do with Geo's forgotten memories.

'Where is the price being paid that I have not paid now?'

Past or future?

“Either way is fine.”

“Gulp?”

“If it’s a price for the past, then it’s a price I’ve already paid, so it

doesn't concern me now. If it's a price for the future, then I can't pay it now, so it doesn't concern me either. There's no reason for me to worry right now."

"Kung…."

"But I wonder how far we can go with this."

I wanted to give a bigger gift.

"……."

Geo opened his lips as he looked at the pure white canvas.

"…I tried to draw a picture for the first time in a long time, but I can't remember what to do."

"Gulp."

"I think it would be better to rest for the time being."

"Cur."

"How about visiting the school for the first time in a while?"

Geo tilted his head.

"I like it."

It was a peaceful day.

* * *

The school I visited after a long time was still in ruins.

"……."

widely.

The shoes touched the floor.

“…I feel like a ghost is coming out.”

But there was also a little pride.

“This is the haunted house school version.”

“Kung kkung kkung kkung kkung.”

“Honey, this is where my dad used to work.”

“Gulp….”

“Well, maybe it’s not your taste.”

It was a completely different atmosphere from the 'Jewelry' where Dana lived. It was still full of ashes, and dust was piled up on top of it. The school, where the traces of the fire were still clearly visible, had an eerie air.

The place he was was a storage room attached to the art room.

“I guess I’ll take a look around after a long time.”

Even though it was still 5 p.m., the school was dark. The trees had grown so thickly that their shadows covered the entire school. If you didn’t look closely, you wouldn’t even know there was a building here.

'It looks like a secret base.'

He remembered the secret bases he had built in the forest when he was young. They weren't built in dangerous places like they are now, but even in such a small space, Sergio could have fun playing as a child.

‘Then I ran into a wild boar… .’

It was a good memory.

“There might be wild boars here now.”

“Kung…?”

“It was originally a school built in a remote place, but after the great disaster, it became a ruin that no one could find. I don’t even know how the people who were looking for me at that time got in.”

“Gulp.”

“Well, when I first came to my senses, it took me a really long time to find a place where people were. Now, it seems like there are monsters living there instead of wild boars.”

Although, I never saw anything like it while I was staying here.

“Maybe my scary impression worked on the monsters too.”

It was a reasonable guess.

“When I first woke up, I was so out of it that I couldn’t even think about making any decisions. I was overwhelmed just by the things in the portrait. What on earth was I thinking about….”

As he headed past the broken door, he saw a few desks. They were almost like pieces of wood that were so charred that only the shape of the desk remained. Geo lightly swept them and then moved his feet again.

An empty hallway appeared.

“…….”

Wouldn't it be polite to have a ghost pop out at this point?

'Oh, well.'

They're like unprofessional ghosts.

I saw trees that had grown through the building. I saw ivy that almost covered the inside and outside of the school, and I saw flowers that bloomed on warm days. However, they gave off a more disgusting impression than a refreshing one.

Geo gently stroked his chin.

“…Do these guys also assert themselves?”

Geo looked around the school, feeling a bit uneasy.

'Maybe it's because the atmosphere is so ominous, but no matter how you look at it, it feels like a scene from a horror movie. If you were to make a movie here, even if you don't know the story, the directing would be perfect. The mere existence of it is great material.'

It looked like a typical 'long-abandoned school'.

'I was wondering if I would remember anything if I came here.'

Geo stopped and leaned his back against the hallway wall.

“Nothing comes to mind other than what I thought.”

“Gulp?”

“That’s all I remember….”

No matter how hard he tried to recall, his last memory was that he was 'backing away from the fire and ended up in a painting.' He wondered, 'Did he forget something?' but that was all.

“Where did the fire start?”

The fire started on the first floor. The family room on the first floor. A cigarette got into the oven that was being used, causing a huge fire. Perhaps because there was also cooking oil and other oils in the area, the fire spread quickly, almost blocking escape to the outside.

Sergio sent all the students out before that happened. He looked around to see if there were any students left, but that was all. However, it was too late to escape. So he headed to the art warehouse.

“I wish there had been curtains, but there weren’t, so it failed.”

Then he ran away to the warehouse and became a painting.

“…….”

“…….”

"ah."

Come to think of it.

“How did I know there was a cigarette in it?”

I finally found the hole.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (286)

286

Episode 286

“Remember that? A cigarette?”

“Are you talking about the cigarette that went into the oven?”

“Yeah, that one.”

Dan Hae-ra tilted her head at Seo Seo-hee's words.

“Surprisingly, isn’t this the first time you’ve started a conversation on that topic?”

“I was reminiscing after a long time.”

“That wasn’t really a memory.”

“Then should I just say it’s an old memory?”

About that time a man came into the room.

“What are you two talking about?”

“Oh, Jeong Hae-woon.”

Seo Seo-hee called out to a man with a middle-aged face.

“Are you a little late?”

“Fuck, do you think gardens these days are shit and that’s why you’re saying that? Huh? I told you to think 30 times before you speak.”

“I don’t know why this crazy guy is causing a ruckus as soon as he gets here.”

“You should try being a gardener. Anyway, you little brats with dirty hair, don’t even talk dirty. Anyway, what were you talking about?”

“Story of cigarettes.”

“…? Did you have a drink during the day?”

Jeong Hae-woon, who was sitting down, looked at Seo Seo-hee with a strange expression.

“It’s been a while since we gathered for a meal together, and we were talking about how the food was losing its appetite.”

“I just happened to be thinking back to old times.”

“If you do that, there are times when promises are broken. If you’re not going to fix it, just live as if you forgot about it.”

“I guess it’s because I’ve met someone I hadn’t seen in a long time that I’m becoming emotional.”

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon asked, leaning back in his chair.

“Sergio Hunter?”

“Yeah, that guy.”

“You said you were eating a packed lunch.”

“It was delicious.”

“You crazy kid.”

Seo Seo-hee nodded with a faint smile.

“Be sure to say that in front of your followers too.”

“Not believers, but customers, people. Please don’t call our precious investors that.”

Jeong Hae-woon raised his middle finger and looked at Dan Hae-ra.

“What about grace?”

“I’m a little late today.”

“That’s understandable, the state of the country is really a mess these days.”

“Oh my, what is the point of saying something like that in front of the president of the association?”

“I think I could run it well if I were given a little more capital.”

“Then shall we discuss the rest through documents?”

“Friends are all heartless, we only have Eunhye, really.”

“Let’s date.”

“Why do you say that?”

Jeong Hae-un's middle fingers on both hands went up.

“You might as well kill me.”

“Haewoon, when will you grow up?”

“Al Baim?”

Jeong Hae-woon, who had been clicking his tongue, finally put his hand down and crossed his arms.

“It’s not just you, but seeing that Ha-ra and Kang Eun-seong are like that too, I can see that Sergio Hunter is a pretty good person. I get it, but let’s be careful so that we don’t end up breaking our promise.”

“So there was something else I was looking back on.”

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon looked back at Seo Seo-hee.

“…Is that really him?”

“I thought it was possible.”

“We built a system based on the memory of one person? Is that possible with just one person?”

Long ago, they committed what was called the 'Promise of Eternity'. They created the Earth's system. The three of them were deprived of their fate as humans and became immortal. This was the price of that promise, but it was also a side effect.

So, as the price for the 'Promise of Eternity', there must be a memory that is the most central, but once a memory is forgotten, it cannot be recalled. They tried for a while to find the identity of the memory that became the price, but ultimately failed.

“You said you were 29 years old.”

“And then he died and came back to life.”

“Damn you guys, you guys must have already finished talking amongst yourselves without me. What do you mean by coming back from the dead? You guys were bickering and arguing while I was going around the garden, right?”

“We’re going to have to see these same faces for a long time, so please don’t make it any less tiresome….”

Seo Seo-hee was very tired.

“I thought you had received the report too.”

“It’s not that noisy these days, so I haven’t had time to hear reports about that.”

“Then I’ll listen to the explanation later with Eunhye. Anyway, I guess Sergio Hunter is someone who was either right before or right after the Great Disaster. And I also heard that he was our teacher.”

“Teacher? What the hell, isn’t this another scammer with a tooth in his mouth?”

Jeong Hae-woon was disgusted.

“I’ve never met a good teacher in my life. But why a teacher? When we were students? Teacher and student, adult and minor, guardian and ward. Wow, that’s really good.”

At that time, they needed him so much. That's why Jeong Hae-woon had strong doubts. There was no way this world could be that kind to them.

“It’s so idealistic, it’s ridiculous.”

“It’s not like I can convince you by saying anything here, so whatever. Just live like that.”

“Then I’ll get hit in the head again.”

“Honestly, if I was fooled this time, I think I should just let it be.”

“…I’m going to go back….”

Jeong Hae-woon let out a deep sigh and lifted his glass.

“What did you do without everyone?”

“Eunhye hasn’t even come yet and you’re already drinking?”

“He can’t even drink alcohol because his liver is weak.”

“You speak so nicely, you punk.”

“Eunhye, it seems like her ability to detoxify alcohol is getting worse as the days go by.”

“After all, he’s a C-class hunter….”

Seo Seo-hee shrugged and snatched the bottle. Then she filled Jeong Hae-woon and Dan Hae-ra’s glasses. They’ve seen everything, but the count was a bit like that.

“Anyway, the timing seems plausible.”

“He is also an apostle of the black cloak.”

He nodded as if to say that he would at least half agree with it.

“So, Haeun, don’t be so hard on me either.”

“Since you guys aren’t building it, we have to build a country too.”

“You know, I have so many empty holes in my memory. I’ve only recently started filling them in little by little. To be honest, I can’t be your ‘standard’ anymore.”

“…No, sir, why are you saying that….”

“So, be friendly with Seohee.”

Dan Hae-ra smiled brightly and lifted her glass.

“Okay, shall we do it?”

“…Good.”

The three of them lightly clinked their glasses.

“I feel sorry for Eunhye.”

“He’s drinking orange juice anyway.”

“No, I drink kale juice to manage it.”

“Fuck, that’s right there. That’s fucking funny.”

Jeong Hae-woon shook his glass as if he was annoyed.

“No matter what, why are you talking about cigarettes on such a nice day, Seo Seo-hee? This kid really can’t read the mood. Do you think things will get better if you live another 50 years?”

“No, it just… I suddenly had a thought.”

“What are you going to do by thinking about those unlucky kids?”

“I was unlucky, though.”

Seo Seo-hee smiled brightly.

“I still think they were crazy to open the oven while it was running and throw a cigarette in it….”

“Thanks to you, the cookies that you and Eunhye were baking turned to ash along with the cigarette.”

Danhae-ra shrugged.

“It’s too bad, you said you were going to give it to me.”

“Because that was a time when you were having a really hard time.”

“As expected, Seohee is really kind.”

“The first thing I wanted to create was a favor.”

Seo Seo-hee laughed in vain.

“It wasn’t like the oven exploded or anything, right? When I came to my senses, it was a sea of fire.”

“That’s right. The fire probably spread faster in the living room because there was cooking oil and gas there. They also said they had a hard time escaping.”

“How did you escape from that?”

“…….”

“You know, the back door to the family room was locked.”

There are two entrances to the first floor of the school. The back door and the main door. The back door, which is closest to the homeroom, is always locked and full of all sorts of luggage. I think they blocked it because they thought students would sneak out there and dodge.

And it was far from the main gate. It was not a situation where one could go out through the window. The windows of the old school were stiff and did not open well, and the cooking oil placed on the window sill caught fire and spread.

“Haewoon also had a broken leg….”

“You carried me out.”

“I just thought it might have been slow.”

Seo Seo-hee shrugged.

“I don’t know if you remember, but we were completely out of our

minds at that time. Nana and Eunhye were badly injured when the ovens exploded one after another, and because of those guys who were there pushing us out… we got stabbed by the oven shards. It hurt. The smoke was acrid.”

It was because the school management was not good at all. If they had managed and repaired it on time, it wouldn't have gotten to that point. At least the fire would have spread at a slower rate.

And at that time, they were not mature enough to calmly evacuate in such a situation.

“I was wondering if someone might have helped me.”

"who."

Jeong Hae-woon tilted his head to the side.

“Sergio Hunter?”

"well?"

“Isn’t that an absurd idea?”

“That could be the case.”

“That might be the case, but….”

Jeong Hae-woon's face distorted.

“Even so, it was only the first floor. The main gate was far away, but it wasn’t that far. Even if the fire had spread quickly, it would have been faster if we had escaped. We were a little late because we were running around shouting that there was a fire, but still….”

Jeong Hae-woon, who had been muttering, soon looked at Dan Hae-ra.

“…Where were you then?”

“Music room.”

“How did it come out?”

“I think I walked out.”

“Did you say 'same'?"

“Well, let’s see… I was out of my mind at the time.”

I never thought it was that important. At the time, and even now, what mattered to them was all the disasters they had to endure after leaving school. The school fire caused by those idiots wasn't important.

Just living was so overwhelming that I couldn't even think about the past I had survived.

“…That’s right, I walked out. I remember you guys welcoming me when I came out the front gate.”

“…You didn’t come out the window, but through the front door? Wait, was that it?”

“That’s what I remember.”

“How did a kid who was in the music room on the top floor of the school walk out the front gate?”

“Now that I hear you say it, that’s true.”

Danhae-ra tilted her head.

“But I woke up that day. I thought it was because of that. I could use my skills and my physical abilities had improved, so I could leisurely walk out of a fire scene.”

“Skill… That’s right, you said you used a skill back then. That’s why

you were able to escape….”

Jeong Hae-woon frowned as if something was bothering him.

“…How did we become friends?”

“…I don’t remember very well.”

“But this alone is not enough to prove a connection with Sergio Hunter.”

“That’s right, most friends don’t remember their first meeting a long time ago.”

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon sighed.

“Hey, when is Eunhye coming?”

“Oh, you wanted to ask?”

“No one else would remember him.”

“If it’s someone related to a promise, it might be better not to ask.”

“Fuck, of course. I just said it once, and it was fucking bullshit.”

Their 'promise' becomes void the moment they receive their payment. If Sergio Hunter is really related to the 'Promise of Eternity', it would be better not to remember him.

And this price, once paid, never disappeared. If there was a chance, it would come back. The person who was responsible for the 'chance' here was none other than 'Cha Eun-hye', one of their classmates.

“…….”

The burden they were carrying was too heavy for them to act as they

pleased.

“…Still, he’s a good person, teacher.”

“…When did I see you, you fucking teacher?”

“I just decided to call it that.”

“You’re not even human anymore, so aren’t you a monster?”

“Can a gardener say something so ignorant?”

“Now that kid is wagging his tongue, I’m scared.”

Jeong Hae-woon drank his alcohol while laughing loudly.

“What kind of alcohol is this bitter?”

“It’s your personality that’s Mingming, Jeong Hae-woon.”

“You fucking punk.”

Jeong Hae-woon clicked his tongue and put down his glass.

“…Okay, let’s just pretend not to know. I don’t know exactly what his intentions are, but it doesn’t seem like he has any intention of telling me.”

It wasn't long ago that the 'Sergio Hunter' made his name known. Sergio himself would have had every opportunity to make himself known. But not doing so would have meant respecting the weight of their burden.

“Cha Eun-hye, she’s a pretty good actress, but right now she’s the only one who remembers everything. If it’s a really important memory and Eun-hye can’t control her mouth or facial expressions, the world could really end.”

“Eunhye isn’t that inexperienced of a friend.”

“Despite being experienced, the burden would still be the same. We don’t remember, so it’s a jackpot, but what if he was really important? What if he was a really good person? Wouldn’t he be doing something he wouldn’t do to Eunhye?”

Jeong Hae-woon added a beat later.

“…to Sergio Hunter himself.”

Besides, didn't you say he was already dead?

“This is an insult to the deceased.”

“They talk all sorts of nonsense.”

“I feel like I’m digging a grave with a shovel, damn it. It makes me feel uncomfortable.”

If things continue like this, Sergio will die, be forgotten, and become the manure of the earth, but he will now return as a ghost. Jeong Hae-woon became tired in an instant. He felt sick to his stomach and wanted to vomit.

Didn't he become a ghost, unable to die as a human and tied to the source?

'It's like a dog.'

I felt dirty.

“…….”

“Every time you feel sorry for someone, your expression gets so dirty.”

“…Because I feel dirty, my impression also becomes dirty. It’s proof that my inside and outside are the same, so what can I do?”

“That’s self-defense, you little punk.”

“You fucking punk, you don’t have any nerves for me, do you?”

“It’s hard enough to handle Korea alone, so do I have to handle you too?”

“You… you should respect the gardener….”

Jeong Hae-woon wiped his face.

“Oh, I really hate this feeling.”

“Who lives like this because they like it?”

“When will we be able to train our juniors?”

“Can that happen already? We’ll have to wait another 100 years.”

“I’m going back, for real.”

Only when the Earth stabilizes as soon as possible will they be able to live their lives. Only then will they be able to bear the guilt and sorrow for those they have forgotten, at least not now.

Between them, the door opened and a person came in.

“Oh, what the….”

“…….”

“Are you guys already drinking?”

The president who was called the president of the Republic of Korea was Cha Eun-hye.

“What is this atmosphere, why is it like this? Did someone die?”

“He did die.”

“Okay, let me guess. Basil? Boksul? Dorongi? Cyanide? Ragnarok III?”

“No, I’m not talking about the dog raised in our guild….”

“Then is it a cat? No, all the Justitia owners are in a good mood right now.”

“It was just a story about someone who died a few years ago.”

“Is the atmosphere like this?”

Cha Eun-hye sat down with an awkward expression.

“Jeong Hae-woon, why is your face like that again?”

Danhae called her like that.

“Eunhye.”

"huh?"

“I have a question.”

Dan Hae-ra asked while filling the glass.

“Isn’t that Sergio?”

“Huh? Yeah… I know.”

Cha Eun-hye raised her glass and smiled proudly.

“He’s a famous hunter.”

Looking at her hands like that, Dan Hae-ra smiled.

“He seemed like a good person.”

“It looks the same to me.”

“I heard that Seohee even prepares meals for you. I’m jealous.”

"aha…."

“Eunhye.”

“…….”

“Did you ask for nothing?”

Cha Eun-hye answered with a smile.

"well."

It was a peaceful drinking party.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (287)

287

Episode 287

Cha Eun-hye, President of the Republic of Korea.

“AKA the Korean pants president.”

It was a dishonorable title, but now everyone accepts it and lives with it.

There was a reason for everything. After the great disaster, the president and politician's head was blown off. Korea was in danger just as much as the head that was blown off. The symbol of eternity sought cooperation and repeatedly consulted, and finally put Cha Eun-hye, the only friend they could trust, in the president's seat.

She had an amazing history.

“He is also famous as the Idol President.”

“Idol?”

“To be exact, I was a trainee.”

There was a lot of criticism, but it gradually died down. Not only was his administrative ability excellent, but he was also supported by the symbol of eternity. In addition, he had an excellent ability to capture the public's heart.

“He is also known as a president who is active. Unlike previous politicians, he handles most administrative work quietly without informing others. He goes out and personally goes on business trips to the provinces, rather than doing volunteer work for publicity purposes….”

As a C-class hunter, he would take a lot of hunters with him when going to dangerous places. It was good for job creation. The citizens liked him because he didn't neglect his work while going out to the field. Wherever he went, an honest politician was trusted.

“More than anything, the symbol of eternity is a being that watches over each other. That being is a person who guarantees and watches over them. Since there is absolutely no chance of them doing something foolish, that means they are trusted to that extent.”

“It’s amazing.”

“Me too. I didn’t know he was one of the students you were talking about, Geo.”

“That impudent king of Joseon….”

“The King of Joseon? What are you talking about?”

“It’s shocking.”

Geo recalled the day he first visited Gyeongbokgung Palace with Yoo Seong-un. That day, Geo was reminiscing about Cha Eun-hye, who was an aspiring idol. Who would have thought that she would become the president?

It was much more shocking than just a symbol of eternity.

“That’s ridiculous.”

“No, where did the idea of the King of Joseon come from? Were you a

king in your past life?”

"yes."

“I asked, but I didn’t expect a positive answer.”

“There was a student who cried while looking at Gyeongbokgung Palace and then said something nonsensical, ‘I must have been the king of Joseon in my past life because I’m crying for no reason.’”

“That was the President? Wow, this is crazy. Am I allowed to know this?”

“The Republic of Korea is really going through a tangled mess these days.”

I thought he was quick-witted and smart, but he didn't have the inclination to get involved in politics. If he had to use idol trainees, then the situation must have been really bad. Geo felt quite sorry for his students.

“Have you all eaten and are walking around…?”

“I hope you are eating well. I even packed a lunch for Hunter Seo Seo-hee.”

“This world really needs to be turned upside down.”

“I knew that this would come up someday, so I prepared a contract. Now, Geo, here is the contract for the development of Earth. It’s not finished yet, but if you read a sample and tell me what you think, I’ll consult with the guild leader and collect as much as possible…”

“It was a joke.”

Geo felt wronged.

“I can’t even joke.”

“Oh, you were joking? I guess you need to exercise some self-control.”

Yoo Seong-woon smiled and put the documents back in his coat. Aside from the feeling of injustice, it was a very interesting sight. It wasn’t a resignation letter, but a contract that could be carried around like that.

'Are all office workers like that these days?'

Yoo Seong-un, unaware of Geo's thoughts, shrugged his shoulders.

“And what else did you ask?”

“I asked if there was anyone who was close to the symbol of eternity.”

“Actually, aside from the President, there’s no one I’m close with. Hunter Seo Seo-hee is said to be the most sociable, but honestly, aside from the Vice Guild Leader, there’s no one he actually hangs out with.”

“I wasn’t raised that way.”

“You raised it… Yeah, you raised it.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“Among the symbols of eternity, you must have met Hunter Seo Seo-hee and President Dan Hae-ra. Now, the student you haven’t seen in person is Hunter Jeong Hae-woon, right? You haven’t met him yet, right?”

“There was no reason to go see it.”

“As expected, he’s strangely cold-hearted. Well, Hunter Jeong Hae-woon must be very busy these days. In fact, all gardeners are busy these days. Gardener Jeong Hae-woon in particular is involved in many places….”

"gardener?"

“…You didn’t know?”

I didn't know that the guy who could have known anything if he wanted to would have let this go unnoticed. It was a bit interesting that he seemed so absorbed in imitating humans, but Yoo Seong-un didn't show it and soon did his job.

“Yes, you are a gardener. But you are a little different from other gardeners. Maybe it is because you are one of the senior gardeners on Earth… How should I put it, you are someone who can deal with gardens?”

“Did you say it was a grab?”

Is this guy still fighting?

“I guess that bad temper has gone somewhere.”

“…I don’t think you have a personality that can be called rough-tempered…?”

“I’m surprised. Are you acting all coy about your age?”

“…….”

Come to think of it, Geo once referred to Guild Leader Jeong Hae-woon as a ‘bad boy.’ Yoo Seong-woon thought about it for a moment and nodded.

“Let’s pretend we didn’t hear it.”

Yoo Seong-un neatly erased the conversation just now from his memory.

“Gardener Jeong Hae-un is the first person on Earth to make contact with the Source. That alone is quite amazing, but he is able to visit

multiple gardens even though he doesn't have a garden he is in charge of."

"What exactly does that mean?"

"Uh… You just barge into a private property where the landlord doesn't live, decorate the garden however you want, and then leisurely disappear? I heard you sometimes get into fights with the landlord, but judging from how you're still alive…."

"I don't know what the garden usually looks like."

"You are a very picky master."

The average gardener had to adapt to the garden. There are various ways to treat a garden, but the gardener is basically in the position of the gardener. However, Jeong Hae-un was different. He knew how to manipulate a garden.

"I heard that Hunter Jeong Hae-un also gets tired around this time of year because it must be a burden. I haven't seen it myself, but he takes care of all the gardens that the gardeners don't take care of or the gardens that are abandoned…"

"You must be working overtime every day."

"He is a steady man. I heard that he works without sleeping even in his dreams. They say that he is one of the reasons why the Earth does not perish, even though the number of gardeners is ridiculously small compared to the number of the source of existence."

"Is there any other reason?"

"I heard that the Earth's system is partially responsible. I don't know the details, but there is a lot of knowledge that only those in the know know… If you hide it or ask, it can happen."

Yoo Seong-un was proud.

“The person who knows the most about the existence of the source on Earth is probably Hunter Jeong Hae-un. The only good thing is that he is very kind to his juniors and talks to them often, so I can ask him questions when I don’t know something.”

"for a moment."

Geo was quietly appalled.

“Are you kind to your juniors?”

“Huh? You’re kind? I’ve even received a few replies via email….”

“You say you talk to me often?”

“Hey, you keep telling me the sad truth, so don’t do that. I’ll always remember you as a kind and capable senior. Seriously, don’t do that. Even if you were a delinquent or something in the past, you’re now a great gardener.”

“…I understand.”

“He looks at me with such pity.”

Even though it was a portrait with black paint on the face, I could feel the gaze.

“Anyway… this is all the information we have on the people associated with the Symbol of Eternity. Including them and the President. It seems like they don’t want to get any closer to others because their roles are so big.”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“Or how about asking Hyun Joo?”

“Have you ever met the president of the association?”

“Yes, and since he is a person with good political skills, he may know more than me.”

“It seems like everyone that Yoo Seong-un told me about is like that.”

Geo nodded.

“Narrow and deep relationships are both good.”

“You seemed worried just a moment ago.”

“I know that was the best thing for those students.”

Anything more than that was Geo's greed.

“It is a value that cannot be criticized with pity.”

Geo often feels sorry for others and feels pity for them, but he has never thought of it as a good thing. Sympathy is mostly about casually criticizing and belittling others' best efforts.

Of course, there must be some sympathy that is truly right and pure in value somewhere in the world, but it was not easy. Geo decided to simply thank his students who had worked hard to build all of this up.

“I know you must be very tired, but I appreciate that you have worked hard all this time. I don’t think you will like it, but I want to praise you.”

“What a great guardian.”

“I was a temporary guardian. I was a conditional guardian. I’m glad that they all grew up to be great adults. It would have been better if they were a little less great, but I think there are great aspects to them now.”

They were smart students, so they would soon deduce the facts about

Sergio. But that wouldn't bring back their previous memories. I couldn't help but be thankful for that.

‘I know that these students aren’t the type of people to get lost in those memories…’

Sergio knew my subject. He had once been just a 'reliable teacher' to his students, not a friend or family member. It was a bit burdensome to know him as a panacea, but it was not dependence.

But now, those students were very tired.

‘… Even if I recall the memories, I hope they aren’t too romanticized.’

He wasn't perfect. He wasn't some great man, or some omnipotent god. He was just an ordinary man who was a little blunt and had a lot of skills. He didn't want to be the answer to everything.

Well, if that 'promise' was that strong, it would have been impossible to recall.

“…Thank you for the detailed explanation. I’m glad we all get along well.”

“If the symbols of eternity start fighting each other, what will happen to this country? The planet will explode. That’s just too much.”

“For the sake of the fate of the Earth, we can only hope that we get along well.”

Geo nodded.

“I’ve been visiting the school I used to work at often recently.”

“Oh, really? Is there a reason for that?”

“I just wanted to remind myself of something I had forgotten.”

“What is that scary sound…?”

“It’s okay, I think this is my price.”

The stamps received as system rewards were the 'price' that had been continuously paid.

“I still haven’t been able to recall it, but I recognized its identity and significance. I’ve thought about it many times, but no matter how much I think about it, it doesn’t seem like something that would pose a threat if I just forget about it.”

The forgotten memory was very simple. Sergio must have done his best that day and had no regrets or resentment. He could be sure of it even if he couldn't recall it because it was him.

So, that memory didn't seem like anything special either. As I walked around the school and tried to infer what happened that day a few times, it felt very natural.

'Those kids probably thought the same thing.'

That's why it must have been now.

“Thinking back, it wasn’t that big of a deal.”

“…If that’s what you want.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled innocently as always.

“If something happens that requires attention, please contact me in advance.”

“I will contact you if it seems like something like that might happen.”

“Okay, I’ll definitely buy you some strawberries. Okay?”

So the two parted ways with a warm promise.

* * *

And a few days later, Yoo Seong-un received a letter.

『Would you be concerned if a ghost story appeared at a closed school in Gangwon-do?』

Yoo Seong-un just stood there blankly and laughed.

“…….”

“Mwah.”

“Hey, Dana, just a minute.”

“I’m so confused….”

“Don’t eat it, it’s not dead.”

I just couldn't perceive reality for a moment.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (288)

288

Episode 288

The incident started out very trivial.

Maybe it was because it was where he originally lived. Geo quite liked his abandoned school that was one with nature. It was as gloomy as a haunted house, but it was more peaceful and stable than that.

The haunted portrait eventually decided to start another household.

“I need to decorate it a little.”

“Gulp.”

“Okay, let’s think of a few more things we need.”

So Geo also decorated a bedroom. One day, he wanted to watch TV, so he installed a classic CRT TV. It was more interesting than a plain TV. He didn't install the electricity, but it worked. He restored part of the art room so that he could often do hobbies.

Of course, he didn't overhaul the entire school. He didn't want to be that diligent. Geo just brought whatever came to mind at the time. Because of that, the school became a mess... .

“There’s no need to worry about the inside of the closed school.”

What kind of interior design would be needed in a closed school with

no students or teachers?

Geo took this as a kind of vacation. He felt refreshed after returning to his hometown after a long time. The trees were thick and gloomy, but it was nice to have some shade. Geo enjoyed this vacation.

That's where the problem started.

“……?”

One day, I started making strange friends.

“What is this?”

They didn't answer.

It wasn't that they were completely impossible to interact with. They showed certain reactions when touched. Geo knew that they were wearing the uniforms of this school. There were also many neat clothes worn by teachers.

"aha."

“Gurrrr!”

“I just remembered, they’re fairy tales.”

“Gulp!”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un told me once.”

It was the first time I went to Gyeongbokgung Palace with him. I saw something like a transparent shadow, wearing a hanbok and moving around. They were all wearing masks, wearing various outfits, and repeating certain actions.

Yoo Seong-un called it a 'fairy tale'.

'They say you usually like places where there are no people.'

I had a moment of doubt.

'Aren't you treating me like a human being?'

But since it was a closed school with only one person, I decided to understand. In order to live as a portrait possessed by a ghost, I had to be broad-minded. And now that I knew the identity, I didn't have any more trouble.

“It’s good to have a lot of friends.”

The children of the origin called 'Dongwha'. A kind of natural phenomenon where shadows imitate people using clothes and masks. Beings that are living stories and at the same time have a close human form.

'He said that they don't think like humans, they just imitate traces.'

Yoo Seong-un said that they were 'good at putting on an appearance'. He also said that it was 'a result of their inherent nature, not something they learned'.

Geo observed them walking around the school.

“It’s a familiar sight.”

“Crunch?”

“There was a time when everyone played like this.”

Whatever the type, fairy tales are all masks, and there is no substance behind them. They are mere representations, not things that move by thinking. They disappear when their own story ends.

Whether it is true or not, fairy tales that imitate students and teachers are born and disappear repeatedly. As if only the people had evaporated, the clothes and masks they were wearing slowly crumbled away, and soon even those things melted into dust.

And then be born again.

“…….”

Geo admired the sight for a very long time.

'I think I know why Mr. Yoo Seong-un said it was a natural phenomenon.'

They acted similarly among the same group, and it seemed like they were dancing in a military dance. I saw a similar scene at Gyeongbokgung Palace, but it was much more lively and lively. It was just a momentary interpretation and reproduction.

'It's like a play.'

Suddenly, I thought that the name 'Fairy Tale' was well chosen.

“You won’t be bored for a while.”

“Gurrrr….”

“You don’t seem very interested.”

“Crunch.”

“That could be possible.”

Honey, as usual, followed her father around. She seemed to know that fairy tales were just natural phenomena and didn't seem interested in them. They were neither helpful nor sparkly like jewels, nor threatening, so there was no need to recognize them.

Rather, it was Dana who showed interest.

“…….”

“Danaya, are you having fun?”

“Ugh.”

Dana acted like a cat watching fish in a tank. She sat still in one spot, observing the movements of the fairy tales. Her jewel eyes, with indistinguishable pupils, stared at them.

'I didn't make it, but it looks fun, so I'm happy.'

Since then, Geo has always brought Dana along. The teddy bear sun god refused, saying that he didn't like the gloomy school. Geo didn't care and continued this exciting school vacation life.

And then another family member was born.

Dalgrak.

“…….”

Clink, clank.

“…Poltergeist?”

Things at school started moving on their own or making strange noises from far away.

But it was soon clear that it wasn't the work of ghosts. Geo instinctively felt that they were some sort of, how should I put it? Goblins. And he also remembered that in modern times, they were expressed as 'children of the root.'

“I see.”

Friends with unique shapes also gathered. Children as small as fingers, old people wandering around with bundles on their backs, jellyfish with graceful lines, dust in the air that twinkled like stars, etc.

“…….”

“Kung.”

“I think it’s Dad’s fault too.”

“Gulp….”

“Let’s accept reality.”

There was no choice.

“It’s good to have a lot of friends.”

That's what it was.

As the once quiet abandoned school became noisy, children from other sources also seemed to gather one by one. They didn't seem to have been born at the school. But there was no reason to kick them out, so Geo decided to live with them.

Actually, it was okay up to that point.

“…….”

“…….”

“…Hey, hey.”

“…You saw it too?”

“Is there a new dungeon?”

“Ugh, that looks dangerous….”

“It could be a nest.”

The problem started when the Hunters targeted his abandoned school.

“Should I stop by and take a look? It doesn’t look that big.”

“At this point, I think I can just check briefly and come out.”

Ghost stories began to spread from them.

To be honest, it was such an unfair thing for Geo.

* * *

“…So the ghost story spread?”

Yoo Seong-un asked a question while sitting on a chair in the gallery.

“Did you see the silhouettes that appeared outside the abandoned school?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“But there probably won’t be many people who can see the children of the origin?”

“They played a prank on the guests.”

“Sometimes, even friends who are usually quiet….”

No, but really, how did that happen?

'How is that possible?'

The children of the origin lived their own lives. They rarely harmed others, especially those who were invisible to them. Usually, when humans approached them rashly, chaos ensued.

Those guys were the ones who came forward and caused the accident.

‘…Maybe I was a little influenced by Geo?’

To be honest, as a gardener, it was a very frustrating phenomenon.

'I'd like to research it, but I don't think it's the right time.'

It seemed like he should ask for an invitation later. For a gardener, the most important thing is to acquire information and understand the source. Yoo Seong-un held back his greed, saying he would do it later.

What was important right now was my responsibility and training as a curator.

“But it’s unlikely that a ghost story will come about if a few hunters stop by for a bit.”

“I confirmed that several teams, in addition to the hunters who visited for the first time, stopped by. Some hunters were repeat challengers, while others seemed to have heard rumors and came.”

“How on earth could such a terrible thing happen?”

“I think I approached it too hastily.”

“You even approached me? How and what?”

“…….”

The portrait, which seemed to be organizing its words, answered.

“It seems like it was wrong from the beginning.”

* * *

Let's go back in time to when the first hunters visited.

“Hey, over here….”

One of the three hesitated and asked.

“Isn’t it too gloomy?”

“You cowardly little brat.”

“No, the atmosphere is strange.”

The remaining one nodded.

“Well, if it’s a dungeon battle, it would be hard to be this quiet.”

Basically, it's a dungeon, and the monsters have a hard time staying quiet. They have intelligence below humans, so they can't stand noise. A gathering of monsters that are driven by instinct is always bound to be noisy.

“Wasn’t there definitely something visible from outside?”

“I honestly found that a bit creepy, and I don’t even know how the silhouette looked inside this dark abandoned school. Does anyone remember what it looked like? Weren’t we lured in?”

“I think I should keep that in mind, but… I’ve come all the way to Gangwon-do, so it’s a shame to go back right away. If there’s a nest in such a remote place, who knows what valuable items it might contain.”

“Oh shit, I’m so scared….”

I definitely saw silhouettes outside the abandoned school. There were some that looked like humans, but there were more that looked like monsters. Even if it wasn't necessarily a dungeon, there were times when monsters would gather together and form a 'nest'.

There were rare instances when such nests were filled with precious items beyond human imagination. They were like unopened lottery tickets. Most of the time, they were duds, but on rare occasions, they were really big winners.

“So is this a dungeon or a nest?”

“Seeing as there is no system notification, it seems like it might just be a nest.”

“I came all the way to this remote place and saw a nest. Do you know

this is my first time coming to a nest? It's so strange."

"You have to be more careful in the nest because there are no unified rules. Just like in a dungeon, you can't guarantee safety by following just one set rule. There are many variables, so everyone should be careful."

"I heard that."

One hunter chuckled.

"They say ghosts live in the nests of the provinces?"

"The soul is real, but it cannot strike directly."

"Well, I heard from hunters that they can see spirits. They say there are a lot of ghosts."

"Hey, Didi is scared, take it easy."

They gradually figured out the school. If they could come to a place as far away as Gangwon-do, it meant that their skills were quite good. The experienced hunters calmly dealt with the strange phenomena that occasionally occurred.

The sound of students' laughter suddenly ringing in your ears. Chalk writing math formulas on the blackboard. A large monitor with a camera that shows the entire classroom…

"……"

However, coping with it doesn't mean you can escape from your emotions.

"…Why can't I see any monsters?"

"What on earth are we seeing and hearing from outside?"

“Something is wrong.”

The hunters felt a sense of crisis through the sense of discomfort.

“It’s true that I was lured.”

They were convinced.

“If we just estimate the number of monsters that we’ve seen outside, it’s over 30. And yet, it’s so quiet and only insubstantial phenomena are occurring? It’s obvious, that silhouette was just bait. I don’t know what kind of monster did it, but it’s right to get away.”

Experienced hunters were not greedy. Their most important assets were their bodies and minds. It is true that they came in to find valuable items, but no one wanted to die in exchange.

“Escape is the top priority.”

But the process was not easy.

“Leader, Didi is gone!”

“You were clearly caught in our middle!”

“Fuck, what the heck is this…!”

It would have been better if there had been a physical presence. There would have been no confusion if a plausible attack had come. However, numerous strange phenomena created chaos without being visible, tangible, or causing direct damage.

“Where is this place…!”

“It’s a closed school. It’s a closed school. Why on earth is something like this here?”

The abandoned school had a strangely twisted space. There was a

CRT TV that looked like something out of a museum, and there were neatly decorated bedrooms and clean dishes. The problem was that it was something that didn't fit in with the abandoned school at all.

It was so bizarre.

"……."

"……."

It was as if a non-human entity had decorated the abandoned school, knowing that people would come and imitating human perspectives. Such a strange sight stirred the minds of the hunters.

And the most fearful hunter did it anyway.

"Didi, Didi! Where have you been…!"

"This person will help us."

"…What is this?"

"Huh? Here, here now…."

"……."

"…I opened the door for you."

The hunter tilted his head.

"Where did you go…?"

In the darkness that spreads behind him, his distant eyes meet mine.

"My name is Sergio."

"……."

"What is your name? I'm curious about your first name."

“…….”

“Would you like to talk to me?”

The hunters lost their minds.

* * *

“And then you come to your senses and you find yourself in your own home.”

Hunter 'Didi' nodded in response to the association researcher's question.

“…Yes, yes. I… I don’t even remember exactly what I did that day.”

“You don’t need to make excuses like that, since I’ve verified with my skills that it’s not a lie.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I heard you said that I opened the door for him, for that, for Sergio Hunter that day.”

“The Association has already recognized the seriousness of the situation and dispatched hunters.”

The researcher spoke in a calm, reassuring tone.

“There will be no casualties.”

In this way, Hunter Dede's memories were erased by mutual consent.

It was the association president's directive.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (289)

289

Episode 289

“…….”

The president of the association, Dan Hae-ra, smiled while looking at the documents.

“Sergio Hunter showed up at that school.”

“…Okay, do that.”

Jeong Hae-woon, who had been called to her, asked.

“You’re controlling the information, right?”

“We are cracking down on this even within the association, so there is no way this story will spread.”

“Ha, I hate to say this, but… this is really shitty….”

He let out a sigh of relief.

“This is why I can’t even deny it.”

“Wasn’t it impossible to deny it from the beginning?”

Dan Hae-ra covered the documents.

“Sergio Hunter is the old teacher we don’t remember.”

It's time to acknowledge it in language.

“I don’t know exactly what happened. But I shouldn’t know. But we have brains, so we can only think about the order in which events occurred.”

“We had a really great teacher who died, and so he created the Earth system with something including his memories, and we lived on, forgetting about him, and then he came back to life as a drawing that wasn’t even human? How about that, good summary?”

“Yes, you did well. I still don’t know if it was really possible to build a system based solely on memories of Sergio Hunter… But I’m glad that the part I’ve always been curious about has been clarified.”

Even though she said that, her face wasn't happy at all. Dan Hae-ra's face, which had stopped aging in her 20s, was always like a machine. It was a face that was dense and elegant, but didn't show any emotion.

Looking at that, Jeong Hae-woon asked.

“…Do you remember that day? The day we learned that we were connected to the Earth system.”

“I gave it to you as a promise.”

“How long has it been since I told you and you’re using it again?”

“The fact that something like that happened is something that can be known just by cognitive ability.”

“Anyway, you’re being tough.”

At first, they also did not know what the 'Promise of Eternity' was. They had even forgotten their memories of it. However, there were things they inevitably came to know. It was through the sense of alienation from those around them.

Jeong Hae-woon muttered.

“I knew I’d end up like this.”

“Are you talking about me?”

“No way. We’re talking.”

He sprawled out on the guest sofa and stared at the ceiling.

“…Do we now know everything about the ‘promise’?”

At first, it was from their abilities that surpassed human limitations. Then, they realized the reality of each other’s appearance that no longer aged, and then from the horror of not being able to die even after death. In this way, they gradually uncovered the truth about the ‘Promise of Eternity’.

Dan Hae-ra said with a smile.

“It’s not important.”

“Yeah, it’s not that important….”

In the end, what was important to them was the present and the future. The situation was not conducive to looking back on the past. They were too busy looking forward to have time for regrets and longing.

“You figured it out so quickly.”

Perhaps, if 'Sergio' hadn't appeared, we might have known for a longer time. The reason they wanted to know about 'the promise' was ultimately to 'make sure that no one unknowingly threatens the Earth system'.

And even if he didn't know about the existence of 'Sergio', he knew enough to know that it wouldn't threaten the Earth system. So he didn't need to know any more. Why would he do anything if he knew? Jeong

Hae-woon stared into the pale light as he thought that.

“…….”

My eyes didn't hurt.

“…What is the purpose?”

“Sergio Hunter’s purpose?”

“It first appeared last year. A portrait that had been quietly lying dormant for over 30 years was suddenly put up for auction. Then it was sold to a collector who believed in guaranteeing the freedom of art.”

“Do you think it was intentional?”

“Let’s not be naive. It’s not even certain whether ‘Sergio Hunter’ is really the teacher we forgot. At least he’s not human. Even if he is, the danger remains.”

More than curiosity, suspicion arises.

“Let’s say he’s not the person involved. Then he’s a really smart monster. He’s guessing and reconstructing an existence that we can’t even remember, and he’s exploiting the gaps. No matter how much I think about it, I can’t say that he had good intentions in that case.”

What if you are a party to the matter?

“Even if you are the person involved, it is a problem. How can you be sure that the person is the same being as when he was human? Even we have changed like this. We have struggled to remain human somehow, and this is the result. People in the world call us a natural disaster.”

To put it simply, it was an S-class and a symbol of eternity.

“But, what the heck? Now you’re saying it’s a portrait? Since Gardener Yoo Seong-un is said to be in charge of the collection as a curator, he must be very close to the source. Isn’t that right?”

“He may have been placed there simply because of his competence. He was brought in by a collector himself, and he was a work of art in the fifth-floor gallery. There was ample reason to be cautious.”

“You’re saying that right now, that it’s a being that needs to be careful. I don’t know what it wants to do. Although, very rarely, there are beings that were once humans but then became children of the Origin…”

Jeong Hae-woon wiped his face.

“It never ended well.”

These were the words of the first gardener on Earth.

“Humans are inevitably evil. They are selfish because they need to preserve and develop themselves. Why? Because preservation and development inevitably require resources, and resources in the human world are always limited, so they inevitably take away the possibilities that others could have had…! A child of the origin that reflects such human characteristics? Wow, this is really horrible. Don’t you think so too?”

Dan Hae-ra said to him like that.

“I was excited.”

"…Sorry."

Jeong Hae-woon took his hand away from my middle-aged face.

“What I keep feeling while doing this is, damn it, in this world, besides you guys, there’s no one on my side. You’re all like dogs. Humans, gardeners, children of the source, they’re all like dogs.”

“You seem very tired, but why don’t you take a vacation? I heard that the number of gardeners has increased a bit these days. Isn’t that enough to guarantee you some rest?”

“These little brats can only manage one garden. Two at most, and even those are rare. Something has gone wrong with the source recently, so everything is in turmoil… No, this. I can’t rest.”

“Hmm, okay.”

Danhae nodded.

“How long will that old man’s face last?”

“I’m going to live like this until the world ends.”

“Wake up.”

"whatever."

“I’m saying this because I’m worried.”

“…….”

Is that really a 'worry'?

Maybe because I'm tired, my thoughts are all twisted up. I forgot many emotions and lost my memories of Danhae, but I was still Jeong Hae-woon's friend. If she was worried, then it was right for her to be worried.

There was no need to be sarcastic.

“…I guess I’ll have to take a break soon.”

“I guess my words hurt your feelings.”

“I’m really sorry.”

“It’s okay, you don’t have to do that.”

“If you did something wrong, you should apologize….”

I let out a deep sigh.

“There’s nothing I can do. If you stay young for a long time, people will be scared. If you show at least this much sincerity, they will be more friendly towards you. What can I do?”

Due to the nature of his job, Jeong Hae-woon had to meet many people and have deep conversations. If someone was too young, he would seem untrustworthy, and if he didn't age properly, he would feel uncomfortable.

The sense of dissonance that arose from the gap between the inner and outer self filled those around him with fear.

“So, the country must also work hard to live.”

“You’re working hard.”

“You too, Inma.”

Tsk, Jeong Hae-woon clicked his tongue and sat down on the sofa.

“…I know that ‘Sergio Hunter’ has done a lot of good things. I heard that thanks to him, life has become a little better. He donates a lot personally, often volunteers, and steps up when there are problems here and there.”

“Are you still worried?”

“The malice and goodwill shown by the children of the origin cannot be distinguished. Nor should they be distinguished. Malice and goodwill are all based on human standards. Any existence that comes from the origin is a time bomb. You don’t know how much time is left before it

explodes, and it explodes if you are shocked, and it explodes if you handle it wrong.”

“There might be unexploded bombs in there.”

“The problem is that no matter how you look at it, you can’t tell. What’s the standard for an unexploded bomb? Does it not explode when you touch it? Does it not explode when you throw it? Does it not explode when you cut the wire wrong? Some bombs burn quietly even when you put them in a fire, while others explode if you just handle them wrongly due to moisture.”

This is an unbelievable being.

“There is no basis for trust, not at all.”

The emotions they showed should not be interpreted as 'emotions'. They could not be judged by human standards. However, humans, being humans, had to be interpreted from a human perspective.

It was a truly terrible disparity.

“It’s comforting to know that it seems to be a relatively harmless rule. If they can really interact like humans, then their understanding of humans must be excellent.”

“I guess he was human after all?”

“You know that you can’t expect a human being to have a high level of understanding of humans just because they were once human. What the hell, how on earth did such a being come into being? What exactly does it have to do with the system in the first place?”

“If you go into too much detail, it won’t be of any use, right?”

“So it’s not just me who’s going crazy like this.”

Jeong Hae-woon muttered.

“I’m not sure yet, but if he had the memory to create a system… he must have been a really good person….”

Although there may be some convenience, the price and reward must be equal.

“If it was a memory of that level, it would have been sacrificing a lot of what makes us who we are. It’s like I’m changing myself just by forgetting one person. It’s so creepy and nauseating that I’m going crazy.”

“You have a bad habit of speaking harshly whenever you feel sorry or have a hard time.”

“…I know that being curious doesn’t bring any good.”

If they delved too deeply, they might have broken the 'promise'. That would have been too much for an already precarious Earth. They had to always ignore the past, live in the present, and look to the future.

“There’s nothing good about it, just….”

It was a total mess.

“I feel sorry that you might have died because of us. I feel guilty. I worry about what you might do now that you’re no longer human. I also wonder what kind of person you were to be so kind after you died and came back to life. I also have a basic sense of goodwill toward good people and good relationships.”

But that was all.

“That’s all.”

“That’s not a problem.”

“I wish Sergio Hunter had shown up a hundred years later.”

“I guess the Earth will have stabilized a lot by then?”

“That’s why we have to roll more.”

Jeong Hae-woon looked back at Danhae-ra.

“What are you going to do about that school?”

“We need to limit visitors.”

“That is most certain.”

“I’m going to try to make a promise.”

“So that no one can enter?”

“No entry allowed for authorized personnel.”

“Good.”

He asked.

“What do you want to forget?”

“For now, okay.”

Danhae-ra laughed.

“Memories of Sergio Hunter?”

It was the most rational choice.

* * *

After that.

Information about an abandoned school has disappeared.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (290)

290

Episode 290

The world has changed, but we are at peace without even knowing it.

“So I couldn’t help but come.”

This incident piqued Bisabal's interest.

“It’s easy to say that ‘the information has been erased,’ but in reality, it’s safe to say that no one comes here. The path to get there has been artificially blocked, and the records on paper and human memories have been erased.”

The visa holder laughed.

“Some people ask how that is possible. Of course, it has been a while since our friendly ghost story was spread. There must be quite a few people who have experienced and heard about this eerie abandoned school.”

You may wonder.

“But it is possible. This is the power of ‘promise’. The promise of compensation and reward. President Dan Hae-ra has put an end to all this commotion in exchange for his own memories and experiences with ‘Sergio Hunter’.”

Visabal spoke in front of the 'fairy tales' watching me.

“If I were to put that promise simply, it would be ‘No entry except by authorized personnel.’ Now, only a few humans are permitted to visit this place, to have memories, to have experiences.”

His eyes are narrowed slightly.

“Well, something like this happened.”

Visabal came to the abandoned school and asked.

“At that point, wouldn’t it be okay to call them ‘related people’?”

“Of course, father.”

“This is truly ecstatic….”

He smiled graciously at the portrait's permission.

“If you say this, I guess we can keep playing house?”

“I hope you don’t make it too burdensome for me.”

“I don’t know if I’m an introvert or an extrovert, but yeah, let’s do that. This father is really good at riding a horse.”

“I would appreciate it if you could do that.”

“I heard that it seems like social life is difficult these days….”

Bisabal tilted his head as he looked at Geo sitting in front of the canvas.

“It doesn’t look like much, does it?”

“Can’t you call spending a vacation at an abandoned school a social life?”

“Oh, of course. But it doesn’t seem as harsh as I’ve heard.”

“I feel a bit more relaxed now that I’m at school.”

When talking about his students, and being in this sad abandoned school, Geo was able to act naturally enough without having to rely on anyone else's help.

At that, Visabal pretended to look upset.

“Should I give him a longer vacation then? Oh, it’s already sad. Would it be too much to expect my son to go straight back to work after finishing his big job?”

“Excuse me, but I don’t remember signing an employment contract.”

“If this is the case, I won’t be able to feel any satisfaction in becoming the guild leader… It’s unfortunate.”

Visabal smiled and chose a nearby chair to sit on.

“Were you drawing a picture?”

“I was just watching.”

“What do you see?”

“I can see anything.”

“How far?”

“Even to very far places.”

“A very close place?”

“My school isn’t what it used to be.”

Sergio complained.

“I never thought it would even become known as a psychic spot.”

“I guess it was quite annoying.”

“I didn’t know, but it seems like there’s something called a monster nest. They usually appear in remote areas, and there’s a rare chance that you can get valuable treasures from them. But at least I know that’s not the case.”

"so?"

“I was just trying to kindly guide them outside. The new kids at school were playing pranks so much that I even stopped them. In the end, they ended up becoming part of the ghost story….”

“What a pity that such precious kindness has been sold as a ghost story.”

The visa officer asked with sympathy.

“That’s very interesting, but how exactly did you manage to escape?”

“If you are going to feel pity, then make your words and actions match. I can do better than that.”

But the portrait answered obediently.

“There were times when I appeared in this form, times when I appeared as ‘Sergio Hunter,’ times when I hid my face and pretended to be a fellow hunter to help… and times when I didn’t show myself at all.”

“Hoo, either way, it’s a ghost story in itself?”

“Yes, in this kind of atmosphere, an insider coming into contact with an outsider can only be a terrifying presence. I just didn’t know that the Hunters were so timid.”

“The atmosphere here must be quite hostile.”

Visabal smiled faintly as if he was watching his son's tantrum.

This is a space filled with such mystery. Perhaps because it is located in a remote area where no one can be found, the temperature is low. Since no light comes in, only the mystery that matches the darkness and cold can creep in.

'Besides, the mysterious being who followed me in after seeing this precious portrait couldn't be just any ordinary being.'

Visabal looked out the window of the ruined abandoned school.

'The pulse of the source has become enlarged and is turning into a spring.'

The source of the mystery of life on Earth, the bloodline and organs. The intangible birth that is different from the garden but is everywhere. Looking at the way they are gathered together, it seems that if we do well, we will soon be able to see the wonderful sight of a well.

'It has become a difficult area for those who are not immune to mystery to endure.'

It wasn't a warm and affectionate kind of mystery. People would accept it as a ghost story. Not everyone has seen and lived in a world like Bisabal.

Tolerating mystery was a separate issue from human strength or weakness. Just as Bisabal was an S-class but had no actual force.

Those who literally cannot see even with their eyes open.

“…….”

He shrugged slightly.

“That must have been fun.”

“Yes, it was fun.”

“I guess so?”

There was something very honest about this portrait.

“I must take care of this spooky vacation spot. If you need anything, just contact Manager Joohyun at any time, and I’ll give you everything I can.”

“There’s no need to go that far.”

“It’s practically your private land recognized by the government and the association, isn’t it? You can farm as you like, slaughter animals, and paint… It’ll be fantastic.”

“Sometimes you act like you can’t hear me.”

“Oh, when did I ever act so recklessly? I always look at our precious son. I’m so grateful that I was given the chance to buy you at that auction house….”

The visa holder smiled broadly.

“Oh, okay.”

He said it as if it just occurred to him.

“It seems like things have been abuzz since the Black Cloak enthusiasts were recognized as an official religion.”

“It’s burdensome.”

“But they are all your friends, so treat them kindly and take care of them.”

“They are good people who do not need to be praised.”

Still, the portrait nodded.

“I was thinking of coming to see you soon.”

“That’s cool.”

“I don’t intend to get too close.”

“That’s good too.”

The servant who had been staring at the portrait soon asked.

“What kind of teacher was he?”

At this school.

“Was he as blunt a teacher as I know him?”

“Haven’t you already heard the story from my student?”

“Yes, I searched and searched and searched until I finally found my way to the President’s Office.”

The visa holder was proud.

“But he didn’t tell me much.”

“That’s because everyone has become more fearful while we were apart.”

“Still, I told you a little bit, because I’m in charge of the purse strings of the Republic of Korea.”

“Isn’t that usually called a threat?”

“You wouldn’t be the type of person to keep that in mind.”

He is a person who knows that he has many shortcomings compared to his friends. The current president is excellent at dealing with people

as his abilities are below expectations. He may look weak, but he is a stubborn person.

“I would say it was more of a negotiation than a threat.”

They concluded a satisfactory deal.

“But I didn’t hear all of that. At best, I was convinced that there was a ‘Sergio the Art Teacher.’ He was still wary of me….”

“Use your heart kindly.”

“I thought I wrote it nicely enough.”

Bisabal has always lived patiently. The world is less chaotic because he has endured so much. Most hunters know that. After all, Bisabal is not on the side of complete humanity.

“So, can you tell me? What kind of teacher was he?”

“The students fantasized about me.”

“An illusion that is neither respect nor admiration?”

“They treated them as if they were completely separate entities from humans.”

“A separate entity from humans….”

That was really fun.

“It doesn’t seem to be much different from now?”

“That could be the case.”

The portrait wasn't denied either.

“My students gave me a lot of stories. Some were so ridiculous that I laughed just hearing them, and some were so realistic that I didn’t

laugh.”

“That’s similar to now.”

“Students find joy in such imagination. School can be boring sometimes, so I understand. I haven’t worked in that many schools, but most students treat me that way….”

“That must have been fun.”

“There was some of that too.”

It was an honest portrait that showed no signs of humility.

“But I regret the distance that came with that. I said this to Yoo Seong-woon and Joo Hyun, but I definitely wish they would treat me as a more friendly person.”

“Like friends?”

“Actually, I didn’t even hope for that.”

“So, did you want to be looked at as an equal human being?”

“There were times like that. I felt a little bit of regret toward the students who had always looked upon me as a fantasy creature, but I wasn’t dissatisfied.”

“That would have been fun enough.”

“Honestly, I did.”

“Oh, really, I should have met my art teacher, Mr. Sergio….”

It was so regrettable that it almost felt wronged.

“I wonder how he would treat humans with that face.”

The portrait expressed injustice.

“I am human too.”

“Oh, well, of course.”

Visabal smiled brightly.

“I gave birth to our son, so don’t you know?”

“Every time you make excuses like that, I feel like I want to distance myself from you….”

“You speak so nicely.”

“When are you leaving?”

“I should probably go back soon, our staff is waiting outside.”

“Please enter carefully.”

“Oh, right. Before I go, there’s something I want to ask….”

He looked at the portrait.

“…….”

“…….”

Faraway 'eyes'.

“…Are you human?”

That was the answer.

“I am human.”

“Do you deny the gaze that looks at you?”

“I agree.”

"okay."

Visabal laughed heartily.

"thank you."

He was a great piece of work.

* * *

“…….”

“Gulp?”

"no."

“Kung?”

“It’s not that it’s not true.”

Geo picked up Honey, who was trying to jump out of the hood.

“If you try to eat people like that, it won’t work.”

But it was true that it gave me goosebumps, so Geo swept my arm away. The smile that Bisabal made when he saw me at the end was really amazing. It was so amazing that it gave Geo goosebumps even though he was dull in his biological reactions.

It was to the point where I remembered the first time I encountered the Visa.

“You are still a great person.”

“Kung kung kung….”

“I didn’t mean anything bad, so let’s let it slide.”

“Kung kkung kkung kkung kkung.”

“Let me just look at it once.”

Geo shook his head.

“You are weak.”

“Kung….”

“And since you have so many trinkets….”

“Gurrrr.”

“I’m going to get a stomachache.”

“Kung?”

“You should learn how to eat by now, honey.”

I've already heard it from Yoo Seong-un and Joo Hyun. Most of the accessories that Bisabal wears around are 'works of art'. In other words, they are cursed jewels.

“It’s a miracle that someone with such a weak body can carry all that.”

At that level, it seemed like he was an S-class hunter.

“If you really want to eat it, this dad will make it for you.”

“Gulp.”

Honey seemed to like that too.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (291)

291 Episode 291 Even without that, Geo was really planning to go see his lovers. “Really.” Really. “…….” “…….” Do I really have to see it? “… Kung.” “The bed is soft.” “Kung, kung, kung.” “Even your small beak makes this dad feel extreme pain.” “Kung, kung, kung, kung...” “I’ll get up.” Geo finally got out of bed at Honey’s wake-up call. “Should we eat something before that?” “Gulp!” Geo succeeded in persuading his son with food. ‘I’m starting to feel a sense of crisis at this point.’ It seemed that Honey was more interested in Geo’s reputation after all. In fact, Honey wasn’t the only one who did this. Dana, who usually had no interest in the goings-on of the world, came by for no reason to wag her tail, and the teddy bear, which was usually basking in the sun, quietly came and stared before leaving. 'Why is everyone so anxious to get me into that popular party?' Introverted Geo trembled at this absurd situation. Sometimes people can like bed more than people. Originally, he was a true introvert who recovered through time alone. At this point, you might wonder, 'Why is that a popular party?' But. 'Those people who gathered to look at my painting at best, but then started interacting with each other and eventually became that huge volunteer group, there's no way they weren't popular.' At that point, even non-popular people would have become popular. Geo became extremely timid. He didn't want to go out. "....." First, let's eat breakfast. "Today, umm..." "Gurgling?" "Should I try fried rice?" After eating meat all these years, he wanted to eat something clean. 'Mr. Argio was amazing.' He was different from 'Giovanni' who liked a meal centered on vegetables and seafood. He was a true carnivore. A wild man who only gained muscle mass even if he filled his breakfast,

lunch, and dinner with meat. But Sergio wasn't there. "I'd like tomato and egg fried rice." He picked tomatoes of a decent size from the garden and pulled out firm green onions. He also added a little garlic. He extracted oil from the green onions, then lightly cooked the tomatoes and eggs. He set aside for a moment, then fried the garlic, fried the rice, and added the sauce. Then he added the tomato and egg fried rice and fried them. By the way, Geo's rice was served in a ramen bowl. "……." "Gulp?" "It's not enough." He should have just served it in a bowl like he usually did. 'I thought I wouldn't be able to eat well in the morning since I've only eaten meat all day.' Geo regretfully brought back some rice. Overall, it was not overly spicy and was cooked well, so it was delicious. As expected, there was nothing better than fried rice for breakfast. It was filling and clean. "It's not too spicy, so it's good." "Gulp." "I'm glad you like it..." Honey was melting the plate in her body and swallowing it. A plate was floating around inside the transparent body of the plump water bird. Geo quietly put his hand in and took out only the plate. And so the meal was over. "……." "……." "…I was going to." Geo couldn't stand the gazes of his family and got up from his seat. "I should see Mr. Ater first." Well, it was a bit sudden. It was time to finish the story of the sleeping warrior. * * * "Actually, I thought it would be okay to just stay home like this." Ater opened his eyes at the familiar voice. "Everyone was anxious because they couldn't make me a celebrity." "……." "So, are you awake?" "… Ah…" It seemed like he had been asleep for a very long time. "… Argio." Surprisingly, his voice didn't crack. From the moment he called his name, his hazy consciousness began to slowly return. Even the existence of his body and his last memory. Ater unconsciously raised his hand and touched his neck. Something clicked. "……." "You came out well." "…What was the meaning of this gift?" "It was a gift symbolizing our friendship." "I don't know…" I chuckled. "Where is this?" "My home." The god crouching down next to me looked really unsightly. "The attic there." "It's so peaceful and warm that you wouldn't think it was your home." "It can't be helped since it's where

the sun god resides.” “Am I dead after all?” “Do you feel regret?” “That too, well… I don’t know.” The first thing I felt was a sense of exhaustion. “…I have no strength in my body.” And I felt tired. “I think it’s because it’s too warm.” “It’s good to be warm.” “The feeling of my head getting dull isn’t very pleasant…” “You’re trying to use your head too much.” “Traditionally, the greatest strength of humans is their ability to think.” “Still acting tough after dying and coming back to life.” “Did I die and come back to life…?” I felt like joking for no reason. “I thought this was the afterlife.” “If you want to think so, it could be the afterlife.” “You often hear me say I’m fickle, don’t you?” “I’m pretty consistent.” “Ha, haha...” The hand that had been fiddling with the jewels on her necklace suddenly dropped to the floor. “If I said I wanted to die, would you kill me?” “You’re neither alive nor dead.” “It sounds like you’re saying it’s up to my choice.” “Of course, because you can be anything from now on.” “You can choose anything.” “Within the limits of what I can help you with?” the evil spirit whispered. “Aren’t you tired?” I was tired. “You’ve been through so much hardship and adversity. You’ve struggled your entire life, which was neither short nor long. To become a better person, to make a better world, to do better things...” That must have been it. “I thought that this capricious evil spirit should not guess the heart of a hero like you. So tell me, tell me your true feelings in this picture that is neither life nor death.” “…What kind of true feelings….” “Is it the end or the beginning?” “It’s difficult.” “I don’t mind staying like this.” “……” Well, I don’t know. “…I wanted to live.” “I know how strong your determination is.” “I wanted to survive somehow. And that’s probably because…my whole life was a goal…” Isn’t that what it was like? “…I still don’t know. But the true feeling I’m feeling right now is emptiness. It’s unpleasant and pleasant at the same time. So this is what it feels like when nothing comes to mind that I need to do.” He had always had a goal in his life. He had lived so fiercely, and now he was left alone, having achieved all his goals. He was neither alive nor dead, looking for a way to go and a place to stay. “Will you give me a goal?” “You’re trying to make me a wicked

employer. I'll reject it." "Please tell me what I need to do." "Haven't you done so much?" "But…" Ater blinked. "…If you have nothing to do, there's no reason to live." "Is that so?" The evil spirit asked in a flat tone. "Is that your true heart?" "……." "What do you want? Tell this evil dragon, I'm very curious." "…I've done everything I could in the human world." No. "Not everything I could do, but everything I wanted to do…" It didn't matter. "Who's behind you now?" "It's just me, Ater." "There's the gaze of the sun that gives me mercy." "That's me too." "The gaze that gives me heavy peace?" "That's me too." "The day will never come when I fully understand you." My god, far away. "……." Ater continued. "…I want to sleep forever." "And?" "I want to live forever." "You're still greedy even after all that you've been through." "I've always wanted to climb higher." I want the peace that all humans enjoy. But I also want the favoritism that all humans cannot enjoy. I am tired enough to want to sleep, but my desire to go up still remains. It is terrible to just sit still and wait for fate. But it is also terribly tiring to pioneer. Isn't it really contradictory? Ather saw the only god I must serve. "You created me." He created this phantom anew. "Am I a monster or a human?" "As you wish." "Would you call this also your mercy?" "It could be indifference." "It could be trust." "Hey, do you know that?" The god laughed. "You know me quite well." It was too much. "…I would like to know you well, but it would be impossible for a lifetime…" "It doesn't suit you to jump to conclusions like that." "…Bury me in your land." "Land." The voice was provocative. "Are you satisfied with that?" "…Place me in the land, in the sky, in the underworld, in everything you do." "Then." "I live forever dead." "Isn't it terrible?" "It is terrible." But Ather had lived like this all his life. Even if he were to turn it in a different direction now, he couldn't. He was greedy and extremely vicious. He couldn't give up both my comfort and my honor. "You said that if I wish, this will be the afterlife." "Yes." "Please accept it." "Neither alive nor dead?" "Yes, I wish that." "……." The god smiled in response, feeling sorry. "Poor thing." He was sympathizing with admiration. "There is a place that is just right for you." "…Can you tell

me where that place is?" "In the deep abyss, and in the high space." "Good." Ather closed his eyes tightly. "…It will be noisy, but I can sleep deeply…" He was tired. "Then what will you call me now?" "I would like to cut off your hair, but that place already has an owner." "If you permit, I will follow this jewel under your name." "Hmm, yes. That's good too." The god reached out and lightly ripped off the necklace. "……." "Open your eyes and look at me." He held the silver string in his hand and lifted the transparent jewel to Ather's sight. The warm sunlight streaming into the attic penetrated the jewel. The sunlight that escaped from the sparkling mineral soon took on color. Red light filled his gaze. Pale red light… . Ather suddenly remembered. "…It's a similar color to my eyes." "Yes, garnet." Argio smiled brightly. "My favorite gem." The god called his name. "I'll take purple." "…Thank you." Ather closed his eyes. Soon, he became calm, and his soul left his body. It melted and colored the world. * * * The disappearance of the Pallet Residents has been confirmed. Confirmed Pallet Residents: Ather, Deer "……." Would you like to place them in the Pallet again? [Yes/No] "Yes." Color: 'Ater' was successfully placed [Purple] Color: 'Deer' was successfully placed [Brown] … … . … … . We should leave a lot of space empty… . "Is that so?" * * * The child was scared. "Mom, I… I… hurt…." "What is he saying?" "…Mom…." "Look at him squeezing." When the adult giggled, another adult also laughed. "What kind of mother does a carnation child have?" "Have big dreams, damn it." "Hey, let's go. We can't use him anymore." "Tsk… I thought this one would last a while, but this is why these brats." "Where's the free labor?" "That's true, aren't there any strong brats?" When the adults left, only the cold and pain remained. "……." He tossed and turned lightly, and saw something white. "…Ugh…." A white… picture frame. "Mom, ma…." He saw a pure white mother. "Me, me… take me too…." Why am I the only one here. There were also children of similar height to her. Carnation children holding flowers in their hands. The child reached out to the warm and comfortable-looking color. She wanted to crawl, but the distance was too far. Her body lost its strength. "…

Alone, I don’t like that…” She was scared of being alone. “…….” “…….” Between the pure white people, she saw a sparkling jewel. ‘… A jewel.’ It was a red and blue jewel. ‘Pretty.’ It was an ecstatic light that stole the child’s young gaze in an instant. The purple jewel that had come closer before she knew it reached out and grabbed the child’s hand. She swept her cold cheek. Then she lifted her body and hugged her. The large and firm embrace felt like the father’s that she had always imagined. Thump, thump, thump. The vibrations that the jewel made every time it walked, neither big nor small, sounded exactly like the sound of a heartbeat. “…….” And when she entered the frame. It didn’t hurt anymore. * * * One day, an illegal guild went missing en masse. “Why the illegal guild?” “They take the carnation children and run a factory.” It is said that only the building remained. “Then what? Didn’t it float to Korea?” “Probably not.” “No one died, but they went missing.” “There were a lot of water birds there.” “Ah…” The water bird in the black cloak detested the villain. “They must have died.” “Right?” It happened often. (Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (292)

292

Episode 292

The so-called 'Black Cloak Enthusiasts' viewed each other as members of the same club, but in fact, they were fostering a more solid group than that.

When you first come in, you have a simple interview and a written contract. Depending on the time and results of your activities within the company, you can move up to a higher level. And the activities mentioned here are usually volunteer work.

“No, do you think that’s what I came here to do?”

Most newbies react this way at first. Those who dare to explore the works of monsters, now divine beings, are usually rich, powerful, or have a solid world of their own.

But it was only a matter of time before this attitude changed.

“That’s the end of this week’s activities. You’ve met your quota.”

“Why are you stopping me when I say I want to do more? I mean, I want to do good things.”

“Others should also be active to the extent that they are guaranteed. If you are active beyond that, other members will have less work to do. Please understand.”

“What nonsense are you talking about… You say there’s so little to do?”

“There are limits to what you can do within the city. If you want to do more work than your quota, you have to go outside the city, but that’s not possible. You have to get certified by the association and seek help.”

“Then I’ll go to the association and talk to them. Isn’t that okay? I already know some people there.”

“Please don’t… Well, there is a team that is going to be dispatched to the provinces this week. The conditions are strict, but please wait and I will take a look at the situation.”

The reason for this change in attitude was clear.

“Today, while I was picking up trash on the street corner, the Void City stroked my head!”

“Wow, I’m jealous… Which district did you work in this time?”

Because the reward was certain.

“I also want to see Black Cloak’s work.”

They came mostly to see the Black Cloak itself, or the works he had painted. A work of art that could be traded. And such a mysterious work of art directly gave rewards. Even for a first-class citizen, it was an extremely luxurious item.

“These new recruits are also very proactive.”

“The rewards are clear, so it won’t take long to get a taste.”

And after a little more time, the activity itself finds meaning. Black cloak enthusiasts have been running their own salons in this way for a long time. Support has often come from the government or associations.

“Have you decided which area you will be moving to next month?”

“Yes, I’m thinking of sending a dispatch this way.”

“Well, the terrain here is rough. It’s an area where monsters often appear, so it would be best if you cooperate with us. I’ll send you a list of hunters within a day or two.”

“Thank you always.”

Among these salon members, there were many hunters, but there were also many civilians. In order to operate in dangerous outdoor environments, a large number of hunters was essential. The members who were dispatched also had to have above-average physical strength and stamina.

Still, there were many members who were interested.

“I heard that you are putting together a list of dispatched personnel this time….”

“Since the association supports many hunters, it seems that non-awakened members will also be able to participate.”

“Then, can you put me in too? I, I have also received training. Here is the certificate.”

“Well… If you’ve completed the course with these grades, then you should be able to do it. If you put your name on the list, I’ll check and contact you with the results.”

There weren't many opportunities like this. Usually, the unawakened couldn't operate in the unreconstructed areas. Nevertheless, these salons and associations often had these moments through collaboration.

It was because several conditions came together. In particular, the

most influential factor was the active support of generous members. Among them, there were many who had power and a wide network of connections.

The results of the opportunity created that way weren't too bad either.

“I never thought there would be people living in hiding here.”

“When I see things like this, I feel like it hasn’t even been 100 years since the great disaster ended.”

“But how dangerous is it to live in a place like this….”

Throughout the wilderness, there were people who had fled during the Great Calamity and were living in hiding. Members who visited the village to help clear out monsters or for maintenance sometimes encountered such people.

At such times, the association also formally conveyed its gratitude and rewards. It was a response to the association and the government doing or helping with the work that they should have done. The members could not help but feel proud of it.

“It feels like I’m doing something meaningful.”

“These days, I’ve been greeting more neighbors….”

It was that kind of group.

To them, the Black Cloak was not only the most beautiful piece of art in the world, but also a god to be worshipped. Recently, it was recognized as an official religion, and their sense of belonging only grew stronger.

For some reason, they also followed the Black Cloak's tendencies.

"What is it?"

“Ah, the side dishes I’ll be delivering to the family I’m visiting this time….”

“What, can you tell me that? I didn’t hear anything like that. Aren’t gifts subject to regulations?”

“It’s true that gifts that are too extravagant are not allowed. However, food that is not considered luxury goods is not subject to regulation. There is no problem in giving as much as you want to eat.”

“Well, that’s true….”

Of course, if you give them too much food, there could be problems. But that kind of thought didn't even exist in the members' heads. There's no harm in eating happily.

Some people have even objectified these members and themselves.

'I guess they all want to turn people into pigs.'

'Happy pig… .'

'Anyway, it's a good thing if someone enjoys eating it.'

'When you're full, the world looks more beautiful.'

There was no pointing out or refuting anything apart from objectification.

It was common for believers to follow their gods. If you think about how believers of the sun goddess were bright and had a strong presence, and believers of the moon were particularly quiet and cool, the answer was easy to come up with.

One day, they noticed the existence of 'color'.

“…What is that?”

“The sky….”

Members who had been dispatched to the provinces looked up at the night sky.

“The sky shows the way.”

It started with 'sky blue'.

In the city full of gray walls, you could see the shape of waves swaying like a mermaid. In the wooded area, there were deer blooming in a different brown each, and in the place of the unfortunate death, a purple jewel came out of a white frame and guided the dead.

It didn't take long for them to figure out that they were the Black Cloak's Apostles.

"…awesome."

“As expected, the portrait is that of the Black Cloak.”

“Is the essence ultimately a painting?”

“But it is also divinity, the divinity of the sun.”

“Because it’s a picture, it can be anything.”

“Either way, it’s so romantic.”

The members felt proud of the uniqueness and artistry of the gods I served.

“Where can one worship such a beautiful god?”

“How merciful, I never thought you would love humans so much….”

“I can feel how much effort you put into making it meet human standards.”

Some even figured out the truth within it.

“I never thought I would see such a sight on Earth, not in his work. Look here, do you see a mermaid trapped inside this gray wall? I think this is the creature that used to disturb the seas of Korea.”

“Look at the sky. It’s gently swaying like the surface of the sea. The clouds above look like a school of fish in the sea. Even living birds sometimes look at the sky of Earth passing by, and I wonder why they feel the same way when they look at the artwork….”

Someone else pointed to another area.

“The hunter I support went to the ‘Dream Park’ last time. He was one of the last survivors. I heard a lot of interesting stories from him. That deer, it looks like the creature in the story, right?”

“I’ve heard the story about the amusement park. I have many friends in the association. I don’t know who the purple one symbolizes exactly, but seeing as it’s often depicted as a large male figure… I think it might be an ancient ghost.”

And then someone else even brought up a completely new story.

“Then does that mean that Sergio Hunter, the Apostle of the Black Cloak, is also in charge of one color?”

“I wonder what happened to the disappeared divine wrath… This is really interesting.”

There were some people who couldn't fit in here.

“…….”

“…Oh, something feels unfamiliar….”

“They were originally like that.”

“Is that culture?”

“I forgot, but you were first-class citizens, that’s right.”

“I completely forgot about that too.”

Among the enthusiasts, the first-class citizens all participated in the gathering 'to appreciate and interact with Black Cloak's works.' Those people were inexplicably ecstatic when they got a glimpse of Black Cloak's palette.

Most second-class citizens didn't go that far. They were just thrilled by the work, and in a way, they felt reassured. They could see where the power of the black cloak was reaching and how it was being used.

“In the past, such special miracles only occurred within his works.”

“Is your influence growing? I think it’s right for you to protect the Earth.”

“Well, I think you’re telling me something more than that. If you look at this big picture.”

“You hold me so affectionately… There really is no place as comfortable as this.”

Some people were even jealous.

“Is that the closest form of hell to the Black Cloak?”

“It could be heaven.”

“It could be hell or heaven. It depends on your perspective.”

“I want to be in his palette too….”

“It’s a dangerous idea, but I understand that you might want to have it.”

"me too."

It was a new form of afterlife.

The fact that each divinity holds a different afterlife was already known during the Great Calamity when the religious world of Earth was destroyed. It was an issue that caused quite a stir when it was revealed, and it was one of the areas that the government and associations first addressed.

I already know that there is an afterlife for humans in Black Cloak… .

"…Can only non-humans climb onto his palette?"

"Rather than that, I think you should select someone who has their own distinct color. Above all, seeing as there is a mermaid, it could mean punishment rather than a simple afterlife."

"Well, if I were to be used as his paint for the rest of my life, it would be far from the peace I could enjoy after death. Even in the same afterlife, it would definitely feel different."

"But, um…."

The member, who tried hard to shake off his regret, soon said, "Ah."

"If we do well, wouldn't our president be able to do it?"

"Since you are so active and do so many things, I have high hopes for you."

"He is truly a great man."

The members agreed.

"You act like you're going to die if it's not today."

I rush into every activity as if it were my last chance in life.

"Actually, that's not wrong, is it?"

“You created this salon with the intention of changing the world….”

“He is a person with very big ambitions.”

The members laughed and said it as a joke.

“If it’s him, I might actually get to have a one-on-one meeting with Black Cloak.”

“Aren’t you really going to become a bishop?”

They didn't know that the chairman was actually accomplishing both.

* * *

Name, Canary.

She is the president of the so-called 'Black Cloak Enthusiasts' and has a past as one of the original Carnation Children. Her unique name is derived from 'Coal Mine Canary'.

She is often dragged into dangerous dungeons involving diseases or poisons, and acts as a meat shield that measures the danger with her entire body. Even after she grew into an adult, she never changed her name.

“…….”

To not forget the cruelty of this world and to change it even a little.

“…Uh, uh uh….”

“Mr. Canary.”

She met the god I worship today.

“Have fun.”

The black portrait handed a small bird to the canary.

“Thank you for your help.”

“…Ah, over there.”

“I affirm your will.”

So the canary made a little friend.

“…….”

“Beep beep.”

“Oh, what is it? It’s cute.”

It was a water bird fluttering its wings carrying a lot of yellow flowers.

* * *

And Yoo Seong-un visited the gallery.

“Geoya.”

“Yes, I am listening.”

“You said you would give a water bird to the person you chose as the leader.”

“Why on earth are there such rumors?”

“Then why did you give the water bird to Mr. Canary?”

The portrait spoke proudly.

“I played hard instead of him and gave him a gift.”

“This is crazy, who made our portraits so introverted?”

“I’m a bit shy.”

“In the end, it turns out that it was you who made him the leader.”

“He is not a cult leader, he is the chairman. I did not make him that way. He was originally that way.”

“Isn’t that actually it?”

“He was an ideal leader, and now I am free.”

Geo was very proud.

Don't invite me to that noisy, extravagant party.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (293)

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Episode 293

Geo rested for a while after that.

“What the hell are you doing in that portrait?”

“I am eating.”

“What else?”

“Take a nap.”

“Other than that…?”

“I draw a picture.”

"oh."

Yoo Seong-un, who came to see me because he was worried about the portrait, asked.

“What are you drawing?”

“I draw many different things, but I mostly draw things to eat.”

“I’m going crazy.”

How much more do you plan on eating there?

“Isn’t there already enough food for your portrait? Nana Juhyun has already airlifted most of the ingredients. But there are more things that are worth drawing….”

“I looked it up and found out that chickpeas are extinct on Earth.”

“So you’re drawing extinct ingredients yourself in order to eat them? Am I understanding this correctly, now?”

“You understand well.”

“That, that’s what the heck….”

Yoo Seong-un hesitated.

“…Can I go and look around?”

“I always welcome your visit.”

The extinct plants of the Earth that the source is restoring. Even though he was a curator who was paid a salary and paid taxes, he couldn't help but feel tempted. In the end, he visited the portrait and left.

In his hands he held a bag of freshly harvested chickpeas.

“I don’t think chickpeas should originally be this big.”

“I tried to grow the chickpeas in a form close to my memory, but it wasn’t easy. But when I first drew them, they were small.”

“I guess it would be difficult for a fragile plant to overcome your strong portrait….”

Yoo Seong-un smiled faintly at the chickpea that had grown as big as a baby's fist.

“Hmm, I should give some to Joohyun too.”

“You look happy.”

That evening, Joo-hyun, who had received the portrait of a chickpea, called out to Geo.

“Mr. Geo, are you there?”

“Yes, you called me?”

“Yes, I called. I’m glad I was able to summon it even with my poor drawing skills.”

“Your drawing skills are not bad at all.”

Is he really a former researcher of the association? Joo-hyun drew a picture of him exactly as he really was. Thanks to him, Geo, who was making an egg sandwich, was able to be called out safely.

First, Geo handed over the sandwich wrapped in paper.

“I think this might be a good snack for you.”

“Oh, thank you.”

Joohyun, who obediently accepted the sandwich, was silent for a moment and then said.

“…It still doesn’t seem realistic to summon a god like this and receive a midnight snack.”

Sankalut, who had been wrapped around Juhyun's neck, slowly pulled his head out. Then, he bit into one of the sandwiches in Juhyun's hand and disappeared under Juhyun's hair.

Although his shoulders felt a little heavy, Joo-hyun ignored him because he seemed to be eating cleanly without spilling anything. And Geo also answered while ignoring the evil spirit's slight tantrum.

“I am an ordinary person.”

“And I’m Geo’s friend, I’ll appreciate the sandwich.”

“So why did you call me?”

“This afternoon, Yoo Seong-un gave me this.”

“These are the chickpeas I grew.”

“It’s because it’s so different from the chickpeas I know.”

"oh."

Geo was surprised but also happy.

“Do you know chickpeas?”

“Not just anyone can become a researcher at the association….”

“What qualifications are required?”

“You should know at least 70% of the extinct plants and animals on Earth, right?”

Chickpeas were one of them.

“First of all, I have been involved in many restoration projects. I also know that chickpeas were originally much smaller than this. They are a highly nutritious food, rich in protein and fiber, and contain many vitamins and minerals… I have also read that they were popular as a diet food before the Great Disaster because of their many health benefits.”

Geo was amazed.

“I don’t know that far ahead.”

“Actually, I know it because I memorized it.”

anyway.

“Why did this guy become like this?”

“As you can imagine, the plants I grow tend to be larger than average, so these chickpeas were also larger. And there was nothing I could do about it.”

“You look unusually helpless….”

Joohyun's friend looked a little disappointed.

“Well, so… if you ask why I called Mr. Geo….”

Joohyun, who had been hesitating, asked.

“Can you recreate extinct plants and animals on Earth?”

“Yes.”

“Could you help restore the Earth’s ecosystem?”

“That’s difficult.”

“I guess so.”

Joohyun knew too.

“The Earth has changed so much, and the already extinct plants and animals won’t be able to adapt to this new ecosystem. I knew what the answer would be, but… I asked just in case.”

“Do you want to restore the Earth?”

“It was with that kind of heart that I once participated in a restoration project.”

It's not that they didn't try to return the Earth to its original safe environment. They poured all their resources into it, including the association and the government. However, they could only confirm that the Earth, which had already been imbued with mysterious power, could not be returned.

Joohyun felt a little disappointed.

“Of course, I don’t think the current ecosystem is all that bad, but it’s not a very safe world for a weak, unawakened person like me to live in. Especially since I remember the time before the great disaster.”

“You want the world to be a safer place.”

“I wonder where the world has stabilized to this extent, but I still feel greedy. So I was tempted for a moment, wondering if Geo-ssi could provide me with a clue. But it’s not something that can be left to just one person.”

That wasn't right. How confused would people be if the world was suddenly turned upside down by one person? Joo-hyun continued with a slightly embarrassed expression.

“Just a little, uh….”

“I am listening.”

“…I couldn’t control my excitement, so I sang.”

“I understand that sometimes that happens.”

Geo nodded.

“Is there anything else you would like to eat?”

“I think the sandwich you gave me today will be enough.”

“Is a sandwich enough?”

“I guess 10 sandwiches would be enough, right?”

“Is it bad to eat a lot?”

“It’s late, and my stomach isn’t that big….”

“Mr. San has already eaten four.”

“…When did you last eat like this?”

I was aware that my hands were becoming lighter and lighter.

“Stop eating, Mr. San. How much weight are you trying to put on my shoulders?”

“I am not heavy.”

“That may be true in practice, but I feel heavy-hearted.”

“It's a joke.”

The red snake ate exactly five and then stopped eating.

“It’s delicious.”

“Because it’s Geo’s work.”

I had no doubts.

“Oh, by the way… I heard there’s going to be a parade soon.”

“I heard that story too.”

Geo put his hand on his chin.

“Is it a parade held at a collection center?”

“Yes, it was originally supposed to be an event held in early spring, but

it was postponed due to the ‘Dream Park’. But it doesn’t mean it won’t be held this year, so I think they’re trying to finish it before the weather gets too hot.”

“What kind of event is it exactly?”

“It’s an event where the curators and their works decorate the streets… brilliantly.”

Personally, Joo Hyun didn't like the event that much. It's an event with relatively harmless works, but what if a big accident happens? Then, public sentiment will become hostile.

“I understand that the exact composition changes from time to time. There are also works that are subject to availability depending on the date and weather.”

“I understand.”

“Since Mr. Geo is strictly speaking a member of the collection, I received an inquiry asking if he would be interested in participating. I was planning to organize the exact situation and report in writing tomorrow… Since this has come to pass.”

“…….”

“…Oh, that’s unexpected. Are you worried?”

Joohyun tilted his head.

“I thought you would naturally reject me since you’ve been extremely inactive lately. I heard you haven’t been to the collection store much lately, so I thought you were still recovering.”

“Yes, I am recovering.”

But this was interesting.

“Meaningful processions are also events that were often performed in temples.”

“That is… you are speaking as Mr. Giovanni, right?”

“It would be a shame to miss such an exciting event.”

“This would be Mr. Argio’s opinion.”

“But I’m also tired.”

“This is Sergio.”

Joohyun laughed softly.

“That’s easy to understand.”

“I am happy to bring a smile to you, my dear.”

Geo surprisingly agreed.

“Please tell them I’m participating.”

So the collection office was put on emergency alert.

* * *

The parade at the collection center was famous.

“It’s a little late this year.”

“That could be because it was so noisy.”

“So I thought I wouldn’t do it, but I ended up doing it.”

“It’s a collection.”

This was because it was a gathering of true my-way people of this era.

The history of the Collector's Parade is quite old. Guild leader Bisabal

had been holding large and small performances with his works even before the Collector's Parade was built. Even in a time when there were no proper laws, it was a large-scale illegal event.

And then they finally made it legal with money.

“Who is attending this event?”

“I think I need to look at some pamphlets.”

There were still opinions like, "What are you doing so dangerously?" but fortunately, there have never been any accidents. Some people even responded by saying, "Why would a collector use his good eyes for something like that?"

Anyway, people living in the city were used to the parade of collectors. They received pamphlets from promotional robots roaming the streets, looking for familiar or new faces.

“Ah, Tosun is coming out.”

“Isn’t Tosuni cute….”

“This time, he comes with a caregiver as a set.”

“I received flowers last time, do you remember?”

“I fixed your clothes for you.”

“I think this is my first time seeing this person. Is that right?”

“Oh, I see. It says here that this is your first performance.”

“Your specialty is… juggling? That sounds fun.”

The pamphlet contained photos of the participating works and the curators in charge, along with brief descriptions of them. Citizens who had received advance notice even took vacation days to fully enjoy the

designated dates.

“I’m taking annual leave.”

“Are you crazy?”

“Sergio Hunter is coming.”

“Please live in reality….”

“I have lived for today.”

Some people came to see the curator, not the artwork. Since the collectors are a guild and a financial investment company, there are not many external events, so it was difficult to attract collectors.

For some people, the event where a curator who doesn't even show his face often comes out on the streets was like a drop of rain in a drought. Reporters are in a similar situation, so the streets become noisy around this time.

“Ah… the collector….”

“…개새끼들 진짜….”

Of course, it's not just because I like it.

“Can’t we blow up the collector’s building?”

“I’d rather fly to Korea, Team Leader.”

“You crazy bastards, what are you going to keep releasing on the streets?”

The safety officers dispatched by the association were really fed up. From their perspective of having to prepare for and deal with all sorts of incidents and accidents, this was nothing short of crazy. It couldn't have been a good feeling.

But that doesn't mean I can openly oppose it.

“Team Leader, I heard that we received sponsorship from the collection center this time.”

“The era of fucking capitalism.”

Collectors have always created legal channels for money.

“This is why we have a guild leader.”

“I think so?”

“I know, fuck.”

In the first place, Bisabal was the one who became the guild leader for this. All the wealth and fame he had accumulated was for the legal enjoyment of this kind of crazy behavior. There was no one else who was truly crazy about dopamine.

And the event started at 6 am.

“These guys are real collectors….”

The streets were already bustling.

* * *

By the way, Justitia's guild leader, Seo Seo-hee, also went to watch this parade.

“It’s been a long time since I’ve been to the Visabal Guild Leader’s event.”

His close friend Jeong Hae-un was also there.

“So can I go home?”

“This event is a collaboration with Gyeongbokgung Palace.”

“Ha, I can already see the fairy tales… It’s so annoying….”

“We must protect the peace of the Earth, my friend.”

“Get out of here, fucking hell.”

They say it's a kind of undercover investigation, but I'm not sure.

“This time, Sergio Hunter will also be in the parade.”

“Ah, are you alba?..!!”

They didn't look like they had come to work.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (294)

294

Episode 294

The incident began three days before the parade.

“…A parade?”

"yes."

“Teacher?”

"yes."

“Why would you do something like that…?”

Seo Seo-hee, who was happily eating her bulgogi rice box lunch, received an unexpected notification from Sergio.

“I don’t know much about it, but were you by any chance a curator of a collection?”

“I'm doing that too.”

“How did you end up doing that job? Should I report you to the labor office?”

“Is there still a labor office?”

“It was a remark that made me feel like he was from the past. Aside

from my friends, there weren't many people who agreed with my remarks at the Ministry of Labor."

Certainly there was no labor office in the world at that time.

"Instead, the association is doing that job."

"What doesn't the Association do?"

"You can think of them as taking charge of almost all the work because without them, our country would collapse. It's a shame, right? So please look at it kindly, we live in such a difficult way."

"I already find it pretty."

Kang Eun-seong, who was listening to their conversation from the secretary's seat, thought.

'I want to cover my ears.'

It was burdensome to see a 187cm tall, sturdy middle-aged man whining and calculatingly, and an even more sturdy young man talking like that. Even knowing the situation, it was burdensome to hear it.

Even when Kang Eun-seong quietly gave up, the story continued.

"I felt I couldn't not attend such an event."

"I didn't know you had this side to you, teacher."

"What kind of person did you think I was?"

"Um… Someone who likes quiet and is affectionate and soft-spoken?"

Crunch!

A mermaid tail burst out of Sergio's shadow and struck the floor.

"……."

“…You are too kind.”

“Did that mermaid just scold me?”

“They’re telling me to stop talking nonsense.”

"oh…."

Seo Seo-hee was a little embarrassed.

“Oh, isn’t that right…? You have a gentle image….”

Crash-!!!

“I think I would rather read a book alone than hang out with people….”

Thud thud thud thud thud-!!!

“I don’t know what happened between you two, but since I was at fault, could you please leave the floor alone? Our reception room floor was just laid.”

Sergio gently coaxed the mermaid tail into the shadow. The gray, rippling thing seemed to squeak, then disappeared. It seemed to have disappeared somewhere.

Seo Seo-hee laughed awkwardly because it looked like the child was crying.

“…I think I made a big mistake.”

“Of course, I am a gentle and kind priest who likes quiet.”

“I made a big mistake.”

It was a remark far removed from the gentle priest who liked to be quiet. Seo Seo-hee accepted it without knowing the nickname of 'the smiling tyrant of the sea village'. It was as if she had seen a side of

something hidden behind the benevolent smile.

“So what exactly are your roles? I understand that the collection event starts at dawn. There are booths selling snacks, promotional roles, and security personnel…”

“I’m also in charge of the booth selling snacks.”

“I think sometimes people take on two roles like that. But does that mean you’ll be taking on other roles in this parade as well? Am I right in thinking about that?”

“That's right.”

Sergio said confidently.

“Come and see.”

“What on earth have you prepared that makes you so confident?”

“I’ve always been confident.”

“I know that even without you saying it….”

Usually, people who lack confidence wouldn't pack lunch for six floors every day. And to a guild they had no special connection with. And to the guild leader of that place, too.

And Sergio gave me a pamphlet.

“Here I am.”

“Ah, here….”

Seo Seo-hee was silent for a moment.

“……?”

“Yes, go ahead. I’m listening.”

“If my eyes are not deceiving, are these water birds?”

“It’s a corps of water birds.”

"aha…."

Seo Seo-hee slowly nodded her head.

“It is time to gradually change Korea.”

“Why do you say things like Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

“Isn’t this the one? Noah’s Ark? Swept away by water?”

“I’m not that bad.”

“I don’t know why you’re feeling embarrassed, but I understand.”

“Thank you for the compliment.”

Anyway, Sergio invited my student.

“If you come and play, I’ll play with you.”

“Oh… I appreciate that, but… Am I too old for that?”

“Are you talking to me?”

"sorry."

Seo Seo-hee immediately apologized, thinking that it might sound like she was attacking her teacher and elders. Fortunately, Sergio let it go. Kang Eun-seong, who had been listening to their conversation, collapsed from exhaustion.

And Sergio invited other students too.

“If you have time, bring Haeun too.”

“Oh, are you bringing it? More specifically, Haeun? Why Haeun of all

people?”

“Yes, that’s right. Guild leader Jeong Hae-un.”

“Now, don’t pretend to distance yourself by calling me by my nickname. Is there a reason?”

“Hmm, well.”

Sergio said plainly.

“If my guess is correct, the student who will be making the most absurd mistakes with my appearance is Haeun.”

"…oh…."

“That friend, Jeong Hae-un, wasn’t such a brave student. I wanted to talk to him before he made up his own mind and caused trouble.”

“…….”

“Am I wrong?”

Seo Seo-hee promised to drag him along quietly.

* * *

That's how I was dragged in.

“Whose side are you really on?”

“On the side of the Earth.”

“I guess I’m not on Earth’s side? Am I an alien from some remote planet?”

“Let’s not have the narrow-minded idea that just because they’re aliens, they’re not on Earth’s side.”

“Fuck, aliens are on our side, I’m really going crazy. Why are you like this?”

Seo Seo-hee smiled faintly at Jeong Hae-woon’s grumbling.

“You were digging, right?”

“So why are you yelling at me?”

“You’re the only one who’ll take my shit, Jeong Hae-woon.”

“It was a truly creepy statement in so many ways.”

“Isn’t it great?”

“You son of a bitch.”

Seo Seo-hee was proud of Jeong Hae-un who was acting all angry.

“Still, it’s nice to see that face after such a long time.”

“I felt so awkward.”

After a long time, Jeong Hae-un returned to his youthful appearance.

“But, well, yeah. I made it so that you wouldn’t recognize me anyway, so I wondered what use it would be to put a few wrinkles on it… My face needs to be loose like this sometimes.”

That was the reason why they could be out on the streets so clearly, to the point where it was hard to call them mere celebrities. The two came out with a perception-impairing spell. They were symbols of eternity, so in the end, they needed to rest like this.

No, actually, they are people who need a break and have to work because the Earth is so dangerous. But I had to assume that they intentionally took some time off because of the situation.

“Did you really need to come out this early?”

“Uh… I heard that Sergio Hunter is coming in to sell in the morning.”

“Fuck, I really can’t go back.”

“Yeah, I already promised. I can’t go back.”

“Boggiya, ah ....”

He couldn't break his promise with Shinbi. It was the same even if he wasn't the person who was there. Jeong Hae-woon, who knew Shinbi's danger, let out a cry and was dragged away obediently.

And then we ran into Sergio Hunter, who skillfully makes and sells cube steaks.

“…….”

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon was silent for a moment.

“…Excuse me, what are you selling now, sir?”

“Oh, you’re already calling me teacher? I didn’t expect that, but it’s a little touching.”

“No, the teacher I’m talking about isn’t that teacher. Anyway, what are you selling right now?”

“We are selling beef cube steaks.”

“I’m sorry, but not all cows are the same, and not all meat is the same, right?”

This crazy mystery was selling an unknown mystery.

“Did the collector allow this?”

“It’s delicious and clean.”

“I told you that’s not the problem?”

“Are you from the Food and Drug Administration?”

“Are you going crazy?”

He seriously thought about turning this event upside down.

However, Jung Hae-woon and Seo Seo-hee each received a cube steak and were kicked out. It was because there were too many people behind them. Jung Hae-woon finally acknowledged the safety of something like food after he took Seo Seo-hee's and ate it.

“Ah, it is indeed food….”

“Why are you eating mine?”

“You piece of shit, Lady Gimi.”

“Then eat yours now.”

“Why would someone with a lot of money feel bad about it?”

Surprisingly, this was real food.

‘… Was it because the mystery was so thick that I didn’t realize it was food? Or was it really so close to food that I couldn’t tell the difference? Either way, it doesn’t seem to be harmful to the body… .’

There were no common mistakes that a mystery would make. It didn't seem like eating it would drag you into another dimension or turn you into something other than a human. After all, it was just 'food'.

It was so refined.

‘This is the first time I’ve seen a mystery with this level of control…’

Aside from the unexpected feeling, I felt a little relieved.

“…It’s delicious.”

“How about seeing it in person?”

“I thought it was fortunate that your eyeballs hadn’t become slits yet.”

“Just because you use pretty words doesn’t mean the content will become pretty, right, Mr. Jeong Hae-un?”

“Yeah, I guess I’m still a long way from being trash….”

“When I retire, who will take over for me?”

“First of all, it’s not me.”

“Anyway….”

Seo Seo-hee asked, clicking her tongue.

“So, what if you see it for yourself?”

“Amazing.”

Jeong Hae-woon frowned.

“Because you’re so experienced.”

That was the most surprising thing.

'How deep is your understanding of humanity?'

Oh, of course, there was a great sense of discomfort. If Jeong Hae-woon felt this way, then ordinary people would have thought, 'Is this really a human?' But that's why this situation was even more surprising.

Even with such a sense of discomfort, he was able to blend in well with humans. A mysterious being selling street food, I'm speechless. If humans have such a high level of understanding and the rules they

have are relatively harmless...

'… The collectors won't try to cross the line anyway. Even though that old man from Bisabal is not respectful, he's not a scumbag to the extent of destroying the Earth. They'll probably take at least the bare minimum.'

In that case, I thought it would be okay to wait and see for a bit.

“I thought, ‘Can’t you just watch for a bit?’”

“It was very accurate.”

Jeong Hae-woon nodded.

“Isn’t it time for us to break up?”

“Have you ever thought about who would be hurt?”

“The world needs to know this about you.”

“Who is talking?”

“…Anyway, okay.”

He clicked his tongue.

“I know what you want to show me.”

That damn 'Sergio Hunter' said it all with one funny look.

A high level of understanding of humans, enough to make and sell street food. A skill that disguises noticeable discomfort as the Hunter's intimidation. A skill that exploits the mystery of eating, and none of it causes any harm or confusion.

Jeong Hae-un had to admit that he was a gardener.

“At least I won’t make any mistakes.”

“The problem is when you do something intentionally.”

“You continue to trust in such a being.”

I knew that he would not accidentally bring disaster. But that was only a half-assed belief. No matter how much I thought about it, there was no guarantee that the mysterious being would not intentionally bring about disaster.

“Why do you believe that?”

Because he's that damn 'teacher'?

“Teacher, yes. Teacher… the appearance is nice.”

“Do you know you’re picking up a bad habit again?”

“You may say he was a teacher, but he was just a worker. He was not a family member or anything, he was just a stranger. That’s why we forgot him like this. If it was such a precious memory, why did we make that decision?”

“The Earth may have been that precious.”

“Fuck, you’re talking nonsense. Where on earth would I have such a sense of chivalry?”

Jeong Hae-woon knew himself well. He was different from Seo Seo-hee, the model student who was loved by all the teachers. He was a delinquent who had started drinking and smoking in middle school. He hated everything in the world, adults were untrustworthy, and everything just annoyed him.

“You know it too.”

He furrowed his brow.

“You are the only ones I have.”

“…….”

Seo Seo-hee nodded.

“I’m sorry, but it’s burdensome.”

“You fucking punk.”

“It’s not like I haven’t thought about what you did.”

“So… what’s your conclusion?”

“There must have been something like that?”

He also thought that Jeong Hae-woon's words were right.

At that time, Jeong Hae-un did not have as much free time as he does now. It was not just his story. They were wary of and loathed everything in the world except for their friends.

There was no way that he would have agreed to forget his precious memories in order to 'save the world'.

“…Yeah, that can’t be true.”

Seo Seo-hee also admitted it. But that's why the answer came out.

“If I hadn’t done that, it would have been an unbearable situation.”

“What exactly is the situation?”

“One of us might have been seriously injured, or we might have reached a point where nothing could be undone. I don’t think we were all that altruistic or decent people back then.”

“Are you saying that in the end we made that decision because of our selfishness?”

Jeong Hae-woon smiled brightly.

“So, ‘Teacher’ was used for our selfishness, right?”

“That’s why I always feel sorry.”

“That’s why I can’t believe it even more.”

Soon his face becomes distorted.

“How can we be sure that we did not do anything wrong to the ‘Teacher’? No, did he die because of us? How can we say that the purpose of that being is not revenge?”

“If we get angry about that and disaster comes, we should prepare to deal with it separately from our sins. There are not many people on Earth who can stop such a mystery. Even if it is ungrateful, what can we do?”

Seo Seo-hee picked up a piece of steak with her fork.

“But aren’t you curious?”

“It already sounds like nonsense, but let’s hear it once.”

“What if we had remembered ‘Teacher’ until the end?”

“Well….”

“What kind of adults will we become?”

“…….”

Jeong Hae-un did not answer.

Even after emptying that little paper plate, it took a long time.

* * *

Jeong Hae-woon's favorite food was beef cube steak.

In that humble, slovenly household, eating beef was rare. But Jeong Hae-woon didn’t have the sophistication to cut it nicely and eat it. So, meat dishes that he could stab and put in his mouth. A dish that looked good, tasted good, and had an even better texture… .

“…….”

It is thick in size and has a strong peppery flavor.

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon thought he discovered that taste after he became an adult.

He said that he only realized it when the world became a little more stable, when he had enough money to eat meat to his heart's content, and when his life was worth it.

But I couldn't remember exactly when it started.

"hmm…."

Jeong Hae-woon looked down at the empty paper plate.

“…It’s okay.”

“Have you eaten everything?”

"huh."

It just happened.

I really meant it was delicious.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (295)

295

Episode 295

Jeong Hae-un was an unstable person.

He knew it himself. He hated and distrusted many things. Even now that he has become a 'symbol of eternity', his disposition has not changed, although there are exceptions to this.

To be wary of not only people, but also all beings with which it can interact.

Because of that kind of person, Jeong Hae-woon couldn't trust 'Teacher'.

“…….”

“Nice to meet you, Hunter Jeong Hae-un.”

Jeong Hae-woon smiled brightly as he looked at the pure white priest wearing a black cloak.

“You seem to have the aura of an evil spirit when you start a conversation with lies.”

“I’m glad you look healthy.”

“Is this how you normally have trouble communicating?”

That was definitely the origin of the being. It seemed like they were communicating, but this wasn't real communication. The other person was just a mystery imitating a human. A mystery with a lot of information value.

'It's no different from artificial intelligence that moves as coded.'

So, it would not be influenced by Jeong Hae-un's own words. That is why he only gives such absurd answers. Getting an answer from the other person is also clearly considered 'influencing'.

'I think the curator of the collection in charge of this existence is currently named Yoo Seong-un.'

I thought I should contact you later when I had time.

“Um, well….”

Jeong Hae-woon maintained a smooth smile.

“I heard that my brother wanted to see me so badly. Is that right?”

“Oh, it’s gross.”

“…….”

No matter what, I didn't expect this.

“…I guess I heard something wrong?”

“…I’m sorry, did that hurt? I didn’t mean to.”

“I wasn’t particularly hurt.”

No, honestly, it was a bit unpleasant.

'It is rare for the existence of the source to be considered disgusting to humans.'

It may be because there are few people with the cognitive ability to feel emotions, but yes, I felt bad. Such unexpected reactions were just annoying.

“Can I ask why you said it was disgusting?”

“…….”

Sergio, who was looking at Jeong Hae-woon with blue eyes, smiled kindly.

“I will respect you.”

"oh…."

Jeong Hae-woon was moved to tears.

'That's the line I should be saying.'

That kind gaze that seemed to say, 'I can understand everything'. It was hard to laugh it off, perhaps because the other person was the other person. Perhaps this too could be influenced by forgotten memories.

And it wasn't all that pleasant for the gardener either. He was the one who had to understand and respect the source of all the disasters that had been causing the Earth.

“…Even if you don’t respect me, I can do well on my own.”

“Are you now urging me to be rude and disrespectful to my elders? I really didn’t know that Guild Leader Jeong Hae-un would be someone who lacks even the most basic sense of manners.”

“Ah, why are you so good at talking? Are you a god? No, even gods don’t talk this well. I haven’t seen Sergio Hunter like that either, but you seem to have a talent for provocation.”

“I was speaking the truth, and if you were provoked by it, doesn’t that mean that Hunter Jeong Hae-woon himself has more antisocial tendencies in his personality and way of thinking than in mine?”

“Did you call me to fight?”

Seo Seo-hee grabbed Jeong Hae-woon's shoulder, who was on the verge of collapse.

“If you make a fuss here, you know the collector will file a claim.”

“Whose side are you on?”

“Didn’t I always say I’m on the side of the Earth?”

“Then I am an alien.”

At that moment, a deep gaze struck me.

“…….”

“…What is it?”

"pup?"

“No, he’s right now….”

“You have a foul mouth.”

“Why do I feel like I’m getting in trouble?”

“Did you hope that you wouldn’t get in trouble for insulting your friend in front of others?”

“What, no, ha.”

The smile disappeared from Jeong Hae-woon's face and he became irritated. He felt his pride, which had been dulled by social life, rising up

as he was treated like a brat by Shinbi, whom he barely knew.

“What are you saying now…!”

That's why I was about to get annoyed.

“…….”

“What, what are you giving me…!”

“…….”

“…Uh, now…!”

“…….”

"…membrane…."

A heavy silence fell.

“…….”

“…….”

After a while, Jeong Hae-woon smiled again.

“What did I just say?”

And Geo laughed too.

“This is the way of life of an adult who has become jaded by society.”

“Thank you very much for your generous compliments, teacher.”

“It’s a wonderful growth.”

“Aha, is that so?”

I don't know what it was, but I had a bad feeling.

'Why did I get goosebumps for a moment?'

It wasn't a life-threatening situation. If it was something like that, there's no way Jeong Hae-woon wouldn't have noticed, and above all, there's no way Seo Seo-hee would have stayed still.

But Seo Seo-hee just looked at Jeong Hae-woon with eyes filled with longing.

That's how Jeong Hae-woon realized.

'I must have been an overwhelming force before I lost my memory.'

There were times like this often. Even though it was a relationship that had been forgotten through a 'promise', there were times when a familiar reaction would come up in the body or soul. Having experienced it several times, Jeong Hae-woon was able to realize his own situation.

Of course, it wasn't a situation where the answer would come out even if he realized it. Jung Hae-woon wasn't a good kid who would treat him like an adult or a teacher. He felt a slight confusion.

‘I was overwhelmingly superior to the teacher…?’

What part of it did you give in to?

“…What should I call Sergio Hunter?”

“I think you can just call me Sergio Hunter like you are now.”

“This friend, Seo Seo-hee, calls me teacher.”

“That’s because he wanted to sing it himself.”

“I understand what you mean.”

At least it didn't seem like the type of mystery that forced something on me.

'He has a gentle personality and isn't the violent type.'

It would have been difficult to control Jeong Hae-un with something as simple as violence. He had been beaten so much at home that he had become immune to that kind of oppression.

So then, in which part?

'... When a human soul is corrupted and becomes a being of origin, it often follows the form it had in its previous life. So, in what way did it come to submit to such a weak person?'

Were you really trained to eat?

"……."

"Why do you look at me like that?"

"…You like being given food, right?"

"Yes, that's right."

"I see, that's what happened."

I found the answer.

'I guess you were going to eat it.'

It was something that was lured into being eaten.

If that's the case, then it makes sense. I just ate it and I know that Sergio Hunter's cooking was real. If a kind adult made a delicious meal, Jeong Hae-woon at that time would have had no choice but to fall for it.

'But now I'm not the same person I was back then.'

Jeong Hae-woon smiled confidently.

“You seem to think that you can tempt me with food, but you are very mistaken, Sergio Hunter. Even though I look like this, I am still one of the adults on Earth, so I will not be swayed by such temptations.”

“If he was tempted by just a cube steak, wouldn’t that mean that Jeong Hae-woon was hungry?”

“I wasn’t hungry. Of course it was delicious, but it wasn’t enough to shake me up. And are you ignoring the cube steak right now? It’s not like you put the word ‘mere’ in front of food. More importantly, if you look at it practically, aren’t I the more mature one now?”

“Yes, of course.”

Sergio Hunter laughed heartily.

“Senior.”

“…….”

It gave me goosebumps.

“…Oh, wait a minute….”

“Are you okay, senior? Is there anything I can help you with?”

“Oh, wait a minute.”

How can you make me feel so discouraged every time you say something like this?

'How long have you been serving and serving me that you have such a strong rejection reaction?'

Jeong Hae-woon tried to calm down the goosebumps that had formed on his arms. He was starting to feel burdened by this Sergio. He took a step back.

“I think we need some distance, don’t you think?”

“Of course I thought so too.”

Sergio Hunter nodded obediently.

“Are you eating well?”

“I eat at least one meal a day without fail.”

“One meal?”

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon corrected what I said.

“Can I increase it to three meals?”

“That’s great.”

“What kind of rules are these?”

“I know it’s not uncommon to want to eat well.”

“Sergio Hunter, you’re on a different scale from them, aren’t you?”

It was a being of such weight that it was thought to have been involved in the Earth's system. The rule that such a being demanded was merely 'eat three meals a day', something that junior gardeners would dismiss as a joke if they heard it.

And Jeong Hae-un admitted it, albeit belatedly.

“…Haaaah….”

It's been a while since I dried it.

'It's too late to deny it was a fraud now.'

I will admit that we had a good relationship in the past. I can't remember it, so I don't have any evidence, but I couldn't just ignore it after coming this far. Regardless of the exact incident, it must have been a good relationship and time.

But as I always thought, that was all.

“…Sergio Hunter.”

“Yes, I am listening.”

“Thanks to you, I had a good meal.”

Jeong Hae-woon nodded.

“It really suits my taste. When that little Seo Seo-hee was talking about galbi-jjim and lunch boxes, I thought it was just some skill or mystery, but this wasn’t at that level. It was just that the Hunter knew my taste well and took care of it.”

As a gardener, I could feel the difference more clearly.

“So now you know what a good ‘teacher’ you were to us. I know, I know….”

“Is it hard?”

“…….”

“The bad habit I worked so hard to fix has come back.”

The face of 'Sergio' who said that was blunt. It was a heavy face without even a hint of smile.

“I know what you're talking about.”

Two eyes staring at me. A cold voice, calm and composed like a corpse.

“To you, I am nothing more than a foreign substance that has intruded into your world, claiming to exist when I never existed. I am also a harmful organism that has appeared on this dangerous Earth that you have been working so hard to nurture with all your might. You cannot know my purpose, and even if you did, nothing would change, and you have never felt the desire to do so in the first place.”

A look that looks down as if teaching.

“Because I am a ‘non-existent being.’”

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon kept his mouth shut for a while, then opened it.

“…What will you do then?”

“Nothing changes.”

He was like a teacher teaching very basic facts.

“I wanted to let you know because I thought you didn’t know.”

Calm words continue in a soft tone.

“It doesn’t matter who I was or what happened to me before. You’ve grown up too much to hold on to the past.”

"so?"

“Don’t worry. You don’t have to. Whatever happened in the past is gone now, so don’t even think about it. Look at me now and judge me. What kind of person do I look like to you?”

“Time bomb.”

“So are you going to kill me? Seal me away like you would with the demons? Or are you going to fight the collector to prevent me from

living in society any longer?”

“I dare not… I cannot stop a mystery like you.”

Although some people often think otherwise, Jeong Hae-un was ultimately human. He was neither omniscient nor omnipotent. He was simply the first gardener on Earth, had accumulated a lot of experience, and thus knew how to coexist.

In the end, that was what Jung Hae-woon was doing. Coordinating so that they could live together. Finding as many ways as possible. How could Jung Hae-woon, who was like that, confine and suppress 'Sergio Hunter'?

“It’s impossible.”

That's why he was scared. Jeong Hae-woon was always afraid of mystery. Those damn time bombs. A dirty and deadly bunch that had to give in a thousand times before he could get one concession.

'And this existence is added.'

I felt a strange sense of urgency.

It is alive and dead at the same time. Whether in the sun or hidden in the shadow, the size of the pupil does not change, and sometimes in the shadow, all kinds of life, death, and mystery cry out. It can be as quiet as a vast desert or as noisy as a jungle.

'Humans, forests, life, sea, death, screams, deserts, love, fear, underground, affection, compassion, sky, anger, heaven and hell, waterless seas, warm thorn fields, affectionate coldness…'

This is a contradiction in itself. It is neither human nor human. We cannot know how many different breaths are contained in a single voice that is transmitted. We cannot know how many branches the voice is divided into and how many branches it is combined into.

My eyes hurt. My ears are throbbing. My tongue is burning. My nose is itchy. My skin is getting goosebumps and my heart is pounding. Human. Monster. Picture.

"……."

And back to humans.

"…You wouldn't want me to take your guard down by appearing in front of me in such a bizarre state, would you?"

"Is it very strange?"

"It's creepy. It's the uncanny valley. No, it's the perfect uncanny valley, which makes it even creepier. Do you know how I see you in my five senses right now? Do you know how many mysteries are entangled in you?"

"Yeah, that could be the case."

"Your reaction is so consistent. I can't believe it. But it's an uncomfortable and unsettling presence that I can't just sit back and watch. You're too dangerous. And you're trying to be harmless. So all I can do is be on guard."

"So what changes?"

He waved his hand and pointed to the noisy street beyond.

"I will continue to exist like this. Sometimes I will come out and have fun, and when I feel tired, I will go back to my paintings and rest. But I will also give gifts to the good people I like, sometimes have a meal with my friends, and fall asleep while painting. And then I will wake up."

Sergio withdrew his pale hand that had been pointing at the world.

"I will live the way I want, and you won't stop me."

“Unless you are a threat to the peace.”

“Yes, you should do that. If I disappeared and you became who you are now, then you should live like that. I affirm all that time.”

“What on earth do you want?”

“You have to remember, past relationships are completely unimportant in a situation like this.”

His pitch-black eyes met Jeong Hae-woon's.

“Live as if you have forgotten.”

“…Is that okay?”

“You want that too.”

Black eyes closed.

“I am always here.”

The conversation ended there.

* * *

“…….”

Seo Seo-hee, who had been watching Jeong Hae-woon, who was left behind after 'Sergio Hunter' left, called him.

“Have you sorted out your thoughts?”

“…What about you?”

“I've been sorted out for a long time.”

“With what.”

“I will treat that being as ‘teacher.’”

Seo Seo-hee shrugged slightly.

“Because it helps me and this peace.”

“You little rascal….”

“That’s not something you should be saying.”

“I see.”

Jeong Hae-woon leaned against the alley wall and had a cigarette in his mouth.

“…I will keep a close watch on the ‘Sergio Hunter’ for the rest of my life. I will not keep him close like you, nor will I intend to use him. I will simply treat him as a mystery and analyze him as I have done my whole life.”

That was the meaning of the gardener.

“I didn’t know you would be the first to bring it up, but we share the same opinion. No matter what happened in the past, if it’s time that’s already gone, we should live faithfully in the present.”

“You won’t regret it?”

“Isn’t that too extravagant of a thought? I can’t afford to hold on to a past that has been erased. My current life is too burdensome. Without the feelings and confirmation that remain from the relationship, it’s just a story of a stranger in the end.”

There was no time to linger while watching a sad movie.

“After all, it’s a story from another world.”

“Even though it could have been our world?”

“But that didn’t happen. All that’s left now is the damned ‘Symbol of

Eternity' that will grant eternal life, and the biggest variable in between, 'Sergio Hunter.' What more do you need?"

"And what if my memory comes back?"

"The world will end by then anyway, so what…."

Jeong Hae-woon laughed out loud.

"When that day comes, I'll slowly savor my regrets while watching the dimensional ruins. It's a very fitting end for me. Well, as long as we hold on, that day won't come… Anyway, I agree."

It's living without knowing each other.

"That's enough for me."

"That's your bad habit."

"Sergio Hunter said something like that earlier. What kind of habit is that?"

"Don't even look up at a persimmon that you can't eat."

"I admit it, but…."

Jeong Hae-woon shrugged.

"At least it's better than calling a sane person a sour grape, right?"

"Well, you sometimes treat sour grapes like rotten grapes. Isn't that how you treat Sergio Hunter?"

"The world doesn't always revolve around truth."

In any case, the conversation with 'Sergio Hunter' calmed Jeong Hae-woon down considerably. His heart, which had been swaying with anxiety, wariness, and disgust, became a little calmer.

‘I ended up in debt, but still… .’

He sighed.

“…This is correct.”

At least to himself.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (296)

296 Episode 296 Waterfowl. A monster that infiltrated the Earth at some point, living water in the shape of a bird. They had the habit of supporting the good and detesting the bad. People were a little afraid of such waterfowl. “Uh, something… They feel like crows or hyenas.” “When they appear in groups, doesn’t that mean something happened? When I hear that waterfowl appeared, my mood gets so bad that day.” “They strongly criticize modern society. Just by appearing, they show us that there were evil people who deserved such punishment….” “Thank you, they’re cute. But personally, I wish I could never see them again.” And that flock of waterfowl, right now. They were gently covering the night sky like an aurora. “Wow….” The child who came out to watch the parade opened his mouth wide. “Dad, look at that. That…!” “That’s right, it’s cool.” The man who came out with the child was also impressed. ‘They say Sergio Hunter is the Apostle of the Black Cloak.’ It seemed that my god loved me quite a bit. If I could use the subordinates of the black cloak as if they were my own, to the point of creating such a beautiful Milky Way that I could no longer see in the city. The water birds flew high in the sky and twinkled like living stars. Although the water birds could not emit light on their own, the light reflected off their bodies, which were living water, and the various jewels they held inside. “Oh, it’s raining.” “No, this is… not rain…” “Are the water birds falling?” Some of them fell in small pieces like rain. The enchanting sight of stars melting and falling to the ground covered the long parade line. The works that were hit by the colorful rain looked even brighter. “Mom, my caregiver gave me flowers…!” “I guess I’m going to have good luck this year.” “I’ll work hard to grow

them so they don't wither this time!" "Yeah, yeah, I'll cheer you on." The works in the collection were more active than last year in giving away their 'pieces'. Flowers, small blessings, hugs, and cheerful pranks fell on the spectators. Some who were perceptive noticed a commonality. "Usually children receive gifts." "There are some adults, too..." "Is this perhaps influenced by the characteristics of waterfowl?" Blessings for the good, punishment for the bad. "Somehow it feels much more reassuring." "This parade has a particularly warm feeling..." The Collector's Parade was a bizarre circus. All sorts of beautiful or bizarre works walked out with their respective curators, dancing, performing, and traveling. But this parade was far from such stimulation. The waterfowl that had fallen like raindrops gathered individually and then quietly flew up again. They fluttered their long tail feathers and played light pranks, like fairies created by a meteor shower. "It's almost a scene from a fairy tale." "They're pretty..." "Please take a look here!" Sergio Hunter was riding on a giant flower carriage led by members of the Collector's Guild. Sergio Hunter was not the only one riding the three-story flower carriage. However, he was particularly conspicuous, sitting at the very top, in the front seat, singing the waterfowl. Following his gestures, the waterfowls each cried out as if in a chorus. The sound of flowers fluttering, the sound of jewels clinking, the sound of grass and trees swaying. When they all came together, they created a song that fit very well with the music of the parade. "I, I want that bird!" "No, I have to let the bird fly away." Sergio Hunter's procession was especially well-received by those who came with young families. "There's a hunter like that at the collection store." "I thought they only showed scary circuses…" "Hey, that's scary enough." "It's a shame that he couldn't come today." "Isn't Sergio Hunter particularly active at the collection store?" "He bravely came to such a noisy place." "I won't be able to see him next year." And some of them noticed another fact. "…Sergio Hunter commanding the water birds, somehow… He resembles someone…" "…Doesn't the collector handle the works like that?" "Oh, that's right. He was the head of the

Bisabal Guild.” “Looking at that, I think it’s definitely true that they’re family.” The way he coaxed and comforted the water birds like children singing in a choir, and also used them to make the works more lively. Although it was a beautiful scene like a fairy tale, there was a big difference in that they had that in common. People were amazed. ‘Well, the water birds really look pretty.’ ‘Looking at it like this, I can definitely feel that they’re the limbs of the black cloak…’ ‘They can create scenes like this with water birds.’ And soon, the water birds’ singing gradually died down. “Ah…” “I guess it’s almost over.” The curators of the collection were guiding the works to the gallery. Following their guidance, the works each handled their own bodies and safely returned home. Sergio Hunter, who was in the front row, also got down from the carriage. He bowed gently and left. “… gone.” “The water birds are gone too.” “Where did they go?” The parade gradually cleared up. As if it had been a dream, the festival soon came to an end. * * * The water birds returned to their nests. “You worked hard, guys.” “Gulp?” “Honey worked hard too.” By the way, Yoo Seong-un and Joo-hyun were also there. “Jio, can I get a flower car…” “I’ll get it to you right away.” “Oh, I’m dying.” “Isn’t this too much?” “I have to work.” Yoo Seong-un was extremely exhausted from abusing his ice-related skills all day. His already low body temperature had dropped three times more. Geo briefly pondered, “What on earth are the Awakened Ones that they can live without dying even with their body temperature like this?” “This is a present for you, Yoo Seong-un.” “A present. Yes, a present is nice. At this point, I just don’t know.” Yoo Seong-un wore the scarf and blanket that Geo had given him with great care. Even now, his heart would flutter at the thought of receiving a gift, but judging by the way it was being given back, it seemed like there was some kind of contract made with Yoo Seong-un’s afterlife at stake. So he decided to accept these gifts, big and small, without much burden. “So to speak, it’s postpaid. That’s a fair price and a deal, after all….” Ju-hyeon felt sorry for Yoo Seong-un, who was drinking the flower tea that the teddy bear sun god had given him. “Isn’t it too

much, as Geo said?” “No, this is strictly part of the curator’s job…” “I understand that the guild leader of Bisabal values the health of his collections.” “That’s true.” Yoo Seong-un shrugged. “But what’s important is the appearance and use of the collections. The guild leader hasn’t particularly nagged me, but if I can’t do my job at an event like this, I feel like a piece of bread…” “The curators of the collection seem too blind to their roles.” Thanks to Joo-hyun joining in, Yoo-seong-un was soon wrapped in all sorts of warm things. “Is it paradise?” “You look nice.” “Can I take this out today?” “It’d be better if you sleep over.” “Then I’ll just eat breakfast and go…” “You can eat lunch tomorrow and go.” Joo-hyun thought as he watched the two. ‘Is this what Hades holding onto Persephone felt like?’ While that was a story of passionate love, this was just a story of a portrait of a person who enjoys hanging out with friends. Geo never let his friends come over easily. Whether it was food, sleep, or a gift, he would always send them off. Dana approached Joo-hyun’s feet. “Ahh.” “…Hello?” “Ah ... Yoo Seong-un had similar thoughts, so he would have just laid down and fallen asleep. There was no way that 'Geo's Portrait' would change my friends unless they wanted it to. Joo-hyun, who was gently stroking Dana, asked Geo. "Now that you mention it, Dana's size is always uneven." "It's because her body size changes due to the number and weight of friends inside her." "Since she's as small as a normal cat now, did she spit it all out...?" "I recently got a friend to do the work for me besides Dana." Geo said, placing a soft pillow on the back of Yoo Seong-un's unconscious back. "Thankfully, Dana's burden has been reduced." "When you say friend, do you mean 'diary'?" "To be exact, I'm referring to the purple that's working inside." "Purple..." "It's Mr. Ater." "...I see!" He wasn't surprised anymore. 'I guess I'll eventually get used to this kind of thing.' It was surprising. “By the way, right before this parade, you seemed to have a conversation with those… students.” “We had a productive conversation. Are you curious about what we talked about?” “I’d be lying if I said no, but it’s such a personal story. I was just worried about Geo’s condition, so you don’t have to go

into detail.” “We didn’t really talk about anything special,” Geo said, trying to appease the water birds who were asking for snacks. “I was just correcting Guild Leader Jeong Hae-un’s misunderstanding.” “… I’ve already gotten a little ahead of myself, so can I hear the gist of it?” “I told them they could live on their own.” “On their own…?” “I felt like they were reading too much into this situation.” That wasn’t what Geo wanted. “That’s why I told them the objective situation. I’m just a haunted portrait. It’s okay to worry about a past that doesn’t exist… but if you’re blaming yourself for that, that’s a problem.” “Was Guild Leader Jeong Hae-un blaming yourself?” “He usually tries to pretend it’s not happening, but he has such low self-esteem. So when a problem arises, he always blames others and suffers first. When he reaches his mental limit, he immediately thinks of something strange. He was a really strange student.” “I don’t think it’s a very good habit.” “So before he goes out into the modern society where we have to live together, I poked him in the side quite a bit so that he could function properly, but he forgot everything and went back to the way he was. That was a bit disappointing.” It wasn’t just that he was forgetting his memories, but that time itself was being erased. “It seemed like the influence Sergio had on him had almost completely disappeared.” “Are you bitter? I think I would be sad, and the fact that he forgot me too...” “I feel regretful, but I’m not bitter or sad.” Geo said, sending all the water birds out the window. “We did our best back then.” That was enough. “I know those kids. Guild Leader Jeong Hae-woon seems to have completely forgotten, but the last student I remember named Jeong Hae-woon was surprisingly altruistic and had good action skills. Once he was told the right path, he would run straight ahead.” “He’s also famous for being a good person.” “Hae-woon was a smart student who knew how to affirm the right path, even if it didn’t seem right. Even if it was a made-up hypocrisy, if you keep doing it, it will become your own good deed. I think he’s probably forgotten that obvious fact… It seems that the other friends were there with him, so it didn’t get to the worst.” “Uh… What do you think the worst is, Geo?” “Going back alone.” He

was talking about the time when he hated the whole world. “Even though I fed him and supported him.” “It’s almost like something a parent would say.” “So this is enough.” Jeong Hae-woon did his best in all of those worst situations. That was the Jeong Hae-woon of now. Sergio couldn’t help but feel happy inside as he looked at his student. Geo smiled faintly. “As expected, he was a student who did well even without me.” How admirable. “…….” “Why do you see him that way, Joo-hyun?” “…It’s not my job, but you feel a little sad?” “What’s there to be sad about?” “Even though it’s a past that’s disappeared, it feels like our relationship is being denied...” “I didn’t really think or say that.” Anyway, what a teacher should do was to make students do their part in society. And Sergio succeeded in all of that. Even in a world where he had disappeared. “I don’t think it was anything special.” “I heard that Guild Leader Seo Seo-hee had a different reaction.” “I guess everyone has a different way of dealing with certain people.” Seo Seo-hee accepted Geo as her ‘teacher’ and wanted to get help from him. That was because it consumed less mental energy and had more potential benefits. On the other hand, Jeong Hae-woon recognized Geo as a ‘mystery’ as a gardener and wanted to be on guard. That way, he could always subdue the possessed portrait if it caused trouble. That was the extent of the difference. “Maybe Hae-ra decided to completely exclude variables.” Geo handed the flower tea to Joo-hyun. “Eun-hye, well. I don’t know.” “Are you going to continue living without knowing?” “I don’t want to bother my students who are already scared.” Those students were special to Geo. He wanted to be as considerate as possible to them who were desperately holding on. Just like when a kitten hisses, you want to give them some alone time until they can feel safe… . “What good would come from being impatient?” “…That’s true.” “There’s no need to look too far into the future.” “That’s true too.” “I always say this, but I like the present.” Was Yoo Seong-woon shivering in the cold that much? Geo picked up the teddy bear that was wriggling under the sofa and placed it in Yoo Seong-woon’s arms, then smiled. “Right?” [… … .] “What should I have for breakfast….” It

was a pleasant routine. (To be continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (297)

297

Episode 297

It was a great thing to be able to meet a good teacher.

A teacher who comes out and comforts you even when you call him crying in the middle of the night, is so affectionate that he buys pizza for his students with his own money, and is kind enough to answer any questions you have.

A teacher who used to say out of habit that he wanted them to become happy adults.

“…….”

It was a great stroke of luck that I was able to meet such a person… .

“Eunhye.”

“…….”

I was out of breath.

"…teacher."

All sorts of ugly emotions flood in, filling the void of the once-full fortune. Misfortune and despair fill that large space.

But that too is something we built with our own hands. It is a clear

staircase, and we have lived proudly, thinking it is an honor… But nightmares continue to hold us back.

The nightmare asks.

“Are you here for a snack?”

“…Yes, just….”

Black hair and even blacker eyes. Her skin was pale and her eye ridges were deep-set.

His eyebrows are slightly thick, his lips are red, and his gaze is as calm as a snowy winter morning. He is a person who stands out so much that you won't easily forget him once you see him.

And it was also a fucking familiar face.

“…Can I have just one macaron?”

He nodded shallowly at the impossible request.

“You said you were controlling your diet, but now you’re going to exercise more?”

“Now… I don’t have to manage my diet.”

“Then you can eat whatever you want.”

“I want to eat whatever I want.”

"okay?"

He looks at me. He doesn't smile, but he looks at me with a look that makes it seem like he's smiling.

“That sounds good too.”

He was a teacher who affirmed everything about me.

“Why are you standing here instead of sitting down?”

“Teacher, you are busy drawing pictures too.”

“What could be so busy with a hobby?”

“But I don’t want to bother you.”

“Or did you try to run away this time with just some snacks?”

“You see me as a very harsh person….”

He sits down on the worn-out school chair, the corners of his mouth raised.

“…….”

Even without looking down, I could tell that I was wearing a school uniform.

"…teacher."

“Yeah, an aspiring idol.”

“This is a dream.”

“I know.”

“I know, too.”

I can see the scenery of the art room that remains faintly in my memory.

Outside the window, I could see lush trees. The windows were black and dusty, having not been replaced for a long time. The person who was arranging the art supplies that the students had scattered around in a mess was the teacher in front of me.

This place, with its faint smell of charcoal, was in Cha Eun-hye's dream.

“I always think about what it would have been like if I had just forgotten everything.”

It's a sweet dream, like burnt caramel.

“I forget everything like kids do.”

“It’s a shame.”

“I forgot what my teacher looked like, I forgot what kind of lunch he made for me, I forgot what we talked about and played around together… I just forgot everything….”

“It’s getting easier, leave me alone.”

“Yes, just leave the teacher alone. But that’s not possible.”

It was miserable.

“What if I forget you too, teacher?”

“I’m lonely, Eunhye.”

“Teacher, how can you do that when you are the only one so pitiful?”

“Where the hell am I? Why did you leave me alone?”

“Honestly, I still don’t know why we had to make that choice….”

“Eunhye.”

A pitch-black ghost looks at me.

“Save me.”

“…….”

Something that was neither human nor anything else saw Cha Eun-hye.

“…Please save me. I’m scared. I don’t want to be alone. Where am I? What do I look like? Let’s go home. I’ll pack you a lunch. Are you sick? Are you okay? Are you okay? Are you okay? What should I draw for you this time? Tell me.”

“…….”

“Eunhye, kids. Kids. Don’t get hurt. Run away. I’ll protect you, so don’t worry. Should I help you? Should I help you? How should I help you? Does it hurt? Does it hurt? Help me? It hurts. It hurts, so much.”

“…I really….”

“What the hell am I right now? What am I doing? How do I look? Am I a person? A monster? A human? Do you want to run away? Hide, run away. It hurts. It’s okay. Eunhye…”

“It’s absolutely horrible.”

There was nothing that wasn't horrible, even the fact that it was an illusion of my own creation.

“Our teacher wouldn’t do this.”

It was all just a nightmare created by Cha Eun-hye.

“I resent you.”

“…No, the teacher is not the type of person to blame anyone….”

“I did so well for you, and this is all I get in return? Ignorance and avoidance? Leaving me alone? I was always there for you when you were having a hard time, when you needed help.”

“…I was not a person who expected anything in return for what I gave.”

“Now I am alone. Everyone looks at me. No one sees me. I am lonely. You do not want to face me to the end. Cowards. I did not teach you this….”

“So, please….”

“Turn me back to how I was.”

Something black, alien, and bizarre looks down at Cha Eun-hye.

“Give it back.”

Express your resentment.

“You made me like this.”

I'm not the type of person to say something like that. There's no way that would happen.

“It’s because of you guys, if only you guys weren’t here….”

My heart is pounding even though he's not the type of person to say such cruel things.

“I wouldn’t have died.”

“…Teacher is not dead, please….”

“What’s wrong? Have you forgotten? What promise did you make?”

“You’re not dead, right? Why are you doing this to me? Don’t be so scary.”

“You made a choice that was ultimately just for you.”

The pitch-black thing gently embraced Cha Eun-hye.

“You ruined me.”

"…no."

“I saved the world.”

"no."

I hugged the nightmare with trembling hands.

“Tell us we made the right choice.”

Then the 'Teacher' looked at me. It was the Teacher. It was my nightmare, and it was a familiar face. It was our Teacher who had returned to human form according to my will.

Then he says.

“Your choice was right.”

“I wish you would compliment me.”

“It was hard, you must have had a hard time. But you did really well.”

"we…."

He cried, holding onto that pitch-black shirt.

“…Okay, I was wrong….”

I was scared.

“…What if we really made the wrong choice? What should we do? At the time, I thought it was the best, but now I don’t know. There are still many things I hate and miss, but my friends have all forgotten. Why am I the only one who has to suffer like this?”

It was unfair.

“Teacher, why did you come back? How did you come back? I wanted you to come back someday, but I didn’t really want you to. What is

your purpose? Did you come to kill us? Did you come to take revenge on the world? How do you remember us? How is that possible?”

I missed you.

“I’m not sure if Sergio, the Hunter, is really you. But if he is, what should I do? Why won’t he come see me? No, I wish he wouldn’t come see me. No, no. We can pretend not to know each other and become friends again. That’s possible, right? That’s okay, right? Will you allow me to? But it’s such a waste. I, I… I…”

What might be better?

“…If we go back to that day, we’ll all just die together.”

“Why did you think so?”

“…It’s so hard….”

An adult was needed.

“It was so hard for us.”

I needed a teacher.

“Wow, what on earth could we possibly have done to make this choice?”

“But you know that this was the right path.”

“It wasn’t a good road, absolutely not.”

“Even though you say that, aren’t you actually feeling proud?”

Her nightmare knew everything about me.

“I’m proud that I’m able to keep the world like this.”

“That doesn’t mean the fact that I’m having a hard time is a lie.”

“If you could go back to that day, you would make the same choice in the end.”

“…….”

Eunhye Cha broke free of the hug and looked up at her ‘teacher.’

“…Is he dead?”

“You killed them.”

“Are you dead?”

“No way, he’s not dead.”

“It was a really horrible dream.”

“I wanted you to have that dream.”

“…….”

Eunhye Cha, now an adult, asked.

“…Teacher, can you tell me that?”

"okay."

The 'teacher' in my nightmare whispered affectionately.

“I always….”

"that's right."

“It will be here.”

“The teacher is right.”

In this dream, this one thing was not a cowardly lie created by Cha Eun-hye.

“I am always here.”

That was Mr. Sergio's will.

Cha Eun-hye woke up from her sleep.

* * *

“…….”

I shed sad tears.

“Ugh, ah….”

He grabbed the blanket and used force to tear it off.

“Ugh… huff, euah….”

I wanted to just tear it apart like this.

"…teacher…."

I didn't want to wake up from that fucking nightmare.

After a long time, Cha Eun-hye relaxed her grip. She cooled her reddened eyes with her cold hands. Her body was drenched in cold sweat, and there was no warm spot except for her swollen eyes.

She then exhaled slowly.

“…Hoooo….”

It's calming down.

“…….”

A mirror caught her eye.

Mirrors beyond, mirrors on the ceiling, mirrors on the floor. Mirrors on the door. Mirrors on the pillars. Mirrors hanging from above. Small

mirrors on the table. Mirrors. Mirrors. And mirrors.

Wherever I looked, there was ‘Cha Eun-hye’.

"…good."

Cha Eun-hye smiled brightly.

Oh, you look fine now.

“I like it.”

I guess I'll have to stay like this today.

Even though the sun hadn't risen yet, Cha Eun-hye got out of bed. She had slept for too long and ended up having such a pitiful dream.

It was a long sleep, but it didn't feel particularly refreshing. Nevertheless, Eunhye Cha left the room with a smile.

“Your Majesty, are you awake?”

“Are there any documents from the gardeners?”

“Guild leader Jeong Hae-un contacted us to ask if we could visit in the morning.”

“Hmm… I guess I woke up so early to see Haeun. Tell her to meet me at 5.”

“I will convey it that way.”

“And this for me.”

Cha Eun-hye tapped my eyes.

“Call your friends to cover for you.”

“I will call you right away.”

It was the beginning of an ordinary day.

* * *

“But that’s a bit surprising.”

“Dipping corn chips into guacamole with avocado in it,” Yoo Seong-un said.

“Because the symbols of eternity seem so quiet.”

“I guess everyone is busy and doesn’t have time to come see the teacher’s face.”

“I’m just asking just in case, are you upset right now?”

“? No, I’m just impressed that you seem to be living honestly.”

Geo cracked open a corn chip and split it in half.

“I like cheese sauce.”

“Guacamole will be sad.”

“It’s time for guacamole to stand on its own.”

“Why are you cutting that little chip again in the first place? Are you bothering the chip?”

“If you eat this big chip whole, the roof of your mouth will burn.”

“Can you do that too?”

“My palate is also burning.”

Geo looked back at Joohyun as he ate chips dipped in cheese sauce.

“Why don’t you dip it in sauce?”

“The corn chips are so salty that the sauce isn’t that great….”

“Mr. Joo-hyun has pure tastes.”

“What on earth is pure taste?”

It looks like there was another translation error.

“Mr. Geo, you often don’t translate very well.”

“Can this be called a translation?”

“Isn’t this the easiest expression to understand?”

“Well, that’s true… but now that it’s come to this, I wonder what to do.”

Even Yoo Seong-un gave up.

“If I have friends in my next life, will there be a discount for friends?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Or do you want to become Geo’s disciple?”

"welcome."

Joohyun stopped that meteor shower.

“Looking at the accumulated data, I think it would be better to avoid the role of Geo-ssi’s disciple.”

“It’s unfair.”

“A mermaid, a deer, a symbol of eternity. No matter how much I think about it, living an ordinary life as Geo-ssi’s disciple is wrong….”

“It’s a mother ship.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded, ignoring Geo.

“That’s true.”

“Are you really going to betray me?”

“There is no betrayal in accumulated data values, Mr. Argio.”

anyway.

“Let me go back to the beginning, but are you okay with this? Don’t you think you’ve decided to live on, forgetting about your beloved disciples?”

“Yes, it’s okay.”

“Can I ask why?”

“At that age, we each have to live our own lives.”

“You know you’re really spicy in weird places.”

“I didn’t give birth to it.”

Geo was resolute.

“Children become independent when the time comes, so let alone students. Joo-hyun and Yoo-sung-woon both say that I’m secretly harsh to them. Are you worried?”

“Okay, good. Since you’ve laid the groundwork, I’ll be honest. I’m afraid that the symbol of eternity who regained my memories will get so angry that it’ll turn the Earth upside down. That’s why I want you to say yes first before that happens.”

Joohyun looked slightly relieved.

“Yes, yes, it is a symbol of eternity….”

“Oh, it’s a little creepy even as I say it. Right?”

“It’s not an easy combination of words to think of.”

“Isn’t that something that could happen anyway?”

The portrait tilted its head at Yoo Seong-un's question.

“No way.”

“There’s an unspoken rule in the hunter industry that you shouldn’t say, ‘No way.’”

“I like this rule.”

Is this like a death flag?

“I have no doubt that my students will choose the right path.”

“Yes, if you think you’re going to destroy the Earth later, be sure to consult with our guild leader beforehand.”

“I think they are still saying ‘O-yes-yes’.”

“If that’s true, then that’s good. Right, then that’s fine.”

Even Yoo Seong-un gave up.

“Anyway, this is delicious. I don’t like avocado, but this is okay.”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un seems to know how to make a chef happy. Thank you for your great words.”

“Are you a cook?”

“There is no qualification.”

“If it exists, it would be surprising as it is.”

He leaned back in his chair.

“It feels strange to smell food in my house after such a long time.”

“Four meals a day.”

“Oh, I’m eating. But I don’t usually eat at home….”

“Are you still busy?”

“Still, I feel like things are slowly getting sorted out.”

“I'm curious.”

The portrait expressed interest.

“Is Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s garden friendly?”

“…You’re quite kind for a gardener, but why?”

“I always wondered if it had to be that cold.”

It's a garden.

“Can I go out and play?”

Recently, Geo has been looking for material for a new work.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (298)

298

Episode 298

Although it was not intentional, it may have been a burden to the faint-hearted. Geo had to add an excuse, if only to ventilate the still air.

“There is a misunderstanding.”

“What misunderstanding?”

“I’m not looking for a new ‘Geo’ right now.”

“Then what do you mean by new material…?”

“I’m literally looking for new material. I haven’t been able to paint lately.”

"hmm."

Yoo Seong-un asked back.

“So, you could say it’s a slump?”

“It’s not that serious.”

“But what happens is that when you want to draw, you can’t.”

“I don’t have any more energy than that.”

Joohyun nodded at him.

'That makes sense.'

Didn't this introvert even participate in the parade recently? It was a while ago, but he also worked hard to absorb and calm down 'Argio'. It was time to gradually replenish the energy he had exhausted.

'Besides, I've been going around to different places these days to meet my old students, so it's understandable that I'm feeling unmotivated. And more than anything, what's on my mind is... .'

Joo-hyun, who was looking at the meteor cloud, asked Geo.

“…Was it because packing lunch was burdensome?”

Then Yoo Seong-un was amazed.

“Our teacher Ju-Hyeon is truly very brave.”

“Do you want to fight?”

“I didn’t know you’d be this rude to even a Class A Hunter.”

“As I get older, the only thing that increases is baseless confidence.”

“This is a very good phenomenon.”

As always, Yoo Seong-woon, who was teasing Joo-hyun, asked.

“I was thinking the same thing, but you’re the first to speak. Yeah, I was curious too. What was the brave effort you put into making me a lunchbox when I was in a slump that wasn’t really a slump… Hmm, didn’t it have a heavy impact?”

Yoo Seong-un expressed it as best as he could. He couldn't possibly express the act of preparing meals for his disciples in a negative way. Especially since he knew how special those disciples were to 'Portrait of Geo'.

'But from a curator's perspective, it's inevitable that they'll be worried.'

Shinbi is bound by her own rules, whether she likes it or not. The one-on-one rule that the 'Portrait of Geo' had. And this kind portrait had revealed that she was paying for the 'lunch box'.

So what was Geo paying for because of that?

'To be honest, I wish I had never been so self-destructive in the first place… but that's just the way he was made, so I guess it can't be helped.'

It was a needlessly regrettable and annoying thing.

"Well, I respect that. Your disciples do a lot for the Earth. The more you feel sorry for them, the more you want to help them…."

"I can't say that the current results weren't affected by that work. But don't worry, Mr. Yoo Seong-un. I'll say it again, it's not that serious."

This haunted portrait seems to think so, honestly.

"Oh, okay."

From the perspective of curator Yoo Seong-un, it sounded very serious.

'Isn't this almost a situation where one's own identity is denied?'

Shinbi was a person who drew pictures from the beginning and was a picture itself. But that guy suddenly lost the energy to draw. I felt a slight regret, thinking, 'Did I just take it outside for no reason?'

"Well, anyway… so you want to visit my snowfield?"

"I think I need a change of pace."

"An artist always needs new inspiration. You know, I don't have the

authority to invite anyone to my garden. That's up to you."

"I will try."

"If that's the case, then I don't think it's my place to interfere, so do whatever you want."

Joo-hyun made a flustered expression at Yoo Seong-un's cool reaction.

"Aren't you giving permission too easily?"

"As I said before, I am just a gardener and have no authority to invite guests."

"Still, I think there is some degree of obligation to keep out uninvited guests."

"Isn't that something that the landlord and guest should work out between themselves?"

His Majesty the Emperor came to visit, so there was no way a mere gardener could stop him. It didn't seem like it would make much of a difference even if he was the owner of the garden. In short, it was something that was out of Yu Seong-un's hands.

"But, uh… If you're going to visit, at least give me a call in advance. That way, I can at least prepare myself mentally. As a gardener, there's nothing else I can say…."

Yoo Seong-un looked at Geo.

"Do you need my help?"

"I want to hear about the garden."

"Are you talking about something like a garden scene? Can I describe

it as if I were describing a work of art?”

“It’s a grateful thing, but you can also see it through Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s eyes.”

“Oh, come to think of it, I think I’ve seen a snowy field through your eyes before.”

In that case, there might not have been any need for an objective description of the scene, even if we don't know exactly what Geo saw in the garden through Yoo Seong-un's eyes.

“Then what are you curious about in the garden? I’m not sure how I can help you yet.”

“Could you please tell me what Mr. Yoo Seong-un thinks about the garden?”

“That’s hard to explain. It’s hard to express. Do you need a review?”

“If it’s difficult, you can just be there while I draw. That alone will be enough to satisfy the condition.”

“A kind of sacrifice? Well, fine. Maybe you could pluck out my eyes?”

“No need.”

You are firm.

'Is this a mystery that does not accept human sacrifice?'

From the humans' point of view, it was a good thing.

“Then can I go now?”

“Where are you going?”

“Weren’t you going to draw a picture?”

“I'm eating.”

“Rather than that, weren’t you snacking?”

“Similar.”

“That’s true.”

In the sense that something goes into the mouth.

“So, eat it, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“I was already eating well….”

“You need to gain weight.”

“I’ll fatten up the curator and use it to my advantage.”

Anyway, it was a portrait with a strong spirit.

* * *

As the sun set, people gathered quietly in a quiet cafe.

They were of such a variety of clothing and ages that it was hard to tell them apart. There were even cats, crows, and dogs, as well as humans. But even though they recognized each other, they sat down without saying a word.

The first to speak was an old man with white hair.

“I think I had a fever.”

The heavy, weary feeling typical of someone entering their twilight years. The owner of the café continued speaking in a soft voice that seemed to reflect his many years of experience.

“I think you can sympathize with us since we’ve all been busy for a while. It’s been a difficult time just sitting face to face like this. I’m sure

everyone has had some kind of accomplishment….”

“Well, I think it was more of a side effect of the vaccination than a fever. It was noisy at first, but then it quietened down. The garden is also much stronger.”

The young man sitting on the chair shrugged and smiled.

“I guess something happened at the root?”

“It might be difficult for a gardener to figure out, though.”

“We’ve been together for quite some time now, but you still seem to be in a bad mood… We work so hard, but our gardener doesn’t even give us a bonus, and even when there’s a large-scale construction project, he announces it on the same day.”

The crow tilted its head at him.

“Did you give notice?”

“Ah… what, the gardener didn’t say anything?”

“I just suffered from body aches….”

“You’re still so picky.”

“I understand, since you are usually a very reserved person.”

The cat meowed listlessly.

“It has its pros and cons.”

A chatty garden usually has a lot of interaction with the gardener, but it is burdensome, while a quiet garden has the advantage of not being a bother even though the gardener doesn't seem to know the gardener.

And every garden was bound to choose a gardener of the right

disposition.

“But I’m worried because it’s been a long time since the entire garden has been so noisy. I don’t think it’s an individual problem with the gardens. Could it be that there’s something really wrong with the root?”

“The word change would be more appropriate than ideal. To the source, you know? There is nothing that can be called ideal.”

“But it is true that I am worried, as Mr. Hog said. Isn’t this the first time since the great disaster that the entire garden has been in such an uproar? If that day happens again….”

The child-like gardener said with a smile.

“If I have to, I’ll hide in the garden.”

“Then you will become a piece of wood.”

“Our garden is nice. It’s cozy and warm. It’s cool.”

“No matter how good it is, you shouldn’t be thinking about retirement so soon. At the very least, create a successor.”

A middle-aged woman lamented.

“It’s the same for everyone else. Don’t get carried away when the garden is tangled, don’t lie down when you’re tired, and don’t throw everything away when you’re angry.”

“Oh, but it’s so hard to find a successor these days….”

“Those are all excuses. If you look for them, you can find them all. It’s just that the qualified friends are keeping their mouths shut. There are definitely enough people to pass down the garden to you.”

“Tsk, tsk. How much time does it take to find it and educate people about it?”

“Then I hope you live a long life, sir.”

“When are you going to retire….”

“If we keep going like this, Gardener Jeong Hae-woon might come and catch us. He’s really going to get his ass kicked. He’s already been a bit sensitive lately, so let’s not get in trouble.”

Another middle-aged man chuckled.

“Hey, if I pray hard, you’ll forgive me.”

“No, you really don’t look that good these days.”

“Even people with good personalities eventually reach their limits when they only work overtime.”

“If you just watch, it’s really sad….”

A young man who seemed to have just become an adult scratched his neck.

“But what’s really going on this time? I’m a newbie, so I’ve gotten a lot of help from here and there… but that doesn’t mean I wasn’t confused. Is the world really going to end?”

“It can’t be ruined already, then.”

“But this has never happened before except during the great disaster….”

“I wonder if the source is stretching.”

“It’s scary, the source. Is this what happens if you just stretch?”

The cafe owner nodded with a leisurely smile on his wrinkled face.

“You can think of it as land, student.”

“Uh, yes… the ground….”

“It is a land that is bigger and deeper than the soil we walk on. If that huge foundation were to shake, everything on top of it would shake as well. This situation is no different.”

“There’s nothing wrong with the root cause?”

“The root cause is not a ‘problem’.”

It's the same as before.

“It’s a change.”

But maybe it was right for humans to worry.

“You’d better be on your guard just in case. Our gardens have been bustling for a while now. But of course, there’s nothing wrong with having so much energy in the garden, right?”

“That is correct.”

The priest with a pious face said.

“It’s so beautiful to see such a vibrant forest. I was worried that the gardens were losing their vitality, but after your fever, you seem much healthier.”

“Oh, that part was definitely a concern. The cause wasn’t even exactly known. No matter how much nutritional supplements we put in, there’s a limit to how long it will take for Jeongwon to come to his senses…”

“If you’re Gardener Jeong Hae-un, wouldn’t you know something? Why did this happen? He’s not someone we can visit if we want, but this is serious.”

“What would he know? We are all gardeners.”

“But he probably has a lot more information value than we do. We only inspect one or two gardens, while he sweeps through gardens practically all over the world….”

The cafe owner nodded at that.

“I’ll try to contact you soon.”

“If the owner would do that, I could not ask for anything more.”

The gardeners sighed.

“I just wish I didn’t have to work overtime anymore….”

“I’m already so busy, but my garden cries like a newborn every day.”

“If the garden condition is not like this, everything is fine.”

“Then I’ll wait for your call, teacher.”

So everyone left the cafe.

“…….”

The cafe owner, Jeong Hae-woon, rubbed his chin.

“…What really was the problem?”

He, who had the face of an old man, had now become younger and had the face of a middle-aged man.

'Seeing as there was no reaction from Hae-ra or Eun-hye, it must have been caused by something that really happened at the root. Even for me, it's too burdensome to contact them directly.'

Jeong Hae-woon, who had been thinking quietly, soon came to a conclusion.

‘… Yoo Seong-un, I need to talk to that guy.’

It's time to take care of the things you've been putting off.

* * *

Yoo Seong-un, who was watching Geo's painting, cleared his throat.

“……?”

“Is there a problem?”

“No, I just got goosebumps for a moment.”

“Is this the feeling of working overtime?”

“Maybe so.”

I felt somewhat similar.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (299)

299

Episode 299

“…….”

The portrait asked Yoo Seong-un, who was just quietly looking at the canvas.

“What is here?”

“…There’s nothing, just glacier and snow.”

“So there’s glaciers and snow. What do they look like? If they’re cold, how cold are they?”

“Well, the garden keeps changing shape….”

Yoo Seong-un stared at the snowy field in the canvas.

“I think I’ve seen you somewhere just now.”

If I just watched it, my stomach would churn.

It was his garden. It was his snowfield. A cold world where the snow fell down and up, making it impossible to distinguish between heaven and earth. When it was quiet, or when it wasn't, if I closed my eyes, I could hear the sound of a heartbeat... .

My fingertips were ticklish. My heart was pounding. The heat and

anxiety that started from the extremities and rushed to my eyes. A strange, yearning, as if I had missed something.

“…It’s very realistic.”

“You are too kind, this blob of paint is realistic.”

“It’s definitely not the real thing. This isn’t a photograph.”

“What Mr. Yoo Seong-un said is correct.”

“But why would a picture exist?”

“Unlike photographs, which only capture objective facts, paintings can leave behind an impression.”

“Yeah, appreciation. Emotions. Heart. Things like that.”

That was the difference between photography and painting. Paintings contain time and spirit and leave room for interpretation. That story is what makes all the art and works of art in the world precious.

“Are you feeling the same way I am?”

"well."

“How can I portray the world I felt and saw like that?”

“Well, that’s also true.”

“You are too vague.”

That's the charm of those mysterious friends.

“…It’s hard to say that this picture is realistic….”

Oil painting leaves a rough mark. The thick paint quickly hardens and pops out. There is no such thing as precise depiction. They just pressed it down with a knife without even making any corrections, and

this is what came out.

It was the gaze of a meteor shower when it looked at my snowy field one day.

“…Is it because I’m so out of touch with reality?”

“Are you far away?”

“That’s because you only feed me good things.”

“You should gain weight, but it’s a shame that you’re always so skinny.”

“I tell you every time, I’m not skinny, Geo….”

Even as he says that, his gaze is fixed on the snowy field.

'How is this possible?'

I thought about it even though I knew it was a meaningless question. I was amazed. It really makes sense to find a desolate snowy field in a shallow work of art created by a child who resembles a human.

My garden is being painted. It's right there. On a canvas that you can hug and hold.

“You draw very smoothly.”

The portrait did not let the casual remark go unnoticed, but accepted it.

“Aren’t the eyes soft?”

“Rather than that, isn’t it more of a rustling sensation or a cold sensation?”

“Snow that is not touched by human hands or feet is warm.”

“It won’t be warm though.”

“If it’s just the thing itself that doesn’t touch anything.”

“That’s right, that’s my snowfield.”

People cannot come and go.

'In there, I'm not even human anymore.'

He is only a 'gardener'. Anything that would ruin the garden's scenery is not allowed. The meteor cloud could not leave any traces in it. Not even a trace of human footsteps or a thin warmth.

In the snowy field where the sky and the ground were indistinguishable, meteors could not even melt the snow, unless the garden requested or permitted it.

“…….”

A strange feeling welled up in me.

“…This is the first time I’ve shared this sight with someone else.”

“Don’t you share it with other gardeners?”

“It’s impossible to bring the garden out into the open for humans to see.”

"hmm…."

Geo asked, tilting his head.

“Can’t you see it through Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s eyes? Can’t you say that it is ‘a place that humans can see’?”

“You’re probably the only one who can see the garden reflected in my eyes, Geo. Don’t misunderstand.”

Well, I understand why you think that way. Yoo Seong-un smiled

awkwardly inside.

'I thought I had gotten used to imitating humans, but was that a judgment I could only make based on seeing a small part of Geo? There are still some areas where I am lacking internally… .'

But it wasn't all that confusing. This is where the great mystery often gets confused. You don't think that something that is normal and can be done naturally would be a miracle to humans.

It could also be seen as a generalization error that mystery often makes. Thinking that if you can do something, everyone else will do it too. This kind of perspective can cause people to feel a considerable sense of alienation and fear.

'But at least our portraits are good on the outside.'

Yoo Seong-un smiled broadly and indifferently at the meaningless pride. It was a special characteristic of a curator to feel good whenever he felt the specialness of my work. He continued to explain.

“No matter how beautiful his garden is, the gardener can never show it to anyone else.”

“They say there is also a skill to extract memories into drawings or photographs.”

“Because it’s a target that doesn’t work with those skills, and even if you extract it that way, it doesn’t mean that you can completely convey the emotions that I felt. Just like you can’t completely convey the time, emotions, and gaze you had when you saw a famous tourist attraction….”

“It’s a shame.”

The portrait, which depicted even the flawless light and shade of the enchanting snowy field, asked.

“Shall I give you a gift?”

“A gift like this doesn’t really mean anything to me. The garden and I are one.”

“Then shall we exhibit it?”

“Where should I exhibit?”

“Aren’t you tired?”

“…Ah, well….”

When I raised my head and met his gaze, I could see the compassion contained in his distant black eyes. They were so vicious and huge that I could not tell their depth… .

“I just….”

The lovingkindness of this being could manifest in any form.

You could sweep away a terrifying tidal wave that covered a large piece of land with one hand, and you could cure a patient suffering from a serious illness with just a glance. So you could give a ‘gift’ to a ‘friend.’

The curator realized what his portrait was saying.

“…….”

I knew what the benevolent Source had shown this tired gardener.

“…It’s still okay.”

After all, mystery is mystery.

Isn't this too heavy a question to just throw out like a riddle to kill time and expect an answer right away?

“If you exhibit works like this, people will be shocked and astonished.”

“I’m not embarrassed.”

“Wouldn’t that make the world a little more chaotic?”

“That’s not likely.”

“Understand, I am a weak person who is only capable of this. Your work is so realistic and beautiful that it would be fatal to those with weak hearts.”

“You are too kind.”

“When will you admit that this isn’t an exaggeration?”

Maybe when the Earth turns upside down?

“…I, well… I know this may be presumptuous, but I think it’s okay now….”

Isn't that what humans are like? They seek stability. If they are afraid of even one change, how can they accept the world changing? That was too scary for a mere human.

“Geoya.”

"yes."

“Portrait of Geo.”

“Yes, I am listening.”

“What on earth do you want to create for the Earth?”

“I can’t make it.”

“Then what do you want to do?”

“I want to do what I want to do.”

“What is that?”

“As you know, Mr. Yoo Seong-un….”

In a silver barrel that smelled of thick oil, Geo dipped his knife.

“I eat, take a nap, hang out with friends, and then wake up slowly in the afternoon the next day.”

It was a truly peaceful story.

“Please don’t misunderstand. I’m just doing what I want to do. And I know that the results won’t harm my friends, acquaintances, or good, kind people….”

It seemed irresponsible and far-fetched.

“There is no reason not to do so, so why should I hesitate?”

“People are afraid of change.”

“That part is hard to relate to.”

“It makes sense, since you are a unique case in many ways.”

Even the 'Geos' who were human showed a way of thinking that far exceeded their limits. Giovanni, who considered the sacrifice of cutting off his own flesh easier than breathing. Argio, who showed his anger to the world even if it meant changing dimensions.

And Sergio, the art teacher.

“Teacher….”

“Did you call?”

"…teacher?"

“Yes, did you call?”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un looked at the portrait.

Even to the call of Yoo Seong-un, who was neither a student nor a disciple, the portrait responded. His soft and gentle questioning did not seem human.

And every time this happens, I get a little scared.

'It's like a doll that reacts precisely according to set values.'

Of course, that was a mystery.

'There's nothing to be afraid of. Is this because I'm just an insignificant person?'

I couldn't just acknowledge, accept, and accept it like them. Every time that mysterious rule came into view, my spine would shiver and a cold sweat would run down my face. My eyes would dilate and my pupils would shrink. The corners of my mouth would turn up.

So, no matter how much I think about it, Joo-Hyeon was destined to not be human. Someone who does not respond to what humans are designed to respond to. And wasn't he chosen by God?

"…hmm…."

I think the random thoughts are a bit long.

“…What have you done?”

“Is this a question for the teacher?”

“Yes, sir. I don’t know what you did.”

“I don’t think it’s something you would call ‘something’.”

“But there are precedents, right?”

Giovanni and Argio also performed their crazy feats. With their wedge, the dimension was destroyed and countless lives and deaths appeared. And the portrait tried to use them to remake the Earth again.

‘I say it’s not me, but…’

I'm not saying that was intentional.

'Even so, if you act that way even after already knowing the outcome, how is that any different from what you intended?'

Yoo Seong-un couldn't tell the difference.

“What the hell have you done?”

“Please elaborate.”

“What did you do to be first?”

Why is Sergio the basis and foundation of the portrait? Why did his disciples become the guardians of the Earth? And why did they return to the mystery in the form of a portrait?

At what price did this being, who mistakenly thought he was human, gain the countless powers he had?

'Did it originate from humans, or did it become humans from the origin?'

He was a really strange friend.

“…I say again, please do not exhibit this work.”

“Then I guess it will go into the storage room in my room.”

“It might be a little heartbreaking, but… I think this is better than wandering the streets.”

“Our Seolwon also wants to see the scenery outside….”

“Wow, I can’t tell if you’re serious or joking, it sends shivers down my spine.”

Yoo Seong-un rummaged through his arms. He chewed on the candy and continued speaking.

“I know what you mean.”

“It wasn’t anything like that.”

“Yes, if the garden becomes known to people, the burden on the gardeners will be greatly reduced. Perhaps, when looking at it broadly, broadly, and from afar, that may be right. Making the existence of the source known….”

But that's it.

“But it hasn’t even been a century since the catastrophe.”

Outside of Korea, there were still many areas that did not even have the form of a country. No one called them countries anymore. They were just remote areas. This world is so dangerous.

“There’s no need to make things even more tiring for those who are just getting used to it by telling them about the existence of the source.”

“I didn’t know you would react so seriously.”

“Oh, yeah. I guess so.”

“Let me say this again: I just wanted to do an exhibition.”

The portrait blinked twice.

“…Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s snowfield is so beautiful.”

"…you…."

Yoo Seong-un laughed in a dejected and dreary manner.

“You, you really… know how to seduce a gardener’s heart….”

“When did I do that? This is a false accusation. It’s so unfair.”

“No, in a good way. I mean, I’m selling it for a good reason.”

“It doesn’t have a positive connotation.”

“Everyone feels differently.”

I felt a little embarrassed.

“If that was your ‘intention’, then I guess I was nagging you for nothing.”

This portrait was just a consideration for him.

'Were you trying to make sure that I wasn't the only one who saw this sight?'

Certainly, that was the sore spot for gardeners. They had to love alone all their lives. Affection, obsession, consideration, mercy, greed. Each of those emotions under the name of love could never be expressed.

Even if they try, they can't. Because it's a sight that can't be shown and doesn't exist. What they see isn't a common tourist attraction or a beautiful place. It's not a real space. That's really, really hard... .

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un opened his mouth slowly.

“…Do you know how the gardener was treated at first?”

“It was about 30 years ago.”

“Yes, then. And in countless other dimensions.”

"hmm."

The portrait, of course, told the truth.

“I think you thought I was crazy.”

“Yeah, you’re right. I was treated like a sick person.”

They see, hear, feel, and fear things that do not 'exist'. They are fascinated by them and eventually fall in love with them. How horrible a madman they must have seemed to others.

“The only way we can show the garden, the only way to prove its existence, is through ourselves. Our eyes. Our hair. Our body temperature. Our physical transformations or… in rare cases, our scent.”

“I don’t think it would be conclusive evidence.”

“Yes, as I just said, this is not a place that can be seen by humans.”

It was the same with gardeners. Can humans see each other's souls, their inner mysteries, just by looking into each other's eyes? No one had such convenient power.

That is why the 'Portrait of Geo' was all the more remarkable. He made it possible to gauge the great mystery just by looking at it. It was only natural, since it was the Eye of the Origin.

Yoo Seong-un continued his explanation.

“But really, that’s all there is to it. There’s no way to show anything more. Even if we try to show our strength beyond our limits, we, the only channel, will die….”

“They say that gardeners cannot even obtain death once they belong to the garden.”

“Because it could be destroyed like that.”

Isn't that so unfair?

“You can’t tell anyone something that clearly exists.”

“You must be tired.”

“And loneliness. It’s, you know, almost an occupational disease for gardeners.”

“What would you like to say?”

“Uh… sorry?”

I think it's because I've become more sensitive lately.

“Well, there’s no way I could force you to make a change you don’t want.”

This portrait was not intentional, but was going down the path it wanted to. I think it was scary because it looked exactly like the gods who were trying to destroy the Earth. Even though I knew that they weren't really like that.

I feel a little better now.

“…….”

It was a languid feeling, as I acknowledged and accepted the fact that I had become friends with this portrait.

“…Then can you just show it to me? So that people won’t visit….”

“I think we’ll have to consider the wishes of the parties involved, but I think I can convey Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s opinion. Would you like that?”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un asked.

“Is there a name for this piece?”

“This is Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

"aha."

It made me laugh.

“As expected.”

Why did you say you knew me so well?

* * *

That day, a large painting of a snowy field hung in Yoo Seong-un's house.

“Oh.”

“Mr. Joo-hyun, is that all you have to say after seeing this wonderful painting?”

“These dangerous items make me dizzy just looking at them….”

“It’s a geographic drawing.”

“You’ve placed it in the right place, it’s very nice.”

"yes?"

Change isn't always a bad thing.

“…It looks like a house where people live.”

“This is it?”

“Let me indulge myself in my feelings.”

I don't know where this work will run away to.

Anyway, it was a day when a piece of Yoo Seong-un's loneliness was relieved.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (300)

300

Episode 300

That's how Yoo Seong-un met Jeong Hae-un.

“…….”

“Meteor Gardener?”

“Oh, yes.”

Why?

'Is there a curse in my life?'

It was just 28 hours ago that I placed the golden artwork painted by my precious portrait in my home.

As he was mentally preparing himself to 'go to the snowfield together' after finishing up urgent work, an unimaginable being came to see him, let alone being mentally prepared for it.

“Why did Guild Leader Jeong Hae-un come to see me?”

“I’m sorry for the sudden visit.”

Gardener Jeong Hae-un apologized with an embarrassed look on his face. As expected, his attitude was affectionate and polite.

“This might be a really stupid thing to say, but I really don’t want to run into the leader of the Bisabal guild….”

“I understand.”

Certainly, the Symbol of Eternity and the Bisabal were not on good terms. Even in Yoo Seong-un’s opinion, his guild leader enjoyed life too much. He enjoyed it to the point of being a bit precarious. It was understandable that the Symbol of Eternity, who was in charge of protecting the Earth, was reluctant.

'No matter how much you say it's true, it's not like it's not true.'

If there was a conflict between the collector and someone else, there was a 96% chance that it was a problem with the visa. Yoo Seong-un couldn't ignore that data value either. But there was another reason why he was so flustered.

Yoo Seong-un looked around.

“…Why in a dungeon?”

“I’m sorry that this isn’t a nice cafe or a neat reception room, but there’s no place more convenient for gardeners to have conversations than a dungeon.”

“I understand what you mean by that too.”

Aren't they gardeners who are sensitive to mystery? When they reach a certain level, there are times when they feel more comfortable in the mystery than on Earth. It's easy to adjust this way and that. It's also perfect for not leaving behind any evidence.

In many ways.

'The only thing that bothers me is that this is a four-legged rainforest.'

Isn't this a place where the water birds, Geo's limbs, are spread out

everywhere? Of course, Yoo Seong-un was on the side of my work, but at the same time, he was on the side of the Earth. I couldn't neglect Jeong Hae-un, the guardian of the Earth and the adult gardener.

He looked around.

“I’m sure I’m the only one in this area right now. Feel free to speak, Guild Leader Jeong Hae-woon.”

“Yes, once again, I apologize for the sudden visit. I know it would be polite to schedule an official meeting, but I came to see you in a hurry like this. If you allow me to do so, I will compensate you later.”

“No, everyone on Earth knows that you are always busy.”

It was clearly rude to visit hunters without prior notice. It was one of the unspoken traditions that arose during the Great Calamity when people were killing and slaughtering each other.

No matter who comes, how can the person welcoming them know whether the other person is an assassin or not?

'but….'

If the opponent was Jeong Hae-un, it was an exception.

'I don't have time.'

It just doesn't exist. It doesn't exist physically. Even if you look for it with your eyes wide open, it's not just not there at all; it's just a negative balance on your bank account.

'For someone like that to come looking for a specific person would be a significant loss… If he had to come to me while risking that much loss, there would be only one topic he could share.'

Yoo Seong-un, who had gathered his thoughts, asked.

“…Did you come here because of ‘Portrait of Geo’?”

“Oh, no. I’m embarrassed to have to make you speak first. Yes, it’s embarrassing to be so rude to a junior and then get straight to the point… but I have a question about the work I’m currently working on.”

“I’m fine, so you can get straight to the point. I think it would be better for Guild Leader Jeong Hae-un if we wrap up the story quickly. So, what exactly is…?”

“Is that the source?”

“…….”

This was a little disconcerting.

“I didn’t know you would ask me so directly.”

“Ah, I see. I understand a little now.”

“Could it be that I was not managing my work well…?”

“There is no problem with Gardener Yoo Seong-un, so you don’t have to worry. However, I saw ‘Sergio Hunter’ myself a few days ago, and I felt the same way.”

"aha…."

I guess the perspective of a senior from a distant past is different.

“I was able to recognize that fact only after observing for quite some time. I feel ashamed to feel this way about my shortcomings. I will work harder in the future.”

“The meteor gardener is doing really well. Don’t be shy, everyone has different things to do and can do… How can everyone always share the same vision?”

Gardener Jeong Hae-woon, who had been speaking softly, asked.

“How much do you know?”

“I know the story of ‘Teacher Sergio’.”

“From beginning to end?”

“I don’t think it’ll be to that extent….”

“At least you know that he is involved in a ‘promise’.”

“Yes, I’m sorry, but that’s true. Was that rude?”

“I think it would be more correct to say competent rather than rude.”

Jeong Hae-woon was proud of his easygoing demeanor. He was a talented person who knew how to make others feel comfortable. It was hard to imagine him being the 'bad boy' that Geo had mentioned.

He continued to speak.

“I think it was largely thanks to my background and that ‘promise’. It was quite easy for me to find out about the work that Gardener Yoo Seong-un was in charge of. I hope you don’t worry, because it would be difficult to find out the truth if you weren’t like me.”

And then he said.

“The gardens have been suffering from a fever recently.”

“Yes, my snow field too….”

“They say that the ground hardens after the rain. I judged this as a kind of growing pain, or something similar. If the work of Gardener Yoo Seong-un is truly intertwined with the source, I came to see you because I wondered if there was any reaction from you.”

“I guess you think I’m that close to ‘Sergio Hunter’.”

“I thought it was a well-known story that the two of you were close even at official events, but well. I also know the personality of ‘Sergio Hunter’, so I am sure of that.”

“…He is a very friendly friend….”

I was a little embarrassed.

“…I think I had a fever before that too. Could it be my imagination?”

“No, the garden has been feeling unstable for a while now. It just seemed to explode at some point. I just wondered if there was something triggering it near that point.”

“It’s an opportunity… um….”

It's not like Yoo Seong-un didn't think about that either.

"…uh…."

But the conclusion has not yet been reached.

“This is difficult. There are too many things to consider.”

That makes sense, because the opponent was 'Portrait of Geo'. It is the Eye of Origin.

Recently, several egos have been added to that being, and he has been touching various mysteries such as dungeons and monsters, and has also revealed himself by meeting his old disciples and participating in parades. There were countless other reasons for the garden to be agitated.

'Or is it some kind of audit?'

It sounded plausible.

'It's possible that the gardeners got nervous and got chills after noticing

Geo's visit due to the nature of the body part called the eye… If you think about the fact that they became even more organized after the chills, it makes sense.'

But this wasn't clear either. Even the garden of the meteor cloud wasn't exactly 'perfect' after the body aches. It just needed a little less work.

'If it was a gesture of gratitude from a truly high-ranking person, I think it would still be tense rather than lively… I don't know for sure since I haven't been in the garden's shoes.'

No, it doesn't seem like there would be no influence at all, but it didn't seem like this was the only 'cause of the incident' that Gardener Jeong Hae-un was talking about.

The gardener knew only the existence of the source, not its exact structure. If he had to guess, his imagination would be infinite.

It was indeed a difficult task. Yoo Seong-un smiled innocently.

“…I’ve looked into it again, but it’s still complicated, so I’m sorry I can’t give you an answer right away. It’s rude to be this rude to someone who is busy.”

“I’m sorry, but even just responding so actively right now is a huge help. Strictly speaking, isn’t this also overtime work?”

“It’s similar, right?”

“I’m the one who caused the trouble, and I’m the one who needs help. If possible, could I ask for some advice?”

“…First of all, um….”

Yoo Seong-un spoke as if making an excuse.

“…There were signs of this before. The mysteries of the Earth are

growing, but there are few people to organize them, so this must have been the future that all gardeners had anticipated. Also, this… Recently, several dungeons have been destroyed."

"Everyone knows that this dungeon is related to the 'Portrait of Geo'."

"That's right, considering that this portrait is close to the original, it couldn't be helped. When I saw it, it seemed half intentional, but I'm not sure exactly. He's such a clueless guy."

"Well… I understand that you weren't that easy on me when I met you in person."

"Thank you. So, it wasn't at the level of a fever until just before 'Dream Park'. It wasn't like the whole garden was bustling like before."

Yoo Seong-woon slowly went back in time to the voice that gently comforted and guided him. There were some points that could be expected even without doing this, but he couldn't just talk nonsense in front of gardener Jeong Hae-woon.

What he has to find is a time when instability is truly exploding.

'The time when I was most busy with garden and mystery work.'

Yoo Seong-un, who had been thinking deeply, cleared his throat and spoke.

"…As expected, that, closed school…."

"…Closed school?"

"Yes, my portrait has made a nest in the abandoned school."

"Oh, no."

"I think that's when it really started."

“I just understood what you meant.”

Jeong Hae-woon smiled faintly.

“It seems that Mr. Yoo Seong-un is a ‘person concerned.’”

“Oh? Oh, yes. Are you related?”

“As you know, all memories and information related to it have been erased. I, too, only know of the existence of that creepy tale thanks to the favor of the Hunter Association President, but my exact memory… isn’t that much…”

“…The few people who remember are the ‘people involved.’”

“I guess that’s my own standard. If everyone really forgets, there won’t be anyone to take care of things if something goes wrong. I can trust and leave it to Yoo Seong-un, the gardener.”

“Then, have all the symbols of eternity forgotten the existence of that abandoned school nest?”

“At least you and President Danhae have forgotten about me.”

And then Jeong Hae-woon smiled brightly.

“That’s too bad.”

“…….”

It was a word with a strange resonance. A sound that was somewhat twisted.

‘… It’s a gardener’s specialty.’

An S-class hunter and the first gardener on Earth. A human who is closer to being mysterious than anyone else. Even a single voice can be colorful, but it can also be not. That was the gardener.

It should look like a swan. It should look like the surface of a frozen river. It should not reveal its inner self. Otherwise, the gardener may eventually be eaten by mystery or be ruined by it… .

'I don't even know what's true or false.'

Gardeners had to be like that. Those who easily reveal themselves easily reveal their gardens, and in doing so they confuse the world and eventually become part of its mystery. They had to be contradictory.

“…Do you have any further questions?”

“I understand what you have just said. I sincerely thank you for your valuable time. I will try to repay you privately… Is there anything you would like?”

“Then I would like to ask you a question.”

“As much as you want.”

“What do you plan to do with ‘Portrait of Geo’?”

“Well, yes. I think it’s a topic that any gardener would be curious about. That’s a good question.”

Jeong Hae-woon, who had been thinking for a moment, answered obediently.

“…I will treat it as a mystery.”

“Do you hate him?”

“I like it quite a bit, for me.”

“Can a mystery so close to humanity be called human?”

“You can call it, human life is short and mystery appears and disappears in an instant.”

“I plan to bring him into my garden in a few days.”

“That’s… quite interesting.”

Jeong Hae-woon smiled politely.

“Does he treat you well?”

“You are being very kind to me, it is a very friendly portrait.”

“I hope this relationship lasts a long time.”

“Why?”

“So that the mystery story doesn’t expand on a larger scale.”

"okay."

And then he asked the last question.

“What would happen if the garden were revealed to the world without any side effects?”

“I don’t know if I could call it Earth back then… but that would have its own meaning. People would adapt.”

“Thank you for your answer.”

Yoo Seong-un's questions ended here.

'The rest is up to me to think about.'

He then smiled innocently.

“I hope you will be at peace in the future.”

“I think it will probably be like that.”

“Is there a reason?”

“Didn’t you say it was a very kind portrait?”

“Yes, that’s true, but….”

“And it’s a portrait of loving the Earth.”

Jeong Hae-woon bowed his head slightly and said goodbye.

“I believe that at least things will get better.”

“It’s important, faith.”

“Then I will visit you often.”

"ah…."

Before I could say anything, Jeong Hae-woon disappeared.

“…….”

It's the same as when it first appeared.

'He's a ghostly person.'

Since ghosts are also a type of mystery, in a way it wasn't wrong.

Yoo Seong-un looked around. The stable four-legged rainforest was full of life with its own ecosystem. Sometimes, a sprout would grow from the ground and sway, or a transparent water bird would stare at a fruit in its beak.

Between the bushes, a dragonfly with a flowery face poked out. The guys huddled together tilted their heads and went back into the bushes.

“…Ugh.”

It's cute though.

‘… It grew again in the meantime. I hope the source’s influence didn’t reach here as well… .’

A groan came out like a sigh.

“When are you getting off work?”

It was fucking overtime.

* * *

“Seo Seo-hee.”

His visit was more unexpected than usual.

“…Jeong Hae-un.”

“Is he still coming to see you?”

“What are you talking about all of a sudden?”

“Answer first.”

Jeong Hae-woon immediately went to see Seo Seo-hee and asked with a fierce, hardened face.

“Is he still looking for you?”

“…No, I said I was going to rest for the time being.”

“You, never, never….”

Both hands were tightly gripping my shoulders and the tone was sharp and murderous. It seemed like he was angry, but upon closer inspection, it wasn't.

“Don’t ever ask him about it. Can you? I believe you will.”

I was covered in cold sweat.

“…Are you not going to tell me what happened?”

“Yeah, I won’t tell even if I die soon.”

“You don’t look like your usual self these days. Where’s all your bravado?”

It's an unfamiliar situation.

“What are you afraid of, Master Sergio?”

“Don’t say that. Names are important to Shinbi, you know that.”

“Do you think the Earth is going to be destroyed?”

“It’s not impossible.”

“Where have you been just now?”

“Fucking school.”

“What did you find out and why did you come here, Jeong Hae-woon?”

“The sins we committed.”

“…….”

“…to that human, we, we knew what we did that day. So….”

Seo Seo-hee asked next.

“Don’t you want to know?”

“Fuck, I have no idea what that thing is trying to do…!”

"calm down."

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon exhaled and said.

“I, I… I’m going to forget from now on.”

“Are you going to Hara?”

“You and I are different, so I’m not asking you to do this.”

“Okay, I won’t do anything stupid like you’re worried about.”

“Okay then.”

And then soon Jeong Hae-un disappeared.

“…….”

Seo Seo-hee smiled awkwardly.

“…Ha, that’s like a dog….”

The guild leader nearby, Kang Eun-seong, asked.

“…Should I erase my memories too?”

“There’s no need for that. Even though you saw Kang Eun-seong here, you didn’t say anything, Hae-un.”

“You seem very confused, so maybe that’s why you didn’t pay attention to me.”

“Even though he looked absent-minded, he wasn’t so out of it that he didn’t notice Kang Eun-seong’s presence. It’s okay, he’s not that thoughtless.”

“Yes, I understand.”

Kang Eun-seong, who had been hesitating, spoke carefully.

“You look unwell.”

“Yeah, the lunch box was delicious….”

“I don’t think it would be okay to even receive that level of favor.”

“I wonder what it will be like?”

Then he smiled as usual.

“Haven’t you heard from Sergio Hunter yet?”

“Yes, there isn’t.”

“I think that’s okay. If the distance between us is this vague.”

“Isn’t the reason Guild Leader Jeong Hae-woon told us not to find out something about our past relationship? If we only consider the recent relationships, I dare say there won’t be a problem.”

“Yeah, so… it’s okay.”

What kind of person were you in the past?

'What a good person he was, and what happened to us. What was wrong, if any, if it was a sin?'

I tried to live an old dream, but it seems like even that isn't possible.

A familiar resignation sets in.

'... Yeah, I was originally going to just live like this. I decided to live without bringing up things like the past. Otherwise, the Earth's system might get twisted somehow... I'll just meet up with a nice person I can talk to often and have a meal or something like that.'

But what makes me feel bad is that I don’t even have a chance to reflect… .

“…….”

…let's not think about it.

* * *

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Taran

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (301)

301

Episode 301

And Yoo Seong-un left work.

“As I live, I realize that there is such a thing as leaving work.”

“So you didn’t usually leave work?”

“It’s similar.”

It feels like I've come home after about 100 years.

“Okay, what should we do now?”

Geo answered firmly to Yoo Seong-un who asked with a blank face and a smile.

“Have a meal.”

“Where are you, a starving ghost? Why are you so obsessed with food? What’s your problem?”

“I’m very sorry that you seem to be very excited, but saying something like that only makes me worried. I think it would be best for you to get some rest for now.”

“Is my appearance that ugly?”

Yoo Seong-un nodded after checking his hand mirror.

“It’s scary.”

“I am glad that you readily acknowledge it.”

“Ha, I said I would finish it as quickly as possible….”

“Wouldn’t that have been the problem?”

Geo felt sorry for the tired office worker. It’s not like I’m going to run away just because I’m late. I don’t understand why he would insist on increasing the intensity of the work by himself.

Geo asked cautiously, feeling worried.

“Did you eat on time?”

“I eat my meals regularly.”

“What did you eat?”

“Uh… a sandwich.”

“You call that a meal?”

“There was no specific provision in our contract regarding the type of meal.”

“Wow, this is so detailed.”

I decided to acknowledge that it was food.

'It's not a seven-course meal, but it's a great dish that's easy to carry around and eat.'

Although he wished he could eat rice four times a day, Geo knew that was too greedy.

As Yoo Seong-un took off his coat, Geo accepted it. It looked like he didn't even have the strength to straighten his coat.

“Why were you so busy?”

“I was busy as a hunter, busy as a curator, busy as a gardener….”

“Just hearing it makes me think it’ll be a lot of work.”

“Even if I stop receiving a salary, there are still things I need to do as a gardener.”

"for a moment."

Geo raised his hand and stopped the meteor shower.

“Don’t gardeners get paid?”

“Huh? Oh… That’s right. Strictly speaking, it’s not a salary.”

“Does this mean you are receiving something other than a salary?”

“Because if you submit a research plan, the government will provide support in the amount requested.”

“Thank goodness it wasn’t unpaid.”

“Did our government just almost come into danger…?”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

'My disciple is the president. I don't think he would try to overthrow him.'

anyway.

“Still… Compared to before, there’s definitely less work to do. I heard that not only my snow garden but also the gardens of other gardeners

have stabilized a lot. This time, I guess I was just unlucky because it overlapped with the work of the collector.”

“Then, Mr. Yoo Seong-un, have you been cleaning the snowfield?”

“No, I wanted to show you that part… I went around here and there to meet other gardeners. I don’t have anything urgent to do. I promised to go with you to the snowfield maintenance.”

“Thank you for your concern.”

Geo thought.

'I don't think it was really a promise, but whatever.'

It was a good thing there was still something to enjoy.

“So, there’s nothing urgent for the time being?”

“I guess so, since I dragged you across the river and took care of the work that you were waving your hand at from afar. Of course, I don’t know what would happen if another natural disaster occurred on Earth, but for now. In fact, if you just stayed quiet, Geo….”

“I have always been quiet.”

“Thanks for the clever joke, I work for a living hearing things like this.”

“You’re quite humble. They say the future is unknown, but I have no intention of taking action right now.”

“Is this a prophecy of sarcasm? An indirect expression of intent to act soon? Should I just be nervous?”

“My capricious will to act is not important. I am more curious about Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s garden.”

“Then come to my house right now…!”

“It’s no problem at all to take you to Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s house, but as I said earlier, I’m not saying that you should go to the garden right away. Please rest for now.”

Yoo Seong-un had said that he would show Geo the 'work of gardening'. Even so, after all that hard work, he came back and asked for another task. It was clear that his brain was overloaded from all that work.

'Is this the modern office worker?'

As expected, it was a scary world.

“Do you need a blanket?”

“No, it’s not that cold today….”

“Don’t you need it?”

“It would be nice if it existed.”

And then, as if it had been waiting, the teddy bear came over and handed me a blanket.

“Kyuu.”

"oh my god."

"dream?"

“No, thank you.”

Since it was a blanket made of a huge amount of fur, the teddy bear sun god was practically invisible. It was almost as if the blanket was walking by itself, but anyway, Yoo Seong-un felt embarrassed and wrapped the blanket around his body.

“Oh… it’s warm….”

Geo asked, sitting down on the sofa with the melting meteor cloud.

“Don’t you need a flower cart?”

“What on earth are you trying to make me into?”

“You have come too far to be wary now, so eat when it is given to you.”

“You really leave people speechless.”

By the way, the flower cart was followed by water birds that flew in.

“I… I feel like I’ve seen this scene somewhere….”

“Where and what did you see?”

“It’s clearly written in the materials before the Great Disaster… I don’t remember very well.”

“I don’t know exactly what you saw, but it must have been something very cute and adorable. You must have thought of my lovely waterfowl friends, right?”

“Ah, it feels similar… but… like a person with great vitality who receives help from small animals… where birds fly in and help with daily life…”

“Isn’t it me?”

“…That’s true.”

Yoo Seong-un gave up on further thoughts and enjoyed his convalescent life inside the portrait.

“What will I be in my next life, Geoya?”

“A rich family’s beloved cat?”

“Looking at the strangely detailed information, is this my fate?”

“Well, isn’t it kind of fun to grow up being loved without having to take responsibility for anything?”

“At least I won’t have to work overtime… But I’m a good person, so please bear with it.”

“…? Yes, I understand.”

Geo added, sitting on the floor near the sofa where Yoo Seong-un was lying.

“For your information, my next life will be as a rich man’s stone.”

“It’s already been decided? No, it’s not even a piece of sculpture, it’s a stone? A rich man’s stone? Why on earth?”

“Because I don’t have any thoughts.”

“If you turn into a stone… then… you can’t be called a stone….”

“Then what do you call it?”

“What, what is it now? It’s like the wedge of disaster.”

“Can a single stone become so threatening?”

“You can do it. Believe in yourself. Trust me who believes in you.”

“I didn’t want to believe it this way.”

Anyway, it was a fun conversation that got the screws off.

“Where did you finish your meal?”

“But I still ate the second one.”

“What time was that?”

“It was three hours ago… so it must have been around lunchtime.”

“Then let’s have dinner.”

“Will I be a pig in my next life?”

“I don’t know why you are so obsessed with the next life.”

“Oh, not really. Is it something like white or blue?”

“Is that your taste? If you’d like, I can help you find a spot.”

“I don’t really want to.”

“I really don’t know how to react.”

This guy has been working overtime all day and now he's spouting out nonsense. His words are incoherent and illogical. Geo looked at Yoo Seong-un, who had turned into a zombie, with pitying eyes and turned his head away.

His gaze was fixed on the kitchen.

“How far have you come in finding out?”

“What… What, what are we signing? What should I do?”

“Food. Tell me what you want and I’ll try my best to make it.”

“Anything is fine, as long as it’s edible for people.”

“If you look at it that way, people can eat stones.”

“Oh, that’s true. Then something that humans can normally eat would be good.”

“Hmm.”

Geo rubbed his chin.

“Vegetables, seafood, meat….”

“I want to eat meat….”

“Meat… Barbecue? There’s no menu that tastes more meaty than that.”

“No, something like boiled pork… in a rough way…”

“I will show you that even barbecue can be as tender as boiled pork. Feel the energy of the master of the sea and the current sun god.”

“I have no idea what to make, but I wonder if I can just have some boiled pork with some kimchi or tofu or something.”

“I wish you had said this from the beginning.”

Anyway, this family has to nag to get a proper answer. Seriously, there is no such thing as 'anything' in this world. Geo stood up from his seat with a pious heart.

He called Dana.

"daughter."

“Aaaaah….”

“Let’s go slaughter pigs.”

"meow."

A happy cat can even hunt pigs.

* * *

“I can’t believe there are such crazy pigs in the world.”

“I’m glad you enjoyed the meal.”

“This is really delicious, Geoya….”

The meat was chewy and the flesh was spread out like silk along the grain, so there was no other heavenly food like it.

“No, is that right?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I’m not dead yet, so let’s pretend it’s not true.”

“Yes, Mr. Yoo Seong-un is alive and well.”

“Thank you for the certification.”

Moreover, it was really amazing that the meat juices were overflowing even though it was boiled in water. It had an amazing taste and texture. It had a deep and unique blend of spices, but it didn't sting my nose or make me feel dizzy.

The simple but solid foundation of boiled pork had an excellent partner called kimchi.

“Are you making kimchi these days? Freshly made kimchi tastes really good. It has a lot of red pepper powder in it. It’s been a while since I had red kimchi, but this is really refreshing.”

“I recently received a few heads of cabbage from Juhyun. I had also dried some peppers in the sun and made them into powder. So I made kimchi with them and dug a hole in a corner of the garden and buried a jar there.”

“Then why isn’t this one ripe? As far as I know, it was a few weeks ago that Joohyun gave me the cabbage as a gift. It’s crunchy and sweet, like it was just pickled….”

“I wish some of them were unripe.”

“It seems you have no intention of explaining the principle either.”

“I just don’t know.”

The most plausible guess was that it was because it was a portrait. If you paint a picture of kimchi and leave it alone, it won't become old. In the end, it seemed like he had no choice but to follow the wishes of Geo, the owner and the artist.

“I brought the ripe ones stir-fried. And this is the tofu I made this morning….”

“Aren’t you thinking of opening a restaurant?”

“I think about that sometimes, but I don’t think I have the energy for it yet.”

Geo shook his head.

“I feel like I’ll eat all the food before it even leaves the restaurant for the guests.”

“Then it is difficult.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“I thought you would do well if you opened something like a side dish shop.”

“I’m good at everything.”

“I know.”

“And Guild Leader Seo Seo-hee also made a similar claim.”

“Yeah, what did he say?”

“Are you thinking of opening a restaurant?”

“People really all think the same way….”

How absurd must that person have been?

‘Well, it seems like Geo is adjusting it well… .’

I didn't think, 'If I eat the food here, something terrible will happen,' like I used to. But that was only confirmed by meteors, so other people would have been anxious.

Anyway, the meal was delicious, as always.

“So, shall we go see our garden now?”

“You should digest it and sleep before moving on.”

“Are you raising me now?”

In this way, Yoo Seong-un was able to return to perfect condition.

* * *

“…….”

And Yoo Seong-un was dumbfounded.

“Geo, what is all this?”

“That’s what happened.”

“What are all these guys…?”

Snow rabbit friends appeared in his snowy field.

“I gave up on making it.”

“Ah, what do I do with this Midas touch?”

“Is that the right word to use in that situation?”

“It’s even more absurd because it’s so cute.”

The elaborate rabbits made of snow were looking up at Yoo Seong-un and Geo. Yoo Seong-un, who was embarrassed by the bright eyes, soon flinched and trembled.

“…Uh, wait a minute.”

“Yes, just a moment.”

“Do I have to raise these kids too?”

“We will share the burden of child support.”

“Save me.”

The reason things got to this point was because we had to turn back time.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (302)

302

Episode 302

First, the meteor was delivered to the house.

“Can I come inside?”

“When you say it like that, it seems like the kind of mystery that requires permission to enter.”

“It is common courtesy to ask permission before visiting someone else’s home.”

“Well, that’s true… Come in.”

And Geo came too.

“It’s still a desolate house.”

“But isn’t it a little better since there’s a picture hanging?”

“It has become more desolate.”

“This is the picture you drew.”

“It’s not that it’s not true.”

“Look at his tenacity.”

There Geo asked.

“How does a gardener visit his own garden?”

“The method varies slightly from gardener to gardener. Some visit through dreams, some designate a door as a passage, and others pray to the garden to call them… It requires some agreement.”

“What about Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

“Strictly speaking, it is the garden that calls me.”

Yoo Seong-un raised both his hands.

“If you clap your hands three times like this, you can enter the garden. Oh, of course, clapping alone won’t do it. You have to clap your hands in a way that overlaps the top and bottom like now to meet the condition.”

“Is there a special meaning to three rounds of applause?”

“Usually, if you’re not conscious of it, you don’t clap more than three times, right? You often clap once or twice to get someone’s attention. If you really want to be that picky, four or five times would be better, but that’s too much trouble.”

“So, does the body move along with the mind?”

“It varies slightly from gardener to gardener, but I tend to move my entire body. Most gardeners prefer this method unless there is a special reason. You never know what might end up in the empty body.”

He crossed his arms.

“But right now, there’s a passageway that catches my eye….”

“Would you like to come this way too, Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

“Since this is my first time entering with you, I think it would be better to be a little more cautious. I will enter as usual, and you can come in

after me. If the gardener goes first and checks the situation, it will be easier to deal with any changes.”

“Do whatever you want, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

"then…."

Clap, clap, clap.

Three rounds of applause.

“See you later.”

The meteor cloud soon disappeared.

“…….”

“Kkurung.”

“It looks convenient.”

Geo and Honey looked at it and admired it.

He waited a moment for the meteor to arrive in the garden. It seemed to move in an instant, but he had to take his time. Then he entered the frame.

What unfolded before my eyes was a vast snowy field.

“……?”

It wasn't particularly cold.

“Is this like an ice warehouse?”

“Kugugugu….”

“Oh, it’s frozen.”

“Gurrrr.”

“This is also a familiar situation.”

Geo didn't feel cold. He just felt the cool breeze blowing. He would have liked to rely on Honey, but he didn't have to. It was fortunate that it was less troublesome.

Geo touched the honey that had turned to ice.

“Do you think you can fly well?”

“Gulp.”

“It’s been a long time since I’ve seen you like this.”

Honey was still flying freely. The only difference was that her wings, which had always been indistinguishable from her body, were now clearly visible. Her long peacock-like tail feathers fluttered like hard beads.

'Anyway, there's nothing wrong.'

Geo saw the snowfield.

“…It’s really wide.”

“Cur.”

Honey agreed.

“It will definitely be very different from the ‘garden’ we know.”

When people think of a garden, they usually think of a space filled with flowers and trees. In that place, the job of the gardener is clear. But what do gardeners manage in these gardens?

And soon Geo realized.

“…….”

Oh, yeah.

“…Where is Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

“Kung kkung kkung kkung….”

“Are we lost now?”

“Gurrrr….”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un…!”

The meteor cloud was not visible.

Where on earth did this fragile portrait go? No matter how much Honey looked around, there was no meteor cloud. There was no way it had been deleted in the middle of the process, so there was only one answer.

“I guess we got here first.”

“Crunch.”

“This is a mess.”

So Geo was left abandoned.

“…….”

“…….”

“Should we make a snowman?”

In the end, I decided to enjoy this moment.

How many times in life will you have such a novel experience? Even if there were hundreds or thousands of times left, it wouldn't change the

surprise and newness of the present. Geo was filled with confidence.

“It was fun to get together with the kids and make a 3m tall snowman when the school playground was full of snow.”

“Kung…?”

“It snowed a lot that day. We brought all the snow we could find. Other students who saw us making snow on the playground also ate lunch quickly and came out to help us… That was also a really memorable experience.”

“Gulp.”

“In that sense, how about making a snowman?”

“Kung.”

“Then snow duck….”

“Kung.”

“Well, it’s not an environment where people or ducks can live.”

Geo was a great adult who knew how to care for even the sculptures made of snow. If a person lives, they need food, clothing, and shelter, and if a duck lives, they need water. There was nothing here.

Geo, who had been thinking carefully, soon narrowed down the animals to a few types. They were mostly friends who lived in caves.

"white bear?"

“Kung kung kung….”

“Well, it would take a while to make. Then how about a fox?”

“Kung?”

“That’s big too? Then what about the rabbit?”

“Gulp.”

“You’re not that big either.”

So Geo sat down on the ground, no, on the snow. Under the snowy field where the blizzard was swirling and the aurora was swaying, Geo started to collect snow. Since he was already making it, he wanted to make it well.

'If you make it with snow, it's easy to break later and it's environmentally friendly, so it won't be a problem for Mr. Yoo Seong-un.'

With that in mind, Geo ends up creating 194 elaborate snow rabbits.

* * *

So we come back to the beginning again.

“I was bored while I was away, so I made a snow rabbit like this….”

“At first I was going to build it and then destroy it.”

“If my eyes aren’t working, why aren’t these guys moving?”

“That’s what happened.”

Geo was very sorry.

“I apologize again. There is a way to move these guys to our icehouse.”

“I don’t know if our snowfield can be moved there….”

“Does it count as the snowfield moving even though only rabbits are moving?”

“These guys are also made from the flesh of the snowfield.”

“When you say flesh, it sounds a little scary.”

Have I ever made a rabbit out of flesh?

“But I didn’t know I would be alive and moving like this.”

Even if you make a pig out of meat from a butcher shop, it doesn't mean that it will become a living, breathing pig. That was the way it was on Earth, and Geo thought so too. But he had to admit that he was being reckless.

After all, it is not the law of the earth that paint a bird with paint and it becomes a living, breathing water bird.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“Uh… I have a lot to say. But you didn’t know until you made 194, right?”

“When I made it and put it in its place, it just stayed there as it was made….”

“And then when I arrived, it suddenly started moving?”

“Yes, what Mr. Yoo Seong-un said is correct.”

I thought maybe he was just being pretentious.

“…Okay, I understand.”

Yoo Seong-un accepted reality like that.

“I was a bit scared, but I don’t think Seolwon was that angry or anything like that. I didn’t know he would be this quiet, but it seems like Geo-ni is getting special treatment.”

“Why should you favor me?”

“You deserve some favoritism.”

Let's say a person overeats. What kind of protest can the stomach, burdened by such a thing, make? In fact, 'Geo's Portrait' and Yoo Seong-un's Garden could be said to be one body.

'It's stranger if a problem arises when you say you're going to take care of your own body.'

I'm not sure if this is an accurate metaphor, but Yoo Seong-un still didn't know what the relationship was between 'Portrait of Geo' and the gardens.

'What kind of relationship is this? Master and slave? Boss and subordinate? Parent and child? Or are they really just parts of the same body?'

For now, even his snowfield didn't respond at all. I thought there would be some kind of sign when Geo visited, but this was a bit unexpected.

After gathering his thoughts, Yoo Seong-woon smiled again.

“I know that you will be paying a generous amount of child support.”

“Of course, I will come by periodically and groom you. You won’t have to worry about anything.”

“It’s like the son who brought a street animal home without permission… Well, then what?”

I just thought that the garden view had been enhanced by one.

'I don't know if it's okay to brush it off like that.'

Even if a problem arose, it would be a matter of mystery and mystery, so it was not something for Yoo Seong-un, who was only a gardener, to worry about.

“…Then do you want to see the snowfield being cleaned up? No, have you already seen everything there is to see?”

“That’s not true. I was so busy making snow rabbits while waiting for Mr. Yoo Seong-un that I couldn’t even enjoy other places.”

“I don’t know why I did that, but I’ll apologize first. I’m sorry. I didn’t know it would take this long because I had no way to objectively measure the time it took to get to the snowfield.”

“I don’t think Mr. Yoo Seong-un needs to apologize, but thank you for your consideration.”

“Then let’s move slowly….”

Yoo Seong-un, who was about to move his feet, stopped and froze.

“…Geo, don’t you think they’re following you?”

“It seems like you want to appreciate Mr. Yoo Seong-un for a long time.”

“What are you going to do with me by appreciating me?”

Even though he said that, I understood. The basic attitude of 'Portrait of Geo' toward humans was also 'appreciation'. Since it was a mystery that he created, he had no choice but to have a similar attitude.

'... Then what should we define these rabbits as? First of all, they must belong to one type of Geo's children. Are they also children of my snowy fields? Small gardens that I have to take care of...?'

It was rare for a 'creature' to move like this to appear in the garden. It is said that there are 'creatures' that play a role similar to a gatekeeper or a butler, but this is not an area that Yoo Seong-un knows well.

'I should contact the elders as soon as I have time. What should I do to get along with these rabbits?'

Leaving behind his uneasiness, Yoo Seong-un guided Geo.

“First of all… there’s nothing special about what a gardener does. He just walks around every corner of the garden, listens to stories, and grants them what they want. If you think of it as a kind of work of art, maybe it’s easier to understand?”

“I understand that management is necessary.”

“Yes, that’s right. Manager. But on a snowy day like today, you have to concentrate quite a bit to hear the voice of Seolwon. In fact, even if it’s a voice, it’s more like understanding and accepting the master’s will as a gardener….”

“Is it difficult to describe?”

“…Honestly, it’s a bit like that. I’ve never tried to explain this to a non-gardener, and gardeners basically know this feeling well, so there’s not much to explain. I don’t know how to express this feeling that the garden requires of me.”

It was a whisper. Or a visible sign, or an invisible wall that could only be recognized when faced with it. It was too light to be an oracle from a god, and too heavy to be the tantrum of a child.

But this place was clearly a garden.

“Think of a typical garden. If you leave it unattended for a long time, it will become unsightly. It’s the same here. You have to keep an eye on things like the time and the weather so that the flowers and trees don’t wither, grow too thick, or get sick.”

The meteor cloud stopped at some point, got down on one knee, and swept the floor.

“Today’s work is scheduled to take place down here.”

“What a cold sheet of ice. Is there sea water underneath? Or is it just ice?”

“It looks to me like it’s in the shape of water… Hmm, that won’t do.”

Knock knock knock.

The ice broke with a dull noise.

“Sometimes problems arise like this.”

“Is there a problem?”

“The snowfield must remain frozen at all times. It must be the coldest, the most static, and it must never flow….”

“That’s a snowfield.”

“That’s right, it shouldn’t melt.”

Yoo Seong-un said, looking at the hole that had grown sufficiently large.

“So you have to freeze it.”

“Are you back?”

“Do you want to go together?”

"…yes."

That day, Geo saw the sea turning into a glacier.

The waves that had been flowing, daring to overcome the cold, stopped and soon froze… .

* * *

“Are you dead?”

“No, gardeners in the garden don’t die from things like this.”

“I thought you were part of the glacier.”

“It must have actually happened that way, from what I can see.”

“Aren’t you cold?”

“It’s so cold I want to die.”

“You love this snowy field.”

“It will be like this even after I die.”

“The gardener….”

Geo expressed his appreciation.

“You must be lonely.”

“…Actually, that’s a bit like that.”

It was too big here and the people were small.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (303)

303

Episode 303

Inside a small igloo.

“I never thought I would live to see a bonfire in a snowy field.”

As Yoo Seong-un, lying on the floor like a patient, smiled awkwardly, Geo, who was stacking dry branches on the campfire, nodded.

“It’s a romantic situation.”

“You wouldn’t normally look for romance in a snowy field like this, would you, Geoya?”

“So where do you all find romance?”

“Ah… this wasn’t a joke, huh.”

I was a little confused for a moment because the portrait was telling a joke that didn't seem like a joke at all.

“I don’t know what your definition of romanticism is. Is it very different from that of Earthlings?”

"earthling?"

“Korean. Maybe it’s because it’s cold, but my mouth is watering. Please understand.”

“I understand that you look really cold. I don’t have any romantic interests, like going into space and looking at stars.”

“It’s not that it’s nothing special, but the romantic scale is enormous. Well, when you think of romance, don’t you usually think of things like going camping or dreamy or romantic scenes?”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un is a more emotional person than I thought. I will keep that in mind.”

“Where are you going to use this?”

I honestly couldn't have predicted it.

“…Well, it’s nice because it’s warm.”

It was a mercy that could never be expected in a snowy field.

Yoo Seong-un rolled over. He moved his fingers, still frozen like ice, and covered the blanket Geo had given him more tightly. He felt his body temperature gradually rising, perhaps as he absorbed the heat from the campfire in front of him.

My stomach was churning.

'Is it because of the unfamiliar warmth?'

Yoo Seong-un, who had been thinking about various things with his dulled brain, blinked his eyes. When he raised his gaze slightly, he could see the portrait beyond the campfire even while lying down.

Even the light of the campfire did not dazzle its pitch-black eyes. It was a mystery that captivated the meteor cloud and the curator.

“Can you communicate with the snow field too?”

“To me, it just looks like a pure white snowfield.”

“Even though I’m talking to you so hard, you’re not ignoring me?”

“Isn’t it true that only the gardener chosen by him can hear the story of the garden?”

“Strictly speaking, there are many exceptions, but that’s not wrong. Anyway, it’s a blessing in disguise that we can light a fire like this.”

“Haven’t you ever been able to light a fire?”

“How dare a gardener do such a thing.”

That was just crazy.

“Cold and heat are polar opposites.”

“If I light a fire, will Seol-won get hurt?”

Geo saw the snow rabbits huddled together inside the igloo.

“It doesn’t melt.”

“I expected that the mystery created by the snow of my snowfield would not die easily.”

“I guess you weren’t sure about that. Is there a reason?”

“The fire you lit is different, but I think it’s a bit different….”

Yoo Seong-un laughed, holding the blanket with one hand and leaning close to the campfire with the other.

“Wow, it’s warm.”

“It’s the blessing of Prometheus.”

“I’m a bit surprised that you don’t deny their myths.”

“Isn’t that a widely known story?”

“Are you saying it in a positive way, like a side story?”

It wasn't bad.

“Anyway, I’m glad your cute snow bunnies didn’t melt. Even though it was only for a little while, I became attached to them.”

“It’s this cold, so it won’t melt easily, right?”

“Did you make it like that? I understand… How did the story end up here?”

“I asked if lighting a fire would hurt Seol-won.”

“I’m sorry I was absent-minded. Well, strictly speaking, I wasn’t hurt. I was just upset.”

The concept of ‘heat’ in this ‘snowfield’ was a bit complicated.

“In the first place, fire cannot exist here. In other words, heat cannot exist. That’s why the water under the ice rink earlier shouldn’t exist either….”

“But even if it wasn’t supposed to be like that, didn’t it still exist in the end? That’s why Mr. Yoo Seong-un froze it and it ended up in this state.”

“If that’s the case, then even the flowers and trees in a normal garden shouldn’t wither, right? Oh, of course, here, it’s not at the level of ‘it shouldn’t be done,’ but closer to the level of ‘it’s impossible.’”

“It’s contradictory.”

“Yeah, I guess. How should I explain this….”

He had never explained this to anyone before, so his head was in a mess. Or maybe his frozen brain hadn't thawed yet. The gardener slowly pondered what to say to his friend in front of him.

“…….”

It wasn't as bad of a feeling as I thought.

“…It’s a bit complicated, but, let’s do this. This snowfield is some kind of creature or organ with a will, right? In other words, it’s this area itself and its master at the same time. Most beings can’t refuse the orders of their master.”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un is one of those beings who cannot refuse orders.”

“That’s right, and the ‘order’ is usually to maintain the shape of the snowfield. Make sure there is no heat. Make it still and not flowing. Make it quiet and not noisy. Yes, it’s just an order. That’s the law that was established.”

Yoo Seong-un looked at the portrait while warming himself by the fire.

“Don’t most people live like that? Even if they don’t know the laws of the country, they all live like that, and the world is designed to make it so that they can live like that… Even if they don’t know anything, they just live according to the laws.”

All ordinary gardens flowed in a similar way.

“To put it simply, ‘opening’ here is illegal.”

“Are you saying that I am committing a crime right now?”

“No, but, oh, well… Honestly, I’m not sure about that.”

If only his snowfield had shown some kind of clear reaction to the 'Portrait of Geo', I would understand. But no matter how much time passed and Geo became active, there was no sign of him saying anything.

“Hmm, I think it can be roughly divided into three cases.”

“There are three.”

“First, your actions are not recognized by the garden. Second, it is illegal, but I cannot say anything to you. Third, everything you do here is legal.”

“I just came to visit Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s secret place, so I don’t know anything, but it’s fun so that’s okay.”

“I’m glad that you’re happy.”

He laughed in vain. In Yoo Seong-woon’s personal opinion, it seemed like it would be the third time.

'If you think about how Geo's children react to this guy, well… .'

You can tell just by looking at Honey, who is currently staring at the bonfire. All of Geo's children liked Geo. Strictly speaking, Jeongwon is not Geo's child, but I thought they were somewhat similar.

'If not, I would have treated you like a boss at work. This was the second case.'

The reason I mentioned the first case is because I was thinking about the case where Geo hid himself from the garden so that it wouldn't recognize him. Often, 'Geo's Portrait' would work miracles 'unconsciously' without the gardener 'recognizing' it.

'Either way, I don't think there's any danger in the current situation. Me too, and Geo too. It's a rare comfortable situation in the snowfield.'

Just, just.

“…….”

The fire was so warm.

“Are you sleepy?”

“Oh, if you sleep at a time like this, you usually die, right? Sleeping in the garden isn’t a good choice. If your mind becomes empty, you might end up being dyed in the garden….”

“It’s not like sleeping. It seems like your body, which has accumulated fatigue, is feeling comfortable and is now asking for sleep. Fortunately, the blanket you’re wrapped around looks warm and fluffy. I can use it as a comforter.”

“Your blankets have always been fantastic as comforters. I really liked that scarf you gave me. Look, I still have it.”

“You seem to be very tired, so I will stay by your side. I will sit here and keep the campfire burning until Mr. Yoo Seong-un wakes up. I will put in some dry branches.”

“That’s a very reassuring statement.”

“Would you like to sleep?”

“…It’s a little awkward.”

I don't think this will work.

‘… Am I doing something wrong? I know it’s not, but, uh… .’

I feel anxious in unfamiliar situations.

“…….”

still.

“…Okay, I’ll sleep a little longer.”

The roar of nature gently falls on your ears as you drown in the water.

His eyelids became heavy and soon he fell asleep.

* * *

Naturally, this little igloo and campfire were Geo's creations.

“I didn’t know you could draw here either.”

“Didn’t you draw it pretty well?”

“That doesn’t mean I knew how to build an igloo with my own hands.”

Yoo Seong-un, who woke up after a long sleep, was amazed once again. This was something he had really built with his own hands.

Wasn't it like cutting through the solid snow and ice and piling them up one by one? Even though he was out of his mind from the cold, Yoo Seong-un found it so absurd. Even after waking up, the feeling was still the same.

“Why did you go to the trouble of making the igloo yourself?”

“Ultimately, igloos are made of snow and ice, so I thought it would be disrespectful to this snowy field to make them out of materials from an unfamiliar place, so that’s why I did that.”

“Following the romance from earlier, you’ve now become polite. And I have another question. Why did you make this igloo so well? You seemed so skilled at it. Was it just me who thought it was strange?”

“Oh, I’m sorry, but I don’t know why Mr. Yoo Seong-un thought that way. Doesn’t everyone build an igloo at least once in their lives?”

“I still don’t know what kind of life you’ve lived….”

“You don’t have to look into it, because I’m still living very well, showing everything about myself without hiding anything. If you’re curious about my past, just look at me.”

“Yeah, I’m always watching you.”

I think I exaggerated a bit.

‘I myself… am showing off too much.’

When I see this guy's pitch-black eyes and dungeons and stuff, I often end up running away. And sometimes, when I see him boasting about how well he can imitate humans, my lips twitch.

Yoo Seong-un unconsciously covered the corner of his mouth. He was slightly upturned because he thought this situation was funny. He thought, “Oh no,” and put his hand down again… .

“…Are we getting too close?”

“I think it’s too late to be angry now.”

“Hmm, I see. But I think it would be better to be born as a human in the next life.”

“…? I remember, you said you wanted to be born as a human in your next life too.”

“I’m so glad you remember.”

I hope you find it helpful.

“No, ha… Seriously, what should I say….”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly and wiped his neck. He felt that he was also feeling nervous. However, he couldn't help but fidget.

“I’m really so unfamiliar.”

“I don’t know why you’re so anxious.”

“Does it show too much? I’m nervous about everything, including that. I feel like this isn’t right.”

“Aha, I see. I can explain that feeling very well.”

Geo looked at him with pity.

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un is addicted to work now.”

“Oh, am I that kind of pervert? Have I reached a point where I enjoy it even if I can’t avoid it?”

“That’s what all workaholics are like. They work until dawn, chanting that they just need to do a little more, with a haggard face that looks like they’re going to die soon.”

“I don’t think I’m in that situation, Geo.”

“And usually, when there is no work, those people wonder. Huh? Why is it not hard?”

The meteor cloud paused.

"…uh…."

“I feel so empty. I feel anxious because the work that was a part of my life is gone. And in order to somehow resolve that feeling, I go back to work, find stability there, and my body becomes tired, and this vicious cycle repeats.”

“I don’t think I’m really that far along.”

“That’s how addicts talk.”

“No, but….”

“I now understand why Mr. Yoo Seong-un is so anxious.”

“Why are you doing this?”

“It’s not hard, so you must be strange.”

“…….”

That was a bit, I had nothing to say.

“Ah, that’s….”

“It’s hard, painful, cold, tiring and exhausting all day long, so you’re used to it, so you feel unfamiliar with it. That’s how I see it.”

“…That, that’s it.”

I felt a little embarrassed.

“But isn’t that just masochism?”

“I thought we had similar personalities since you walked the path of slavery on your own two feet.”

“Are you kidding?”

“I'm joking.”

The portrait was proud.

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un has been like that from the beginning.”

“Well, what did I do…?”

“To be honest, you acted like you were going to die at any moment.”

“I think I’ve lived a pretty honest life, you know.”

“It seems like you know something differently. A person who cries when he is sad, laughs when he is happy, and rests when he is tired is honest. The area that Mr. Yoo Seong-woon mentioned seems to be closer to the ‘desire’ side.”

“…Maybe so.”

“As you said earlier, I think we’ve become quite close.”

Geo asked.

“Can you hear Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s story?”

“…You are still kind….”

It was really consistent.

This is why people always gather around you, and you end up becoming the protagonist of a miserable fate.

“…….”

Maybe it was because I was tired, but the words just came out.

“…Have you ever thought that you would be at a loss if you lived that way?”

Could it be that his self-control has become so weak because he has become so honest? Could it be the influence of the mystery? These thoughts are not at all like those of a gardener.

The portrait said.

“I’m not sure what the harm is.”

“A life where you are kind to everyone, don’t resent others indiscriminately, and don’t blame anyone. A life where you embrace your whole self and affirm the lives of others.”

“I still don’t know which one is the harm.”

“…Isn’t it too burdensome?”

“Why did that story come up?”

“Tell me your story.”

Let's talk about the story of Yoo Seong-un and the gardener.

“You will be kind.”

It would listen to you with affection. This portrait was a good listener. And a talker. Maybe it could give advice or give you a gift. That was the same as being responsible for someone's time.

Ah, suddenly Yoo Seong-un was able to understand Joo-hyun.

“I hope you aren’t influenced by me, Geo….”

“Can anyone live without being influenced?”

“You can do it.”

“I think it’s too much to ask you to be stuck in a portrait for the rest of your life.”

“You are really the same from beginning to end. That’s scary.”

It seemed like it was changing, but it was the same as before.

“I hope you don’t have a hard time.”

Because that's a disaster.

"you…."

I didn't want to see that.

“…….”

“Are we friends?”

“…Then, we’re friends.”

“Then please tell me the story now.”

“That’s very like you.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed bitterly.

“Did I say something stupid?”

“I’m glad you were concerned, but I felt like I needed a little more trust.”

“Okay, so where should we start talking?”

It's an unfamiliar situation.

The air is strangely warm, and the atmosphere is strangely bustling. I never imagined that I would be able to have such a good conversation partner with the snow rabbits in this cold and quiet snowy field.

That brings back the oldest memory.

“I was buried alive.”

It was a story chosen by Seolwon.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (304)

304

Episode 304

Yoo Seong-un continued his explanation with a smile.

“About ten years from when the first catastrophe occurred? Korea was more like a mess than a country. It was like most of the overseas countries outside of Korea were lawless areas and remote areas.”

He shrugged.

“Just know that it was a time when so many different… well, incomprehensible and illogical crimes were rampant. It tells me that what I experienced may not have had any meaning.”

"All right."

“Well, let me say, I don’t remember my earliest years very well. To be precise, there’s not much to describe. I was always locked up somewhere. It was a very dark place.”

“Was it a kidnapping?”

“Perhaps it was not so? Surely it was not the work of blood relatives. No, of course, it was not so. I know it is not entirely impossible. That was the time.”

It was a chaotic world.

“No, well, I think so.”

Actually, I don't know much about Yoo Seong-un either.

“I calculated my physical age before I joined the association. I think I was about two years old when the catastrophe broke out. I don’t know exactly when I was trapped… but at two years old, I should be able to use language and have some cognitive abilities, right?”

“Yes, I am active too.”

“When you think about it that way, it’s a bit strange. I don’t remember seeing or learning anything before that dark space. It probably started before the catastrophe even happened.”

Kidnapping and confining a newborn baby is something you would normally imagine happening after a major disaster. They say that Korea was in a state of relative peace and order before the disaster.

An awkward laugh came out.

“So, in other words, either I was kidnapped as a baby, or my parents left me that way from the beginning….”

“Is that so?”

“…But I don’t think so, because it would be even more horrible if it was my biological parents who did it. There’s also a high possibility that my memories from before I was two years old were erased for some reason.”

“I don’t really remember things from when I was young.”

“Yes. Since I was so confused and didn’t learn anything, I might have forgotten all my past memories. Without any special measures or reasons, I was just too tired.”

“That could be the case.”

“But I still don’t really know why it happened. I wonder what happened, but I’m not really that curious.”

Yoo Seong-un squinted his eyes.

“Ah… I was really hungry back then. They gave me food when I woke up, but it wasn’t enough to literally kill me.”

Even though it was a subject related to food, which portraits usually react sensitively to, Geo didn’t react at all. Yoo Seong-woon, who noticed this, cleared his throat. He recalled his faded past.

A cold, dark, earthen cave where you had to feel around to even feel food. You couldn't see anything, so you couldn't guess the passage of time, but it was clear that you had been in there for a very long time.

“I lived there like that for a few years.”

It must have been quite a long time, as my body was able to grow somewhat, albeit slowly, due to malnutrition.

“I didn’t know the language because I had nothing to see or learn, and I was wearing clothes that looked like clothes, but at the time I thought they were one of my skins. What could I do?”

That was truly ignorant.

“Then one day something unusual happened.”

“What happened?”

“I was given a very delicious meal. I don’t remember exactly what it was, but it was warm and fluffy. It was probably the first time I had ever had a proper meal. And….”

"and?"

“My world has fallen apart.”

“Did it collapse?”

“In a very physical sense.”

A cave, a pit, or something that wasn't that big had collapsed.

“That’s where the ‘living burial’ I just mentioned comes from. Whether it was intentional, or the ground simply shook during the chaos, or the work of some monster or mystery… I still don’t know.”

I didn't even try to think deeply about it.

“It was really narrow. I couldn’t breathe right away. It was dark, so it was okay, but I ate too much, so my stomach started to churn. I got stuck in that narrow space, so I threw up, screamed, and kicked….”

“…….”

“Then I began to think that I couldn’t just stay like this. I guess I was brave because I was ignorant. If I had learned anything, I might have been terrified and given up.”

But Yoo Seong-un just wanted to get out of there because he felt bad about the food he threw up that day, he was angry, and he felt suffocated.

“So I started digging away at the dirt and rocks that had buried me.”

“Was there room to move?”

“If it felt too narrow, I ate it and got rid of it.”

“It must have been tasteless.”

“I didn’t feel any resistance to it because I ate it often.”

"aha…."

“It was probably winter at that time.”

I don't know what was so hard when I dug it out. The blood that flowed out from my fingertips froze right away. I don't know if it was just my imagination, but it was really cold.

“But it was okay. The small space I was staying in was already cold. I was born with a natural resistance to the cold, and I didn’t know any environment that wasn’t cold, so I think I was able to endure it quite well.”

Of course, if you ask him to do it again, he can't. Now, he is an ordinary member of society who knows what warmth is.

“The original purpose back then wasn’t to escape somewhere, but rather… to secure a space that was the same size as the space I was originally staying in. But at some point, I saw the light.”

“What kind of light was it?”

“It was the light of the snowfield.”

The first pure white thing I've ever seen in my life.

“That’s why I fell in love with snow.”

That day, Yoo Seong-un was chosen by Seol-won.

* * *

The child walked in the snow. He got frostbite because he walked barefoot, but as time passed, it didn't hurt anymore and he was fine. The child fell in love with the snow, fascinated by the soft sensation he felt for the first time.

The child looked up. It was a white world where he couldn’t tell up from down, but it was okay. The child who had originally lived in the darkness was satisfied with the fact that this place was wide. That’s

how he came to love contradiction.

The child had a low body temperature. Even though he walked through the snow without qualification, he did not easily melt the snow and accepted the sights as they were without damaging them. The child came to love this vast nature as it was.

“…….”

The child saw the ice rink.

“…….”

He looked at 'me' so slowly.

Dark hair. Dark eyes. But pale skin from lack of sunlight. That day, the child recognized his own existence for the first time. He realized and accepted that he looked like this.

The moment he realized that he was alive, the child turned white.

Pure white hair, blue eyes, and pale skin. So similar to his first love, Seolwon, the boy learned joy.

“……?”

There was no more breath coming out.

* * *

“Well, isn’t that fate?”

This was the story of how Yoo Seong-un became a gardener.

“Of course, there are many stories after that. I instinctively realized that I shouldn’t eat anything in the garden, so I escaped from the snowy field by crawling, and I was almost beaten to death by people for abusing my knowledge of the garden, and somehow managed to

survive with my own know-how in life, and I ended up meeting gardeners.”

“How old were you at that time?”

“I think I was around 11 years old. People kept calling me a crazy devil’s son, so I thought I was just crazy, but after listening to the elders, I realized that wasn’t the case. That’s when I first learned how to use honorifics.”

“So how did you learn languages before?”

“It’s not like I hadn’t met other people before I met the gardeners. I guess it was real-life terms. Well, the words I learned back then were all just swear words… but all I heard were harsh words.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed as if joking.

“I told Joohyun before, but I’m so bad at learning that I’m really awkward with formal speech. Even though the elders worked hard to train me, I still do this. I don’t understand why there are formal and informal speech in Korean.”

“I know that this is a point that even foreigners often get confused about.”

Geo blinked and asked.

“But you found your way quickly, didn’t you? I understand that before becoming a curator, you were the head of the research team at the association.”

“Yes, that’s right. I ended up working as an association worker. My gardener’s aptitude didn’t go anywhere, so I ended up completely absorbed in research. But for someone like me who loves gardening, it’s not a place where… there’s a lot of mystery abuse.”

“Mysterious abuse, what a unique expression.”

“That’s why I received an offer from the leader of the Bisabal guild, who had shown interest in me before. He had been telling me all along that ‘you’re not suited for this job’… I guess it was a curse or something, because I felt like I really wasn’t suited for it….”

Yoo Seong-un blinked after saying that.

“…Am I the only one talking?”

“I was listening carefully.”

“Sorry, I hope it wasn’t boring to hear. It’s my first time telling someone this kind of story.”

“Didn’t you already tell the leader of the Visabal Guild?”

“I wrote it down briefly as a special note when we signed the contract, so he must know about it, but I never told him about it directly. And I never told him about it in such detail.”

But Yoo Seong-un's confidence was quickly dulled.

“…Oh, isn’t it? Since you have such good eyesight, you probably know without me saying it…?”

“He is also very special.”

“That’s what all collectors are like.”

Isn't the Visaval the leader in uniqueness among them?

“Well, anyway, that’s what happened. That’s how I’ve lived until now.”

“What should I say?”

“You can just be honest and say whatever you feel. Even by today’s standards, there were probably a lot of parts that were worthy of

praise, but honestly, from my perspective, it just felt like a so-so memory….”

“I want to feed you.”

“I want to say that it’s always the same, but I’m suddenly hungry too.”

Is it because I'm reminded of the time when I was really hungry?

“No, I guess I’m hungry anyway.”

“There really are times like that.”

“It’s a gardener’s specialty to get hungry after garden maintenance. Just like hunters get hungry after clearing dungeons.”

“It might be fun to open a restaurant catering to gardeners.”

“Oh, that would be really… fun.”

This proves that Yoo Seong-un's personality is quite something.

“When you open a store, you have to sell to me first.”

“From a restaurant owner’s perspective, it’s right to sell in the order that customers arrive.”

“Every time something like this happens, I feel like you’re a really regular portrait artist, Geo.”

“Does it really have to be so regular when you’re saying such an obvious thing?”

Geo asked.

“Would you like something to eat?”

“…Is there anything to eat?”

“I brought you some skewers.”

“Why on earth?”

“I brought some sweet potatoes too.”

“Really why?”

“It’s only natural to have skewers and sweet potatoes when you make a campfire.”

“You and I seem to have lived in slightly different cultures.”

“That’s the way it is.”

Geo nodded.

“Because I am a person from before the great disaster.”

“I never imagined that there would be such a different culture.”

Anyway, the skewers grilling over a campfire smelled really good.

“Can’t we just eat it raw?”

“I have a stomachache, Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

“What are you going to do with the A-class camouflage left behind….”

“It’s not like that’s what the stomach says.”

“The stomach is there to digest.”

“Why would you do something like that when you’re busy filling it with delicious food?”

“Do you not even consider something that doesn’t taste good as food?”

It couldn't be a portrait that wasn't really about food.

“I feel so guilty.”

“It must be past midnight and you feel like you’re boiling ramen.”

“Oh, it’s kind of similar. What is it? It feels like eating cookies on top of a blanket?”

“That sounds plausible too.”

If other gardeners heard that I was roasting meat over a campfire in a snowy field, they would have asked me how I could possibly be so crazy as to do such a thing. To be honest, it didn't feel real at all.

However, Yoo Seong-un was a gardener who had adapted to this empty sense of reality.

'If you live next to Geo, you can't help but get used to it.'

Every time something like this happened, I always thought, 'let it be.'

'The price will be paid by my future self.'

On the one hand, it was bitter, but on the other hand, it was comforting. It was a peace of resignation. Yoo Seong-un took the chicken and vegetable skewers that Geo handed him and ate them with both hands. They were full of meat juice and vegetable juice, and they tasted fantastic.

The portrait asked.

“How are you?”

“When are you opening a store?”

“Thank you for the compliment, I will contact you as soon as I have it ready.”

“I feel warm inside….”

Yoo Seong-un blinked while chewing on the skewer.

“…….”

The sound of a crackling campfire.

The whispering voice of a friend. The rustling snow bunnies. The snow storm outside the igloo. The warm air trapped under the round roof. The unmelting snow and the warm-colored fire. Delicious food… .

"…hmm…."

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“It’s romantic.”

“Right?”

“Do you want to come play again next time?”

“I am glad you invited me.”

“I am… happy.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed.

"…thank you."

Perhaps, a little awkwardly.

Just like when I first learned joy.

* * *

“I thought of that meteor shower.”

Bisabal nodded at Geo's words.

“Okay, okay. Say whatever you want. I’m listening.”

“Gardeners need unions, too.”

“I guess I earned money for this day.”

Visabal rolled his eyes and thought about it.

“It is about time that the welfare and treatment of gardeners improve.”

“I’d like to start by making a restaurant for knights. What do you think?”

“Oh, cool. This is so authentic.”

Yoo Seong-un remained silent as the guild leader applauded and the portrait looked proud.

“…….”

“…Mr. Yoo Seong-un.”

Joo-hyun, who had followed Geo to the collection store, poked him in the side.

“What on earth are you blowing in the wind?”

“Mr. Joohyun, I thought about it.”

“Yes, go ahead. What do you want to say?”

“Don’t you think it would be nice if there was something like a food stall in the garden…?”

“Are you in your right mind?”

“…The gardeners are so cold and hungry….”

“…….”

Joohyun, who had been hesitating, leaned slightly towards the table.

“…Shall I get a list of gardeners?”

“Let’s take a look at Haeun first.”

“Hmm… that sounds like a good idea.”

“People must eat and work.”

Geo nodded.

“I like it.”

I felt like I could paint a new picture tonight.

* * *

A few days later.

"excuse me."

Geo went to find Cha Eun-hyuk.

“Do you sell bungeoppang?”

“Not for sale.”

“Are you going to sell it when winter comes?”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok, who was once a fish-shaped bread youth, was about to go crazy.

“…Let’s resolve this through dialogue.”

I think it's time for the Earth to end.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (305)

305

Episode 305

It wasn't that Geoman came to find Cha Eunhyuk specifically.

“I’m here too, Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok.”

“…Please speak comfortably.”

“Would that be so?”

Geo's curator, Yoo Seong-un, was also there.

Cha Ara, the second of the Cha family, went out to earn money. Thanks to the collector who had asked for permission before visiting, it wasn't that surprising, but that didn't lessen Cha Eunhyuk's psychological burden.

“So, what exactly brings you here?”

The other person said that they would talk in detail after visiting. He said that it would be too long to talk over the phone. He said that it was not such a light topic. So I couldn't figure out exactly why he came.

Geo, who was standing in front of the door, asked.

“Can I come inside?”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok looked back at Yoo Seong-woon without saying a word as if to say, “Is this right?” and Yoo Seong-woon nodded with a smile.

“I won’t eat it.”

“Please reassure me more clearly.”

“As scary as our Sergio Hunter may look, he is not the type of person who would harm good citizens, as you know. If you allow him in, you will not be cursed or possessed by an evil spirit or anything like that.”

“Thank you for reassuring me….”

Even though his energy was sucked in, Cha Eun-hyuk also admitted it.

'He's a divine being who treats Isul well too… Come to think of it, when that guy summoned him before, it ended without any problems.'

Strictly speaking, he was like a teacher my younger brother was indebted to. If we look at it a little more broadly, no, a little more broadly, he was in the same position as Priest Kang Seo-dam. He had helped me a lot, so it would be ridiculous to be wary of him now.

“…….”

Brainwashing yourself like that doesn't make it any less scary, though.

“…Yes, please come in. I don’t have anything I can offer you, but….”

“Thank you for your consideration, but as I told you on the phone earlier, we don’t need that. It was very kind of you to allow us to visit like this.”

“Thank you for saying so, Sergio Hunter.”

It was a burdensome situation. After all, it was a situation where a first-class citizen and a divine being visited. I wonder if it is okay to put a

‘first-class citizen’ and a ‘divine being’ on the same level, but anyway… .

Cha Eun-hyeok invited the guests to the living room. He also brought out a cup of roasted barley tea for each guest. It seemed like they should have at least some formality. So the three of them sat around a small table.

“Then, could you please tell me the real reason for your visit?”

“Oh, I think it would be better for me to talk about that first.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was sipping barley tea, smiled with the same innocent smile he had always seen before.

“Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok has a choice.”

“The word ‘choice’ has already been mentioned, so I’ll listen to it first.”

“Direct questions and roundabout questions.”

“Uh… Don’t you think it would be easier for both of us if you just asked right away?”

“Then let me get straight to the point.”

Yoo Seong-woon looked into Cha Eun-hyeok’s eyes and asked.

“Do you see anything strange?”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok, who had been dazed for a moment, suddenly became startled.

“Oh, yeah? Yes?”

“I see, I see.”

“What exactly are you talking about….”

“It’s something that looks like a monster, but also doesn’t seem like one.”

“…I guess Hunter Yoo Seong-un can see that too?”

“I’m somewhat of a veteran in this area.”

“I didn’t know that this was divided into professional categories.”

“The reaction is more dull than I expected.”

“I’m quite… surprised….”

Even for Cha Eun-hyuk, who never raises his voice, it was surprising to see this.

“Because no one else sees the same thing as me.”

“No, it’s not that kind of boredom.”

“I don’t really understand that word… So what kind of feeling were you talking about?”

“Usually, people like Cha Eun-hyeok are treated like crazy.”

“Ah, I understand what you are saying.”

Cha Eun-hyuk nodded with a bewildered expression, as if he still couldn't believe it.

“I thought I might be called crazy.”

What he saw was visible only to his eyes.

“I can only see them, and they don’t really have much of an effect on other people or living things. Even if they did exist, people who can’t

see them somehow… create a non-existent probability and convince themselves of it.”

“Then only those who tell the truth will become insane.”

“Yes, it was obvious that I would be treated that way. So I pretended not to know anything from the beginning so that I wouldn’t be ostracized like that. My siblings also don’t know that I can see them.”

“You hid it really neatly, that’s amazing.”

Geo, who was listening to the story, tilted his head.

“You hid it well.”

“Well, that’s true. It’s not an easy thing to do.”

Most people with 'aptitude' couldn't do this. How could they hide from others what they could see and feel?

“Most children would be surprised or disgusted if they saw a puppy with only one eye. And they would tell their parents, other family members, or friends. At that age, they lack the ability to think, ‘Oh, even if I tell them this, they won’t understand.’”

“A one-eyed puppy would be cute.”

At those words, Cha Eun-hyeok opened his eyes wide and blinked.

“…Is that what it originally looked like?”

“The so-called ‘One-eyed Jindo’ is a kind of guardian deity that often stays with Korean children. It usually takes the form of a Jindo dog, but sometimes it appears as a different breed of dog or other animals. Perhaps the one that Cha Eun-hyeok saw when he was young was in the form of a dog?”

“Yes, that’s right. A black… Jindo dog? That must have been it. The

one that was on the news that was successfully restored. That guy was always sitting in our yard, looking outside."

"In a world where mystery is visible, there is no stronger protection than that friend. If a sinister or violent mystery comes to the child's house, he will bark and chase it away. The problem is that in the case of a homeless child, he will not help them in that way unless they are specially trained…."

"Well, I helped you because I had a house?"

"That's right. So it's no exaggeration to say that the first thing that talented people encounter when they have a family is 'that thing.' Of course, if they go beyond a certain point, they leave that house and move to another house… or they disappear. I think the case that lasted the longest was when they were 13 years old."

Yoo Seong-un asked with interest.

"You didn't tell your other family members about that either?"

"How can I say that when only I can see it…."

"Usually you open your mouth there? You have good self-control."

He's also quick-witted.

"At that age, you were already aware of the social gaze."

Most talented people can't do that. They don't understand that others don't know what they naturally perceive. Conflicts naturally arise and distance grows due to the senses that each other doesn't have.

"Well, after being burned a few times, everyone eventually pretended not to know and lived like that."

"It's a little less embarrassing knowing that it's not just me."

Cha Eun-hyeok asked with a slightly timid face.

“…But how on earth did you know that… As I just told you, I’ve never told my family that I see ‘that’. Is there a separate way to check for ‘talent’?”

“No, there isn’t.”

"yes?"

“I said there isn't any.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed bitterly.

“If there was something like that, the gardeners wouldn’t have to work overtime like that.”

"…gardener?"

“Among those who can see ‘it’ like us, tell me about those who have come to know the garden. Well, I’ll explain that later. But first, should I answer the question you asked?”

“Oh, yes, I would appreciate it if you could do that.”

“As I said before, there is no way to find ‘talent.’ There is no special aura that only they have. Most of the time, I just observe friends who go through life and think, ‘Huh? Have you seen that person?’ and then get lucky and think, ‘Oh, that’s right.’”

“Then… wouldn’t it be difficult to find even one person in your lifetime?”

“Yes, Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok seems to have noticed it too, but these ‘talented people’ usually try not to reveal themselves. In Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok’s case, he seems to have realized that what he sees is reality, but there are probably many talented people who spend their whole

lives thinking that they are delusional and then die.”

Yoo Seong-un pointed at Geo as if supporting him with his characteristically innocent smile.

“But this time, our Sergio Hunter helped us.”

“Aha… Don’t mention it. I just got lucky this time.”

As if responding to an introduction, Sergio Hunter naturally pulled down his hood, and his hair soon turned a light pink.

“Looking for a good ‘friend’.”

Above the round smiling lips.

“Well, I guess I was lucky to begin with?”

Those curved eyes were shining colorfully like opals.

* * *

A snowy field of meteors.

In that beautiful world, Geo wanted to draw more gardens.

List of suitable candidates

Garden of Delights_George

Fairy tale rate 1%

I decided to do that.

* * *

Chop.

“Oh my.”

A meteor cloud covered Geo's hood.

“…….”

“…….”

"…uh…."

Yoo Seong-woon smiled brightly at Cha Eun-hyeok who was about to say something.

“What happened?”

“Is that okay?”

“It’s okay, I’m not dead. So what happened?”

“No, nothing happened and I didn’t see anything.”

“This is the conduct of a great adult.”

Yoo Seong-un cried out to Geo.

“…Geo, please, let’s end it peacefully. Okay? Peacefully….”

“I think it was peaceful enough.”

“Please take care of the cute little liver of a weak member of society.”

“I will take care of you.”

Geo obediently put his hood back on. It was just his usual 'black cloak', with no trace of the 'something' he had seen just now.

It asked like a meteor.

“What just happened?”

“…I told Hunter Yoo Seong-un, but no, I don’t think there was anything.”

“Okay, I like it.”

“…….”

And then again 'something'.

Cha Eun-hyeok's gaze met the eyes of 'something' inside the hood, which was covered in shadows.

As when you see a wild animal on a mountain in the dark of night, all you can see is those eyes. Those gazes and pupils are so clear. All you can see is those eyes. Nothing but that ecstasy.

It was very strange. The countless colors that seemed to sparkle like well-crafted jewels and then faded away like smoke. The flow of them resembled the swaying of a burning fire or the beautiful wings of a butterfly.

And, again.

"…ah…."

It was only after a long time that I realized that what it showed was a 'smile with eyes'.

"…therefore…."

Cha Eun-hyeok asked with a blank expression, fumbling around.

“…How far were we talking?”

“That Geo helped find a hidden talent named Cha Eun-hyeok?”

“I’m not sure exactly how you found me anymore. I don’t think I need to explain in detail, so if you don’t mind, can we move on to the next topic? I just realized I asked the wrong question.”

“If only he had awakened, he would have been a perfect collector’s

talent, but it's a shame he's a civilian…."

Yoo Seong-un whetted his appetite.

"That's okay, even civilians can be gardeners."

"Is that why you came to see me today? To ask me to do this thing called gardening?"

"It's not something I can order just because I want to, but roughly speaking, it's something along the same lines."

"What do I have to do? How will I be paid? Is it monthly or weekly? How much is the annual salary? Do you provide a contract?"

"Are you waiting for something?"

"I just did it the way it came to me."

Cha Eun-hyuk wiped his face.

"Of course, even if you just tell me to do it, I have no way of resisting."

"As I said earlier, this isn't something I can do just because I tell you to do it. If it's okay, wouldn't you listen to my story a little more? Even if you decline my offer, it won't be a loss since this information will be of great help to Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok."

"…I'm sorry for being so sensitive."

He let out a small sigh and collected himself.

"In my defense, this situation is too burdensome for me. It's a bit… to have a curator from a collection store bring in my work and talk about secrets I've kept hidden my whole life."

"Even I would be on guard and sensitive, so don't worry too much. More importantly, you would have been even more surprised by our

Sergio Hunter's sudden actions just now. I can hear your heart pounding from here."

"That doesn't mean my rudeness goes away. I apologize again. It's not like I didn't learn from adults when I was growing up, to the point where I have to make excuses for that."

"Then I will accept your apology, but in this situation, we are the ones who made things difficult for Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok. So I hope you don't mind it so much. Do you understand what I mean?"

"……."

After a while, Cha Eun-hyuk nodded.

"I understand."

"Okay, then let's get to the real story."

"Was that just a little while ago a warm-up exercise?"

"I guess I should say that I was able to save some face."

"For something like that, the impact is…."

"The impact Sergio Hunter had was something I never expected."

"Oh, yes, I see."

"Didn't you say earlier that it's better to be direct?"

Yoo Seong-un asked.

"Don't you plan on following Geo and opening a food stall?"

"I'm sorry, I guess you don't like being so direct."

"That could be the case."

Yoo Seong-un nodded and soon smiled.

“From now on, I’ll ask in circles.”

“Please give me as much advance explanation as possible.”

“I told you this story is going to be long, right? It’s going to take some time. Is that okay? Do you have any plans?”

“Thanks for contacting me in advance, I don’t have much on my schedule today.”

“Then, should we explain it slowly?”

“Okay, then….”

Eunhyuk Cha, who had been hesitating, asked.

“…What on earth are these ‘things’ that I see?”

Yoo Seong-un explained readily.

“In gardener’s jargon, they are ‘children of the root.’”

“Children of the origin? If you say children, then the origin is… parents?”

“It was named that way because we humans think that the closest relationship is between parents and children. Strictly speaking, I don’t know if they are really like parents and children, or like bosses and subordinates at work, or just like equals and partners.”

“Then what do you know?”

“There is nothing. This being began to be visible on Earth after the Great Disaster. It has only been about 30 years since we became aware of them, and it is a miracle that they have been defined to this point. You know that, too, Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok, right?”

“…Ah, right. It wouldn’t be easy for people like us to interact… From what you’ve said, it doesn’t seem like you’re affiliated with any particular organization. Is that right?”

“That’s right, ‘gardener’ isn’t really a job. But if you prove yourself to be a gardener, the government will support you when you submit your plan. In terms of finances and other things.”

“…It’s a little difficult.”

“Most ‘talented people’ would be confused when they first hear this story.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled with his eyes wide open.

“I’ll explain it slowly, so please listen.”

“…Let’s do that.”

Suddenly, Cha Eun-hyuk thought that it was similar to the 'eye smile' he had just seen.

The reason was unknown.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (306)

306

Episode 306

“First of all, the correct name would be ‘Child of Origin,’ but usually we just call it ‘mystery.’ That’s the case with most of the strange phenomena or beings we see.”

Yoo Seong-un asked with a smile.

“Okay, do you have any questions here?”

“You’ve only said a few words, and you’re already giving me a chance to ask questions?”

“I need to quickly master the knowledge of the gardener so that I can tell you our ultimate goal. Even if that’s not the case, since this is a time to introduce a concept that I’ve never heard of before, it would be better to build a solid foundation step by step through Q&A. So?”

“…Mystery, up to that point… I’ve heard it a few times too.”

Cha Eun-hyeok asked in an uncertain tone.

“I often hear that word in religious contexts related to God.”

“Because divinity can also be seen as a kind of mystery.”

“No, if you look at it that way, shouldn’t dungeons and monsters also be considered mysteries?”

“Oh, you’ve already seen through the essence. You really have talent.”

“…? Really? Are you counting that as some kind of mystery?”

“It may be a little different, but I think it’s ultimately an existence within the same flow.”

Yoo Seong-un continued his explanation.

“Mystery can be expressed as fate, rules, or stories. In most cases, it doesn’t go beyond these three frameworks. Let me give you an example with the ‘one-eyed Jindo’ I mentioned at the beginning.”

He took out a translucent pad and showed me a drawing of 'One-Eyed Jindo' with it. It was a drawing that was almost photographically detailed.

“This is the image of the ‘One-Eyed Jindo’ drawn by the gardener. Is it the same as what Cha Eun-hyeok remembered?”

“Oh, that’s right. I was black though….”

“There’s also a description of the black friend. Each color has a different meaning.”

“That depends on the meaning. If you just say dog, then the difference in color… I don’t think there’s much of a difference.”

“When you see a mystery, you have to be sensitive to even one color like this. You have to see that they all have meaning. Black Jindo doesn’t get close to the object of protection and keeps his distance. They judged that there would be no problem with protecting him even if he was left like that. I guess he was very precocious since he was young?”

“…Is this a real dog? Or is it the spirit of a dog?”

“No, it’s just a mystery named after the Jindo dog, which is called the

native dog of Korea.”

Yoo Seong-un said, showing off his 'one-eyed Jindo' in three colors.

“Among the mysteries, there are those that follow the ‘story’ in this way. In most cases, they just take on the form or repeat the actions related to the ‘story’. They are completely different from the Jindo dog that Cha Eun-hyeok knows.”

“Follow me… Then why one-eyed? Couldn’t you have followed along in more detail?”

“It’s a literal imitation. It can’t be the perfect original itself. That’s why most mysteries of this type have clear differences from the original. Like the eyes of the ‘One-eyed Jindo’ being vertically placed in the center.”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok looked at 'Sergio Hunter' without realizing it. It tilted its head.

“Is there a problem with me?”

“Oh, no. There isn’t any.”

Yoo Seong-woon said to Cha Eun-hyeok like that.

“This is an exception.”

“That’s an exception.”

“There are so many exceptions, so I wish you wouldn’t have taken it as a reference from the beginning. This guy is already in a very advanced stage for Cha Eun-hyeok to learn.”

“I will keep your advice in mind.”

“Okay, then let me explain it again.”

Yoo Seong-un pointed to the picture of 'One-eyed Jindo' again.

“These are the mysteries that imitate the story of the Jindo dog that protects its master. Except for exceptional cases, their rule is to protect only young friends under the average age of 7. So far, it has been discovered that they are at least 1 year old and at most 13 years old. After that, they disappear or find another target for protection and their fate is to cycle.”

He smiled brightly.

“The dungeons, monsters, and skills that people know are the most common mysteries that humans can see and encounter. In terms of the most basic level of mystery, it’s like the surface of the ocean, or something above it.”

“Seeing as it was specifically compared to the sea….”

“That means there’s still a long way down there. You could compare it to the deep sea and its bottom. You caught it well, it’s nice to see.”

Yoo Seong-un showed a diagram.

“In other words, mysteries also have levels, and in most cases, humans can commonly see and encounter a unified level of mysteries in one dimension. In the case of Earth, dungeons, monsters, and skills that can be considered levels 1 to 3 fall into that ‘commonly visible’ area.”

“Then what about the level 0 that is marked outside here…?”

“The best example would be to think of the Earth before the catastrophe. At that time, the Earthlings were in a state where they could not see any mysteries. That’s why they marked it outside the

diagram. In fact, it would be an early form of the dimension that was least affected by mysteries.”

The meteor shower showed examples of various dimensions.

“As I said before, the level of mystery that humans of a certain dimension can perceive is relatively unified. However, among these, there exist a small number of humans who can exceptionally see and feel deeper mysteries.”

“Is that… a ‘talent’ like us?”

“Yes, I’m glad you understand. You could say that they’re a new species of humans that evolved a little faster, or you could say they’re mutants. This perspective is a little different for each gardener, so Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok, think about it carefully later. It’s important to solidify your own identity in this industry.”

“You said it wasn’t your job.”

“Well, well, if you really want to be specific, they’re more like freelancers? There are gardeners who are like immortals who live in the midst of nature and mystery… but even so, most people need money to live.”

“Well, that’s true.”

“Among these ‘talented people’, we call those who are a little more specialized and given a specific task ‘gardeners’. If it’s hard to understand, you can think of them as saints who serve divinity, although they are slightly different.”

Yoo Seong-un laughed after saying that.

“Of course, it’s a level of honor that doesn’t exist!”

“Aren’t you working on a business right now? Can you show me from

the bottom?”

“So, even if it’s not something that can be done through sales? I’m just explaining it. From now on, whether or not you accept our crazy proposal is your own decision and your fundamental decision.”

“It’s complicated, so please explain it step by step….”

“Oh, right. You’ve gone down another path.”

Yoo Seong-un shrugged. He finished explaining.

“No one knows what form or structure this mystery will take. Even though we have explored several dimensions through dungeons so far.”

“Is there another reason why it hasn’t been revealed yet? Even just thinking about it, it seems like a vast area to fully establish such knowledge in 30 years….”

“Of course there are other reasons. Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok, think about the universe. Can we be confident that we know everything about it?”

“Oh, that’s not it. I don’t know the end either.”

“That’s exactly what it feels like.”

It's in a similar vein.

“Why haven’t we conquered space yet? Not to mention the fact that the time humans have spent exploring space has been longer than the time they have spent exploring mystery. It’s because it’s such a broad concept and the effort required to understand it is so great. Mystery is almost the same.”

It's really a headache.

“Above all, the deeper one delves into the mystery, the more one loses

one's reason and is consumed by the mystery."

"…Is it really that bad?"

"Even a person wouldn't be okay if they went into a black hole. You can't say it's the same principle, but you can think of it as something like that."

"What exactly happens?"

"For now, it would be most accurate to say that it becomes something other than human. So it becomes another form of mystery. Or it becomes a mystery cell."

"It's creepy."

"Don't worry, that won't happen at the level of mystery that Cha Eun-hyeok can see and feel at the moment."

Yoo Seong-un laughed.

"But given the stages, there must be an ultimate and deep stage, and experienced gardeners can vaguely sense its existence. The Earthlings have decided to call it the 'Source.'"

"What exactly does it do?"

"I'm sorry, but I really don't know. What it does, what its purpose is, whether it has a mind or not, whether it has a self or is just a system. What realm it belongs to, no human being has ever been able to define it."

"…It really is like space."

"It's the most convenient concept to explain to newcomers."

There are many people who do not know the mystery, but there are few who do not know the universe. Even in an era where compulsory

education has disappeared, knowledge from before the great catastrophe can be passed on.

Even if it is too specialized knowledge, it is possible to convey a brief story about the universe by word of mouth. That is why I often use the universe as an analogy when trying to explain it to new gardeners.

“The humans of Earth currently divide the mystery into three major stages: dungeons and monsters, children of the divine and the source, and the source…

“The dungeon and the monsters are intertwined, and the child of divinity and origin… uh….”

“As I said before, it’s really a ‘big three step’. If you want to break it down into smaller parts, you really have to dig deep. So just ask about the parts you’re curious about. What explanation do you need?”

“…I don’t know what order it is.”

“Okay, should I organize them one by one?”

Yoo Seong-un nodded willingly.

“The reason I combined dungeons and monsters is because this is the area that everyone can see in the earliest stages. Let’s call this stages 1 to 3. Then, the children of the divine and the origin need the next stage. Think of this as the middle stage. Finally, there is the origin. Think of this as the last stage.”

He sorted it out.

“It’s like a beginning, a middle, and an end.”

“Excuse me… but don’t you think you’ve caught it too big?”

“But we can’t subdivide the areas that the Earth hasn’t experienced

yet.”

“…Wait a minute, not yet?”

“As expected, you’re quick-witted. I’ll explain it to you from now on.”

Yoo Seong-un said, flicking the pad.

“The evolutionary process of a planet and a dimension includes the area of accepting mystery. The same goes for humanity. At some point, when the capacity to recognize and accept mystery is reached, or when certain conditions are met, the mystery begins to take shape and become concrete.”

“Uh… then….”

“That’s right, the Earth named that moment ‘the Great Disaster’. Most of the dimensions where humans exist have gone through this process, or will go through this process… That’s the most recent claim. The claim came from the Association’s research institute, so it’s not completely unreliable.”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok asked with a pale face.

“…Is this a story I can listen to?”

“It’s okay, I already confirmed everything.”

“Can’t I just farm and sell bungeoppang?”

“I think it would be better to do that after hearing the whole story.”

“I think just knowing it would have a huge impact on my life.”

“But don’t you think that peace was lost the moment you got involved with Geo?”

Then Cha Eun-hyeok looked at Geo, and the man in the black cloak spoke naturally, like a robot that had received a command.

“Would you like to be my friend?”

“…I’ll think about it….”

Cha Eun-hyeok looked at Yoo Seong-un again.

“…So does that mean that mystery has existed from before?”

“I think it would be more correct to say that it was accumulating.”

"accumulation?"

“What Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok said is exactly right, mystery has existed from before.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been rummaging through the pad, soon found something.

“Oh, there you are. Want to take a look at this?”

“…What is this?”

“Jangsanbeom. I think even Eunhyuk Cha has heard of this. Is it especially famous among the locals?”

“I know. Isn’t it one of those indigenous monsters that often make nests and live in remote areas of Korea? That, the one that imitates human voices… a tiger? Shape….”

“Well, Jangsanbeom is a ghost story that was created quite close to the time of the Great Disaster… but it is still a mystery that was created before the Great Disaster. This is also a mystery that imitates a ‘story’.”

“…Then, are things like goblins also a mystery that existed before the

great disaster?”

“You got it right, it’s very applicable. Goblins are the most representative example of Korean mystery.”

Yoo Seong-un folded his fingers to give an example.

“There are a type of mystery that has existed since ancient times, such as goblins, monsters, demons, angels, or ghosts. Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok, do you know anything about shamans or exorcist priests?”

“Oh, yes, I know. Third-class citizens like us who live in the countryside tend to have a lot of that kind of folk knowledge. I don’t know the details, but a little bit…”

“You must have heard of seeing ghosts, contacting them, exorcising them, and similar things. And there were also cases of people being able to see ghosts before the great disaster. These people are the ‘talented people’ I mentioned earlier.”

“…that existed during stage 0?”

“Okay, I understand very well.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded as if praising her.

“Before the Great Disaster, Earthlings had no ability to perceive mysteries, but after the Great Disaster… they developed different senses, functions, and organs. You could think of it as a kind of evolution.”

“…That kind of evolution is something that happened due to the accumulation of mystery?”

“…If you look at it broadly, the great disaster is in the same context. If humans have evolved to be able to see, encounter, and embody mysteries, then the Earth has evolved to be able to open the door to

mysteries.”

“Can you call that evolution?”

“There are many people who say it is a mutation.”

He laughed bitterly.

“What do you think a dungeon is?”

“Dungeon? Another dimension… I think.”

“There are also dungeons that were created from scratch. Usually, these are low-level dungeons. They are simple dungeons with no special story, where there are monsters and you just have to defeat the boss and destroy it.”

Yoo Seong-un rolled his eyes slightly.

“These friends are understood to be dungeons born from the origin. They have their own stories and rules, but they are very basic. There is no complex cause and effect.”

“Oh, that’s right. I’ve heard from my younger brother that the higher the level of the dungeon, the more detailed the story and rules are. Well, of course, he can never go to a place like that.”

“And those higher-level dungeons are usually the result of existing dimensions being distorted.”

This may sound a little scary.

“It is also a dimension completely immersed in mystery.”

“Eroded… Wait, then.”

“That’s right, the Earth is following the same pattern.”

“…Are we going to perish?”

“Oh, of course, we still have a long way to go to get there.”

Yoo Seong-un was proud.

“But the scary thing is that we could get close at any time.”

“…….”

“Um, let me explain a little more… Most monsters are born in dungeons like these. However, some create their own dungeons.”

It would be easy to understand if you think back to the mermaid monster from before.

“But the first beginning of such monsters also starts from a dimension that is consumed by mystery. The moment a certain dimension becomes filled with mystery, or rather, mystery itself, any being with a destiny, rules, and story changes into a monster. Usually, in these cases, there are many humanoid monsters.”

That was the way it was. Where there are parents, there are children. Where there is a beginning, there is an end.

“Uh… I’m not sure if this order is completely correct, but if I may summarize it….”

Yoo Seong-un organized a diagram on the pad. It was a rough sentence: [Mysterious Source (mother) → Garden (blood vessels and organs close to the source) → Dungeon (a kind of child of the source) → Monster (child of the dungeon)].

“Usually, you can think of it as this order.”

“Usually, yeah.”

“I guess it’s because it’s an industry with a lot of variables.”

So there is a lot of overtime work.

“Oh, by the way, humans and the world are on separate tracks from the mysterious vein.”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t understand at all.”

“To put it simply, science and magic can coexist, but they are completely different contexts. I have rarely taught beginners, so it’s a bit difficult to explain.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled awkwardly.

“So, um… living creatures born on Earth, including humans, and the planet itself that created them. The universe surrounding it… all material realms that the first humans could not understand, but at least recognize. Things that existed from the beginning. Things that can be seen and touched… Things whose existence can be discovered through the development of technology and civilization, things like that.”

“…….”

“Let’s put that in the realm of ‘science’ that I was comparing it to earlier.”

“…in science….”

“However, in the field of science, the widest area is the universe, and in the field of magic, the deepest concept is the source. In both cases, the probability that humans will ever see the end is extremely small.”

So there are definitely some difficult points.

“There is no telling what will happen when these different domains merge completely. One scholar has argued that when the scientific domain eventually accepts more mystery than it can handle… the end of its evolution will be mystery.”

“…Wasn’t turning into a dungeon the end of evolution?”

“No, we don’t know. We don’t know the stage after the dungeon. We only know that when a certain amount of mystery accumulates in a certain dimension, it moves on to the stage called ‘dungeon’.”

“Then what should we do?”

“That’s why the gardener’s role is important.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled brightly.

“Hey, the gardener finally came out.”

“My head is so complicated….”

“It’s okay. I just came here to give you a taste anyway, so there’s no need to think too deeply or try to learn anything. No one can force Cha Eun-hyeok to do something like this.”

He continued his explanation.

“If you’ve heard this far, you’ll know that the source is a kind of mother. It’s a concentration of mysteries, and from here, the mysteries flow out and have repercussions that reach our planet.”

“…It’s not something that is materialized separately, right?”

“I don’t know about that either. As I said before, it’s an undefined area. However, there is only one way for humans to handle the mystery flowing from here on their own….”

“Is that a gardener?”

“A gardener takes care of a garden.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded.

“As I just summarized, the garden is the organ and blood vessel of the origin. There are such points all over the Earth. There will be some in other dimensions and planets as well. And if you manage these guys properly, you can prevent the accumulation of mysteries.”

He rolled his eyes.

“In other words, it is to prepare for a situation where mystery overflows so much that humans cannot protect themselves. To prevent any further unexpected evolution or transformation… It is to manage and maintain the garden, which is the vein and organ of the origin, and to protect the realm of reality and mystery.”

Cha Eun-hyeok asked about the long explanation.

“…so that both sides don’t overflow?”

“So that it doesn’t overflow.”

It is to prevent cold water from overflowing into hot water and eventually becoming lukewarm water. I don't know exactly what would happen in that case, but at least it wouldn't be good for the current humans.

“The most primitive form of this gardener was probably a priest or a shaman. They were not exactly aware of the existence of the mysteries.”

"ah…."

“But since they were ‘talented’ who were slightly more advanced than Stage 0, they had above-average qualities… Even before the Great Disaster, they had been managing the shallowest level of mysteries they could see and come into contact with.”

“So those people were gardeners too?”

“It’s hard to see it that way. After all, they haven’t evolved enough to perceive mystery, so they don’t know about the existence of the ‘garden.’ They can’t be called gardeners who manage the garden.”

It's a shame.

“Eventually, enough mystery had accumulated for humanity to evolve to be able to manage the garden?”

“But didn’t you say before that it was because we failed to manage that the disaster occurred?”

“Then what can we do? In a time when there was no one who could see the garden, no one who could perceive it, and no one who could manage it. In other words, a catastrophe was inevitable.”

Yoo Seong-woon looked at Cha Eun-hyeok with a big smile.

“So, even now that we have grasped the situation, we must do our best to balance mystery and reality. Otherwise, another catastrophe may occur. Wouldn’t that be too bad for future generations?”

“…….”

“Of course, just as there is an end to everything that has a beginning… dimensions and planets were created in reality, and life was born on them, so it may be the most ideal cycle to let mystery bring it to an end.”

Some gardeners say that's just the way it is.

“That’s how mystery and reality are reduced to each other, and the beginning of dimensions and planets, and the end due to mystery, occur. I don’t know if these two are really circulating, but if there’s an end, there’s a beginning, and if there’s a beginning, there’s an end, right?”

That's it.

“But that’s why so many gardeners work so hard, because they don’t want any more chaos.”

“…What do you want me to do?”

“That’s why I need your help.”

"I am…."

“Sell me some bungeoppang.”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyuk asked after a while.

"yes?"

It was calm, but it was a kind of scream.

The food stall I mentioned at the beginning wasn't a joke?

* * *

From here, let's move on to Geo's 'inspiration'.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (307)

307

Episode 307

By the way, gardeners are not only found on Earth.

“So, would you please stop drawing?”

It was the words the man spat out after a long game of tag that involved jumping around the paintings. Geo said to him.

“I don’t know what I should draw that you’ll like, so I’ll just go with quantity….”

“You’ve seen enough of that match, so stop drawing. I surrendered like this, didn’t I?”

“I understand.”

Geo blinked his eyes at the 'Geo' in front of him.

“You have less perseverance than I thought.”

“What is this? Is this a provocation? It’s so interesting that days like this come up in this world.”

“It may sound sarcastic, but I can feel that it is sincere.”

“That’s right, I’ve rarely been more shocked in my life.”

"so?"

“It was fun.”

He said that and waved lightly while holding the top hat on his head. 'Geo' skillfully drew a smile with his eyes.

“Taran.”

It looked like something that was commonly called a magician's hat. With a light tap of the wand, flowers popped out like little bombs, perhaps as a small gift or souvenir.

The man bowed down as he looked at Geo, who was wearing a flower hat.

“This is your George, Mr. Geo.”

“Thank you for your polite greeting.”

Geo, who was gently brushing away the flowers, glanced at 'George's' outfit.

“I don’t think that hat really suits you.”

“Huh? That’s strange. Sergio doesn’t seem to be in a position to harass me about my fashion sense.”

“That’s true, so I have nothing to say, but Mr. Argio has a good sense. Thanks to him, I often owe him a favor.”

“I also acknowledge his sense of style. He knows how to match clothes and accessories to the right place. He is someone we should emulate.”

“Anyway… I’m wearing light clothing.”

A loose-fitting poet shirt, black pants, and a hat. That was it.

“You don’t like shoes very much?”

“Is there any reason why I should be so concerned about saving face?”

“It looks like you’re trying to maintain your dignity as a civilized person, since you’re wearing both top and bottom.”

“Wow, you’re showing off your civilized dignity just because you’re not wearing shoes? Mr. Geo, don’t you often walk around barefoot?”

“I usually move around a lot in the house and don’t wear shoes inside the house… so when I have a formal schedule, I wear them and go out.”

“I’m not going to go into too much detail, but I’m one of those people. I spend a lot of time in places where I don’t necessarily need to wear shoes. By the way, more than 90% of my dignity is contained in this hat.”

“That seems like a good option too.”

I wonder what sin the hat committed that suddenly left me to take care of almost all of my master's appearance. But I can't say anything because it looks so shiny and well-maintained and I think it's pretty.

After I had sorted out the bare minimum of the situation, I suddenly felt regret.

“…….”

Geo muttered while fiddling with the picture I had drawn.

“I haven’t finished drawing it yet….”

“That’s enough, I’ve had my fun.”

“I didn’t draw everything….”

“How did I end up with this guy?”

Even though he said that, it was really funny, as 'George' burst into a refreshing laugh.

“Well, I did live a long time, didn’t I?”

“I didn’t call you to tell you to retire now that you’ve lived a long life. You seem to be looking at me in a very immoral way.”

“I know this isn’t the end, it’s just another beginning, so there’s no need to be so sorry.”

“Excuse me, but I wasn’t really sorry. You were having too much fun, weren’t you, Mr. George?”

“I guess this is the first time something like this has happened in my life….”

He placed his hat on my pink hair.

“Then shall we introduce ourselves first?”

“Actually, I don’t need an introduction to Mr. George.”

“We learned so much about each other while playing tag, Geo-ssi is right.”

“So, for those of you who don’t understand the situation, could you please introduce it?”

“I really like these times.”

'George' greets you all.

“George the Wanderer, or Geo as my friends affectionately call me. Pronounce it as you wish.”

Geo nodded.

“Have you been called a wanderer?”

“Oh, actually, this is a name I came up with. It’s not something that special, since it wasn’t defined by any official agency or country.”

“So in the very first world, was there a word to replace gardener?”

“No, because I was the first ‘wanderer’ there. It’s a name I made up in the very simple context of wandering around….”

He laughed.

“I really like fun.”

“Dopamine incarnate.”

“Oh my goodness, this is so sad. Why live if you’re not going to enjoy it?”

“I don’t think I can agree with Mr. Argio on this point in a different sense.”

“Anyway, it was Mr. Geo who called and it was I who was caught, so I will do my duty.”

'George' picked up a chair and sat down next to Geo.

“Okay, let’s begin.”

“Oh, shall I start? Actually, I don’t know where to start explaining….”

Geo nodded, caressing the small canvas on which he painted nature.

“I think it would be better to start from the beginning.”

“Where is the first?”

“It was after I saw Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s garden.”

“What did you see and feel there?”

“It was so beautiful that I wanted to paint the garden.”

"and?"

“I thought everyone was living such tiring lives.”

He looked at him with a warm and gentle gaze, as if he knew 'George'.

“So, in the end, you came up with this amazing idea called a food truck….”

“Actually, up until then, there were no concrete plans.”

“How are you now?”

“I think it would be a lot easier if I get Mr. George’s help.”

“Am I going to start working as soon as I get home?”

“Once the fairy tale begins, the distinction becomes meaningless, so isn’t this the work I’m doing?”

“That’s true, it’s a very interesting statement.”

“Thank you for the compliment.”

Geo continued.

“So I just started drawing whatever came to mind.”

“It’s surprising even when I think about it again. I didn’t lure you with a sweet scent or a touch, and I was caught by this ignorant method.”

“? I didn’t catch you with your ankles cut off in a bear trap, and you walked in fine on your own two feet. How do you think people will think of me if you criticize me like that?”

“Did Sergio drag me into the bear trap?”

“That would be fun too.”

“No, really, don’t draw it. Don’t try to draw a scary bear trap.”

“Be careful, I’m very nervous because I didn’t eat enough while playing tag.”

“Have you ever seen a pig like this…?”

Despite George's exclamation that seemed absurd, Geo remained steadfast.

“Yes, that’s right. Mr. George didn’t respond to my call at all. It was very embarrassing for me.”

“As we live, there are times when subordinates disobey orders or code is incorrect.”

“No, that’s completely separate… I’m sure there is a ‘suitable person’ out there, but he just keeps avoiding me. Thanks to that, I didn’t even know Mr. George’s name until I drew the 42nd picture.”

“You would never know that painting 42 landscapes to catch someone whose name you don’t even know is not something a person with a normal mindset would do, right?”

“What kind of answer do you expect when you ask me that?”

Geo shrugged.

“It’s like I said before. I was worried. What on earth could this person be dissatisfied with? What on earth should I draw to get an invitation? But after drawing about 9 pieces, I got a feeling. Oh, this person wants to hang out with me now.”

“Thanks to you, I had a great time.”

“This was my first time experiencing something like this, so I enjoyed it.”

Up until now, the method was to draw a picture after receiving 'inspiration' and then have the 'suitable person' call out Geo. But this 'Geo' was truly unique. He existed in every garden Geo drew, but he did not exist.

In short, he ran away.

“If you were simply refusing my invitation, I wouldn’t have risked my rudeness and followed you around to draw 9,421 paintings.”

“…….”

'George' nodded after a moment of silence.

“That’s why I told you to stop. Do you understand?”

“To be honest, I wanted to get 10,000 points while I was at it.”

“I’m sorry, but no matter how much I fight, I got tired and had no choice but to surrender.”

“Well, at that point, the shape of the garden and the repertoire were similar.”

“It’s also really interesting that I realized that after reaching 9,000 points.”

“Thank you for your compliments. By the way, I didn’t mean to say that I gave up on getting 10,000 points. I’ll get to it when I have time.”

“Oh my goodness, Nature, please save this wretched painter.”

“It’s been a long time since I was saved, so I guess I’ll just be roasting sweet potatoes and eating them in this hut.”

Let me get back to the main point and explain.

“Mr. George didn’t reject my invitation. If he had, he wouldn’t have been defined as a ‘suitable person’ in the first place. It seemed like he just wanted to have fun, so I followed him to the end.”

“By drawing 9,421 pictures.”

“I first realized that I could be that persistent. I don’t usually draw that much. I was aware that it was a bit excessive, so I started using smaller canvases from the middle….”

“What are you going to do with all those pictures?”

“Everyone has their own life, and I agree with that.”

I drew them all as good friends in case of any accidents.

“So in the end, Mr. George was caught by me.”

“I was so impressed by the way you enjoyed life beyond your limits….”

“It might be because you’re starting to get tired of it. In fact, wasn’t that the biggest problem?”

“The story is that I came forward voluntarily through that process.”

“Good.”

Geo saw 'George'.

“Then, would you like to introduce yourself again? I think I’ve explained the situation for you so far.”

“Hmm, good. So what should I say now?”

Soon he smiled.

“…I am a human who has become a garden.”

It was truly the embodiment of dopamine. There is no way to beat around the bush.

“It doesn’t matter how I ended up like this, at least not right now. But I ended up being a garden in my first life, and I’m enjoying my life by running around among them.”

“You are a natural person.”

“That’s a word that sums it up well in many ways. Yes, I’m a natural person, so to speak. Please be thankful that I don’t walk around naked. It means that I still have some dignity left as a human being.”

“I’m really surprised that it had such a deep meaning. Didn’t you wear it because you had to have at least a little bit of face to seduce someone?”

“Well, I guess that’s not entirely the intention. I won’t deny it. But please keep in mind that I can seduce you even if you don’t wear it.”

“Oh, God of Heaven and Earth.”

I'll have to use my brain a lot so I don't get sued for promiscuity.

Geo, who had acknowledged and accepted the disaster he had brought upon himself, tilted his head as if remembering something.

“Usually when we meet like this, Mr. Geo gives me a quest. Is there anything you would like to ask of me? If we set a goal through agreement, it will help me control my mind and body in the future.”

“Um… there isn’t any.”

“I’ve seen enough of this.”

“No, Sergio, you sat down in one place and drew 9,421 pictures? Don’t

you understand why I'm getting tired of this? I've had enough fun and I'm going to have fun from now on."

'George', who was pretending to be disgusted, tilted his head like Geo did earlier. It was a perfect imitation.

"So to speak, I myself am being upgraded to a higher level."

"Have you already become one with me? You've been using a lot of Earth terminology since our first meeting."

"It seems like you're asking even though you already know everything… I guess I learn things as I go around here and there. That's only natural."

"I think Mr. George has a unique way of thinking. It's not easy to describe a series of events like that as an upgrade. From a human to a gardener, from a gardener to a garden, and now to a part of a haunted portrait…."

"Oh, that's all prejudice. It's something that anyone can do, for a human to manipulate their own destiny, to become nature, not a human, and then to become a painting. In fact, I think you, Geo, will understand this part, right?"

"I too, somehow, found myself becoming a portrait of a ghost. In that context, I think what Mr. George said makes sense."

"Rules don't mean anything to people like us."

Geo became serious.

"But there must be rules."

"Etiquette, social ethics, things like that?"

"Something like that."

“That’s good too.”

'George' shrugged.

“What I’m trying to say is that there’s no reason to put limits on what I do.”

“In that sense, can I keep drawing until I reach 10,000 points?”

“I don’t know about other people, but Sergio, you shouldn’t tell me what to do with my mindset, you know that, right?”

That's how the fairy tale began.

“Why, what’s the problem?”

He looked at you and asked.

“But in the end, what’s important is ‘Why does Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok have to bake bungeoppang?’ To be honest, didn’t you press the next button to hear that?”

“Certainly, Mr. George’s introduction was quite long for something like that.”

“I think it would be okay to postpone my further explanation until later.”

Haven't we covered most of the important parts?

“In short, this is what it is. I am a very capable gardener, a gardener, and a painter. If someone like me were to join in on what Mr. Geo wants to do in the future, things would be a lot easier.”

“Thanks to you, my heart is already pounding.”

“I’ve never thought of opening a restaurant, let alone a food stall. And in a garden.”

“Aren’t you a gardener? Don’t you eat? Don’t you rest? Don’t you

sleep?”

“I think it will be fun.”

'George' lifted his hat and covered his mouth like a fan and laughed.

“So, please explain your plan slowly.”

“I think you all know by now, but I’m thinking of opening a restaurant in my garden.”

“Can you persuade Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok?”

“If that doesn’t work out, I’ll bake the bungeoppang too.”

“It seems like it will be a very clumsy restaurant to run.”

“That’s true, but….”

Geo nodded.

“It’s fun, so that’s fine.”

“I guess so?”

anyway.

* * *

“Do you understand so far, Eunhyuk Cha?”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok squinted his eyes as if frowning.

“……?”

It meant that I didn't understand.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (308)

308

Episode 308

“What could be there that you don’t understand?”

Visabal said with a big smile.

“Ultimately, I want to open a restaurant in the garden as a way to provide welfare to gardeners.”

“To be exact, it will likely take the form of a food stall.”

“Hmm, from a management standpoint, there is certainly no other business that is more convenient.”

“I think it would be easier for gardeners to access than a regular store.”

“Because it’s such an open structure? That could be possible.”

As the two chatted away, Joo-hyun silently organized her pad.

“…….”

“Mr. Joohyun, have you given up?”

“I don’t know the reality.”

At Yoo Seong-un's question, Joo-hyun looked back at him and smiled.

“It’s true that the gardeners’ situation is unfortunate.”

“…Your thoughts are similar to Geo’s.”

“Actually, Mr. Geo is right. Gardeners are people too, and they need to eat and rest. I learned this time that it’s really hard to do those things in a garden.”

“Isn’t that an inconvenience that all hunters experience when entering a dungeon…?”

“Yes, it seemed to be on a similar track. But in terms of the intensity of the work, the gardeners were clearly superior. I don’t know if it’s appropriate to use the word ‘superior’ in this case.”

“…Ummm….”

In fact, Ju-Hyeon's idea was right, as the garden could be said to be a superior version of a dungeon. Unlike a dungeon where you just have to fight monsters and conquer them according to the rules, a garden was very picky about the visitors achieving their goals.

In it, the gardener was basically restricted from sleeping, eating, and breathing. In other words, his biological characteristics as a human could not be respected. Ju-hyeon, who heard the story of Yoo Seong-un's work from Geo, looked at Yoo Seong-un with concern.

“In there, even having body temperature is not allowed.”

“…That’s true, that’s the rule of the snowfield.”

“In other words, so many things that humans are born with are being suppressed, right?”

“You wouldn’t call it oppression. I’m doing this because I want to. I know it might sound weird to say this, but… I love my snowfield.”

“I don’t want to insult Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s snowfield, but I can’t help but feel sorry for him.”

“That’s why those kinds of thoughts are unique.”

I don't usually think about it that way.

“But I’m kind of happy.”

“Yes, the gardeners are so cold and hungry. I don’t know what you’re talking about now, after you complained so much.”

Joohyun stared at Yoo Seong-un.

“I’m worried about what Geo-ssi will do in the future… but I think it’s a good thing that Yoo Seong-un-ssi will also be able to eat something during the process.”

“Did Joo-hyun get infected by Geo too? Why can’t you turn me into a pig?”

“Even if it’s against the garden, shouldn’t they be treated as people before pigs…?”

“Uh, what… Are you trying to start a revolution against the garden…?”

I was scared because I thought Joo-hyun could really do it. He's such a rational person that he wouldn't do something like that unless it was really 'under the circumstances', but this was a story about when it was really 'under the circumstances'.

anyway.

“…I just have complicated feelings too, that’s all.”

I have lived my whole life with the mind and attitude of a gardener engraved in my mind and body. I do not have a sense of lofty mission, but I know that I am following the path of justice. I know that it is a thorny path, but I still enjoyed it.

That 'goodness' was closer to everyday life. It was more ingrained in

life than religion. That's why it was so close and something that couldn't be shaken off. Even though there was no reason for it, Yoo Seong-un eventually neglected Geo's 'change'.

“Is this disqualification as a gardener?”

“If you are that bad of a gardener, the Earth is doomed.”

“Oh, you’re going that far? You say some unexpectedly harsh things.”

“That’s because you’re saying things that don’t make sense.”

Joo-hyun glared at Yoo-seong-un as if it was absurd.

“I don’t really like that kind of thing. Mr. Yoo Seong-un, did you really want to be a tool?”

“Maybe so.”

“It would certainly be more comfortable. I can understand that feeling.”

“But I guess that’s not how people should be?”

“Rather than something so grandiose, it’s just… isn’t that too difficult?”

“…Is that really your point of view?”

“It’s better to be treated like a human being while doing good deeds.”

“I feel like I’m doing something terribly sacrilegious.”

“Isn’t it irreverent? Well, I’m not a gardener so I wouldn’t know.”

He smiled faintly.

“From a worldly human perspective, a garden is nothing more than a workplace. In today’s world, there are many jobs where people don’t even get paid properly, and people live without being treated like

human beings… but at least collectors don’t do that, right?”

Yoo Seong-un laughed hollowly.

“Huh, now you’re even dragging the collector into it? You’ve gotten a lot bolder, Joohyun.”

“Even in a world where people are used as resources, if you can be treated like a human being, it’s better to do so. It’s a very simple principle. Anything better is better.”

“…It’s because it’s so simple. It’s something we already talked about in the snowfields with Geo, but it feels like eating a late-night snack or dropping snack crumbs on the blanket.”

“The analogy is quite intuitive. But isn’t it true that you just need to eat a late-night snack and digest it well, and that you just need to clean up the crumbs of snacks you ate under the covers?”

“But don’t you feel like you’ll get in trouble with your parents for no reason?”

Well, I don't know much about Yoo Seong-un because I've never felt that way before. But I knew the context.

“That’s right, at this age, it’s okay to eat late-night snacks. It’s okay to spill some crumbs. But I don’t know if that’s really a good change or development… I just don’t get it. This isn’t an exact metaphor, but…”

Ultimately, it's a matter of changing the garden to suit one's personal interests.

“Even if there’s no problem, I feel like I’m doing something wrong.”

“The flow of all times has developed based on such deviations.”

Joohyun shrugged slightly.

“Something that was illegal in one era may become legal in modern times. But I’m not good enough to judge whether the rules of that era were right or wrong.”

"then?"

“I just know that things I thought would never change throughout my life can change someday. Didn’t Mr. Yoo Seong-woon often say that?”

He rolled his eyes.

“It’s only been about 30 years, so it’s no wonder people still don’t know much about the mystery. It’s not something that can be easily solved.”

“I did say that.”

“You used the space metaphor from Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok, right? To borrow a little from that, despite its vastness, people eventually figured out quite a lot about the universe. How much change must have occurred in the process?”

“…….”

“They look the same to me.”

Joohyun laughed.

“If Mr. Yoo Seong-un could think, ‘It’s time to change.’”

“…It’s time to change….”

“We’ve been digging a well for about 30 years, so isn’t it about time for the water to burst?”

“…I’m scared to death. Why don’t all my friends look like this?”

“There is a saying that if something seems strange around you, you should check yourself first.”

“You really don’t give in to a single word.”

Yoo Seong-un also laughed.

“So you’re really doing this?”

“Who have I been talking to until now? Where have you been sleeping alone?”

“I think I was awake.”

To be honest, I broke out in a little cold sweat.

“This time Geo, his propulsion is no joke….”

Yoo Seong-un sensed overtime.

“This time, the name was George. It seems that ‘Geo’ was a nickname he had while alive.”

“I’ve heard of the introduction of the Gardener from another dimension, but I still don’t get it. I’ve never heard the exact story either.”

“Me too. When I listen to the story, I feel like it’s similar to Guild Leader Jeong Hae-woon, but for some reason, it feels a little different….”

“Would it be my mistake if I said that this Geo-ssi is also quite unique?”

“I don’t think a gardener would be that special after a saint and an evil spirit, but I have a strong feeling that he’s not a common type among gardeners.”

“Have you ever had a conversation with Mr. George? I’m embarrassed to say, but I haven’t.”

“You didn’t even show yourself to me.”

I know the general outline of it. Because Geo showed it to me briefly

before I went to see Cha Eun-hyeok.

Her pink hair, resembling the sunset, was bobbed and swayed at the nape of her neck. Her eyes were filled with colorful jewels, and her attitude was strangely playful throughout.

He was a true 'garden', possessing an extraordinary talent for captivating and capturing someone's attention, acting as if he were doing something he wasn't doing, yet maintaining his balance like a ghost.

‘…but he didn’t tell me exactly what happened or who the person was.’

All of the previous 'Geos' had clear stories. This Geo wouldn't be much different, but for some reason he was putting off explaining it.

Even among 'Geo's', it is particularly difficult to know what he is thinking. It is difficult to know what he is thinking.

“It didn’t seem like you were the type of person who was shy….”

“Well, it’s not like we have the right to be friends with every ‘Geo’.”

“Joohyun is right, that’s Geo’s heart.”

I was just anxious because I couldn't figure out exactly what kind of personality he had.

'If we look at it this way, wouldn't that disqualify me as a curator?'

A gardener who can't even properly keep his distance from mystery, let alone grasp the information. I don't know where he can be used.

Yoo Seong-un watched Geo, who was smiling hollowly but steadily making plans. He looked like the familiar 'Sergio Hunter', but his face was blunt.

“…….”

Whether it will change or develop.

That was something I didn't know yet.

* * *

By the way, Jeong Hae-un also knew about this incident.

“Should I say I’m glad you didn’t do it without telling me?”

“Thank you for saying so. It was worth asking for the list in advance.”

“At the time, I was confused as to whether or not we should fight seriously, but yes, that’s right.”

Jeong Hae-woon smiled and nodded.

“Actually, I still think that maybe I shouldn’t throw it away.”

“How often do you hear this?”

“Once every ten seconds?”

“You still haven’t fallen asleep yet.”

“If you go out like that, will you be hated by your majesty?”

Jeong Hae-woon said, shrugging his shoulders.

“It is true that gardeners work in extremely harsh conditions.”

“My manager was so upset, saying, ‘How can you work without being treated like a human being?’”

“Treatment as a human being, yes. People are treated like animals and tools, and this can be found anywhere… but the way gardeners are treated is beyond that.”

It is completely different for humans to continue to giggle and commit

evil acts among themselves and for nature to decide so. The former is very unpleasant, but it does not deny the roots of humanity like the latter.

Jeong Hae-woon continued speaking with his signature smile.

“Do you know? A gardener should always smile. The first thing a newbie learns is ‘how to make the opposite expression of his emotion.’ That way, he can adapt to his own contradictions.”

“You said that it is a difficult job to be honest about.”

“He who reveals his innermost thoughts transparently reveals even the mystery of the garden. Then the world will become chaotic, and the gardener himself will eventually be consumed by the mystery he serves, lose his roots, and become another mystery.”

“I dare say it will be an inconvenience.”

“Yes, it is a pity.”

There may also be a reason for the extremely small number of gardeners.

“Not only can they not be recognized by people for their hard work, they can’t even show it to them. The work in the garden is not real. Does that mean the work is easy? No, in the process of tending the garden, they witness countless fragments of mysterious death.”

It becomes ice, a flower, a tree, the sky, rain, and the soil and flies. It is like a human being, and it is like a nature, and it is like a shattering, repeating. If it is terrible, it is terrible.

Although they were born in nature, they are ultimately human.

“I actually think it’s… similar to the miracle Sergio Hunter showed. He turned people into paint in a deep sea dungeon a while ago. It was to

get the hunters out of the dungeon in danger.”

“Did I cause any trouble to them?”

“I’ve heard that it’s a fairly moderate method and treatment compared to the garden’s work. But since I haven’t experienced it myself, it’s just a guess. After all, nature is really mean to humans.”

They rarely understand their weaknesses.

“But it can’t be helped. I’ve only just discovered the mystery about 30 years ago, so I thought it was natural that there were many inconveniences in the work and systems of garden management. In terms of human history, isn’t it like we’re just entering the prehistoric era? Well, it’s probably somewhere around that point. I also thought that it would develop gradually, albeit slowly.”

“Still, you accepted my offer.”

“As the first gardener on Earth, I am wary of you, but I affirm the rules and the story. Surely you are not trying to deny it. This proposal is not far removed from that context.”

“So you thought it wouldn’t be something you did carelessly?”

“I just said, ‘It’s been about 30 years now,’ but if it’s been stagnant for 32 years, it’s time to let it flow. To be honest, there’s a limit to how much I can grab hold of by the collar and spit it out. At least prehistoric people would have hunted together, but gardeners can’t do that.”

In other words.

“That’s right, I’m having a hard time too.”

Shortage of manpower, shortage of resources.

Of course, this was a very dangerous thing to do. It seemed crazy and a drastic change. But the working conditions of the gardeners were too

harsh to stop it for that reason.

“How did that friend, Cha Eun-hyeok, react?”

“After some thought, he eventually accepted my offer.”

“Ha, bungeoppang… how fun.”

Jeong Hae-woon, who was rubbing his chin, asked with a smile.

“I must visit you when you open for business.”

“If there’s cream puffs inside, I’ll tell you to stop selling them.”

“It’s a bad thing to put anything other than red bean in bungeoppang.”

“Why doesn’t this change?”

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon immediately crossed his arms and leaned back in his chair.

“…You just keep becoming more and more mysterious.”

“Yes, this guy is quite lively.”

“And yet I have the illusion that you haven’t changed.”

“Would a haunted portrait be foolish then?”

“What does it feel like to be stuffed?”

He asked.

“Are you lonely?”

“That’s because I have a lot of friends.”

“That’s not something a human would do.”

“……?”

Geo looked at Jeong Hae-woon with an expressionless face.

“What on earth is the purpose of building a front fence in my front yard?”

Currently, Jeong Hae-un was in 'Geo's Portrait'. In the yard in front of his cabin. No matter what, he didn't want to go inside the house.

“Anyway, thanks to Mr. Jeong Hae-un’s cooperation, I think things will go smoothly.”

“Everything is fine, but if you could just stop the destruction of the Earth, I would be most grateful, Sergio Hunter.”

“I’m not that clueless.”

Geo smiled faintly.

“Thank you for your hard work.”

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon also smiled.

"you're welcome."

As expected, this existence was rough.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (309)

309

Episode 309

The change happened quickly.

“…What the heck is this….”

The garden has been painted.

“…Wait a minute, this way.”

“Yes, sir. What’s the matter?”

“Can you see this with your eyes now?”

“Oh… That’s right, I can see it. What is it drawn? Is it a jungle? I think it’s a new work by Black Cloak because it gives off a strong feeling! Right, right?”

“…The work of Black Cloak?”

“Isn’t this painting hanging in such an unexpected place usually a Black Cloak piece? Wow, this is my first time seeing it. It definitely has a different vibe from regular paintings.”

“…….”

“…Senior?”

Naturally, the gardeners were the first to notice the change.

One day, one by one, gardens of unfamiliar forms began to appear in the world. They were mostly found in deserted alleys, near temples, or in remote places such as mountains or the sea.

And it clearly took the form of a 'work' drawn by Black Cloak. Most people did not understand its meaning.

“Even though they are all painted in different ways, they somehow have a similar feel. The sizes of the works are not that big either. Considering the scale of the previous works… Is this a series?”

“I can’t call it right now because it doesn’t have a well-known name, but I think it’s probably right. It’s a series. Well, it’s something that famous artists try at least once. Is it true that he’s essentially a painter?”

“It definitely feels different from my previous works. It’s not just because of the size of the work. Don’t you feel a sense of pure mystery? Ah, it’s like fate….”

People thought it was just another attempt by Black Cloak.

“…….”

“…This, teacher.”

“…Yes, it’s a garden. I should let other people know about this.”

But the gardeners couldn't let it go so easily.

“It’s been so long since we last met that I can’t wait to see your face again.”

“What the heck is going on….”

The garden, like nothing else, came into the public eye.

Not all gardeners attended one meeting. Many gardeners, by nature, were solitary and reclusive. However, they met with most gardeners they could and relayed the situation.

In the midst of the confusion, someone put forth this opinion:

“Could it be that the previous fever was in preparation for this situation?”

“Are you saying that wasn’t just a simple stretching of the root?”

“No, well, I don’t know about that… but it might be possible.”

“It’s not often that gardens are in turmoil at the same time as they were back then.”

“I was nervous because they said that a similar time would be a great disaster.”

“Ugh, I knew it would be a different type since it’s still a long way to go before a second catastrophe occurs, but here we are again….”

“I never imagined that this would be such an unconventional event. Wow, this is crazy.”

The gardeners, who are supposed to always be calm and rational, were in a state of confusion. They were caught up in a mixture of fear, anxiety, and excitement that could not be clearly defined.

The garden was revealed to the world.

“Well, first of all, what is the condition of the gardens?”

“Nothing has changed, it’s completely blue.”

“The same goes for our garden. Above all, the piece that was shown this time, the gardener who corresponds to it, I can’t find it no matter how hard I search.”

“Is it too much of a stretch to call it the garden of gardeners who don’t like socializing? No, what on earth does Black Cloak have to do with gardens…?”

“Wasn’t Black Cloak a sun deity? Even if he were a deity, he couldn’t leave the garden entrance wide open like this! This is a disaster!”

“But the Earth is too quiet for it to be a disaster. First, everyone, please calm down….”

At that time, gardener Jeong Hae-un opened his mouth.

“Don’t worry, brother. It won’t harm you.”

“As expected, the guild leader knew about this matter.”

“I also studied this matter, even if it was insufficient.”

Jung Hae-woon did not reveal that he and Black Cloak were directly connected to 'this incident'. That fact only added to the gardeners' confusion. Instead, Jung Hae-woon intervened when the commotion had died down a little.

“The gardens that have now been revealed are not mysteries that are being managed.”

“Then, what was left unattended…?”

“To be exact, it seems that the gardens of the Earth that had been neglected have come into view. Yes, they are familiar to me. They are gardens that I have visited many times before.”

“So what on earth is going on? What does the Black Cloak have to do with the garden?”

“There must have been some mysterious happening that I, a mere gardener, was unaware of. But if it is true that it is connected with the

Black Cloak, then yes, he is a mystery of rules that favor good and polite humans.”

“That is correct, guild leader.”

“It is not a relief, but it is not the beginning of another disaster. Compared to the great catastrophes that the Earth has experienced, isn’t it so mild? I find it very fascinating.”

What Jeong Hae-woon said to the gardener in my guild spread to other gardeners. In fact, Jeong Hae-woon was working overtime again today, using his various identities behind the scenes.

He took measures to prevent gardeners around the world from getting caught up in excessive confusion and causing accidents. Thanks to the 'statuses' with which he had built up popularity, gardeners gradually regained their senses.

From the beginning, they were people who were always asked to remain cool-headed.

“…….”

“…Then how should we understand this situation?”

“…How would I know? Anyway, I feel relieved that it’s not a disaster.”

“If we continue like this and another disaster suddenly strikes, what will happen to us?”

“I’m going to be brutally murdered, right?”

“Yes, to whom? To Jeongwon?”

The veteran gardener shook his head at the question from the bashful new gardener.

“No, to the pissed off association researchers.”

“Those people are always harassing us, even though they don’t do anything themselves.”

“That’s because the research funds that should be shared among those humans are being taken entirely by one individual gardener….”

“That’s a bit much to say, but anyway, what are we really doing?”

“I can’t really say anything definitively. I guess I’ll just have to wait and see how the situation develops.”

It was when 'gardens' first appeared in the world.

* * *

After some time, people were able to find something different about the 'garden'.

“It’s not just that the size of the work is smaller, but the reaction is also a little different.”

“Until now, Black Cloak’s works have shown an attitude of actively intervening in reality.”

“These children just exist. Oh, how can they be so pure and beautiful? Isn’t the attitude of the work that just looks at us so cute?”

“I feel the depth of the work more than anything else. Yes, it really just exists. It’s not like a creepy ghost story like a gray city… It’s like the feeling you get when you see a huge nature.”

“Up until now, Black Cloak has always included intention in his works. In some way, his works have been used according to his will. How do you plan to use this work?”

“I don’t know for sure, but just looking at it is healing. I guess I should say it makes me feel good. It feels like I’m sitting in a really quiet resort and just looking at the sky.”

“I think I know what you mean. It’s just nature itself.”

“Maybe that was the intention of this piece.”

In particular, it was the fans of the black cloak who gave strength to the interpretation of the work.

“Nature, nature. Is there any other nature where such a strong mystery is born? Even dungeons are not like this.”

“At least it is true that it is a sight that is hard for people like us to find. Where else can you get a glimpse of such enchanting nature? Oh my, this ridiculous ingenuity… really….”

“Then, no matter how much I think about it, it can’t be the nature of Earth. Isn’t it a nature with rules that go beyond the logic of this dimension? What kind of flower would cover the sky? Would it embrace the clouds and shine like the sun?”

“How can the word ‘nature’ come to mind immediately while looking at such a strange sight of rules? It is indeed the Black Cloak. His grace is endless.”

“It’s really unfortunate. For some reason, there are no people who went inside in this work. If there were a precedent even once, it would be worth trying again….”

Their conversation spread to several people who were focused on the black cloak's movements.

“Hey, Chaisol.”

“Huh? Why?”

“Did you know about this too?”

“Uh… I don’t really know. That’s something adults do. I’m still a kid.”

“Since when did you become such a special child who could tell the difference between such things?”

“I, I get stabbed a lot too. But it’s really none of my business.”

Chae Sol, a prospective priest of the Solar Church, felt a bit wronged by what his partner, Iru Da, said.

“I don’t know everything that adults do.”

“…? Wait, so at least you know how this works. Isn’t that what you’re implying right now?”

“But I really don’t know?”

"no…."

“I heard you’re going to sell bungeoppang, but I really don’t know anything about business.”

“…….”

Iru Da eventually took her partner to find Kang Seo Dam.

“…Are you talking about bungeoppang?”

“Yes, it’s bungeoppang.”

“You’re selling bungeoppang? The one with the black cloak?”

“Chaisol keeps saying that it’s ‘adult work’.”

“Even for a chosen apostle, it is difficult to talk about the future of the divine.”

“Oh, maybe we made a pact not to mention it? If that’s the case, I might have done something rash….”

“Brother Chaisol doesn’t seem to have any reason to talk deeply about

it, so I don’t think he’s talking.”

“……??”

“Sister Iruda.”

Kang Seo-dam gave advice as an adult.

“Forget it.”

"thank you."

With this, Iruda was freed from responsibility.

However, there was one person who could not escape this terrible responsibility, and that was Kang Seo-dam, who had accidentally spoiled the fate of the Earth. After sending the young priests away, Kang Seo-dam hesitated for a while, but soon made up his mind.

He contacted the private number he had received from the curator of the meteor shower.

“…Ah, you got it. This is Father Kang Seo-dam. Would you like to speak with me for a moment?”

—We always have time to talk to our priest. I can guess what's going on, but did you even hear about the bungeoppang?

“Damn it, I didn’t mishear. What are you planning? What the hell are you talking about, bungeoppang, in the future that the divine has occupied?”

—Jio hasn't finished preparing for business yet. But when we open, we'll invite Father Kang Seo-dam. Wow, special service. Sounds good, huh?

“Is this a special service to the thorny road?”

—I don’t think the Sun Goddess would dislike it that much either.

“What on earth do you think of the sun…!!”

He didn't hate it.

“…….”

-What, you suddenly became silent.

"…no…."

He was very interested.

“…….”

—… That kind of thing.

Yoo Seong-un, who had guessed the situation, felt sorry for him. He wasn't being sarcastic, because he was genuinely feeling sorry for him.

—When I see things like this, I think getting closer to the divine isn't such a good thing.

“… Even if I don’t know if it’s okay for Mr. Yoo Seong-un to say that, no. It is truly an incredible honor to receive divine revelations in a mere human body….”

—For something like that, your voice is strong… um, yeah… I see… .

“…I look forward to hearing from you later with excitement. I wish you good luck.”

-Priest too.

Kang Seo-dam ended the call and covered her face with both hands.

“…….”

Why of all things, bungeoppang?

'Why is this trial happening to me?'

While Kang Seo-dam was quietly struggling with the unexpected and excessive honor, Yoo Seong-woon, who had cut off contact, looked at Geo with a strange face.

“It seems like Father Kang Seo-dam is under a lot of stress.”

“Oh, that won’t do. A good person like Father Kang Seo-dam should always be happy.”

“It’s not a world where good people can always be happy.”

“But it has to be that way whenever it catches my eye. I like that kind of thing.”

“Oh, that’s cool.”

Yoo Seong-un couldn't hold back his laughter in the end.

“How much do you plan on increasing my overtime mileage?”

“It makes me happy to see you happy while saying that.”

George smiled with eyes like opal.

“…Ah, this is fun.”

Everything was a mess.

* * *

The two-legged 'Garden' went to find gardeners.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (310)

310

Episode 310

“I am nothing.”

The garden said.

“I walk barefoot on all kinds of ground, look at the sky, and taste the air.”

The ecstatic eyes smiled.

“Isn’t that something that quite a few people could do?”

“…you are right.”

“But this is different, it’s a magic hat.”

“It’s magic.”

“Yes, magic. Isn’t it amazing?”

He turned his empty hat over and showed me.

“What's inside here?"

“I don’t know anything. Nothing….”

“Oh, are you scared? I understand that feeling. But look, this place is empty. Don’t you want to fill it up? Don’t you want to wonder what’s

inside? Don't you want to put your hand in?"

"But how dare I…."

"Reach out and touch."

"……."

The gardener put his hand in.

"What do you feel? Oh, please tell me quickly. I am so curious."

"…It's hard, like a mineral."

"What is the temperature of that mineral? Is it cold? Hot? Lukewarm? Cool? Warm?"

"… Tea, is… it raining?"

"Does it move?"

"It doesn't move."

"Hmm, well."

Light-colored hair flows down.

"How about this?"

The hat in his hand shook playfully, and the gardener who had put his hand inside felt the vibration as well. The hard, cold mineral he was holding shook along with him in his playfulness… .

And the garden asked.

"Did it shake?"

"…Yes, I was shaken. Me too."

"Isn't it moving even now?"

“…….”

“Is it still cold now?”

“…….”

“Is it still hard now?”

"…ah…."

The gardener, without knowing it, pulled his hand out and looked at what he was holding.

"…no."

It was a rough-looking mole.

“It was a mole. A mole….”

“Oh my…! I’m so touched by such a cute friend! A mole, what a great prankster in this lush field.”

“I’m worried that moles will eat the crops in my field.”

“But that’s okay, look. This guy doesn’t eat crops. Didn’t you touch it? Didn’t you see it with your own two eyes? Now, you can talk. You’ve been patient. Give this guy a name.”

“…….”

"hurry."

“…I, my….”

A smile appeared on the dry gardener's face.

“It’s my garden, it’s my field.”

It wasn't hard. It was soft dirt.

It wasn't even cold. It was lukewarm dirt.

It was moving. It was living soil.

“Ha, hahaha… I, I never thought a mole would come to my field. In my field….”

“Since they live so hidden underground, it’s hard to see them often.”

“I’m not good at talking, so that might be good. That would be good, that’s right. Rather than a boring person like me, I’d rather be in the warm ground. That’s what a mole is.”

“I feel like I’m going to be raised beautifully, and this irresponsible person’s heart feels relieved.”

“What are you?”

“I am a human being.”

The garden said, "People are like that."

* * *

“I am nothing.”

The garden said.

“The only thing I know how to do is make a garland out of these pretty flowers. That’s all.”

“…A crown… Could you make one for me too? I was just curious.”

“It’s really not that hard. I’m very handy, and you seem to know it well. It’s really amazing. How did you know it? Just tell me.”

“I thought maybe it was because your fingers are long and delicate.”

“The hands of a mischievous wanderer must always be graceful. Since

you guessed correctly, I will give you a reward. It is a crown that suits you very well."

It's a fluffy crown.

"…It seems too beautiful for me to write."

It is a crown that makes you feel the warmth of life.

"Ah, it is beautiful… It is alive even though it has been cut off. It is alive while being woven. What should I call this? Perhaps people might call this work a mutation."

"It is for the beholder to decide, not for others to decide."

"A flower that is still alive, even when broken, is beautiful. That is what I have decided. A crown that is more than enough for me. A crown made from the flesh of my flower garden. It is really wonderful, really."

"If you want, you can wear this on your head."

"It's too much for me. I'm just grateful that you showed me. When will I ever reach that state? Becoming one with the garden, life, and mystery, harmless to anything… their own…."

"You're just too busy lowering yourself, so I guess I can't help it either."

The gardener shows his hat. He turns it over, puts the wreath inside, and covers it with his hand.

"What do you think will happen in here?"

"I don't know anything."

"Such a pure love, such a lonely wanderer would desire. Your gardener has been blessed with a wonderful priest."

"It seems like a dream that the day will come when my love will be

acknowledged by such a noble person. Will such a day ever come to me again? Will I ever be able to do so…?”

“Okay, guess.”

“…….”

“Close your eyes.”

“…….”

“Listen.”

Close your eyes. Listen. Put your hands together and pray.

“What do you hear?”

“…I can hear the sound of a small, rasping breath.”

“The sound of their delicate breaths, how do they breathe? These delicate flower petals?”

“So delicate, perhaps… is it flying? Like the flower petals covering this garden? Like the warm air?”

“Where did that rumbling breathing sound come from?”

“It came from the flapping of their wings.”

“You guessed right, Priest of the Garden. You heard the right answer.”

The gardener removes his hand. The hat opens. Inside it is a butterfly… .

“…….”

Hundreds and thousands of butterflies fly.

“…Ah, aaaah….”

“Oh my goodness, your crown has turned into a butterfly and has flown away. What should I do about this?”

“There, in my garden… there’s a butterfly flying in my garden. Oh, it’s so beautiful. So beautiful…”

“They are so light that if you lose focus for even a moment, you won’t even notice that they’re sitting on you. Wouldn’t the butterflies be sad then? They don’t even have a mouth to call you….”

“How could I dare to do that? I worship them, I adore them, I love them. Whenever and wherever they choose to make me their torch, I will gladly serve them.”

“So now you have to focus, my friend. You have to.”

The garden takes the gardener's hand.

“Concentrate.”

On the back of the hand of the gardener who has climbed up above, a butterfly as colorful as a flower petal lands.

“The garden is calling you, my loving priest.”

“…Can there be such a delicate call…?”

“Can you hear the sound of your gardener’s wings fluttering in your ears?”

“…If I don’t concentrate even for a moment, I don’t think I’ll be able to hear it.”

“Always love, and you too. The moment you lose your form, they cannot call you.”

“I will keep that in mind.”

“Remain human.”

The garden said.

“Just as I intended.”

The garden said to love.

* * *

“I am nothing.”

The gardener retorted.

“No, you are a garden. A garden that walks on two feet and sees the world with all its eyes.”

The garden was magnificent.

“Oh my, I didn’t know I would be getting refuted so soon.”

“I heard that you are giving families to gardeners. Will you do the same for me? Is this the mercy of your gardener?”

“It’s love.”

“I don’t know.”

The gardener couldn't understand.

“If you love everyone, how can that be called love?”

“Some people call it heartless. Do you think I am that heartless?”

“It is all the more heartless because it is so rich that it can contain anything.”

“That could be my love.”

The garden spread its arms.

“Look broadly, very broadly. As if I could be everything because I was nothing.”

The gardener did not dare to contradict that statement.

“…I want to be like you someday. But that would be difficult. So I want to become the eyes, flesh, and blood of a being like you.”

“I guess you don’t want to remain human.”

“I sometimes imagine that my end is set as a cell in a garden.”

“That’s also very romantic, I really like that kind of thing. It’s wonderful.”

“You are very generous with your compliments….”

It was quite different from his blunt garden.

“…….”

It was really hot here.

“…What should I call you?”

On the desert hill, he saw two feet of a shadowless garden. Its feet were like spotless white marble, but somehow they seemed connected to the sand of the desert. They were indistinguishable, just one.

It's like a mirage, the gardener thought, calling it.

“Mr. Gardener?”

“That’s good too.”

“If you want, I can call you human.”

“Oh, that’s good too.”

“Then what about the wanderer?”

“That too is ecstatic.”

“Why don’t you deny anything?”

“Because that is my love.”

“…Isn’t that just trash….”

Strangely enough, I felt empty.

“You claim to be a human and take the form of a human, yet you say such irresponsible things.”

“I see, I am a really irresponsible lover. One of my pleasures is picking on a bunch of fun people like you and then leisurely walking away.”

“Those who are so in love will be desperate to feel your touch once again.”

“There is a saying in Chinese characters, ‘Gyeonggukjisae’. How many times do you think I have ruined a country? Once? Ten times? A hundred times? Perhaps it is meaningless to estimate.”

“You are so harmful, I am really scared.”

How can you manipulate a mere human being like this?

“You are cruel.”

“That’s how love is.”

“How can you be so loving?”

“Why would I limit my love for people? If you start looking at me with such a narrow perspective, you’ll only see fragments. Why don’t you just look at me?”

“People don’t necessarily look at the sun with their eyes.”

You will go blind.

“This is a desert. There is not a single blade of grass, not a single drop of water, just a dry desert. But I love this desert so much. My garden makes me feel at ease.”

“Do you want to become a cell of the garden?”

“I want to be a grain of sand here. Someday, when I turn into a solid stone, or when my body sinks, and reaches the end, I too will be granted that peace. I don’t need life or shade.”

“Does that also mean garden?”

“…….”

“I don’t think so?”

The garden collapses.

He sits down like a child and fills his thick hat with sand. The fine, reddish sand is gradually accumulating inside.

Suddenly the gardener felt sorry for the hat. It really was swinging.

“…If you treat it so roughly, won’t the hat get angry?”

“Since you are a friend who has helped me with a lot of things, I believe you will be tolerant of this much.”

“As expected, you are irresponsible.”

“You too.”

The hat soon falls flat, then is picked up again. Another mound appears on top of the desert mound.

“Let’s see, who could be in here?”

“There might be nothing.”

“Aren’t you curious? Come here and let’s clear some sand together?”

“You’re trying to hold me accountable for things I don’t even know how to do….”

Still, it suits the joke.

“…….”

Perhaps my desert has called me, for my love and loyalty to him are not false.

“Can I just leave it like this?”

“I’ll clean up first. Now, put the magic wand here….”

“I’ve seen little kids do similar pranks.”

“There’s no reason to lose your childlike innocence as you grow older.”

"ha…."

The garden once. The gardener once. The garden once. The gardener once. Hand after hand, they scoop out the sand little by little. Even though they scooped it out like that for a long time, for some reason, the sand did not decrease.

I don't know how they can play such childish pranks.

“…….”

“…Ttaran.”

In the sand, a fennec fox shakes itself off and reveals itself.

“Oh my god, I have a new family. What do I do?”

“Why do you want to keep me as a human being?”

“Why do we need a reason to remain human and die human?”

The gardener picks up a tiny fox and places it on the gardener's head.

“They fit together so well.”

Then he bumps his lips into the fallen fox.

“Please do not run away from fate, from responsibility. The garden does not want that, so how can you treat yourself so carelessly? In the end, falling apart as a human being is also a way to return to the garden’s providence….”

“…That takes too long.”

“That is the responsibility that humans must bear. Since you were born from nature and have reason, look at the world with your two eyes and devote yourself to life as a human being. That is what it means to be human. That is the qualification of a human being. It is your duty and right. Please do not abandon it.”

"you are…."

This mystery, this world.

“You are irresponsible to the end.”

“That’s love.”

“It is also nature. It is providence and destiny.”

He laughed hollowly.

“…Fuck.”

The fox on top of my head was really fluffy.

“It’s hard as a dog, living as a human being.”

“And yet, aren’t we humans the ones who struggle?”

“Will you have mercy?”

“No, I just love you.”

“You love so much, it’s dirty.”

“I love everything in the world and take it in with my eyes.”

A lukewarm hand caressed the gardener. Light, light, like a ghost.

“…….”

“Live as a human being.”

The garden told him to survive.

* * *

“Oh, wait a minute.”

Yoo Seong-un asked Geo, who had returned home.

“But why is it only me who has 194?”

“I wonder if there are still 194 of them?”

“Stop making me more anxious. Is this favoritism?”

“Then it must be the garden’s favoritism.”

“Aren’t you going to be a gardener soon?”

“If that’s what you want to see, then that’s what it must be.”

“This is the most ambiguous Geo I’ve ever seen, really….”

“Isn’t that my charm, Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

George just laughed.

“But you will still take good care of me. You will visit me often and ask me how I am feeling today. You will place me in a pure white gallery and stuff me, and enjoy watching the colors change over time. I really cherish that sincerity of Yoo Seong-un.”

“…It’s really different to hear you say that, Geo.”

“I’ve never made up stories, but the response is not as good as I thought. That’s too bad.”

“More than that… to the gardeners, why are you creating a family?”

“…? Well….”

Geo answered simply.

“Because the easiest thing to love is family.”

Of course, Geo also knew that there were many families in the world that weren't like that. But even so, the word 'family' had a magical power that made people love those they didn't even share blood with.

The lonely gardener, of course, needed love. A big love, a childish and naked love.

“In other words, it is a gift of love that I give you.”

“There is so much love there.”

“If I didn’t have this much love, how could I have been human until now?”

“…Do you still want to call me a human? Even now, in this state?”

“There’s no reason why not, right?”

Geo laughed, holding his hat to his mouth like a fan.

“Love makes people endure.”

In any way.

“So what we need now is, of course….”

“Is it a union?”

“It’s welfare, I guess.”

Geo called Cha Eun-hyeok, who was waiting in his cabin.

“Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok.”

“…….”

“Let’s go.”

“…Where…?”

Cha Eun-hyeok asked inwardly.

'To the afterlife?'

As of now, it's the most likely destination.

* * *

The collection officer asked Joo-Hyeon.

“I heard that Geo-ssi’s food stall also has bungeoppang.”

“Oh, rather than adding it… I’ve been planning it for quite some time.”

“Did you say that the person you’re with is Cha Eun-hyeok? He must be having a hard time. I should bring him a snack.”

“…I see, that would be good too.”

Joohyun nodded.

“Eventually, Mr. Geo will bring you out after feeding you well.”

“Huh? Weren’t you going on a sales trip? It wasn’t sales, it was more like a restaurant tour, right?”

“Since Mr. Geo cooks, there’s no way he wouldn’t eat his own cooking.”

His haunted portrait friend had a pretty big stomach.

“And he’s not a great person who wouldn’t feed the person next to him while eating himself….”

Joohyun smiled bitterly.

'Just looking at this person's words about needing to pack a snack, what.'

Pigs were contagious. Geo had that power.

I don’t know why it had to be that kind of power, though.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (311)

311

Episode 311

There has been a story going around like a ghost story among gardeners recently.

“What do you think about that story?”

“What are you talking about?”

“I’m talking about a garden shaped like a human being.”

In fact, it wasn't just a simple ghost story. Of course, it was a ridiculous and bizarre story like the common novels floating around the world. But they knew that it was an event that actually happened.

The man looked fed up.

“…Was that true? No, I didn’t think it was a lie, but….”

“There’s no such thing as just a rumor going around between us.”

“I thought about it that way, but it was such a far-fetched story, I don’t know. I guess I didn’t think much about it because it didn’t feel real.”

“I think I know how you feel.”

The woman smiled faintly.

“A garden that looks like a person.”

It was a scary thing.

“I don’t want to believe it either.”

“Then that must be true, right? I think I heard a story about a garden that visits gardeners and creates families for them. Is that right?”

“I’ve heard from some people that that’s true. Well, it hasn’t happened in my garden yet. Maybe it never will.”

The woman shrugged.

“I guess not all gardeners get to enjoy such a miracle.”

“I can’t even figure out what kind of rules this garden has….”

“There are things you can only feel by seeing them in person.”

“It seems like you are a very fickle person, since the story keeps floating around like a ghost story.”

“But there are some things in common, things that gardeners who have families have in common.”

“What is that?”

The woman answered the man's question.

“They were dangerous people.”

It was really hard work to make a living as a gardener.

“Some people were going crazy with loneliness, some were struggling under the weight of the garden, and some gave up and just wanted to become a part of the garden.”

“So to speak, they must have been people who had difficulty living as

human beings.”

“Maybe so? One of them was a friend of mine, and I thought he would be reduced to a mystery before the end of the year.”

He said that he would disappear without being able to die even as a human.

“I saw that guy who used to be like that is now living a life of his own.”

I tried to hold on, even though I melted several times in the damn desert heat.

“I asked why. He said he couldn’t go now because he had a family to feed. Isn’t that funny?”

“…What’s funny?”

“The family that the ‘Garden’ created for him was a part of the desert. It was just a piece of desert flesh that was taken away, remade, and reborn as a cute desert fox.”

The desert gardener knew that too.

“But then they said we have to feed them….”

“…That’s right, it’s nonsense to say that a gardener feeds a garden.”

“There’s something even funnier when you say something without even knowing it.”

“I wonder what kind of family the ‘garden’ gave that friend.”

The man looked fed up.

“It seems like the more you dig into this world, the crazier things that come out.”

They were not the only ones having these conversations and being

lost in confusion. Any gardener with even a minimal network of connections had heard the term 'garden' at least once.

However, the uproar did not spread much. That was the way it was with gardeners. This place was originally closed. They had to be rational even though the entrance to the garden was exposed to the world.

“Let’s make sure there are no commotions.”

“In this already tiring situation, there is no need for us to make a fuss.”

“Didn’t Gardener Jeong Hae-un say the same thing? This isn’t a disaster. If so, it’s just a change, so there’s no reason for gardeners to buy it and make a fuss.”

“That ‘garden’ is also a great mystery. Even if it looks and acts like a human, it is no different from the divinities. It will be similar to our garden.”

“Even if there is a purpose, in the end, it is also a part of nature.”

They decided that the 'garden' was just a phenomenon, just as the staff of the collection had treated 'Mr. Sergio' as a natural phenomenon or a house plant. Or a ghost, or a fog, or a disaster… .

Around that time, another change occurred.

“Did you hear that?”

“What the heck….”

“I heard there’s a food stall in the dungeon.”

“……??”

This was an absurd story even to gardeners.

"yes?"

“They also sell bungeoppang.”

"why?"

It was a situation where questions arose naturally.

No, really, why?

* * *

“I thought you were going to work in the garden right away.”

George, who had been lying still at Juhyun's words, looked up at him.

“Why did you think so?”

“It was a plan created with the welfare of gardeners in mind from the beginning.”

“Yes, what Joo-hyun said is true. But since it’s come to this, there’s more… something….”

The garden laughed.

“Wouldn’t it be nice if it was fun?”

"…okay!"

As expected, his way of thinking was different.

“But I still don’t know what the criteria for Mr. Geo’s ‘fun’ is.”

“Oh, no. Are you worried? I don’t hurt people….”

“I think that standard is also quite vague. People in the world are not as mentally strong as Mr. Geo thinks.”

“When have I ever harmed a good citizen?”

“At least not by Mr. Geo’s standards.”

But Joo-hyun's friend was really big-hearted. He was so big that he believed that everyone would think like him. In other words, he had too much faith. He believed that everyone would be like him.

'Mr. Yoo Seong-un said that this is a common mistake in Shinbi's thinking. It's because he believes that all humans can do what he does. It's because he lacks information about the human race.'

Joo-hyun did not deny that viewpoint. This portrait friend often turned people into 'paint' without any thought. It meant that he did not consider the mental burden that others would feel.

Most people who have come to be paints now are probably those who voluntarily asked to become 'paints' in order to appreciate Geo's work.

“…Mr. Geo, you need to be a little more careful.”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un actually asked me not to do that.”

“That must have been a request made solely for the convenience of the curator.”

The more human-like the 'Portrait of Geo' became, the more troublesome it became for the curator. The better his human imitation became, the more abnormal Geo became. This was like a minor disaster.

“What I meant was, Geo-ssi often gets into trouble without thinking about it. It really confuses the people around him.”

“There is no reason why I shouldn’t do it, and no reason why I can’t do it, so why should I hesitate? After a brief moment of confusion, we can live more enjoyably.”

“I’ll ask again, but where did the ‘fun’ of this project come from? Why

was it a dungeon and not a garden? If it’s you, Geo, I’m sure there’s a reason for it.”

“Well, I guess.”

He covered my mouth with his hat.

“…….”

“…….”

“…Wouldn’t that be more fun?”

“I understand that you have no intention of explaining it to me.”

But Joo-hyun had guessed too. He also had a brain.

'I hope this situation becomes familiar to everyone.'

Clearly, Geo's motivation was 'I didn't want my friend Yoo Seong-un to have a hard time'. That's true. However, even though the trigger was trivial, 'Geo's Portrait' has always caused events that changed the world.

'So this incident will probably be along similar lines. That's probably why so many garden entrances were scattered throughout the world. This person must have known that the world didn't fall into chaos because of the gardeners' characteristically fierce cool-headedness…'

If Geo knew about Joo-hyun's thoughts, he would feel a little wronged.

The reason he drew so many garden entrances was to catch 'George'. He didn't block them even though they were appearing all over the world because he knew they weren't dangerous. It was just an incident of that level.

But Joo-Hyeon, who knew him through the eyes of the origin, couldn't

help but think more deeply.

'I'm trying to make the unknown mysterious realm known to everyone because most people have never seen it. That's probably why I chose a dungeon as my first business location instead of a garden. That way, people's eyes will naturally move without feeling burdened.'

Well, as a result.

"……."

It didn't seem like anything bad.

"…It may seem a bit extreme."

"Am I being harsh? It's strange, I've heard a lot of people say I'm soft and sweet."

"This time, Mr. Geo is a bit burdensome."

Joohyun quietly distanced himself.

"Where did my blunt Mr. Geo go? Where did Mr. Giovanni and Mr. Argio go?"

"Here it is."

"I don't know."

"It breaks my heart when you pretend not to know like that, Joohyun. We're friends."

"It's strange, the Geo I know wasn't such a water ghost-like person…."

"Oh my goodness, a water ghost. If you are this scared, I, a kind soul, should step aside."

George smiled broadly. His eyes curved like a butterfly playing a trick.

“You must be very scared.”

“…Please don’t go to a strict place and fool people….”

“It’s unfair, I was just in love.”

“It’s trash to make someone unable to live without that love and then just walk away.”

“Then I guess I’m a pretty piece of trash, right?”

"aha…."

“Then I have already fulfilled my duty, haven’t I?”

“…….”

“Mr. Joohyun?”

Joohyun just kept her mouth shut.

‘… How could such a ruffian happen to my kind and honest Geo-ssi?’

I felt heartbroken, as if my gentle youngest sibling had been swallowed by bad water.

* * *

“Captain, captain.”

“I’m so tired I could die, don’t talk nonsense….”

“I heard there’s a food stall roaming around the dungeon these days.”

“Fuck, I told you not to talk nonsense.”

“Oh, really?”

The team members started crying as the leader, the hunter, started to

harass them.

“I told you, I’m not the only one who heard that?”

“We barely found our safe zone. Aren’t you tired? Why don’t you sleep instead of talking?”

“How can I catch him while the captain is awake? There is a sense of duty.”

“Then, are those rags lying around out there really so corrupt that they can’t sleep? Stop talking nonsense and rest while you can. I’ll be asleep soon anyway. Next time, you guys have to watch out….”

“No, really.”

"…ha…."

The captain nodded with a tired face.

“Okay, let’s go in and see.”

The place they were in was none other than a B-class dungeon. It was a tough dungeon for them, whose average rank was C. They knew how important it was to rest at times like this, but they persisted.

I had to assume that he had some kind of idea or intention. It could have just been a story he brought up because he was really bored. When the leader nodded, the team member brightened up and told me the rumor he had heard.

“Selling bungeoppang in the dungeon….”

“Just grow up, you little punk.”

“Oh, no, no, really?”

“Where on earth did all this bluffing begin?”

“I didn’t say that out loud. I heard it from a friend I can trust.”

“I have to be able to believe what you say.”

Why on earth did the word "bungeoppang" appear in a dungeon?

“If it’s bungeoppang, isn’t it that? A lump of flour that sometimes appears in the winter, pulled by a cart.”

In today's world, bungeoppang is not a snack that is in high demand. To be more specific, it is not a particularly delicious food, although it has a fan base. This is because there are fewer resources available than before the Great Disaster.

“Well, that’s delicious on a cold day. It’s hot and….”

“It’s just a bite, though.”

“So why did you come out all of a sudden?”

“My friend came back from a chilly dungeon and saw a food stall there.”

“Isn’t this a hallucination?”

It was the most likely guess.

“I was just so hungry.”

“Oh, that’s right, I said it was a distress situation….”

“Look at that.”

“But it’s not just one guy who says that.”

“What the heck… Then it’s not a dungeon trait.”

Very occasionally, in high-level dungeons, monsters like 'merchants' would appear. In other words, they were monsters that were part of the

story of the dungeon. They would sometimes sell tools or food materials that were helpful to hunters.

“If multiple people said that, then it wasn’t seen in the same dungeon.”

Does that make sense?

“Are there any food carts that wander through the dungeon?”

“Yes, I heard they sell a variety of things besides bungeoppang.”

“That’s funny. Let’s go in, and what else do you sell? Street food? Skewers or something?”

“Fish cake skewers, kimbap, tteokbokki… Oh, and they said they also sell sundae.”

“…Is it a snack shop-like concept? The menu looks better than I thought.”

The captain hunter also heard from his parents. Before the great disaster, snacks were sold in places like food stalls. Now, you have to go to a proper restaurant to eat them.

“It’s quite funny that they sell that kind of food at a street stall.”

“Right? Oh, I’m hungry… I wish you would come to us too.”

“I’m already starving, so why are you saying something like that?”

The captain clicked his tongue.

“Okay, then rest.”

They were isolated.

The blizzard that swept through the area was stealing away my body temperature every moment. I barely managed to find a safe zone in

the shape of a cave, but it was wide and there was no food or weapons. Dangerous monsters were lurking around here.

‘Damn, if only there were fewer monsters…’

I brought the kids here to have a blast and ended up killing them all. I frowned in disgust, and a team member who had been hesitating took something out. The captain saw it.

“Over there, this….”

It was a blue jewel.

“…An artifact? I don’t feel anything different, but why did you bring something like this? Isn’t it just a jewel?”

“No, I got this from volunteer work.”

“Volunteering… Oh, right. You said you were a member of the Cloak Church.”

“Hey, I’m not a believer. I’m just participating in club activities.”

“But it was recognized as a religion. So what is this? Can I eat it?”

“How do you eat this, are you crazy?!”

The teammate who had been jumping up and down hugged the jewel tightly.

“I got this directly from Black Cloak!”

“…What? Black Cloak gives you jewels too?”

“That, something… It’s something that members who have been active for a while have at least one of. It’s like a badge for veterans.”

“So why did you show me this?”

“…My friend also had a piece of jewelry like this, and after it broke, a food truck came….”

“…….”

“…Shall we try it?”

The captain nodded.

“…Try it.”

There was no way to know if what the team member said was true. It could have made things even more complicated.

The Black Cloak is a divine being. It is said to be a friendly being that shows quite a human appearance, but its essence is ultimately close to a natural phenomenon. And the captain thought it was crazy to trust such a natural phenomenon.

'There are many hunters who have performed summoning rituals in the dark in situations like this and passed away.'

But at this point, it's time to do something crazy.

“What difference would it make if we fail even more since we’re already failed anyway?”

“Oh, a little.”

It was when my teammate got annoyed and tried to break the jewel.

“—Are you going to break it?”

“…….”

“Don't break it.”

A pure white hand wrapped around the hand of a teammate.

“What a pity.”

“…Uh, uh….”

The team members and the captain turned their heads and looked at the owner of the hand.

“Just call me.”

A being like a flower garden in spring.

It was quite natural, I blended in with them.

* * *

Why do people keep trying to break my gifts?

Geo, who is soft-hearted, has been in deep trouble these days.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (312)

312

Episode 312

Geo's gardener welfare plan was nothing special.

“Become a pig, yap.”

“Gururur!”

That was all.

Those countless garden friends I had drawn before? They have egos. They have the right to be independent. In other words, there was no indication of the world that the garden friends had secretly offered in Geo's plan.

'But it's not a big problem.'

That's because I only drew good friends just in case.

'They're not the type of kids who would cause an accident.'

Geo believed in my so-called children.

But when we actually tried to do business, there were no customers. Of course, we could have provided door-to-door service, but that wasn't a food stall. It was just a common business trip these days. I'm sorry to say, but it wasn't romantic or fun.

And George, the incarnation of dopamine, wouldn't allow it.

“Is there no romance in human life?”

It's not even fun?

“That’s not right.”

Additional plans arose from there.

“Let’s start marketing.”

"meow."

“Okay, Dana. Just ask them, whether they’re alive or dead. I’ll try to persuade them. It’s my specialty.”

“Kung?”

“Honey, if you can catch your little brother, then do it. Of course, I won’t just sit still.”

George was quite determined.

“This is a tragedy that happened because there were few people floating around in the garden…!”

So I targeted places with a lot of floating population. That was the dungeon.

Dungeons were usually populated by people. There was even a saying that if you own just one decent dungeon, you can support a guild for three generations.

So, while there may be unpopular dungeons on this planet, there have never been undiscovered dungeons. Probably.

“For a restaurant to become famous, it must first be known. That’s how people come from far away. A truly famous restaurant should be able

to attract people even from far away….”

“Huh…?”

“Father, please trust this beautiful son. Even though he looks like this, he has traveled a lot. There is no way my perspective is wrong… If that doesn’t work out, I will kidnap him as a last resort.”

"dream??"

“Fortunately, this is still a blue ocean. There are no competitors. There is demand, but no supply. Could there be a better environment for starting a business? I am confident.”

That's how Geo started his first business in the dungeon.

“…….”

The only problem was that most dungeons weren't that… narrow.

“…? There must be someone there, but why can’t they come to me…? This is strange, this can’t be happening.”

“Kung.”

“Oh, there are some bad things about the synchronization. My presence is overshadowed by the naturalness.”

“Kung?”

“It’s sad, I’m the type of person who gets entangled with people even when I just sit still.”

Flowers go to bees, or bees don't come to flowers. As the saying goes, a thirsty person digs a well. I thought they would come if they smelled honey, but the problem was that the energy of 'George' was obscured.

The reason it was covered up was because of his business partner,

Eunhyuk Cha.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t think that partner is right. Please leave him out.”

“Ahh… You don’t want to make money with me? I’m really hurt, how could you do that after coming all this way?”

“Please don’t make things difficult for the people with your crocodile tears. Seriously… I think… I think just being a part-time worker would be enough. A business partner is supposed to have a stake or something.”

“I wonder, why did I think it didn’t exist?”

“…Please tell me it doesn’t exist….”

“Why are you crying?”

Cha Eun-hyeok was a civilian. A non-Awakened person who was not a hunter, a gardener who was not a gardener. A rookie among rookies.

There was no way Geo's brain wouldn't vote on Eunhyuk Cha's safety.

-Is it really necessary to vote?

-Yes, that's right. No matter how much I think about it, I don't think Mr. George would hold back if I didn't tell him in advance.

-I don’t think it will harm Eunhyuk Cha’s health if I don’t exercise self-restraint…

- Mental health is also health. Please do not discriminate.

—Wouldn’t being captivated by the beauty of nature be a pretty good experience in life?

Three Geos opposed it.

-I don't think so.

-I don't think so.

-I don't think so either.

- The motion was rejected by a majority of the votes against. Mr. George, please refrain from doing so.

—I thought Mr. Argio would take my side, but surprisingly, you are much more delicate than I thought.

—Originally, weak subordinates need to be taken care of with care. That's the only way they can become adults who do their part.

-Aha, that kind of perspective?

Wasn’t it obvious that I wouldn’t be able to withstand the full force of ‘George’s’ temper while maintaining my sanity? That’s why I tried to control my energy as carefully as possible… .

Unfortunately, we ended up in a situation where we couldn't promote ourselves.

“…Is that what you meant by marketing? I mean, the face?”

“That’s included too.”

To be exact, it was a belief in George's characteristics.

“I’m such a sweet person that people come to me even if I just stay still.”

“…….”

“Don’t look at me like that. I’m hurt. I was just talking about my physical characteristics.”

“So, face….”

“No, there are other things besides that that naturally attract attention.”

They say that each person feels something different. Some say it's a scent, some say it's beauty, and some say it's comfort, excitement, or love.

“Yes, love.”

He was the type of person who would be loved even if he just stayed still. That was his fate.

In a garden that was the very embodiment of mystical nature, there was no human being that George could not enchant, especially if he was in some way entangled in love.

“This is difficult, if we go like this, we’ll have to provide on-site service.”

“How about putting up some flyers? Don’t move around yourself.”

“Why are you stopping me?”

“I’m afraid that innocent civilians will fall into the fire pit….”

“I am not an evil person who pushes innocent civilians into a pit of fire.”

“Don’t moths fly to the light? Our country will be ruined if you do that.”

“Even though I compared it to a beautiful country, I really have no intention of ruining the country.”

“You said you ate it, you said you had a record.”

“That’s the karma of those who stabbed the side of someone who had no intention of giving them rice cakes until it bled.”

But there was another problem here.

“Where do we find people in such a large space?”

“…? You came to my house, didn’t you?

“I can’t find anyone who doesn’t have the qualities of a gardener. Isn’t that a shame?”

“That’s… uh, is that what you meant by garden?”

“You could say it’s similar to a cat trying to figure out the qualities of a can opener.”

“Can opener?”

“To put it humbly, it’s like instinctively finding your soulmate.”

“In some ways, it seems more rude than a can opener.”

“Ha, there’s nothing I can do. I really have no choice but to search for them one by one.”

So, for now, Cha Eun-hyeok was left in the food stall.

“Promise not to come out.”

“…Curator Yoo Seong-un said that I shouldn’t make promises with Sergio Hunter so easily. Am I allowed to put my finger on that right now?”

“Um, this is a decision made out of consideration for the weak Cha Eun-hyeok. Cha Eun-hyeok, who is not awakened, may face trouble at any time or in any way if he goes outside our business premises….”

“I will stay here.”

“Right, be good.”

That is how the journey of the two-legged garden began.

Of course, the road wasn't easy. Dungeons that needed a 'food stall'

were usually so big that they were dirty. Geo had no choice but to run around and show off his sales skills.

It was quite an interesting process though.

“…….”

George was very temperamental.

“Hmm, I’m sick of it.”

“Kung?”

“If you think about it, why do I have to go out of my way to do this, honey?”

“Kung…?”

“You must come and catch this precious body.”

So Geo decided to become the 'hidden picture' in the hidden picture game.

Surprisingly, people responded to it. The sweet scent of the 'garden' was not completely hidden, although it was suppressed. As soon as you approached a certain radius, guests would naturally become captivated.

“You are my first customer.”

“…Ah, ahh….”

“Come here, are you tired? Let me help you.”

"you are…."

“It only costs a very small price.”

“…….”

In this way, Geo succeeded in his first sale.

"excuse me."

And there was a bit of backlash from Cha Eun-hyuk.

“What if I really get possessed?”

“But you’re still eating.”

“No matter how I look at it, the customer is not in his right mind.”

“Are you out of your mind? You’re even having a nice conversation with me….”

Geo smiled, caressing the hunter's cheek.

“Right?”

“Yes, yes.”

Cha Eun-hyeok drank the cabbage juice without saying a word. It was one of the employee welfare items that Geo had placed inside the food stall because Joo-hyun had said she might need it.

At first, he said it was burdensome and difficult to eat, but now he is eating it. It seems like it was worth encouraging him, so Geo asked with a smile.

“Oh, that tastes good, right?”

“…? Is this… cabbage juice? Why is it so sweet and rich? No matter how much I think about it, it doesn’t taste like it should come from cabbage.”

“This is the juice I squeezed myself from the cabbage I grew myself. I remembered hearing somewhere that cabbage juice is good for stress-related gastritis.”

“I don’t know how to react when you look so refreshed even though you know why I drank it.”

“Isn’t it okay to smile after eating something delicious? Well, it’s hard to imagine Cha Eun-hyeok smiling like that, so it’s okay to just stay that way.”

“Excuse me, when do you close work here?”

Anyway, this ridiculous 'romantic marketing' had its own success. The existence of the 'food stall' became known among a very small number of hunters. If you find something beautiful, it will guide you to a safe zone of a different dimension... .

Surprisingly, the detailed appearances and numbers of the staff were not known.

“Why?”

“Because you’re not in your right mind…?”

“You said you were in your right mind.”

“Now that I think about it, I don’t think that’s true.”

Most of the 'guests' were so fascinated by George that they were unaware of his objective information.

“…Then why can I perceive it?”

“Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok and I are friends, right? Then it’s only fair that we can see each other.”

“I don’t think I should say we’re not friends here.”

“Try it, that sounds fun.”

“I won’t do it.”

Cha Eun-hyeok decided to stay true to his role as a worker.

'What would Cha Ara say if she saw me like this?'

I tried to explain it in my own way because I thought it might surprise people if they found out later, but no matter how much I thought about it, I felt like my explanation wasn't enough. Even while thinking that way, Cha Eun-hyuk diligently baked bungeoppang. He had to work as much as he was paid.

And it was around that time that Geo fell into a bit of confusion, which was unusual for him. Rumors spread among a small group of hunters, and the government and the association learned of the existence of the 'food stall'. And the gardeners shared that information too...

"……?"

Geo felt his gift broken somewhere.

"Oh, what is it?"

I'm sad.

When I went to find him, I found out that he was none other than a member of the Mantle Church. I wondered what was broken, and it was a jewel. The jewel that had been given out as a 'portrait of Geo.'

It seemed to have broken while moving around too much in the dungeon. I decided to let it slide since it wasn't intentional.

'Rather, wouldn't it be a profitable situation since we found a new customer?'

It all started with me smiling and welcoming the guests. No matter how much I think about it, this was the root cause.

This time, it felt like someone had deliberately broken the gift.

“Hey, what is it? What is it?”

“Why are you doing that?”

“People keep breaking my presents.”

“Why on earth would you do such a terrible thing?”

“I see…? Why is that?”

Geo went to find the people who broke the jewel. But they looked too pitiful to say, 'Hey, I'm a little upset.' My good club members were starving. I had to feed them right away.

“Oh, thank you. Thank you so much….”

“Yeah, it’s okay, so eat it.”

“In exchange, my life…!”

“It’s burdensome.”

I thought it was a bit much to give up your life for a few bowls of ramen. In the end, Geo received the broken jewel and the Hunter's headdress in return. This was also a form of business, so it wasn't something you could give away for free.

Anyway, except for a few minor issues, the 'food truck' business was going well. Geo said with a happy smile.

“Now that we’ve done a trial run, I think we can slowly resume normal operations.”

“Then what’s different from before?”

“Now you will receive the money.”

“Do you accept money too? Mr. Geo?”

“Of course I am a natural person, but I am a natural person who has become civilized in a way, so please don’t look at me that way.”

A few days later, when it seemed as if the jewel-breaking incident had been forgotten, someone was trying to break the jewel again.

“Oh no, it won’t work.”

“Ah… who else said they would break the jewels?”

“Yes, no, really, why are you like that… You are really strange people….”

Of course, Geo wasn't really unaware of why people made such choices.

The jewel was shattered by accident, and a 'food cart' was summoned. However, when I broke the jewel myself afterwards, a 'food cart' really came. In other words, it was a situation right before the premise that 'when you break the jewel of the black cloak in an emergency, a food cart is summoned' was established.

But it was a misunderstanding. Geo was just a pitiful portrait that was causing a little chaos because people broke the gift he had given.

This shouldn't continue. Geo became anxious.

“Are you going to break that?”

Anyway, that's what happened.

* * *

“…What next?”

Hunter hesitated and answered the researcher's question.

“I, this really isn’t a story that would be harmful to you, Cloak-nim….”

“We, the Korean Hunter Association, interpret Black Cloak in a favorable light. What you experienced this time was not harmful or negative to humans, so please feel free to answer. It is just one of Black Cloak’s affectionate characteristics.”

“If that’s the case, then that’s good.”

The hunter sighed deeply.

“Oh, what should I say? It was really… really pretty.”

“You don’t remember the specific gender or appearance?”

“Did all the people before me testify like that? Oh, right. She was so pretty… and wonderful… and she smelled sweet, and her smile was gentle and all. But I can’t remember what she actually looked like.”

“This is one of the common symptoms of people who are fascinated. But don’t worry too much. The medical report came back and there is nothing wrong with your health.”

“He must be one of Black Cloak’s disciples, but I don’t think he would harm me, a member of the club. No, actually, just looking at him… really….”

“You said it was beautiful?”

“You were lovely.”

The hunter smiled sheepishly.

“You say such things even though I don’t even know your face.”

She continued her explanation.

“Then my friend… Oh, the hunter I reported to the association before is my friend. I went through a similar process as that friend. He kindly guided me to a warm and cozy food stall.”

“All the hunters who were there.”

“What did I eat? First, I ate the bungeoppang. Wow, it was really delicious. It was amazing. I wondered if bungeoppang could be that fancy. The red bean paste was really thick and fluffy….”

“Yes, and?”

“The captain ate fish cake skewers. No, actually, I think he ate everything they sold there. And he paid for it.”

"aha?"

The researcher asked back.

“You paid money in return…?”

“Yes, yes. My friend said he gave me some odds and ends, but we… paid with money.”

“Does this mean you had cash with you at the time?”

“That’s not it, but I heard that you can transfer money through an account…? They said that I could transfer money within a month of exiting the dungeon, so I ate something, cleared the dungeon, and then went out and transferred it right away.”

“…….”

“The city of emptiness patted me on the head and said I did a good job. It was awesome.”

The researcher, who had been silent for a moment, asked.

“When you deposited the money, wasn’t the recipient’s name not provided when transferring the money?”

“Huh? Oh, no. I don’t remember well because I was so out of it… I

don’t think the name showed up. I checked the bank transfer records later, but there was nothing.”

“So, do you remember the account number? If you don’t mind, I’d also like your consent to check Hunter’s bank records.”

“Oh, I’m fine. And if you give me a pen, I can write down the account number for you.”

“Thank you for your cooperation.”

The researcher quickly checked the account Hunter had provided. It was definitely an account in the format used by one of the commercial banks.

It wasn't long before we figured out who owned the account.

“Oh, can I ask you something? Has our Cloak-nim finally created an account?”

“…I don’t think it’ll be a problem if I tell you up to this point. But, um, no. It doesn’t seem like Black Cloak created the account.”

“Then who on earth did I send the money to…?”

“It was delivered to one of the second-class citizens. Perhaps you, Hunter, know this person. Do you recognize his face?”

"…uh!!"

The hunter jumped up.

“This is the grandmother who was assigned to the volunteer work that I was in charge of!!”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“…I never told you that, so how do you know?”

“That’s what the association does, you know.”

“That is true, but.”

The hunter, who had been feeling uneasy, crossed his arms.

“But not now. The Hunter thing got a little busy, so the opportunity went to someone else.”

“The account holder recently broke his ankle while cleaning the street….”

“It’s broken?!”

“No, it’s just a sprain. But at this age, it’s something to be concerned about.”

“Ah, what should I do…! When will this end?! I have to go see you right away!!”

“I think it will be over soon.”

It seemed as if there was some sort of regularity there.

* * *

“Geo, where did the money go?”

George, who was lying down in his house, answered Yoo Seong-un's question.

“…? It must have gone to someone who needed it, right?”

“…Why do you react as if you don’t know?”

“I don’t necessarily need to know everything.”

“Then how did you fill out the account?”

“I just took it out of my hat and put it on.”

"hat…?"

His gaze fell on Geo's shiny hat.

“You just came out of there?”

“This is actually a magic hat.”

“Oh, that’s great.”

Yoo Seong-un smiled innocently.

“I think it would be better for me to be human in my next life.”

“You keep saying that these days. What is your intention?”

“I’m asking you to look after me a lot.”

Because I'm scared to death.

* * *

And a few days later, the number of gardeners increased rapidly.

“Hey, Geo’s portrait, talk to me.”

“The price of talking to me is quite expensive.”

“Oh my, what is this? Why is it so bright? No, that’s not it.”

Jeong Hae-woon came and asked.

“What did you do?”

“What did you do? What are you going to do?”

“Please accept my bow first.”

“I really like the way this great adult conducts himself. He’s amazing.”

“Teacher, you are the savior of my life.”

“Mmm, this candy coating. It’s so sweet.”

“Is there anything else you need?”

He swore allegiance to this benevolent garden.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (313)

313

Episode 313

Although it is a very inefficient method, gardeners are usually selected and created.

The garden had to select only the most qualified people, but there were several problems with this. First of all, most qualified people did not reveal themselves and lived in hiding.

“Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok is considered a nobleman.”

Jeong Hae-woon pretended to sob and wiped his tears with a handkerchief.

“It’s only been 32 years since the great disaster. So many superstitions are still prevalent in the world. In fact, there are some real mysteries among them that should not be called mere superstitions.”

“Oh, that, yes. I see.”

Cha Eun-hyeok nodded with a trembling face. Jeong Hae-woon continued.

“How creepy would it be to have a ‘being who sees what others cannot’ in a situation like this?”

“Uhm….”

“Oh, I definitely didn’t mean to offend Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok. It’s just an objective fact. People who see hallucinations even though they’re not hunters are bound to be ostracized.”

“I didn’t feel bad. I fully acknowledge that.”

“Thank you for your understanding. You are indeed a very patient person. There was a reason why you were chosen by Master Sergio.”

Of course, this is an era where the soul is acknowledged to exist. However, this is limited to hunters. How can a non-awakened person without such skills see something that others cannot? In the worst case, it could even lead to witch hunts.

In the case of small towns that managed themselves, such incidents, big and small, actually happened. To people with an old-fashioned mindset, a being with such qualities would seem like a harbinger of catastrophe.

So what can we do? We have to hide ourselves.

“But in cases where the surrounding people are overly stimulated, it can really go so far as to kill the precious talent. In fact, there are quite a few such cases, especially in the case of local residents.”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyuk's expression became subtle.

“…I, so I too… was in danger?”

“Didn’t you hide those characteristics because you thought they were dangerous?”

“Oh, that’s just… I didn’t see my siblings so that’s why I did that….”

“I think it was one of those instincts that ultimately made me not want to be alienated. And when alienation becomes severe, it becomes

exclusion, and when exclusion becomes severe, it becomes hostility. Especially in these tough times, hostility tends to turn into murderous intent.”

“…That may be true.”

Cha Eun-hyuk couldn't deny it in the end. Geo asked him.

“Have you ever seen such a case? It’s quicker to understand than you think.”

“Murders among third-class citizens… Yes, they are quite frequent. There are no hunters or personnel to systematically manage the town like in a city, and the number of police officers is very small. I understand that there are many cases of fifth-class citizens, who are vicious criminals, hiding out.”

“Then isn’t it almost isolated?”

“It’s a little better in towns like ours where there’s a terminal connected to the city. But there are many towns that are completely isolated and don’t even have a terminal. Those places have a really closed atmosphere.”

Jeong Hae-woon gave a kind explanation to Geo, who seemed to be having a hard time understanding.

“Why aren’t there a lot of those in old movies? Villages with closed cultures. They reject outsiders, are easily influenced by cults, have strange traditions, and are a bit creepy… Villages that seem like they would appear in a thriller or horror movie.”

“I just understood.”

“This is just a fragmentary example that shows that the aftereffects of the disaster are still lingering. Of course, the association and the government are trying to understand and manage it… but with the

resident registration number system gone, it is also difficult to figure out where and what kind of villages have been created.”

Above all, such a town is hated by the association and the government. Very likely.

“I guess you could say it’s a somewhat hated position.”

“Why does the village reject outsiders so much?”

“Well… this is a boundary that has quite a reasonable basis.”

“Is there a reason? For hating the Association and the Government?”

“The government did some stupid things in the early stages of the disaster.”

Joohyun, who had been listening quietly, nodded.

“I had a lot of work to do.”

“That’s true.”

Yoo Seong-un also agreed.

“To be blunt, there were many cases of human trafficking and biological experiments. The idiots who tried to overcome the fear of the new concept of mystery with science caused a huge accident.”

"oh my god."

“The problem is that those idiots were the ones in power in several countries. I think I told you this once, but the heads of the previous governments weren’t cut off for nothing.”

“You did that even though there was a real threat from the Awakened?”

“Ah, until then, the Awakened ones… how should I put it….”

When Yoo Seong-un trailed off, Jeong Hae-un smiled and explained on his behalf.

“Even if you hit them hard, they were nothing more than mercenaries. In other words, the status of the Awakened was almost like that of slaves. The eyes of other people were not kind either.”

“But each and every one of those individuals must have been strong. I don’t quite understand why they rejected the only strong person who could stop the oncoming monsters instead of being grateful and clinging to him.”

“That’s why it was only during the early and middle stages of the Great Calamity. At first, the Awakened were also afraid of their own power. The government was also pushing the atmosphere that way… In the opposite case, it was people who were drunk on power, but this side did things that could be called monsters.”

“Oh.”

“But Korea was a case where it recovered quite quickly. It was worth it to blow off the lid several times. After repeating the process of large and small coups and recovering, Korea became what it is today. Isn’t it strange?”

Geo looked at Jeong Hae-woon with pitiful eyes.

“Thank you for your hard work.”

“Thank you for your understanding.”

Jeong Hae-woon raised both thumbs up and continued his explanation.

“Anyway, the hunters of the past didn’t have much say. And the

Korean government only tried to control those hunters and all citizens. In the process, several incidents occurred…."

"Is that the human trafficking and biological experimentation that Mr. Yoo Seong-un just mentioned?"

"There were other incidents as well. There were instances where innocent people were beheaded and falsely accused in the wrong village. This was broadcasted live and was seen by all the citizens."

"In short, it was politics of fear."

"That's right. And as history has proven, this kind of politics doesn't last long. Even with the real danger of the Hunters, what's the big deal? The Hunters soon realized the extent of their power and turned the country upside down."

Joo-hyun intervened and pointed at Jeong Hae-woon.

"One of them is the guild leader, Jeong Hae-un."

"Oh, it's so embarrassing when you praise me like this."

"At least in Korea, there is nothing they can't do with the name of 'Symbol of Eternity.' Such treatment is a respect and gratitude for the achievements they have made. They have created a world worth living in."

"If it fails, it's a rebellion; if it succeeds, it's a revolution."

Jeong Hae-woon smiled and nodded.

"In our case, it was a revolution."

"……."

"You look so salty."

“My heart is breaking.”

“I guess it was right that you gave birth to us.”

“It must have been hard.”

He knew that Jeong Hae-woon was old on the outside but still childish on the inside. Thinking that a child who hadn't grown up yet had walked that rough, thorny path while wearing the mask of an adult made him feel more than bitter; it made his heart ache.

Geo thought he should grill some meat before going out.

“…….”

“Well, well… let’s leave that aside.”

Jeong Hae-woon naturally avoided Sergio's gaze. It was a slightly awkward avoidance.

“It hasn’t been that long since we replaced that crazy government. There are probably a lot of citizens who remember that time. Those who could hide hid as much as they could… Thanks to that, the government can no longer figure out how many citizens there are in Korea.”

Before the great disaster, wasn't this Korea's strength and weakness? Resident registration numbers for administrative convenience, and CCTVs installed everywhere. Thanks to this, crimes could be caught if possible.

But now that wasn't possible.

“Of course we know that. If we want to figure it out, we can figure it out. Our hunters are so capable that if we put our minds to it, there’s nothing they can’t do. However, if we want to do this, we’ll have to go through a lot of resistance.”

“If you call it a backlash….”

“The hostility of the hidden people, the worries of the city dwellers who want to focus on city management, the stress of the hunters who have to deal with people instead of monsters. And so on. Korea is not yet that relaxed enough to handle all of this.”

“That may be true too.”

“In the same vein, installing a teleportation terminal in a local village is also extremely difficult. First of all, how are we going to deal with the suspicion and fierce opposition of the villagers? Also, there needs to be personnel on site to manage it, so I’m worried about whether those people will be able to integrate well into the village.”

“It’s a people problem after all.”

“As always.”

Jeong Hae-woon laughed in vain.

“That’s why most villages naturally have a closed culture. They reject outside influences, so they easily harbor hostility toward ‘unfamiliar things.’ So when a ‘talent’ born in such a village is discovered for their uniqueness, they usually… well… end up having a lot of bad experiences.”

He shrugged.

“That may not be the case. If you’re lucky, the atmosphere in the village is mild.”

“I don’t think there are that many cases like that.”

“Normally, the elders of the village are the ones who are on high alert due to the aftermath of a great disaster and the government’s nonsense, so there’s nothing we can do about it. The person with the

most say in the village hates the outside world, so we all have to hate it together.”

Jeong Hae-woon smiled brightly.

“This is one of the reasons why I run around every day until my feet sweat.”

“I heard that you have to work overtime every day. Is that true?”

“Oh, of course, of course. If I don’t work, there are a lot of people who would die.”

"hmm."

Geo took out a sandwich with meat in it. Jeong Hae-woon stopped him.

“Why are you locking me in this shack? I would greatly appreciate it if you could put me in there.”

“Eating won’t kill you.”

“Please, Mr. Child, please forgive me. I don’t want to live in this peaceful cabin forever.”

“I don’t imprison people arbitrarily.”

“You must be crazy. I don’t trust the pink-haired portrait, but I don’t trust the current you.”

“It seems like you know how to trick people pretty well. Since you trust me now, I’ll stop for now.”

“I am so grateful that I could cry.”

anyway.

“How did gardeners find talent until now? They just had to go out and

do it. They would see them in person, take tests, check their aptitude, and then sneak up on them and kidnap them.”

“Kidnapping? Did you really have to go that far?”

“It’s called kidnapping, but strictly speaking, it’s scouting. Without checking each and every one of them, it was impossible to buy… no, recruit them. It was so hard that everyone was just hiding.”

Cha Eun-hyuk apologized with a slightly embarrassed face.

"sorry."

“I didn’t mean to ask for an apology.”

There wasn't really anything to apologize for.

“You can’t force talented people to work if they don’t want to. But it’s a huge psychological blow when talented people easily abandon you, disappear, and hide. It makes me think the world is going to end.”

furthermore.

“This isn’t the only problem.”

“Yes, because the gardener must choose that talent to become a gardener.”

Geo asked in response to Yoo Seong-un's question.

“How do gardeners usually choose their gardeners?”

“Uh… I think Mr. George used a similar analogy. It’s like a real cat choosing its owner. That, that can opener, that thing.”

“So you’re just doing whatever you want.”

“I guess so.”

At that point, Jeong Hae-woon intervened.

“There is a commonality. The talent chosen as a gardener is usually a good fit for the garden. In other words, it is a matter of selecting a ‘capable slave who seems like he will adapt well.’”

"slave?"

"slave."

Jeong Hae-un did not correct his words.

“The garden seems to have a sense of self. Maybe it does. It’s to the point where we have to wonder whether we should treat an extremely well-made artificial intelligence as a person or not. But that makes it all the more cruel.”

They usually had no mercy. If we were to give an example of a human being, they could be compared to a sociopath or psychopath who lacks something.

“I think it might be easier to understand if you think of it as a black company.”

“Are you manipulating your employees?”

“Let’s say that you need to replace 10 people to get the results you want. But in fact, you can get similar results by replacing 1 person. So, should the company hire 10 people or 1 person?”

“If you had a conscience, you would use 10 people.”

“If there isn’t one, it would be one person. That’s exactly what happens when Jeongwon is a company without a conscience. They have no humanity, so they have no mercy or consideration. If one person breaks down, it’s more efficient to hire another person and replace them.”

Cha Eun-hyeok asked quietly.

“But the garden… isn’t a real company. It doesn’t need money either.”

“Oh, that’s a good question. It’s in this sense that you can feel that the garden is truly a neutral entity and a natural disaster. Did Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok hear this explanation from Mr. Yoo Seong-woon?”

“Yes, what explanation?”

“The world can be divided into two disciplines: mystery and science.”

“I heard it.”

“Then where do humans belong?”

"…science?"

“What about the garden?”

"mystery…."

“So where does the gardener belong?”

“…Aren’t those people also human?”

“That’s right, a human being. A person. A real person.”

Jeong Hae-woon nodded as if he had guessed correctly.

“The garden requires a high-functioning computer with the delicate talents and abilities of a human being, but that human being is not a mystery. It is just a human being who can be deeply absorbed in mystery. In other words, it is a case of borrowing resources from other areas.”

That is why gardens usually employ only one gardener, so as not to break down the boundary between mystery and science. There is no greed or resource issue involved.

It's just a matter of balance and efficiency. And this again means the law of nature. Just as cold water goes down and hot water goes up. Just as ice floats on water and air circulates.

That's all.

“That is why gardens are usually so merciless to gardeners.”

“Hmm.”

Geo's hair was dyed pastel tones.

“It’s trash?”

“Oh, my goodness. I can’t believe I’m hearing this from a two-legged gardener.”

“Are you not even treating me like a human being right in front of my face? It’s sad.”

“What’s sad about calling a garden a garden?”

Certainly, by human standards, the garden had to be trash. Usually, the garden bewitches the gardener. It makes you love it deeply, and then takes that love hostage and shakes it up. Make you work. Make you do better.

And then, when the gardener is ruined, they find another gardener. They replace him without any regrets. That's because it's efficient. Because they are devoted to love and desperate because they are devoted, that desperation is bound to be expressed in the most efficient way.

Gardeners usually split up like that.

“If we are to judge by human standards, there is no other trash like this.”

“I treat you with love and kindness, so please don’t treat me the same way.”

“…Can you please go back to black?”

“Yeah.”

"phew."

Jeong Hae-woon, feeling relieved, quickly got up from his seat.

“In that sense, our ‘Portrait of Geo’ has done a great job. Now, everyone, applause.”

Clap clap clap… .

Awkward applause followed.

“Now, shit, I! With my feet! I don’t have to run…!!”

“Oh.”

“This is mercy! This is consideration! This is love!!”

The applause for Jeong Hae-un, who stood up, was extremely loud and clear.

* * *

“The reason why the number of gardeners has suddenly increased….”

Seo Seo-hee pointed to the landscape painting in front of her.

“Thanks to these guys?”

“Yes, that’s what I’ve figured out so far.”

“How on earth?”

“These paintings are looking for ‘talent.’”

“So what do you do?”

“If it matches well, you swallow it, but if it doesn’t, you spit it out.”

“What kind of crap are you talking about?”

“But it’s true.”

A total of 10,000 landscape paintings by Geo were being selected by a gardener.

“They say that the gardeners who were successfully swallowed are spat out on Gyeongbokgung Palace or some other landmarks. The association is currently inviting such talented people and providing them with detailed explanations.”

“Gyeongbokgung Palace? Landmark?”

“That is….”

The association researcher, who had been hesitating, said.

“Gardeners say it seems to spit out a mysterious vein or spring located in a place with a lot of human traffic.”

“…….”

Seo Seo-hee couldn't help but think of her portrait teacher.

‘… It’s something to give a standing ovation to because I like Jeong Hae-woon.’

What on earth does that portrait artist want?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (314)

314

Episode 314

Most gardeners have a deep mistrust of humans.

“I want to go back to that tree…! Heheheehe…!!”

“Relax, sir. Just take a quick quiz and we’ll be done in no time.”

“Lies! You’re going to feed me to monsters! You’re going to experiment on me! You’re going to sell me to slave traders!!”

“Please fix it, that won’t happen.”

The 'talent' who will take care of the garden is randomly generated. And within a country, the cities are small. The provinces are large. Therefore, most 'talent' are born and raised in the provinces.

Many of them grew up in a closed culture, in a town where outrageous conspiracy theories circulated. No matter how politely they were treated, such a person could not possibly remain sane within the Society.

“Are you feeling calmer now?”

“I, I’m really not going to eat you…? No, I’m not…?”

“If you want, we can write a soul contract for you, so please trust us just a little.”

“…Yes, yes, I will do that. I’m sorry.”

“Here, bring me the contract.”

But the staff of the association were experienced, especially veterans in the field of mystery, and they easily managed to control the anxiety of the new gardener. It wasn't that difficult.

Consistently and politely, in a place where the surroundings are clearly visible, with the door wide open, and giving the other person the confidence that they can act on their own initiative.

Then, shortly thereafter, the new gardener opened his mouth.

“Oh, I was in the village… and suddenly a picture appeared….”

“Was it by any chance the same type of painting as the landscape depicted in this photograph?”

“Huh? Oh, yes, yes. That’s right. It felt exactly like that.”

What they saw was definitely a new series of works by Black Cloak, 'Landscapes'. Black Cloak's work was the only one that could give the same feeling as seeing the real thing through a photograph alone.

“But it felt really good. Me, those, those, those monsters….”

“It’s okay, we know about that monster’s existence. You’re not crazy.”

“…Yes, it felt completely different from those monsters.”

“If it’s okay, can you tell me how you felt? We know of your existence, but we don’t know what a talented person like you feels. I just wanted to share a little bit.”

“Oh, that’s it. That feeling when you see a really pretty flower or a nice tree…? It’s really refreshing, and something like that… I think. When you climb high up on a mountain and look down, you feel like your

insides are wide open.”

“Indeed, it’s the feeling I get when I see natural scenery….”

This was also the same opinion as the rookie gardeners who spat out the mysterious vein. Even if they were not necessarily 'talented', everyone who saw this series of black cloaks said similar impressions. It felt like seeing a grand nature.

But the 'talented' ones went a little further.

“And it smelled so sweet.”

“Was it the scent of flowers?”

“It’s like honey… and, um. It’s not burdensome… but soft?”

“At least it wasn’t an artificial scent.”

“Oh, a flower garden? I thought lying down in a flower garden would give off a similar scent. Um, sorry. I want to make a proper analogy, but I don’t know much about it.”

“Just letting you know would be a huge help. Is there anything else you noticed?”

“…I felt like it was calling me.”

What should I say?

“It feels like someone is whispering next to me.”

“Is it different from telepathy?”

“T, telepathy? Was that really something?”

“It’s a skill that some hunters possess.”

“Wow, that’s amazing….”

'Injae', who grew up in a closed village, didn't know much about the Awakened. Even though he heard stories, he doubted the reliability of the information. He grew up in an environment where it was difficult to distinguish the truth of information.

And a beautiful painting, a 'landscape painting', appeared before a young man who grew up in such a village. It is said that when the young man, who was completely absorbed in it, approached it, the painting whispered softly.

“I asked if I could come inside.”

“Is that a picture?”

“Yes, that, that tree painting….”

“Did you come to talk to me?”

“I don’t really know. It just felt like he was really talking to me, uh… If you ask me what language I spoke, I can’t tell you. But it really felt that way. I, really do.”

“We’re not disbelieving you. We were just trying to make sure I understood correctly, so don’t worry. It’s really fascinating.”

The researcher skillfully tricked the opponent and obtained information.

“So you went into the painting, right?”

“I was feeling dizzy… I blinked a few times and it felt like morning? When I came to, the tree I saw in the picture was right in front of me. Wow, it was so beautiful and magnificent…!”

“That’s amazing. Did you also say that you were chosen that way?”

“Yes, I felt like I belonged to that tree. And then my hair turned brown like this… and my eyes turned green… is this how it’s going to be for

the rest of my life…?”

“As far as we know, yes. Depending on the state of the ‘tree’ you are talking about, it may change slightly. It can be dyed using skills or items, but the state will remain the same. If you wish, we can lend you the item.”

“…Oh, no, I like the color now….”

The new gardener smiled shyly and stroked his hair.

“I, that, but.”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“Is there, by any chance, a place where I could… work? Th, that.”

“Oh, I understand what you mean.”

The researcher nodded.

“Are you hesitant to return to the village where you used to live?”

“…Actually, that’s a little bit….”

Superstitions were already rampant, and people did not look kindly on her. Ever since she was little, she was regarded as an 'unlucky child who sees illusions' and was regarded with hostility. And now that even the color of her hair and eyes has changed... .

“If I go back, I might get beaten to death…!! Please save me!!”

“We’ll take measures to prevent that from happening, so you don’t have to worry too much. We can also help you find a place to live in a town with an open atmosphere. Oh, of course, it won’t be free, but you can pay it back little by little while working…”

“What, what can I do? I’m good at anything! Just tell me what to do

and I'll do my best!"

"Then, please listen to my story from now on."

From here, the association staff informed the new gardener of his or her identity.

"You have become a gardener. The huge tree that you encountered, sir, is called a 'garden,' and you, chosen by that amazing and mysterious nature, are called a 'gardener.'"

"Uh… yes, yes?"

"Let me tell you in advance. If you want to pay back the housing and living expenses we are supporting you with, I think it would be the fastest and most suitable way to pay it back while working as a gardener."

"Uh uh…."

"Okay, that's fine. I'll explain it to you step by step from now on."

In this way, the association staff instilled knowledge in the novice gardener. Then, by mutual agreement, they recorded the gardener's personal information. Information such as his address, name, and age.

"We have recorded this, but we will not be monitoring or suppressing you as you are worried about. However, if you seek help from the association or the government, we need to have a record of the gardener so that we can decide whether or not to help you."

"Ah, yes, yes. Yes."

"If it's okay with you, I can introduce you to some other gardeners. The people on this list have agreed to share their phone numbers with other gardeners. You'll probably need help from these colleagues to get used to working as a gardener."

“Well then, can you recommend someone… please?”

“Would you be comfortable with a woman of the same age? Then I will recommend someone of similar age. I think this person would be good. She is the same age and gender as you, but she has been working as a gardener for a long time….”

And naturally, in this process, a department was created to manage new gardeners in the association. Because the Black Cloak series, ‘Landscape Painting’, was closely observed, changes could be made quickly.

Naturally, the one who was happiest in this situation was gardener Jeong Hae-un.

“Hey, Hara, I’m crying.”

“Cry.”

“I'm really crying.”

He cried with emotion.

“Oh my, are you really crying?”

The president of the association, Dan Hae-ra, enjoyed watching the scene for the first time in a long while. It was rare to see a friend with a rough and rebellious attitude show such behavior. It was worth putting aside work for a moment and watching it.

Dan Hae-ra, who had seen everything, nodded and asked.

“I heard that you have a good rapport with Black Cloak.”

“I did not recognize that noble person and dared to act presumptuously. There was a reason why I served and served you in the past.”

“Would you like to serve and receive it?”

“Oh, of course. I could not have received the mercy of that good man without getting down on these cheap knees. Believe me, sir.”

Jeong Hae-woon reflected. Why did I forget and not recognize that good person? He vowed and vowed again that he would never make a fuss again. Jeong Hae-woon, who had slept soundly for six hours for the first time in a long while, felt very good.

“Can you believe it? I slept for six hours? Without waking up even once?”

“That’s definitely surprising….”

“When the gardens I used to visit often and only knew their faces were spread all over the world, I wondered what they were doing. Well, wouldn’t such a mysterious thing have a great meaning? The magpie didn’t understand the meaning of the phoenix, but the precious portrait always looks down on the peace of the earth….”

“Why don’t you just keep such pseudo-remarks to yourself within your guild?”

“Oh my, there are still so many who don’t recognize the innocence of my guild. Anyway, that’s why I’m saying this.”

“I’ve already created a department. I thought you agreed, didn’t you?”

“While you’re at it, let’s also have a few gardeners from our side. I think it would be better if there were a current gardener so that the new gardeners could grasp the situation more quickly. That department only provides information and helps with personal matters, and doesn’t help with gaining practical experience.”

“…That’s true.”

Danhae nodded.

“It’s nice to see you so motivated.”

“I can finally see the future, and I can’t help but feel motivated. I thought I would stay up all night and stay up all night like this for the rest of my life, and it would take 10 centuries before I could retire.”

“It’s certainly a lot sooner to retire, isn’t it? Compared to 1,000 years ago.”

“I am so touched.”

Jeong Hae-woon held his nose with a tearful face.

“Oh, I’m crying. I can finally take care of the welfare of our poor gardeners….”

“Because the system wasn’t very well organized until then.”

“It’s not that I didn’t catch it, it’s that I couldn’t catch it. How can I head it on bare ground?”

There are few gardeners. There is no way to find them. Therefore, education is difficult. It is also difficult to gather them in one place. The personalities of the children are all strong, so unless they are kidnapped, there is little interaction. It was not for nothing that Jeong Hae-woon had over 50 identities.

But not anymore. A large number of relatively young and motivated gardeners had come in. Now was the time. Now that the water has come in, let’s row. Jeong Hae-un was thinking of taking charge and creating a system.

“I don’t mean to burden the association too much. The gardening work was originally our guild’s. You guys should just do the training like you’ve been doing so far, okay? Just do the training. I just want you to

comfort the newbies who are out of their minds because they don’t know what’s going on.”

“That’s not difficult.”

“If you hand it over to us, I will educate you well. Oh, I am so touched. The time has come to realize my fantasy that I thought would take 800 years to challenge. I already have countless curriculums planned for that day.”

“Was it possible that you were more qualified to be a teacher than I thought?”

“Well, that’s not it.”

Jeong Hae-woon shrugged.

“What, teacher?”

It was a bit of a rough word.

* * *

And a few days later, a 'food stall' was opened in earnest in the garden.

The concept of 'garden' was made known in an unimaginable way.

"…why?"

“Because of the food stall.”

“No, so why?”

“Uh… Didn’t we have a similar conversation a while ago?”

“Whether it’s a fish-shaped bread shop or a food stall, it’s all the same, I guess.”

There are many gardeners who have been experiencing absurd things these days.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (315)

315

Episode 315

The story of what happened was like this.

“I heard there’s a food stall in the dungeon. It must have something to do with Black Cloak.”

“Can’t we go there?”

“It seems like there are places you can go and places you can’t….”

“What? Are there places where it’s allowed and places where it’s not? Aren’t they both the same dungeon? Aren’t they both the work of Cloak-nim?”

First, members of the Mantle Church expressed their doubts.

“Why can’t we go?”

Most of the believers of the Cloak Church gathered to receive the overflowing grace of the Black Cloak. In other words, they were captivated by the benefit of being able to be the first to 'experience' the works of the Black Cloak. It was a benefit that not everyone could receive.

But recently, there is a place where that is not the case. It is a small and romantic restaurant called 'Pojangmacha'. It is a picture and a

mysterious safe zone in the middle of nature.

The first-class citizens who could solve everything with money, power, and fame were the most troubled. This was another difficulty.

“I guess they’re taking you there because you’re working hard at volunteer work.”

“Isn’t it something that requires some qualification?”

“No, it doesn’t matter because it’s natural for civilians not to be able to enter the dungeon….”

“The problem is that there are dungeons that even hunters can’t enter.”

“That dungeon just so happens to be our Black Cloak’s work.”

They didn't know the concept of a 'garden'. However, they easily realized that this Black Cloak's work was more stringent in terms of qualification than a regular dungeon.

They were in a bit of a mess and tried various methods. But the results were the same. It was a difficult task.

“I guess this can’t be done through volunteer work alone.”

“But Lord Black Cloak is the one who sees the value of good deeds more highly than anyone else.”

“I guess it’s true that just doing volunteer work isn’t enough to qualify you to enter that dungeon.”

“What exactly are the conditions for entering that dungeon? My family has finally received information that someone is entering.”

“What on earth is the standard? Why is it different from a regular dungeon?”

“The conditions are completely different from the previous works of Black Cloak, right? So what on earth do I have to do to get into this series?”

They were anxious, even though they knew it was greed and avarice.

It couldn't be otherwise, because this work was the first in the Black Cloak series. All lovers want to have the first thing they love. Since this was a group of people like that, it was bound to be exciting.

“Oh, you might not be able to see that enchanting natural scenery in person…?”

“At this rate, I guess I won’t be able to find the difference between you and the non-awakened ones who can’t enter the dungeon.”

“The only dungeon I could experience as a civilian was his work!”

The most sorrowful were the members who were first-class citizens. Strictly speaking, the non-Awakened ones, not Hunters. Their only hope, unable to appreciate the mysterious dungeon, was the work of the Black Cloak.

“Of course, I don’t think you’ll continue to block the entry of non-awakened people like us after this work, but I’m not sure. Now that it’s come to this, I feel a bit uneasy.”

“This foreshadows the possibility that there will be works that the unawakened cannot experience in the future. I am proud to say that I have lived an overflowingly abundant life thanks to the grace of the Black Cloak, but… my heart aches.”

“I thought I had the qualifications I couldn’t possibly obtain. I thought I would finally be able to enjoy all that freedom in the arms of the Black Cloak.”

But the sadness was short-lived.

“…So what are the conditions?”

“…Let’s try to move the family a little more.”

“…My friends might know.”

They did not give up. They had made the impossible possible with money, power, and fame, but they learned another kind of tenacity in the arms of the black cloak. They decided to knock on even the door that would not open.

So I came across some information and it turned out to be a 'garden'.

“A garden?”

“The garden? You mean the one in the yard…?”

“No, I heard it’s a little different.”

“What on earth does that mean?”

The gardener was not an employee of any organization and therefore was not subject to any systematic management.

However, it is not that the concept of a 'garden' was a secret. It was just that no one knew about it because there was no need to know or inform anyone.

However, in the face of enormous rewards and persuasion, some gardeners opened their mouths. Some spoke even though they knew the impact of spreading the word about the 'garden', while others shared their knowledge with pure hearts. As a result, the members of the Mantle Church hesitated a little.

“…Is this the knowledge we should know?”

“At least it doesn’t seem like there will be any benefit to radically

unraveling it.”

Canary, who had become a cult leader by accident but was adapting well, also agreed.

“We must be careful not to let information leak out within the church. This may also be the natural course of action of the Black Cloak Master, but… shouldn’t we prevent excessive confusion?”

“Then how long are you going to hide it?”

“Let’s not be so tight-lipped. I said we should keep our words to ourselves to avoid ‘too much confusion.’ I think I understand what you mean, Black Cloak.”

The canary nodded solemnly.

“It is clear that He is trying to teach the Earth again.”

It wasn't exactly like that, but it was a situation where it couldn't be helped. How many balls of this size had 'Portrait of Geo' shot up until now? It was inevitable that there would be room for interpretation.

“A garden and a gardener, I see. It seems that Black Cloak wants this knowledge to be known to the world. Otherwise, he would not have planned the ‘food stall’ or the ‘series’ in the first place.”

“Pirororong.”

“Our Leah says it’s the same.”

The yellow water bird, the child of God and the symbol of the Mantle Church, cried out in affirmation. The members of the Mantle Church nodded their heads in a sense of mission. They were already like a family. They were a group with the utmost cooperation.

“That food stall… It’s a kind of safe zone, right? The one in the dungeon?”

“I heard that it’s much more advanced than the safe zones in regular dungeons.”

“They said it was safer than just keeping monsters out, and you could also sell food and rest more comfortably.”

“Strictly speaking, it’s a restaurant to help hunters and gardeners.”

They quickly came to a conclusion and leaked information little by little. In fact, even if it wasn't them, the Black Cloak enthusiasts who weren't members of the Cloak Cult also showed their moves. Naturally, the concept of the 'garden' was bound to become known.

Only a few people found it a bit absurd.

“Wow, the garden is so famous? Because of the food stalls?”

“What the heck is this…?”

Not just gardeners.

“Team leader.”

“Are you working overtime?”

“Yes, I have to work overtime.”

“What a dog life.”

“Let’s go to the conference room.”

“Why are you so busy these days?”

Association staff.

"dismissal."

“…….”

Even members of the government.

“…I heard the news.”

President, Cha Eun-hye smiled.

“It’s surprising that the garden is already becoming known to the world.”

“Starting from the time the Black Cloak series appeared, cracks began to appear little by little.”

“Yes, I know because I saw it. So what should I do about this….”

Cha Eun-hye was really an ordinary person.

She was a C-class hunter who was lucky enough to awaken well. She couldn't use flashy skills like my friends or fly around to catch monsters. She wasn't a gardener either. In the first place, Cha Eun-hye didn't even have the eyes to see the mysteries my friends could see.

What are you particularly good at? Nothing in particular, that too. If you were particularly good at dancing or singing, you would have debuted long ago in high school. Are you good at acting? Actually, you weren't.

What she does best is…

“I think I should go to school.”

“…School, are you talking about that?”

“Oh, right, you forgot? It’s okay, I remember.”

“Just tell me and I’ll have it ready right away.”

“Um… It’s okay, I think our guild leader remembered.”

“Wouldn’t you need separate security personnel?”

“I think I should go.”

Only Cha Eun-hye, her.

“…….”

She is the only one who remembers everything.

“…Please contact Guild Leader Seo Seo-hee.”

“What should I tell you?”

“It’s been a while since I’ve gone to school.”

“Yes, I will do that.”

“Please take care of me.”

Then, Eunhye Cha looked at the mirror on the table.

"…huh."

Still smiling.

'Not yet.'

Well then, that's how it should be.

* * *

Seo Seo-hee came straight to find my friend.

“You came to me as a friend, right?”

He asked with a smile.

“I said I wanted to go to school after a long time, right?”

“That’s right, I needed my friend Seo Seo-hee. Can you take me to school?”

“To be honest, I’m a little worried.”

Seo Seo-hee opposed Cha Eun-hye moving to school.

“There’s something at that school.”

Seo Seo-hee still remembered Jung Hae-woon’s reaction. His pale face seemed as if he was trembling with fear. At least, as far as Seo Seo-hee could ‘remember,’ Jung Hae-woon had never made such an expression.

It was after he had gone to that damn 'school' that he showed such a reaction. Until then, he had maintained the attitude of 'Isn't it my business, teacher?', but now he was drenched in cold sweat.

Seo Seo-hee was worried about her friend Cha Eun-hye.

“You might as well come in with me. I’ll protect you. You never know what might happen. I clearly ‘remembered’ that it was almost like a monster nest. You said there were many children of the Origin gathered there… It’ll be dangerous.”

“It’s more dangerous for you to realize ‘memory’.”

“…What on earth is there at that school?”

At this point, I just felt wronged.

“In the end, it was just a closed school. No, I heard about it too. Unlike Hae-ra and Jeong Hae-woon, I didn’t erase my ‘memory’. I heard that Sergio Hunter… often stayed there with the black cloak. Even if it’s erased now and no one knows.”

“That’s different.”

“What, how, how is it different, huh?”

“You know I can’t tell you.”

Cha Eun-hye patted Seo Seo-hee.

“Understand. We’ve held up well so far. I’m just moving to check.”

“…….”

Seo Seo-hee, who had been silent, smiled awkwardly.

“…He seemed like a good person.”

“…he was a good person.”

“Enough to make me want to throw everything away and become close to you.”

“But we’ve built up too much for that, Seo Seo-hee.”

“You’re right, I know that too. I know that, but….”

My stomach lurched. I had been feeling this way several times since I learned about 'Sergio Hunter'. It was quite miserable and horrible to not be able to remember something that I should have.

Yes, I could just start over. I could just become friends again from the beginning. But even so, I couldn't shake the feeling that I had forgotten something precious.

Because it's true.

"…I am…."

I was sad.

"…Sorry."

"no."

“You must be having the hardest time, but you’re sitting there talking

nonsense.”

“I’m really okay.”

“Thank you for always being so patient, and I’m really sorry.”

"…so do i."

Cha Eun-hye hugged Seo Seo-hee lightly and patted her. Just like her teacher once did to her close students. She imitated the comforting words of that big, kind adult.

Cha Eun-hye was the only one who knew how to do this. Leaning on my talented people and borrowing their strength.

“…Let’s talk about it when we get back.”

“…I’ll take you there.”

“Yes, please.”

It was time to see him.

The great ghost we love.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (316)

316 Episode 316 Before he had forgotten his 'memory', Jeong Hae-woon had visited the abandoned school. I would like to briefly talk about that time. “…….” At that time, Jeong Hae-woon was suspicious of the simultaneous fever of the source. Thanks to that, he had a conversation with Curator Yoo Seong-woon, but that alone was not enough to reassure him. 'A mystery of that magnitude can become capricious at any time.' Just because it was a mystery, he couldn't just blindly believe all of their rules. It was a world where even mysteries whose 'rule' was to deceive humans were widespread. And the bigger the mystery, the more irregular it became. That's why Jeong Hae-woon had to step forward himself this time too. He had to see, hear, confirm, and then make a judgment. Otherwise, he might have to face a huge disaster that he couldn't even handle. 'They said that the fever and change started after that damn portrait settled in the abandoned school...' So he went to see it. The reason was simple. 'Geo's portrait' was said to be part of the source. He had the authority and the ability to intervene in the simultaneous fevers in the garden. He had to know exactly what had happened. And Jeong Hae-woon could see himself gasping for breath. “…What the hell is this…?” Did this crazy mystery create a spring in the abandoned school? After the great disaster, the earth had originally been filled with a mysterious pulse. If we compare it to humans, it would be similar to blood vessels. And the ‘garden’ was created by the gathering of those blood vessels, flesh, and bones. It was an existence that could be likened to human hands and feet, or organs. However, in reality, on the earth, on this rough land, such a direct mystery was rippling… This was the first time Jeong Hae-woon

had ever seen it. This was definitely worthy of being called a ‘spring’. ‘It was on a completely different level from the small springs I had seen so far.’ It was too strong. “This is driving me crazy. With that fierce face, I thought I wouldn’t cause trouble. What the hell do you believe…?” Jeong Hae-woon grumbled. 'That's why you can't trust a mystery.' Even so, 'Portrait of Geo' would not recognize this as an 'accident'. It could be close to not being able to do it. It wasn't a day or two that a mystery of that magnitude would cause a disaster without awareness. Sighing deeply, Jeong Hae-woon studied the spring created in the abandoned school. It was the first time he had seen it, so he needed some time to analyze it. Somehow, I thought that the children of the origin were gathered in such a dirty way, but it was even stranger that they weren't gathered in such an abundance of mystery. "....." And after a long time, he realized it. He realized it, he figured it out. He saw it. Oh? Oh, that's it. That's it? That's it? That's it? That's it? "....." After a long time, Jeong Hae-woon had only one question. "...Why?" How? And why? "Why is this happening..." Why did this happen? Jeong Hae-woon knew himself. An error occurred. He would soon do something foolish. I really didn't know I was going to do something completely crazy. At least I had to stop that. That absolutely couldn't happen. That was really crazy. Error occurred It would have been better if I hadn't come here in the first place. And Jeong Hae-woon knew someone who could make that happen. His friend, his colleague, and the pitiful wedge of the Earth. Error occurred Dan Hae-ra needed help. Would you like to proceed with the recovery? [Yes/No] "...I have to erase it." ... Yes, erase it. "Let's forget it." Only then. Only then, what? "I..." What can I do? How can it get better, what was I originally going to do, and what happens if I don't do it? What will happen? Don't I have to do it? Don't I have to? Do I have to erase this? Why? Why? Why do I have to do it? Just stop for a moment, okay? Just a moment is enough. If I think about it a little more, I might be able to remember something. I'm forgetting something very important right now. I, I can't do without it. I can't… . Recovery in progress_0% ... No,

no. No. No, no, no. '... All, let's go... let's go now, no. Let's go find Seo Seo-hee first... ' Let's not think about it. Let's not think about it. Recovery in progress_0% Let's not think about it. Recovery in progress_1% Then that's okay. Jung Hae-woon thought that and ran away. Yes, running away would be the most appropriate way to describe it. Hiding while leaving his memories behind and avoiding using his promise as a shield. It was a truly pitiful sight, but Jung Hae-woon ran away. Even so, you will always be here. * * * Recovery in progress_99.9… 9% Recovery complete_100% … … . Taran * * * Cha Eun-hye was the only one who remembered 'that day'. "...." "Are you really going in alone?" "...Yeah." "You're going to see 'Sergio Hunter' alone?" "Well, I guess I'll have to see who I'm going to see myself." "...Well, if I was going to see that person, then there would have been no reason to come here." "The 'Sergio Hunter' you mentioned is in the collection." Eunhye Cha nodded, smiling at Seosuhui. “It’s okay, it’s not like there’s no artifact protecting me.” “I’m worried because I know you’re not the type of person who can deal with that.” “…I understand.” However, Seosuhui was the one who worried about Eunhye Cha because she didn’t know what kind of person he was. Eunhye Cha couldn’t bring herself to say those words and just lowered her eyes. She saw the ground covered in grass. It was very different from what she remembered. “This place is a mess too.” “It can’t be helped because no one lives nearby.” “I didn’t even think about making this a place where people could live.” “It wasn’t a place with very good memories.” Seosuhui added lightly. “At least, except for you.” “That’s right.” “…I didn’t know because you didn’t seem to welcome this place that much either.” “Now that I think about it, there were a lot of fun things that happened.” Eunhye Cha looked at the playground overgrown with weeds. “When it snowed a lot, we made a snowman there.” “…Um, I remember that. The kids all came out and made it.” “Do you remember the giant snowman that was a few meters tall?” “…….” Seo Seo-hee shook her head. “No.” “Yes, that’s right.” “Was that person the one who made it? The teacher?” “Yes.” “That’s

unique.” “We all made it together.” “…….” “It’s just so-so.” It was a little disappointing, but it was okay. In fact, it was something to be thankful for just remembering up to this point. Everyone had forgotten the ‘teacher,’ but they were thankful that at least some traces of him remained. Cha Eun-hye, who was quietly looking at the playground, asked, “Are you going to stay here?” “You shouldn’t be the one who sees him off, you’re the president.” “Well, if you weren’t here, our family wouldn’t have wanted to see him off.” “Things are different now. It’s not the chaotic Korea that was at the beginning of the great disaster. You’re the great president who stabilized that chaotic country. You’re not wishing for him to retire in death now, are you?” “You guys work hard too, so how could I run away?” “…Don’t try to die early.” Seo Seo-hee’s face distorted awkwardly. “You…” “You’re not included in the promise.” “…That’s why.” Cha Eun-hye couldn’t live forever, and her body was so fragile that it could easily break if she got seriously injured. Unless she was in the same situation as them, no matter how much of an awakened person she was, she couldn’t get away from death. In the end, you too would die someday. Or maybe you would be killed. Seo Seo-hee felt sad about that as she imagined the distant future over and over again. Loneliness and misery always came back to her like the first time. Cha Eun-hye’s smile also faltered at the sight of her friend. “I feel weak when you make that kind of expression.” “If you put it in the promise now….” “How could that work? When was that promise made? Where are you going to get that kind of compensation?” “I know. I know, but I told you once because I was upset.” “What are you saying….” Sighing deeply, Cha Eun-hye wiped her face and smiled brightly. “I’ll go.” “They say it’s as scary as a haunted house.” “Let me scream a few times.” Despite her age, Cha Eun-hye was still scared of horror movies. When she watched the dungeon footage, she would get goosebumps in her chest. She couldn’t stand things that were so frightening, so scary, or so brutal. But even so, Cha Eun-hye was an adult. She had become so grown up that it made you wonder when she had become like this. She had to

take responsibility, and she had to fulfill her duties as much as she had power. She wasn't in a position to stop crying because she was scared. Now was that kind of time. "…I couldn't pretend not to see it anymore." Should she let out a word of resentment or extend a hand of love? She didn't know how he would react. However, she felt she had to hear what he was thinking. "I couldn't put it off." "While you're at it, tell him." "Um, what?" "I want to eat a packed lunch." "……." Cha Eun-hye just smiled. "Yeah, I'll tell you." Seo Seo-hee really liked the lunchbox her teacher made for her. * * * "Yeah, that's right." "……." "That's right." Sergio admitted. "For some reason, Seo-hee's parents don't pay much attention to her son's meals." He couldn't help but worry. That was the way the family was. They always wanted Seo-hee to be a trustworthy and polite son. They always wanted him to be the best in the school and be polite to adults and listen well. But they didn't really pack him food. "Seo-hee, right? She asked for a lunchbox?" "… She said so." "Maybe it's because she's been feeding him so well these days, but he asks for it more often than I thought." "That's what the teacher taught us." Cha Eun-hye said with a smile. "You told us to get into the habit of asking for help when things get tough. To find one reason to trust even when there are hundreds or thousands of reasons not to trust people in the world. To live together so that we don't feel so lonely." Her voice cracked a little. "That's why I did that." My hands were shaking. Even though I clenched my fists, they were shaking miserably. "Did you do well, teacher…?" "You did well." "……." "You worked hard." "……." I opened my lips, but no words came out. I felt as if hot water was filling up inside me, and it was hard to even breathe. The hot heat gathered in my head and my eyes stung. I lowered my head. The words would never come out. "……." I felt like if I made a sound, it would be nonsense. "……." "Why did my students become cowards without me even noticing?" "…We were originally… cowards." "I never thought that way." "I still can't watch horror movies. I need someone with me." "You used to scream that it was scary, but you always came out smiling?" "I really can't do anything by myself…." My

throat was sore. “…Teacher, why are you here?” Why are you so miserable? “Why, why, why… why? How? Why…?” Did I really want to say something like that? Come here, really? “Are you mad because of us? That, that day, did we do something wrong? Were we wrong?” “…….” “No, that’s not it. What’s your current state, teacher? A ghost? A monster? A child of the origin? I don’t know. I always read the reports that come in, but they’re just memorized. I’m not sure if I’m doing it right because I only remember what I saw. Oh, oh, this isn’t it, really… I didn’t mean to say that.” “…….” “What do you want? What should we do? If you tell me, I’ll have to consider various situations and conditions, but I’ll try my best to listen. There’s no way you’d do anything bad to us, teacher. Right? Right? Not anymore?” “…….” “… Now….” Right? “…….” “Eunhye.” It was the same voice I always heard in my dreams. “Why are you so scared?” “…W, there were so many scary things here. There was a weird CRT TV… and stuff…” “People were really scared of me.” “…You’re really scary, teacher. It’s even more scary when you see me from here. You’re really scary.” “Am I still your teacher?” “Yes, yes. He’s our teacher.” I’ve grown up and become an adult. I don’t want to act like a child who’s being unreasonable, but the words just spill out because I feel so wronged. “He’s our teacher, right….” The teacher who always wore a black suit. The teacher who didn’t know how to buy a single proper outfit with that handsome face. The teacher who gave sweet snacks, gave career advice, and visited their homes despite his blunt face. The teacher who was scary and strange, but always helpful. Sergio was their teacher no matter what had happened or would happen in the future. That was the only thing he had to do. That was the only thing he couldn’t give up. “…….” It might be too unscrupulous, but that was the only thing. “…No way?” “There’s no way he wouldn’t.” “You said you’d always be here.” “I guess so.” The teacher wearing a black cloak approached. He approached without any footsteps, breathing, or any of those common signs. It seemed like he had no intention of hiding the fact that he wasn’t human. Then he asked. “Why are you scared when you know

I’m your teacher?” “…I’m sorry.” “Why are you trying to be more mature than me in front of me?” “…Uh, we…” “You remember me, Eunhye.” “…….” “Then I’m your teacher. Because that’s what you want.” No matter how much I thought about it, I couldn’t call him human, but he was still affectionate. “Do you want a macaron?” “… Yes.” He was still our teacher. * * * Oh, it rang. (To be continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (317)

317

Episode 317

It sounded like a casual joke, but why did it feel so comforting to hear that I didn't have to be an adult? I wondered if maybe I had been waiting for something like this.

I cried because I felt a little wronged.

“…….”

Because I didn't want to be like this.

Out of habit, he imitated 'me'.

* * *

Originally, Cha Eun-hye was a person who cried a lot.

“Teacher, hiiiim….”

But it was surprising that he cried like this even after he was fully grown.

“Didn’t you say you were the president?”

From what I saw on TV, it seemed like he was managing his image well. It seemed like he was deliberately whining like a puppy that got wet because he was embarrassed by his crying, but he really wasn't

any different from before.

Then the president grumbled.

“I don’t want to be president….”

“Your Majesty, please keep your dignity.”

“I don’t know, I’ll just beat them all up…!”

“There was even talk that the president would be beaten up because of a few words I said.”

“Teacher, you’re so cruel, how could you do this to me…! I’m so pitiful, so please hurry up and comfort me warmly, gently, and kindly!”

“…….”

… No matter what, 32 years have passed and nothing has changed?

'That's strange, I heard he's definitely over 50.'

But that fact did not lessen Sergio's surprise.

'Aren't you definitely older than me now?'

I'm 29, and you're 51.

I don't know about Hae-ra because I haven't met her yet, but I've met Seo-hee and Hae-woon. They all look like they're in their 20s, but it seems like they can't overcome the passage of time, so they've changed to some extent, but Cha Eun-hye's personality is exactly the same.

Although he felt a bit dizzy, his body was steadily trying to comfort his immature student.

“Hey, stop crying. If you keep crying like this, it’ll seem like you made the teacher cry.”

“It’s true that the teacher cried…!!”

“If I do this, I’ll get beaten up by my parents, arrested, and kicked out.”

"ah."

For some reason, Eunhye Cha stopped crying at those words and became serious.

"stop."

“Oh, yes, that’s right. I have a lot to say, but I’m curious, so let me ask first. What exactly do you want me to stop doing?”

“Forbidden, forbidden immediately. Forbidden all negative assumptions about yourself.”

“Oh… Are there still parents out there who are after my neck? Even after 32 years?”

“Oh, teacher, I really told you not to do that. It’s not fun at all. I’m serious.”

“It’s surprising that you still say and do the same things even after 32 years.”

With that mature appearance, she's called 'Teacher'. It seems that all her friends around her have remained young, so Cha Eun-hye's attitude toward life has remained the same. Her personality is the same as when she was a high school student.

Sergio nodded, understanding without being told.

“I understand why you do that.”

It was understandable why Cha Eun-hye was being so agitated.

“Look what happened to me 32 years ago.”

“…Don’t you remember?”

“…is there any reason for me to remember that day?”

I asked because I really didn't know.

“I was trapped in a burning school and became a haunted portrait. That was the last thing I remember from 32 years ago. But as I’ve been walking around lately, I’ve been thinking that maybe that memory isn’t true.”

“…….”

“Then why did my memories of that day change? Or was it erased? It probably has something to do with Hara’s power. It also has something to do with your promise. But I still don’t know what I did to get caught up in that promise….”

“…….”

“I guess my empty memory wasn’t something we agreed on?”

It may have been unpredictable that he came back as a haunted portrait, but it was a bit unfair.

'... Why is it that even Eunhye doesn't seem to know much? It could be just my side effect, but anyway... Didn't you say that promises are usually made through agreement?'

Of course, there was a condition attached. It was a condition based on the assumption that the other party was alive. Then Sergio had no choice but to think of two cases. It was a natural guess without having to think hard.

Either he really is dead, or the situation is too urgent to compromise.

'And isn't it a hopeful situation either way?'

I understand.

“That could be the case.”

Sergio called that time, unknown to him, the Great Disaster. It would have been terrible even if it had been confined to a small town, but this was something that changed the entire world. In the midst of all this, tragedy could have happened at any time.

And when tragedy strikes a person, Sergio always makes choices he will not regret. He does not think long, so he makes quick decisions, and he is even more capable of taking action.

Such a Sergio may have been at greater risk of injury and death than others.

'Even back then, I would have been a teacher with students to look after.'

There must have been other priorities than his own comfort, perhaps.

“I wonder what the promise was.”

“…I won’t say anything.”

“Why is that so?”

“…….”

“…….”

Sergio shrugged.

“Let’s move on.”

It didn't seem like an atmosphere for joking.

'I have that much insight.'

If it weren't for you, I wouldn't have been able to be a teacher.

It seemed like he had no intention of telling anyway. Sergio had no desire to know either. As he always said, he was quite satisfied with the current situation. He didn't want to bring up the past while poking a crying child.

I wonder if this is why I cried so much.

“Looking at the reaction, I feel like if I tell the truth, there might be some unknown side effects.”

“…Yes. You know very well, considering you say you don’t remember.”

“It’s not like I’m trapped in a gallery like a haunted portrait.”

“A haunted portrait….”

Cha Eun-hye looked like she wanted to say something. But that expression quickly passed. This, too, seemed to be one of those ‘promises’ that couldn’t be said. That was also a little surprising.

'Is there a reason why I became a portrait?'

I wasn't particularly curious.

“Okay, that’s it. How about yuzu flavored macarons?”

“…Did you remember that I like yuzu-flavored macarons?”

“Don’t you remember the times when you would come to the principal’s office every day and harass me?”

By that time, it was harder not to remember. He was a guy who didn't eat lunch because he was trying to control his weight, but he would stop by the teachers' office every day. I was proud, but at the same time, I always felt strange. He was a really contradictory student.

Sergio said confidently, handing me a round, yellowish macaron.

“I made this.”

“Teacher, you don’t look like that, but you’re surprisingly good at cooking….”

“Why do you start crying again while eating the macaron I gave you?”

“…Ah, even though I really don’t want to cry, Teacher…!”

“You’re blaming me for this, it’s ridiculous.”

Oh, God of Heaven and Earth.

'I feel wronged.'

What did I do wrong to be like this?

* * *

Eating a sweet yuzu macaron that didn't fit the situation and acting as lightly as possible didn't make the situation light.

‘… I’m a little out of it.’

After crying for a long time for the first time in a long time, I felt dizzy. My nose was blocked, my ears were stuffy, and my eyes were sore. There was a time when I was struggling with all sorts of emotions, but now only the remnants of those emotions remained. It gave me a strange sense of emptiness.

The situation where they sat across from each other on creaky, dusty chairs. In this unrealistic situation, Cha Eun-hye unconsciously grabbed the hand of the teacher sitting across from her.

“…….”

"why?"

“…No, just.”

It's cold.

“I was wondering how this happened.”

I wanted to squeeze it once, but I flinched in surprise at the cold temperature. I pulled my hand away as naturally as possible. But if it was the teacher, I would know. Cha Eun-hye cursed her stupidity inwardly.

'What are you trying to do?'

I've never held my teacher's hand before. It was a bit awkward, but it wasn't common. But now, I just wanted to hold it. It was really an instinctive action.

'Did my brain leak out along with the tears as I cried?'

As I was quietly holding both of my hands, the teacher asked me.

“Want to catch it?”

“…Is that okay?”

“It’s a little cold, but it’s okay to hold on to it without getting sick or in pain.”

“They’re saying something really bad because I hesitated for a moment….”

“I meant it as a reminder not to worry, but it’s really harsh. I didn’t mean to force you.”

“I wasn’t saying I wouldn’t catch it.”

The teacher's hand that I held for the first time was so cold that I

suddenly thought I should have held it at least once before.

“…….”

So it's like.

“…He looks like a dead person.”

“Is that so?”

“Or I thought it would be something like that.”

“The original portrait didn’t have body temperature.”

“Oh, that’s true….”

That was right. That's why I laughed in vain. When I thought of it as a portrait and not a corpse, I felt much better. The strange fear and sadness that had filled my insides, the resignation and misery, all eased a little.

So I put a little more force into her hand and grabbed it. Then I shook it gently, awkwardly, like a child playing with his parents. Without any resistance, the large hand swung at her.

"…haha…."

I couldn't help but laugh.

“It feels strange because there is no body temperature. Is this what it feels like to touch the undead directly?”

“Are you comparing a perfectly healthy person to the undead right now?”

“Actually, I’ve never directly touched or dealt with monsters. At best, they’re just the native monsters that have come to live on Earth. The rest of them were dealt with by other friends.”

“Not a subordinate?”

“Well, that’s what you call it, anyway.”

It was just useless babbling. I felt like I couldn't handle the situation if I didn't babble like this. Should I cry like I did when I was little? Even though I knew that the situation wouldn't get any better if I did that...

“…Well, maybe this is what it would feel like to touch a living statue. It doesn’t have body temperature, but its hands are definitely as soft and mobile as a human’s. It’s so contradictory and fascinating.”

“But you can’t just cut it and take it. It’s a hand that needs to draw and cook.”

“Do you know that when you say something like that, it doesn’t sound like a real joke? You always make creepy jokes that fit so well, it’s the same now as it was then. You’re a really weird teacher.”

“That’s why it was fun. I know you guys have similar tastes, and we had fun together, so why are you shirking your duties now?”

“I think it was like that….”

Should I really cry? Should I cry to cover up this awkwardness and nervousness? I thought about it several times, but in the end I couldn't. I had had enough of the nonsensical crying I had just done earlier.

“Teacher, can I ask you something?”

“What are you trying to ask that makes the atmosphere like this?”

“There must be a reason why I came all the way to Gangwon-do at this time. There are things I want to ask you about him.”

“I know this might be a long conversation, but will Eunhye buy you breakfast?”

“…….”

Was this the 'condition' or 'price' for him becoming non-human? Or was it a 'deal'? I hesitated for a moment as I let go of his hand.

"…sure."

“Okay, what are you curious about?”

"who are you?"

I asked anyway.

'... Let's cheer up, please. I've been crying so much, so now let's do what I have to do... Cha Eun-hye.'

Even though she was teased as a pants president, she was the president of a country. Many people criticized her for being in a position that was half forced during a time of great turmoil, and many people were disappointed. However, she eventually did it.

The reason she, who had no special abilities, was able to endure until now was because of her sense of responsibility. Yes, she had to take responsibility. This position was prepared for that. Cha Eun-hye was facing a dangerous target that could shake not only a country but also the entire planet.

You have to figure out the other person's intentions. You have to figure out why they exist. So you have to figure out what they're going to do and why they have to do it.

'So stay calm, be careful not to approach too quickly and get them off guard… .'

My two hands, which I had collected, were shaking, so I tried to hide them by holding them together. Even though they were shaking slightly, it was better than not doing anything. It felt like I was holding

on to a rope, so I felt much more stable.

“As far as I remember… the teacher shouldn’t be like this.”

How much should she reveal? How much should she reveal and what should she hide in order to maintain this dangerous peace? Cha Eun-hye hoped that the dark teacher who did not know her true feelings would not think too deeply about it.

Just like you always did before.

“It’s actually impossible. That you exist like this now, sir. Yes, it’s beyond the level of a simple resurrection… how should I put it… it’s really ridiculous. Honestly, I still don’t know.”

“What don’t you know?”

“Is the person in front of me really my teacher? Of course, yes, I think so. I think so. But when I think about it rationally, it’s impossible. It doesn’t make sense.”

“What doesn’t make sense? A person who was thought to be dead has returned? And that person is a possessed portrait?”

“I’m sorry, I can’t tell you. I’m really weird. I must have changed a lot. But you’ve also changed a lot. The lowered body temperature, the black cloak, the lack of shadows….”

“Oh.”

At that moment, a shadow appeared beneath his feet.

“I forgot again.”

“…It’s really absurd. What if it disappears if I forget about it?”

“This friend is a bit capricious, so it’s hard to get help from him. If you let your guard down even for a little bit, he’ll try to tease you like this.

He could really have made a mistake, but I don't think he's that kind of friend."

"That's a bit hard to understand, friend?"

"A friend who helps me live in society with the body of a possessed portrait. It's not that important, because in the end, I'm still the same as you remember. Nothing has changed."

"It seems to me that things have changed quite a bit, but I'm not sure… maybe you're right."

"I don't know why I became like this. You said my existence was impossible, but in the end it became possible. So I guess I can't answer any of your questions."

"…That's also true, teacher."

It's such a shame. She mustered up the courage to ask, but her question was one that could not be answered.

Then what should I ask? Cha Eun-hye rolled her eyes into space and then asked a question along similar lines.

"Then is he really my teacher?"

"At least that's what I remember."

"It's really creepy to hear the word 'memory' coming out of your mouth, teacher."

"Did you have any trauma?"

"It's kind of similar, but, um, I'm not sure."

Words that once contained memories no longer have a pleasant meaning.

It was now a restraint for her and my friends, a chain that kept people from going crazy, the one remaining pillar. It was really contradictory.

“What do you want to do, teacher?”

“Life in the countryside?”

“…Oh, um, really?”

“There’s nothing I really want to do.”

“For that reason, I heard your story all the way to the President’s Office.”

“If rumors spread all the way to the presidential office about running a street food stall, doesn’t that mean there’s a big problem with our country’s welfare, Eunhye? When you first came out into the world in your frail, portrait-like body, you were very scared. There weren’t many restaurants.”

“Tseup, when you say it like that, I feel a sense of responsibility again.”

I tried to smile awkwardly.

“So it sounds like you didn’t have any grand intentions. Is that right?”

“I’m trying to take care of the welfare of my new friends. It’s nothing special, it’s just a job of running a food stall and feeding hungry people.”

“Haven’t you ever thought that the scale is a bit large?”

“It just so happened, you, gentle-hearted Eunhye, understand.”

“I don’t know if this is something to be understood as being broad-minded or weak-minded.”

“Are you saying that the gardeners don’t feel sorry for you? I didn’t

raise you so cruelly.”

“This is really absurd….”

Cha Eun-hye, who had been hesitating, asked.

“Can I trust you?”

“I would appreciate it if you could be more specific.”

“I don’t know if I can trust you, sir. I don’t know if I can trust you when you say you don’t have any grand intentions. I’m not sure if you’re really harmless.”

“Well… Well, humans can’t be completely harmless, after all.”

The teacher said calmly.

“In other words, we need new trust between us, right?”

“…Maybe?”

“It’s a simple matter. Seohee and Haewoon treat me like that too. Trust isn’t something you can build overnight.”

“…That’s true, but….”

“Then, in the end, there’s nothing we can do right now. We have to rebuild trust from scratch.”

“…That’s right.”

“I know you’re a smart student. You could probably come up with this kind of question and answer while sitting in one place. So the reason you came here was because you wanted to see me.”

“…….”

“Maybe it was both. Maybe it felt like some kind of homework that had

been put off?”

There was nothing to say because it was the correct answer.

Cha Eun-hye felt a little embarrassed. Her heart was empty, but she felt at ease. In the end, there was nothing Cha Eun-hye could do but watch. She was just tormented by a sense of responsibility and longing.

I just opened my mouth.

“…I thought things would be a lot different if I came here because I remember everything.”

“I don’t think I can live up to those expectations, I’m not a very fun person.”

“I told you that you don’t know that you are a fun person.”

The conclusion was easy to come to.

'Nothing changes.'

As long as Cha Eun-hye herself kept her mouth shut, this situation would continue. The Earth would be dangerous but peaceful, and the Black Cloak, who was kind to humans, would make the Earth better even while causing accidents.

There were many things I was worried about. I still wasn't sure if he was my teacher. If he was, I didn't know why this happened. It wasn't clear how long the Black Cloak would be friendly to humans. And the position of the President couldn't be easily swayed.

‘… But if I feel like relying on you, am I too weak?’

But if it wasn't a public area, that might have been okay. Cha Eun-hye asked after a while.

“…If I believe in you, teacher, will there be a disaster in the world?”

“There’s no way that could happen.”

“I would really appreciate it if you could answer with yes or no.”

"no."

“Teacher, are you the teacher I know?”

“It might have changed a little, but the teacher in your memory wasn’t a picture at least. So no.”

“You won’t betray me, you won’t betray us, will you?”

I asked, even though I thought it would be obvious. What was important was not Cha Eun-hye’s own thoughts and beliefs, but objective evidence. She needed the ‘promise’ of the teacher who had become a mysterious being.

“You said you’d always be here….”

“Was it like that?”

“…That’s right.”

Just mentioning the existence of the blank space made my heart ache and I felt like I couldn't breathe for a moment, but he said it anyway, even though I couldn't remember.

“You said you’d stay by our side, right? Right?”

“…It feels like solving a Korean language passage. But if you look at the context, that makes sense. If that’s what I wanted to leave you with, I would have wanted to give you a sense of stability somehow. So, yes.”

“So you’re saying that you’re the teacher we know, and that even

though you might be in danger for a while, you'll ultimately do something objectively good for the Earth that anyone can see, and you won't suddenly disappear or anything. Am I right?"

"Maybe…? Yes. But you can't know the future, so don't trust it too much."

"Then will you trust me?"

It would be okay to call it irresponsible. But I have been watching this for a long time. I have been in the center of a country where all information comes in, and I have constantly checked the movements of the 'Black Cloak'.

And now I even saw that face. There were so many things that had changed, but the most important thing was still the same. Sergio was still their teacher. They needed him.

'That's what it is in the end.'

It was simple logic.

'The teacher has no memory of that day. So he has to be the person we remember, the one who is completely affectionate. The teacher who has no risk factors at all… the one we can completely rely on and trust.'

I still don't know how this was possible. It could be the influence of 'The Promise of Eternity' or another prank played by his teacher.

But the part that she had been most worried about since she noticed his appearance, to her dismay, had completely disappeared, if, as he said, the being in front of her now was indeed 'our affectionate teacher who had returned as a portrait'.

And if that's really the case, then

“…I don’t care if you’re just a copy of my teacher. Even if you think of yourself as a teacher, you’re still my teacher in terms of appearance and speech, and even if you’ve changed a lot, if you don’t commit evil acts because of that changed appearance, then it doesn’t matter. That’s my teacher, what’s different?”

Only after rationalizing it to that extent was she able to face her honest truth.

“…So, can I feel a little more relaxed and happy now?”

“…….”

“The person who left… came back even though it was impossible….”

I thought it would be impossible.

I didn't even expect it. How could he come back after what we did to you? He had gone a long way. He was a scar, a memory, a miserable memory.

Yeah, it was better not to remember that day. If he did, his teacher might hate us. I know he wouldn't do that, but how could he know what didn't happen?

So maybe this is the best, the best situation that you can't remember that day. The anxious part still remains, and the sins that you committed are truly regrettable, but... that's why.

“Can I be happy?”

“If that’s what you want, then do it.”

“…Can you tell me this isn’t a dream?”

“No matter how much I think about it, it doesn’t seem like a dream, Eunhye.”

“…I think I’m going to cry again….”

“I’ll wait until you all cry.”

“…….”

So I cried.

"…sorry."

I'm happy, but I'm also miserable.

* * *

“…Is this correct?”

Jeong Hae-woon asked.

“Hey, is this right? This, this is how you do it….”

“…Then what are you going to do?”

“Seo Seo-hee, you….”

“There’s no time, Jeong Hae-woon.”

“…Ha, shit, I know there’s no other way!!”

It was a long time ago, over 30 years ago.

“But no matter how much I think about it, it’s still like a dog, so I’m asking! Is this right? Seo Seo-hee, why are you doing that! Dan Hae-ra, do you really think this is right?! Cha Eun-hye, hey! Cha Eun-hye…!”

“…….”

“Stop crying and say something! Say something…!!”

“…But, but….”

Eunhye Cha, who is a crybaby, was crying that day too.

“Then, then what should we do? Sir, teacher… if this happens, really, really… if we leave it like this…!”

“Does it have to be this way? No, this, this… This is crazy, do you know that? This is fucking crazy…! You guys know that too. If it fails, it’s not just one person who fails! Many people fail, how are you going to take responsibility for all of that!”

“Oh, I know, but….”

“And even if I succeed, teacher!!”

Jung Hae-woon was furious. He didn't want to believe his friends' choices. But Jung Hae-woon also felt an irrational temptation in that situation. So he must have been even angrier because of that backlash.

“What the hell are we going to do about our teacher? Even if he succeeds, he will always be a teacher…!!”

“Forever, good.”

“…….”

“…It seems good.”

Danhae muttered absentmindedly.

“I like it.”

“…Hey, do it. Do it….”

“The teacher said the same thing, that we should live together while relying on each other.”

“…You know we’re all out of our minds right now.”

“So let us all live forever.”

“Simple.”

“You will live forever atonement for the sins you have committed.”

Then he looked into the air and chuckled.

“I don’t even know what I did wrong….”

It was a self-deprecating laugh.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (318)

318

Episode 318

Even though the garden became known to the world, confusion did not come.

“Hey, this time the work drawn by Black Cloak is a garden.”

“Garden? You mean that thing in the yard of a rich man’s house?”

“No, something is a little different.”

“What’s different?”

“It’s a dungeon with extremely strict conditions… I heard that there are almost no monsters, but the terrain is rough. That alone makes it almost a B or A-class dungeon.”

This was the fault.

“Is this a new type of dungeon?”

“Well, since only people with rare qualities can enter anyway, I guess there won’t be a problem. I heard there’s no dungeon break either, so I wonder what that has to do with people like us.”

“But what is it, the chosen ones? There are many people who want to be in the Black Cloak work. I heard that the food stall I heard about this time also comes from there.”

“That’s a bit special, but… I heard that food stalls appear in regular dungeons too. Honestly, I don’t know what’s good about going in there. Maybe it’s because I’m not an artist.”

“That’s… Shit, yeah, we don’t have the emotional capacity to cry while watching the Black Cloak artwork. I would rather they just release another decent artifact.”

People didn't think of 'gardens' as a separate concept. This was because 'food stalls' appeared not only in gardens but also in regular dungeons. Furthermore, there was no real benefit to being chosen as a 'gardener'.

The chosen gardeners knew their subject. They did not dare to make the outrageous claim that the garden was theirs. It may seem so at first glance, but it was also known that it was not so.

“Then what good would it be if I actually went in there…?”

“Uh… admiring the view?”

“I guess I’m not that romantic of a person since I’m even thinking about what to do.”

"me too."

That's why most hunters reacted lukewarmly.

“Well, it’s a bit strange that even civilians can enter.”

“What’s strange? It’s not like there haven’t been such cases before. If you think about it, weren’t the dungeons that non-awakened people could enter also the type of dungeons that were like gardens?”

“I heard that the association research lab got really busy because of that distinction. Anyway, they’re working hard. Hey, but what do you do with the person who was chosen as the gardener? He’s practically a

slave to the dungeon.”

“What can I do? The association said they would provide support. I guess I’ll just get by occasionally while receiving that. My nose is already three inches too short to worry about those people.”

Hunters were usually materialistic. I'm not criticizing them, but it was an environment that made them inevitable. How could it be so in a capitalist era where rankings and grades are constantly given?

This wasn't just a story about hunters. It was the same for ordinary citizens. They had a hard time making ends meet, so they didn't have the luxury of worrying about other people's fortunes. If it was a story that made them so envious that it made their stomach hurt...

“What bad luck, tsk tsk. Isn’t this a punishment?”

“What happens to the person who wins the prize even though he’s not a hunter? He becomes a complete slave.”

“Come to think of it, there’s nothing good about being chosen like this. What the… isn’t this a punishment from heaven?”

I wasn't particularly jealous. Rather, I felt sorry for him. In most people's eyes, the gardener's pure love was worthless. They didn't see it, and even if they did, they just thought, 'Oh, I'm bewitched.'

That was the reality. There was nothing particularly good about being a gardener, except that the gardeners themselves had their own passionate love and were directly permitted to do so by the person in question.

“Isn’t that a very romantic scheme?”

Someone's bright yellow eyes widened.

“Ah, such a radical yet affectionate conspiracy….”

“…I don’t think this is an act that can be called a scheme or a conspiracy, Guild Leader Bisabal.”

At Guild Leader Jeong Hae-un’s words, Bisabal smiled as usual.

“Oh, I apologize if my words sounded unpleasant. I don’t think our guild leader, Jeong Hae-un, is the type of person who would be interested in such artistic subjects.”

“I think we need to reconsider whether this is truly an artistic subject. Of course, I am well aware of the extent of the tolerance that the Guildmaster of Bisabal has, and I understand.”

Jeong Hae-woon also smiled brightly.

“However, it is sad to see that the Master of the Visabal Guild does not believe in goodwill and good intentions… Don’t you think so? Even though it is about your son, of all people.”

“Then, Guild Leader Jeong Hae-un, do you really think that our Sergio Hunter would have done this without any thought? Do you, who are suspicious and rebellious in everything, really think that way?”

The visage was so funny that it made me laugh.

“You had no intention of using the unusual subject of a street food stall to save the hungry, of capturing all sorts of bizarre and beautiful natural landscapes in 10,000 paintings, and of inviting Eunhyuk Cha, a talented gardener you knew, to utilize his career?”

No, Geo did it without really thinking about it.

“I don’t think so.”

“…I also do not intend to ignore his insight and vision for the future.”

“Ah, I thought Guild Leader Jeong Hae-un would understand.”

“It was probably something that was planned from the time I became friends with that guy named Cha Eun-hyeok.”

“If not, would there have been someone so perfectly suited to this case?”

Visabal pretended to have a refined smile and spoke softly.

“He has no master, but he is a great gardener. As the head of a household, he has a strong sense of responsibility and cannot easily run away because he has a family to take care of….”

“I even ran a bungeoppang food stall, which is hard to find these days. Of course, it was on a much smaller scale than what Mr. Sergio runs now… Yes, in that sense, it’s a career that fits well.”

“Hmm, now that I think about it, I can’t help but think of the words scheme, conspiracy, and plot. Isn’t it as sinister as it is affectionate?”

It would have been heartbreaking and heartbreaking to hear this, but no one had yet reached that shocking truth. They continued their conversation.

“How meticulous is this, Guildmaster Jeong Hae-un. My son continues to change this small country called Korea. He is a teacher, and we will be good examples.”

“I am also aware that the Black Cloak… is trying to teach the Earth. It is a bit burdensome to continue to act like a cultist who is doing missionary work.”

“If it seemed that way, I am truly sorry, I apologize. But I hope you can understand my feelings a little. Ah, such a romantic bomb exploding on this boring Earth…!”

Jeong Hae-woon called him again with a smiling face.

“Guild leader of the Visabal.”

“This guy really is unromantic.”

“Even among hunters, such topics often cause disagreement.”

“It became even more so with the advent of the garden.”

To the public, the garden was a very unusual type of dungeon.

First of all, it looks nice. Even if you leave it alone, monsters won't pop out. Since not just anyone can enter, there's no damage. Even if a few talented people are swallowed, no one dies. In the meantime, I'm envious of the fact that food stalls pop out more often than in regular dungeons.

But now, the existence of the 'food stall' was a lifeline. It only appeared in front of hunters who were truly on the verge of death. There was no way that anyone would easily enter a garden where such food stalls frequently appeared.

“What….”

Except for the chosen gardeners.

“People in love are truly romantic.”

Jeong Hae-woon nodded mechanically. There was no reason not to agree.

“I admit, he is very affectionate and sinister. I also think that his hands and eyes are very refined. I never thought he would reveal his garden to the world without any side effects.”

“Isn’t the idea itself simple? Who would have thought you would say something so weak….”

“Don’t talk nonsense, Master of the Bisabal Guild. You know why the

government and the association have been so hesitant. Just because they are famous doesn’t mean they are omnipotent.”

The idea was easy. Dungeons and gardens are completely different, but they may look similar to others. Among the types of dungeons, there were virtual dungeons where, if you met certain conditions, you would be taken to a completely invisible place.

But in comparison, the 'Garden' series of Black Cloaks was even visible. The sense of alertness was lowered. The influence of the Black Cloak believers was also great. They continued to show their pursuit of romance and art.

They served as a kind of breakwater.

“…If nothing had come first, it wouldn’t have worked out this well.”

Unfortunately, the government and the association were unable to do so, just like the Black Cloak.

First, more than 90% of the gardeners were wary of them. Second, they were cautious because it was too early to reveal the mystery, and third, there was a risk that the gardeners would be ostracized if they failed.

'... If we fail once, it will take at least 300 years to turn back, and there is no guarantee that the Earth will not be eroded by mystery during that time and a second great disaster will not occur. In order to avoid such a risk from the beginning, I was also generously thinking of 800 years into the future... .'

And the government and the association did not have that much leeway. Even if they ruled out the risk of gambling, they did not have enough money, people, or time to push it that far.

It would have taken a lot of work for the public to accept the presence

of gardeners as familiar allies.

'But just maintaining the creaking Earth in its current state consumes all kinds of resources…'

The Black Cloak solved such a troublesome situation so coolly. The reason was simple. He could show the 'garden'. That was why he could captivate and convince the public.

Bisabal smiled as if he knew what I was thinking.

“People always doubt what they cannot see and what they do not know. They easily become hostile and reject others, and soon they hope that the unknown variable will disappear. I think you were worried about that.”

“Why was someone who knew so well so uncooperative with my friends… It’s not the time to say this, but I can’t help but feel disappointed. They did their best.”

“And that troublesome matter has been resolved by our Sergio Hunter. What do you think? My painter who showed the existence of mysteries to those who do not believe.”

It was a miracle that no human could ever accomplish.

“…I am grateful.”

I was sincere.

“That was the biggest problem, because you couldn’t see it, there was no guarantee that people would believe you. The world was too bizarre to accept a minority of people who were different from others. So there was no assurance that witch hunts wouldn’t happen again.”

Gardeners have always been lonely. They have to see, interact, deal with, subdue the invisible, and sometimes run to their beloved master

and offer it all.

The public does not know how beautiful that huge thing is. They do not know how much love it holds hostage. This is not a world where the weak are protected, nor is it an era where each individual's circumstances are listened to.

Who would understand their love? Who would believe in it and look after it? So I was grateful.

“Quite a few gardeners are overcoming loneliness.”

“It must have been the gardener’s greatest enemy.”

“Yes, that’s right. Why wouldn’t there have been gardeners who felt skeptical about love but still held on and died?”

“I, too, have always felt very sorry for them as they pass away.”

“…That is truly appreciated, I am grateful.”

So much so that I can't even spit on such obvious empty words.

“Why are you so affectionate?”

Jeong Hae-woon was curious about that and came to find Bisabal.

“You have really good eyesight, don’t you?”

“I really don’t know what to do with my son’s overflowing love.”

“Where on earth is the source of that love? Even if his existence is part of the source. The source alone… There is no reason for this, not at all.”

“That’s right, the source is indescribably sophisticated, but in the end it’s just a system. So, is Guild Leader Jeong Hae-un trying to find the destination of the mercy my son has shown, or is he trying to find the

starting point?”

“Both. The destination must be known when I assist and dare to test his mercy, and the starting point must be known when I measure the end of this mercy.”

“Oh, I see. But I’m speaking rashly….”

The visage tilted its head.

“My son will love everything forever.”

“Where have you seen that fountain of mercy?”

“Love, mercy, affection, sacrifice, affection. He is made up of all these similar words. He is a spring in and of himself, being such a being.”

“Where on earth have you seen that, Guildmaster Bisabal?”

“…….”

“…….”

After a while, Jeong Hae-woon realized.

"…under."

In those eyes, I was contained.

“…You saw him in me? That vast, gigantic being, in me?”

“Didn’t Guild Leader Jeong Hae-un ask me about his destination and starting point?”

“…That, to me… No….”

Jeong Hae-woon wiped his face and asked again.

“…You are saying that we have it.”

A symbol of eternity.

“It’s really unpleasant.”

“Have I done something very rude?”

“I just… feel bad.”

Dragon's Eye.

If I could, I would pluck out those squinty eyes and put them in my own eye sockets. So I could see the world as the author sees it, and know what he knows. What on earth did he see in those pitch-black eyes of the portrait?

What did he see in Jeong Hae-un, who was his 'student'? And what did he see in others? Perhaps it was funny to see Jeong Hae-un struggling, so Bisabal gave him some rare, affectionate advice.

“Haven’t you seen it?”

“…….”

The answer was set.

“…Thank you, Guildmaster of the Visabal.”

What did I forget?

I must have forgotten, but what did I forget?

* * *

Error? Occurred

■Ryu丅ㅂ¡saeng

■■■■

■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■….

Waiting for command

* * *

And around that time, Sergio.

“Let’s eat.”

“Wow, I love you, teacher!”

"know."

I was feeding Cha Eun-hye.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (319)

319

Episode 319

Sergio was a fairly popular teacher.

It wasn't just Sergio's unrealistic looks. He was a great cook, had big hands, and most of all, he carried them around the school. Some students often called him the pig maker.

“…….”

Cha Eun-hye was troubled while looking at the beautifully made tiramisu.

“I ate it with a relaxed mind… but, how much fat will I get?”

“Why should a skinny, groaning kid worry about such things?”

“Teacher, you shouldn’t provoke people, you know? Don’t provoke people.”

“I made this because I thought you might want something sweet after finishing a salty meal, but it’s a shame you won’t eat it.”

“No matter what, it’s unconscionable to give it away and then take it away. I’ll have some time to sample it, so please understand.”

Cha Eun-hye ate the tiramisu whole.

“Oh, I really can’t handle it.”

“You’ve gotten so skinny since I last saw you. You can eat more. How much have you suffered without me, my dog?”

“Honestly, the worst one is the teacher. Teacher, I have to manage my image and live like that. These days, people look at the president’s appearance a lot.”

“What good would it do to elect a president based on his looks? And it seems a little late to retire now. As far as I can see, as long as you have your friends, you will be able to sit in the president’s seat semi-permanently. I think it would be better to give up and give in to your desires.”

“Do you know that every time you feed someone something, they talk a lot more?”

“Isn’t it natural for someone to talk more when they are worried about the other person?”

Sergio's voice was genuinely sympathetic as he spoke. He seemed to really think that Cha Eun-hye had not eaten regularly for 32 years, even though she was of average weight.

Cha Eun-hye smiled and prepared herself for the familiar resignation. She was secretly delighted by that absurd remark, but it had been so long since she had heard it that she felt as if she were dreaming, and it was unrealistic.

“There’s a report that somehow the curator named Yoo Seong-un seems to have gained weight….”

“Why on earth do they send such reports?”

“I’ve been observing you closely since you first appeared.”

“Is it legal to investigate the president these days?”

“Uh… I heard it originally had a similar feel, but otherwise, I don’t know.”

“I can see that you were very interested in me.”

“Oh, no… Don’t look at it like that.”

Cha Eun-hye made an excuse while buying tiramisu at the gaze that was falling steadily.

“I’m not a very precious person. Why would I go see the teacher without being sure? I went because I thought, ‘Oh, this is the right time.’ And to figure out that time, you need to have a lot of information about the other person….”

“I wonder if Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s weight was really needed there.”

“That kind of thing can also be important clues. Especially for someone like you who likes to fatten up the people around you. How come people don’t change even after they die and come back to life? Do you enjoy seeing other people get fat like that?”

“Rather than that, I thought it would be a bit sad if it was too thin.”

“I’ve said this over and over again, but the teacher’s standards are really too, too… Should I say it’s low or high? Either way, it’s not normal. I’ll say it again, I’m average.”

“These days, kids have this really sad habit of calling something that is thinner than average average. I don’t think that’s right. So what if it’s a little fat?”

Then Sergio lifted the tray and showed it to me.

“Madeleine?”

“Just give it to me first.”

“It’s so nice to see you eating so well.”

“Teacher, are you my grandmother…?”

Next, various fruits, cheeses, and crackers were prepared. Anyone could tell that these were snacks that would go well with wine, but Cha Eun-hye knew that her teacher liked to just eat the snacks.

‘…Because it was like that before too.’

As expected, there was no alcohol among the food served.

“As we live, days like this come.”

Eunhye Cha asked Sergio what he was saying as he sat down on the sofa opposite him.

“…What day is it?”

“A day to eat cheese in the Oval Office.”

“Have you ever imagined that your disciple would become president?”

“Did you do it?”

“I couldn’t do it, you piece of shit, I couldn’t do it either.”

Eunhye Cha pretended to cry and ate a cracker.

“Ha… No alcohol, alcohol? This kind of thing is best enjoyed with alcohol.”

“I’m not sure if you’re talking about crackers or history.”

“Of course I’m complaining, but since I’ve come this far, please listen to me.”

“You said you had the only memory, but you’re the most blunt.”

Sergio looked at Cha Eun-hye intently.

“And I’m just saying this because I suddenly thought of it. What are you talking about drinking in front of the teacher? I know you’re an adult, but I’m still shaking from the sight of you being such a great member of society, even though it feels like it was only yesterday before the catastrophe happened.”

“Oh… Is there a liver? Wow, what’s the detail? Didn’t you say it was a portrait?”

“There’s no guarantee that there won’t be a liver in a portrait. Of course, I have no way of knowing for sure until I cut open my abdomen myself. Can you introduce me to a good surgeon?”

“So when you say that, teacher, it doesn’t sound like a joke at all. I don’t want to confirm it, so please don’t say things like that. I know I’m not the one who’s going to open my stomach, but I’m still scared.”

“Let’s say that’s the case for now.”

Across from me, a handsome man who looked like he might appear as a stuffed corpse in a horror movie asked with his hands clasped together.

“How have you been?”

"no."

“Yeah, I was just saying that out of courtesy. You must have had a hard time.”

“At school, if you whine, they will comfort you.”

“Time has passed since that day and the expiration date has passed.”

“Oh, it’s spicy.”

“In the meantime, I prepared some food for Seohee. I was happy because she seemed to like it.”

Cha Eun-hye kept her promise to Seo Seo-hee. She asked Sergio to pack her lunch, and 'Sergio Hunter' obediently packed her lunch and visited Justitia for the first time in a long time. Anyway, Seo Seo-hee liked it.

Eunhye Cha nodded as if she had known this would happen.

“He likes everything the teacher gives him.”

“No, he’s secretly picky. He pretends not to be.”

“Don’t you eat everything they give you?”

“If you don’t consider it a picky eater to avoid eating things you dislike in the first place, then yes, what you said makes sense. If you tell them to eat, they will eat it without hesitation.”

“Why does it look like there’s so much piled up?”

“I’m not trying to start a fight with you. I’m just talking about objective information since I have more data than emotions.”

A man in a pitch-black suit and a black cloak tilted his head with a blunt expression. It seemed more like a habit when he looked away than a question. He spoke while looking into space.

“I know it must have been hard for you.”

“I know it’s not something I should be saying, since I’ve been avoiding meeting you because I’ve been suspicious of you for so long… but still, please come a little earlier.”

“It wasn’t something I could do as I pleased, and above all.”

“More than anything?”

“Aren’t you going to be independent?”

“…….”

“Oh… Really?”

Sergio was impressed.

“That’s a bit surprising.”

“…Ah, no, we’ve already achieved independence, so the answer didn’t come quickly. We’re all grown up already. What kind of independence are you talking about now? Ha, really, even without our teacher, we all did well on our own. Look at me, I even became president. Isn’t that no joke?”

“It’s hard to say that it was a joke that you became president because your friends insisted on it. When I heard that story, I was so afraid of your growth. I wanted you to grow, but I didn’t want you to grow like this.”

“Um… That’s something I have no words for as a modern person who still has a sense of democracy from before the great disaster….”

I admit, this is still a subject of criticism. The so-called 'Symbol of Eternity' used their authority to put Cha Eun-hye, who has nothing, in the position of president. If this isn't a dictatorship, then what is?

Eunhye Cha, who had finally finished eating the madeleine, asked for some cheese.

“Can I make an excuse?”

“What excuse? An excuse for craving cheese?”

“No, other than that, the excuse for my becoming president….”

“I always enjoy hearing students’ stories.”

“Then let’s begin.”

Then Cha Eun-hye shrugged.

“…Actually, even if I say this, there’s nothing grand to say. The country was just a mess.”

Even if Cha Eun-hye, an idol trainee with average grades and an ordinary family, became president, she would have been better than before.

“Other children are already perfectly balanced with the separation of powers as the ‘symbol of eternity’ to become president… so it was impossible to add the title of president to them.”

“I'm listening.”

“They didn’t really try to get me to sit down from the beginning, but… I don’t know if you know, but the previous government made a lot of trouble. Because of that, Hae-ra and Seo-hee had a real headache. Hae-woon even got to the point of misanthropy… and disappeared for about two years.”

“2 years?”

Sergio tilted his head. This was a sign of questioning.

“It’s shorter than you thought?”

“Oh, I thought you’d say it was long.”

“Two years is not a short period of time for a fully grown adult to wander around with misanthropy.”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hye laughed.

“…I think the teacher knows our 32 years very well, even though he has never seen them before.”

“I gained weight while feeding you, so how could you not have guessed that much? It’s obvious even without looking.”

He shrugged.

“Haewoon in particular is the type to just leave once he starts acting up. His bold behavior patterns are always similar.”

“But I’ve never had any major accidents. It’s not like I’m always trying to fix things, but I’m just trying to hold back. I guess I should be thankful that I don’t explode.”

“I understand what the situation must have been like back then. You must have been pretending not to feel that way, but you must have wanted to control yourself before causing an accident.”

“That’s right. If he hadn’t disappeared like that and stayed with us, he would have definitely died. He probably didn’t want to become a murderer, so he just left.”

“You must have had a hard time.”

“…Me, me too.”

Cha Eun-hye broke the cracker in half and laughed awkwardly. It was a laugh filled with embarrassment and subtlety.

“I had a hard time too.”

“You’ve become a lot more mischievous since I last saw you. You’re more active than other kids.”

“Should I not do it? Is it disgusting, being older than me and doing this?”

“Actually, you guys are past the age where you can be cute. You’re cute no matter what you do until you’re 19.”

“…….”

“…Why is it like this?”

Sergio blinked twice.

He couldn't even take a joke as a joke. The Cha Eun-hye he remembered wasn't like this, so there must have been some differences. The student's appearance, which hadn't changed in 32 years, was strangely unfamiliar.

But I didn't really like this feeling of discomfort.

“Why haven’t I become an adult yet?”

To be honest, Geo was a little taken aback.

“I thought you were all grown up. I mostly met students who had forgotten about me, so I thought you, who still had memories, would be different. But now that I think about it, you and the other students aren’t all that different. What did I do wrong?”

“…The teacher did nothing wrong.”

“It’s not my fault, well. It’s not a very good situation for a teacher.”

“So you tried to pretend not to know?”

Even as Cha Eun-hye spoke, she stared at Sergio. Even though her gaze was pitch-black and unfathomable, Cha Eun-hye simply accepted it. There was no trace of the awkward smile she had shown while breaking the cracker.

In the end, it was Geo who blinked first. It was too obvious a gaze to just pretend not to notice as usual. A slight sense of eeriness and fatigue made me sigh.

“I will not leave you or forsake you.”

“…I know, you always do that, teacher.”

“Yeah, I knew you wouldn’t believe me so easily. But I thought there might be a chance you’d believe me if I said it anyway, so I said it.”

“I will believe you even if you just tell me, teacher.”

“How can you say you believe with such a face? It’s amazing.”

“Yes, I don’t actually believe everything. But at least I have some idea of the context in which things are going.”

Cha Eun-hye lowered her head and looked at the broken cracker in her hand.

“I don’t know why, but it’s true that the teacher came back, and I have no intention of changing anything… so I thought I’d just enjoy it.”

“That’s smart.”

“In the meantime, I’m scared that everything could fall apart. My teacher might suddenly disappear, or the world might collapse, or my newly built relationship might deteriorate.”

“So you’re going to keep pretending you don’t know?”

“That’s right, thank you for that. It’s because you pretend not to know each other and hang out together. It feels so good to eat the course snacks you prepared for me after such a long time.”

“…It seems like I grew up in a strange way.”

Geo got up from his seat. He wasn't going anywhere. He picked up a piece of cheese from the table and placed it on top of Cha Eun-hye's broken cracker. Then he tapped Cha Eun-hye's hand.

“Food shouldn’t be used for tactile play.”

“It wasn’t really a tactile play.”

“Then show off your strength?”

“Shall we try something like that….”

The cheese was delicious. Of course, what Sergio brought was the food that was on display at the official residence. They were tailored to Cha Eun-hye’s taste. The round Brie cheese melted in her mouth along with the crackers.

“Can you come like this sometimes?”

“Is that also for the sake of new trust?”

“Probably so.”

“It’s quite ambiguous. Your attitude and your demands.”

"teacher."

Cha Eun-hye smiled faintly.

“If possible, we tried not to see each other.”

“If you guys are really adults.”

“If I had become the adult that you said I was, I wouldn’t have watched it at all?”

“I would have thought about it a lot more than I do now, and I would have pretended not to know anything and created a new relationship.”

“You know how secretly cruel you are, don’t you? How can someone be like this?”

A little resentment, a lot of longing, and a huge lack.

“…I’ll try to become an adult. Because that’s what you want me to do.”

“If you’re going to do it, let’s become healthy adults. I’m worried because you guys seem to be just getting older.”

“Yes, I will aim to become a healthy adult, so please come visit me often.”

This was a deal. It was a rule that Shinbi liked so much and followed, and it was Cha Eun-hye's stubbornness that didn't last long.

“Please stop by now when no one is looking and chat with me like this.”

“If that’s what you mean by trust, then I’ll do it, I’m still a teacher. But I want you to know.”

Sergio sat down again. He leaned back on the sofa and looked down at Cha Eun-hye.

“I should have just been passing by.”

Cha Eun-hye also answered calmly.

“It’s a little late for that.”

“I wouldn’t have known that even 32 years ago.”

“I keep telling you, you’re secretly harsh, teacher.”

“And yet, we ended up here.”

It asked.

“Was it my choice? Or….”

“…….”

“…was it your choice?”

It is to this great deficiency that his name is given.

“…….”

“…….”

Geo didn't hear an answer until the end.

“That could be possible.”

He was still there with them and was still their teacher, so he didn't really need a plausible answer. Still, he kept poking the crying child's side because he was curious.

I wondered what I had done in the past to ruin the kids like this. I wondered if I was really qualified to be a teacher who could lead and teach others. That was all.

“Should we stop here for today?”

“Then please ask me again tomorrow?”

“No, if you don’t want to, I won’t ask you again. I’m not desperate for the past and you don’t want to have it back. Sometimes it seems like it’s not that bad….”

“Yes, well, there are those who want to do that, but… I can’t do anything about it because it’s a situation that can’t be helped. I don’t know what you’re thinking, teacher, but it’s a dangerous situation. And it’s not a situation where you can hope for a miracle, so if possible, teacher, please pretend not to know.”

“A miracle, I think I know exactly what you mean… Well, I’ll do it depending on the situation. As you know, I tend to be soft on my students and I don’t know what the future holds.”

He said calmly.

“I don’t know much about matters that affect the fate of the world or the country, but if you’re confused and need a clear answer, call me. That’s the role of a teacher. I’ll always be here.”

That was all I could do.

“How about something like that?”

“…Then can you put some more cheese on me?”

“Let’s do that.”

I guess you were hungry.

He pretended not to care, but he was still sensitive, and he even had a scary look on his face.

* * *

And Jeong Hae-woon went to see Seo Seo-hee.

“Hey, give me some food.”

“You left it to me, you crazy bastard?”

“Brother, have you been eating anything delicious lately?”

“Are you really a gangster…?”

Seo Seo-hee opened her lunch box like that.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (320)

320

Episode 320

Of course, Jeong Hae-woon didn't just come here to rake over lunch boxes.

“Hey, but it’s delicious.”

“The teacher gave it to me, you punk Jeong Hae-woon. Don’t you think it’s a bit much for a bribe?”

“Happiness doubles when shared.”

“Then where on earth did my happiness go…?”

It was absurd for Seo Seo-hee, but she couldn't help but give him a lunch box. It was thanks to the fact that Sergio Hunter had left a lot of lunch boxes when he stopped by last time.

Since there was subspace, I didn't have to worry about it getting spoiled, so I decided to eat it slowly over time. There was always something about the lunch boxes Sergio Hunter packed for me that warmed my heart.

And it was stolen by the gangsters.

“What can you say about having one thing stolen?”

“I didn’t say anything.”

“It was snowing.”

“It really does all sorts of things.”

Seo Seo-hee sighed and asked.

“…Is this okay?”

“Can’t you tell when you see someone filming a mukbang?”

“The earth knows that you are healthy, and heaven knows that I asked a foolish question.”

“It would have been better if I knew now.”

“I didn’t really think it would do any harm, but….”

The gifts given by the Black Cloak are usually food. The Black Cloak does not prohibit sharing food unless it is taken by force or persecution.

Perhaps Jeong Hae-un wanted to check if this kind of playful robbery was okay.

“…….”

It was a bit questionable to insist on making it mine. In fact, it was closer to annoyance. One of the few pleasures Seo Seo-hee had recently had was taken away by that damned bastard.

'Did you know this would happen and give me several?'

No, it was just that Geo had big hands. However, Seo Seo-hee's illusion of not having any memories of 'Teacher' spread freely. Even before Jeong Hae-woon, who had finished all the lunch boxes, called him.

“Hey, if you eat this, won’t there be any big changes?”

“Hmm… Does it make you feel more energetic? How about you?”

“I don’t feel anything either. I can feel that the gardeners who signed a contract with me are a little happy, but I’m not sure if it’s because they’re not that close.”

“It’s strange.”

“It’s certainly a curious thing.”

It was also surprising.

“It’s amazing that such a huge being can control his energy so well. If it were a meal prepared by a being of that level, it wouldn’t be strange if he were dragged into their spirit world right now.”

"you…."

Seo Seo-hee's expression became a little strange.

“Wasn’t that something you saw in the old collector’s parade?”

Even at that time, Jeong Hae-un looked quite tired of the sophistication shown in 'Portrait of Geo'. I wondered why he was having the same doubts now.

“In the first place, the history of Black Cloak giving out snacks as gifts has been around for quite some time, and you also admitted that there was no problem with that.”

“That’s right, even recently I pledged allegiance to the Eyes of the Merciful Source.”

“I guess the loyalty I know and the loyalty you know are quite different?”

“I think it’s a habit, a habit. I don’t deny that I have developed a great fondness for that being. But the other person is no ordinary person.

Being able to show a human-like appearance is a mystery with many variables.”

“You’re not explaining it because you think I don’t know, are you? Or is it just an excuse?”

“That’s… a little bit. But habits aren’t lies. Do you know how many times I’ve seen someone get screwed over because they ate the wrong food and their life was ruined? I think it was a survival instinct, a conditioned reflex.”

“Poor kid….”

“If you look at it that way, there’s no one among us who isn’t pitiful. Anyway, you know that liking and trust are two different things. I think you’ve become suspicious. It’s similar to how nobles used to carry silver spoons.”

“This time, Lady Kimi is making excuses again.”

Seo Seo-hee laughed in vain. She seemed to be doing her best to make excuses, so she obediently went along with it.

“Anyway, this is different, right? There’s a clear difference between the lunchbox the teacher gave you and the food that regular mysteries give you.”

“What… I thought you said that because it was a hobby you were really into. There’s nothing special about it, so why would I be suspicious? Again, I just tried it to check.”

Jeong Hae-woon's face became strange.

“…More than anything, I want to know what it feels like.”

“…….”

Was there something I didn't notice in the cube steak I ate last time?

“It’s not like there’s even a single grain of rice left, just to check?”

“If you leave even a little bit of it, who knows who will eat it later? Maybe it’s only okay if we share it among ourselves. Of course, someone this experienced wouldn’t make that kind of mistake….”

"so?"

Seo Seo-hee shrugged.

“Are you really here to check that?”

“I’ve been too busy lately to do that.”

“I even heard that you went to the collector’s shop.”

“Fuck, my private life. This damn rat is endless no matter how much I catch him. Why?”

Jeong Hae-woon was disgusted. The collectors were a guild that strictly controlled information. There was no way the story could have leaked from there, so it was one of two things. Either the collectors intentionally released it, or the other side had eyes and ears.

There was no reason for the collector to get involved in the childish quarrel between the two. So it was probably the latter. Jeong Hae-woon humbly accepted it. After all, they both pretended not to know each other even though they already knew each other.

“Anyway, there’s a reason I came here.”

“Yes, what on earth would you say, leaving my dear Guildmaster outside?”

“No matter how much I searched, I couldn’t find anyone else to ask but you.”

“…This is a bit ominous, wait a minute.”

“I’ve been to a closed school before.”

“I said it was just for a moment, I’m really going crazy. Why are you doing this to me?”

Seo Seo-hee hit her forehead in frustration. The one who filmed the mukbang in front of her was Jeong Hae-woon, so why was she getting slapped? It was extremely unfair, but she understood. She understood that she was frustrated.

Anyway, Seo Seo-hee maintained her characteristically peaceful expression.

“I guess it’s no use trying to catch him since he’s already busy and came all the way here to eat.”

“I told you earlier, no matter how much I thought about it, there was no one else I could ask but you. If I erased my memories, then of course Danhae’s memories would have disappeared too. But that doesn’t mean I can ask Eunhye.”

“Don’t touch a kid who’s already tired.”

“I also heard that the President, who must be tired because of us, recently visited that abandoned school. And above all, I must have investigated that place, but I don’t remember doing that.”

“I wish I had just never known….”

"ah."

Jeong Hae-woon nodded as if he understood.

“Didn't I tell you not to talk?”

“It’s surprising that you realized it now, considering how long it took.

What kind of stimulation did you get from the collector to make someone who is already busy postpone their schedule to come see me?”

“That old man in Visabal said this.”

Jeong Hae-un recited mechanically.

“My son will love everything forever. Love, mercy, affection, sacrifice, affection. He is made up of all these similar words. Didn’t the guild leader Jeong Hae-un ask me about his destination and starting point…?”

The end of the sentence was drawn out and Jeong Hae-woon finished it off.

“And then he asked, ‘Didn’t you see it too?’”

“…Are you limiting it to just you?”

“I thought it might be possible. That’s why I thought of the abandoned school. Sure enough, I noticed something about Sergio Hunter there. That’s why I decided to forget about it.”

“Then let’s live on, forgetting about it.”

Seo Seo-hee shrugged.

“It’s not that there are no risks, but the risk is too great to try to recover the forgotten past. You know what we’re risking with that promise.”

“Yeah, I know that too. To be honest, I don’t know what I wanted to do. I’ve been sleeping well lately and have less work, so I guess I have more free time, but I keep having random thoughts.”

“You’d rather be half-assed like me. If you keep doing this, you might get into trouble.”

“I eventually decided not to remember and ran away to find Dan Hae-ra. You know me too. If I feel like I can’t handle it, I run away. That’s what I did back then.”

Even though it's something I don't even remember.

“I’m not saying that I want my memories back, I’m just curious. Why is that teacher or whatever being being so kind to us?”

“If you just cover it with a new relationship….”

“You have to think carefully, I don’t know how long this will last. I acknowledge that the being is very kind, gentlemanly, and merciful to humans, but the rest is not.”

“I think that’s enough to admit everything.”

“No, what I mean is… what are we going to do when the interest in that existence ends? We have to become self-reliant, like we created a system to drive out the harmful gods of Earth and limit their ability to intervene.”

“I understand what you mean.”

Seo Seo-hee nodded.

“That’s what I just mentioned as the ‘destination’ and ‘starting point.’ I want to see the beginning and the end of this love. No, at least I want to estimate it.”

“Despite his divine nature, Black Cloak is not subject to the restraints of the system. He is an exception.”

It was really tiring work.

“This can’t be explained by the fact that he is the Eye of the Origin. The same goes for the reason why the personality of ‘Geo’ is placed on the Origin. I am grateful in many ways, but it is still a bunch of

variables… I just can't understand the direction of that favor."

why?

"You don't have to do that, do you?"

"Well, since Sergio Hunter is our teacher, he must be moving in a direction that is favorable to humans. You saw it too, it was the human ego."

"So how is that possible? It's ridiculous, to begin with. I'm sure that I'm seeing it as the source and I'm sure he won't deny it."

It's such a huge being.

"I think I sang the Origin song on a fictitious day and my senses were paralyzed. It's the Origin. It's a being that's wider, deeper, and more expansive than the universe. I don't even know what it essentially looks like, what its purpose is, or if it has a self. Even now, the 'Portrait' shows a completely different identity with the same face. How could such a being change favorably just because it has a few personalities mixed in?"

It's not just simply friendly.

"That's love. The source is giving love, and that's what's really going on. For this to work, the initiative has to go to that human named Sergio. That's what I'm saying, that human, not the source, has the initiative."

"Could it be that he wasn't human from the beginning?"

"It's quite possible. It's not that humans died and merged with the mysteries, but that they were born as mysteries in human form from the beginning. And when it was time to die, they were retrieved. No, of course I don't know. I don't know exactly what the order was. It's out of the question that personality was added to the origin in the first

place….”

Jeong Hae-woon shrugged.

“It’s not like finding out would make any difference, right?”

Still, this was important. Jeong Hae-woon wanted to know what kind of structure the being he regarded as his teacher had. He might be punished by heaven for daring to test the mystery, but that was the responsibility of the future Jeong Hae-woon.

“I need to know that.”

“To know the destination and the starting point?”

“Yes, for that, we need to know about the essential existence of ‘Sergio Hunter’.”

“I understand what you mean….”

Seo Seo-hee looked at the empty lunch box with a bitter face.

“Why did you come to me and say such things?”

“Do you always eat at this time?”

“Piglet.”

but.

“In the end, I can’t tell you.”

“…I thought it wouldn’t work out for me either.”

“You really seemed out of your mind back then.”

“I know this is dangerous, but….”

If we were not careful, the achievements that were built precariously

like a small stone tower on a mountain path could have come crashing down. So it was only natural for Seo Seo-hee to say this. I knew that.

Seo Seo-hee, who had been hesitating, said.

“Why don’t you go and see him in person?”

"principal?"

“They might already be using a huge number of them.”

“I wouldn’t be able to figure it out. But at least if they were the person involved, they would probably know the line that isn’t dangerous. Even if they didn’t know, they would probably just pretend not to know.”

“Hmm… you’re right.”

So Jeong Hae-un visited the collector.

* * *

“I promised not to bother you.”

“You can withdraw that promise to me, sir. Oh, well then.”

“I thought you would come all the way here to ask that.”

The black-painted portrait tilted its head.

“Your friend who is not speaking out for peace will be sad.”

“It is well known that our dear President is having a hard time. But this is not the area I am in. I am only asking for permission.”

“Permission… I have never been given that authority.”

“In other words, you could say that I’m asking for advice rather than permission. I’ve learned that it’s neither strange nor shameful to seek

wisdom from those who are wiser than you, sir.”

“My advice may not always be right. I am not perfect. I am not completely good, nor am I ideally affectionate.”

“You don’t think I’m here to discuss your qualifications, do you? I need your advice now. Yours in my estimation.”

“You might regret it.”

“It’s a prophecy from the beginning, and it’s really creepy, but I trust my friends. Even if you and I get into a really big accident, they’ll stop it.”

“It’s good to have the attitude to try, but wouldn’t it be necessary to do some research before taking on the challenge?”

“I would have done that if it was someone I could research, but unfortunately it’s not you.”

For some reason, Jeong Hae-woon smiled at him, even though he had a feeling that this would not end well, as he avoided him. In the end, someone had to see the end. In that case, it was right for him, the gardener, to take on that task.

Jeong Hae-woon asked.

“Teacher, I need help.”

“…….”

“Let me trust you.”

This portrait tended to focus on his role as a teacher. When he opened his mouth to think about that, the portrait looked a little bit daunted. He seemed to know why Jeong Hae-un said that.

“You’re so clever.”

“How are the skills you have worked hard to hone to become an adult?”

“It’s very spicy, I like it.”

"…is it so."

Jeong Hae-woon crossed his arms.

“You know what? Dan Hae-ra’s way of speaking is similar to yours.”

“What kind of speech habit are you talking about?”

“That’s what I mean when I say I like it.”

“Aha, I like that too. That kind of thing.”

“Is there a reason?”

“If you don’t say it out loud, it will disappear.”

“Mysteriously… that’s a strange statement.”

Why do I feel nostalgic about this conversation?

I won't judge this as a sentimental thought. Jeong Hae-un needed a clue that would allow him to believe in this existence for at least 1,000 years. I thought it was a natural order of things, since he was going to have to live with the unit for a very long time.

“You don’t think you’ll allow me to do that? What, the Earth’s going to end up like that? Well, I guess that’s a bit much for me too. But judging by your hesitation, I guess it’s not on that scale, right?”

“I repeat, I do not have the authority to give permission. I promised the president of this country that I would not talk nonsense or instigate anyone. Do you want me to break my promise to her? I know what you want, but I do not know exactly what to give you.”

“Either you don’t know or you’re pretending not to know….”

“But in the end, what you’ve been talking about lately is this. New trust. A relationship that needs to be built anew, forgetting the past. Isn’t that right? Among them, Jeong Hae-woon in particular wants to know me well.”

“That is true, but.”

“If you really want it, I dare to make an exception for you in all circumstances. You are my student too. But I tell you once again that my advice can never be perfect.”

The portrait warned.

“Would you be willing to tolerate some mishaps in the process of building trust?”

“As long as it doesn’t lead to the destruction of the planet or mass genocide, it’s fine.”

“…If that’s the case.”

The portrait came out.

“…….”

"illustration."

Barefoot.

'and….'

Jewel eye.

“Then, how about spending some time with me?”

“…Last time, you spent time next to Seo Seo-hee.”

“Of course, I am also the one who had a great time with Seo Seo-hee. We fought a very meaningful battle, using the name Argio, and for the honor of the evil god.”

“So you’re saying you’ll choose me this time?”

“I thought it would suit you very well, Gardener Jeong Hae-un. I bet we could have some pretty fun pranks.”

“…Actually, this alternative isn’t so bad.”

He nodded.

“So what kind of prank are you going to play this time?”

“Why are people in this world playing games?”

The eyes of the garden curve like a crescent moon.

“They’re all game addicts.”

"…her?"

“I don’t want to be trapped in a narrow monitor and see the world.”

“That’s a remark I don’t quite understand. It’s also sudden. Is that a complaint from the garden?”

“Look at me as you wish.”

It was funny.

“I will do that too.”

“…….”

Ugh, I feel uneasy.

‘It is a contract that we tried to make after taking into account the

considerations…’

It was a little creepy.

* * *

Waiting for command

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (321)

321

Episode 321

Since that day, there has been a slight change in Jeong Hae-un's daily life.

“Hmm, I thought you’d wake up late since you worked late last night. How about sleeping a little longer now?”

“…What the fuck is this….”

“You don’t remember me, seeing as my heart is trembling with your harsh words…? Gardener Jeong Hae-woon borrowed me from the head of the Bisabeol guild. That’s why I ended up becoming a portrait in Jeong Hae-woon’s house. It’s disappointing to pretend to forget like this….”

“…I remember.”

It was a shocking presence that made me lose my memory for a moment. In terms of class and appearance, he was not the right person to see as soon as I woke up.

My heart was pounding like this, even though I’ve never felt this way since I was older. It wasn’t a particularly good feeling. Jeong Hae-woon’s face was a little pale. Considering that he had just woken up, his reaction was quite tired.

“I feel like I’ve just watched a horror movie. Waking up to the garden’s gaze is so scary.”

“You treated me kindly and I got a bad reaction? Have you ever seen such a kind and affectionate horror movie? At least not me.”

“Could you please… go back to black?”

The interior of Jeong Hae-woon's house wasn't particularly bleak. It was decorated in a simple manner so that no matter what guests came, they wouldn't feel uncomfortable. But even in that, the person who introduced himself as 'George' was flashy. He stood out too much.

My eyes hurt even though it wasn't the light coming from my face. It was really absurd.

'I used to feel this way right before I lost my sight.'

Jeong Hae-un had been to the point of blindness many times. Why did he feel this way when he had not seen anything bright, had not been poisoned, and had not been accustomed to heat?

Thinking back, it was a shocking presence in many ways.

“Did I bring you here too recklessly…?”

“You have brought me this precious body to talk about trust, so why are you being so disrespectful? Don’t you want to have faith in me? If you want to do that, shouldn’t you be a little more diligent?”

“…If you’ve been as honest as you’ve been up until now, I think you’ve been diligent enough.”

“That’s right, that’s very right. That’s why I prepared breakfast for the diligent student Jeong Hae-un. Thank you, right? I’ll be grateful, when have I ever been treated like this….”

“How many times have you been treated to breakfast?”

“Have you ever received anything from a gardener like me?”

“No, thank you. This is truly a merciful garden. Long live George.”

When I think about it, there has never been a more luxurious time. A meal prepared by the picky gardener himself. It was a great luxury for the gardener, except that eating it would probably make him sick.

And breakfast was simpler than I expected.

“…bread, sausage… and bacon.”

“I guess you can’t see the egg lying carefully next to you.”

“I see that too. It’s a very typical Western breakfast, something like that.”

“You like this kind of thing.”

“…My heart sinks every time I say something like that….”

Even if they spoke based on their past experiences, Jeong Hae-woon didn’t know anything. To be exact, he had forgotten everything. As he sat down, Jeong Hae-woon checked the meal that Jeong-won had prepared for him.

Round pancakes and glossy sausages. The yolk was a deep, almost orange color and was plump like a bead, and the bacon was crispy but the fat part looked very moist.

“……”

If there's one thing that's a bit absurd, it's the sheer quantity.

“What, an elephant is coming?”

“Phew.”

“Hey, what the hell is that big guy trying to do? Seriously.”

“I’m 21 years old and always fresh, so it’s okay, this much.”

“If you’re going to share one body, you should at least unify your age. I’m going to die of confusion. Anyway, are you going to eat all of this yourself? Will it all fit in that body? Isn’t it physically impossible?”

“It’s quite romantic to ask for the impossible in a garden.”

“Anyway, the word ‘romance’ is used everywhere….”

Still, I was slowly getting used to it. As George had said, a garden that ignored the laws of physics was not a strange story. The portrait sat proudly and neatly, absorbing the food.

'It's amazing every time I see it.'

He ate quietly and obediently, but a pancake that was not small at all was sucked into his mouth. His mouth was full, and his cheeks did not swell. It was a quiet task, but the speed was amazing.

'I do have my own share.'

The dish placed on the portrait seemed to be intended for an appetizer plate, but Jeong Hae-woon had an ordinary stomach that could be satisfied with just one plate. There was also moderately boiled broccoli and roasted cherry tomatoes as garnish.

'I guess it's because it's a garden, but they secretly prepare harmonious meals.'

And of course, it was delicious.

“I’m going to go back.”

“Please admit that it is delicious, Jeong Hae-un.”

“What am I eating?”

“Aren’t you eating breakfast?”

“That is true, but.”

I felt uneasy somewhere.

‘… I don’t know why I feel so familiar with this time of day. Strangely enough, this mealtime doesn’t feel awkward.’

After finishing the meal, it was 7 AM. Jeong Hae-woon, who had some free time thanks to the help of the black cloak, was able to eat breakfast like this. Since he had never done this before, this situation should have been unfamiliar, but he was eating it all at once.

'I guess it's because it's so delicious that humans find it hard to resist.'

When I looked into it, I found out that they often went to the sun goddess or the god of death to make offerings that were not offerings. It would have been difficult for Jeong Hae-un to refuse food that even the gods found tempting.

Anyway, today was the day to inspect the garden. Since it was a previously scheduled schedule, the two of them walked around the garden from early in the morning.

“This place was once an ownerless garden.”

“I think it’s piece number 482. Is that correct?”

“I always say this, but I don’t know how to call out numbers like that. But I heard that the gardener in charge was recently saved with the help of Black Cloak.”

“Oh, he’s such a nice guy. He plays with me often. It seems like Black Cloak does a lot of fun things, don’t you think?”

“I don’t know how long I’ll have to keep doing this. Anyway, since I’m a new gardener, there are some parts of my work that I’m not very good

at. This time, I'll fix those and move on."

There are 10,000 'gardens' in the world, and many of them have chosen gardeners. This jungle full of tall trees is no exception. However, it seems that the complex structure makes it difficult for the gardeners in charge to handle.

"It's good to have motivation, but if you look at it a little more carefully, you won't end up with such a strangely misguided part. Maybe it's because you're still a beginner, but it seems to be going slowly."

"I heard that the Hunter Association and Jeong Hae-un's guild also provide gardener training. Is that not very effective? Or are these also just mistakes made by beginners…?"

"For now, it's better than nothing. We did create a gardener-only academy class, but it's awkward for both teachers and students. I believe it will get better over time."

Next was an ownerless garden.

"Is this one in your paintings too?"

"This is the 3,094th painting, this huge lake is really fascinating."

"A lake without any living creatures is definitely an alien existence to humans. It is so clean that it is unpleasant. It seems that they are trying to swallow up many talented people these days, but strangely, there is no gardener in charge."

"That's what love is."

"You have a bad habit of trying to lump all variables together with love."

The lake was so quiet that it swallowed up all sound. Perhaps this excessive silence was the reason why it never had a gardener. Most

people would go crazy if they were deprived of this much sound.

Jeong Hae-woon rubbed his chin.

“It may not be easy to hope for, but I wish someone who can’t hear at all would come to me….”

“I hope whoever comes will adapt well.”

“That’s what I’m saying. It doesn’t matter who comes, but it would be nice if we had enough similarities to not fight from the start. Wouldn’t that be more comfortable, regardless of love or anything else?”

“And yet, in the end, love is a force that can overcome differences.”

“I think that’s a romantic statement typical of you, but the world is much harsher than you imagine. It’s bizarre, full of variables, and it’s really hard to listen to. It’s a dog-like mystery in a dog-like garden.”

“……?”

Suddenly, Jeong-won, who was being cursed at, looked at Shinbi Jeong-hae-un. Jeong-hae-un naturally ignored the gaze. It had been a long time since he realized that this was close to a 'game'. There was no reason for the other person to get angry.

Here, Jeong Hae-un caught one of the water bugs that was making noise.

“Buzzing like a beetle.”

The silent lake would not have welcomed such a bug. But it was natural for an unmanaged garden to have bad bugs. And Honey's eyes lit up as she watched it.

“…Oh, do you want this?”

“Gulp.”

“I would appreciate it if you could give me some advice. Can I give this to my child as a gift?”

Honey, who was sitting on Jeong Hae-woon's shoulder, tilted her head. She was cute, but not cute at all. There was no way a gardener of Jeong Hae-woon's stature would not recognize the status of this water bird.

'You're still watching me.'

Above all, the way it looked at the bug and himself was like that of a predator. Jeong Hae-woon couldn't shake the suspicion that this being was deliberately pretending to be cute in front of his father.

Fortunately, permission was granted to the garden.

“That would be a perfect snack for Honey. My dog is not a picky eater unless it’s spicy. If there’s anything Honey wants and wants to give her, you can give her as much as you want.”

“If the guardian says so.”

Honey swallowed the bug.

'Why does it pretend to eat with such a small mouth? Its entire body is made of water, so why does it pretend to eat like this?'

Jung Hae-woon often felt that Shinbi's actions were very hypocritical. Even if 'Portrait of Geo' was covered by a human ego, Honey wouldn't be like that. Was she simply imitating her father?

‘I think it’s more like pretending to be cute than that…’

If this was the rule of 'Honey', then it was something that had to be accepted. A cute eldest son, a cute water bird, a cute child. Judging from the fact that the 'bird'-like behavior increased only in front of the portrait, I could guess the relationship.

'They say they're family, but in the end, aren't they just playing house?'

I still can't get used to that kind of appearance. This kind of mysterious pretense or imitation. Regardless of whether it's good or bad, there's something very strange about it. That strangeness creates a feeling of uneasiness.

“Have you seen everything?”

“…….”

Yeah, that kind of thing too.

“…Actually, I didn’t see everything.”

The jewel eyes that sparkle so fiercely that they suddenly cloud my reason. If I were a human being without the experience and self-control of Jeong Hae-un, I would have been easily charmed and given my soul. The essence of that is 'love'.

'It's a terrible thing.'

A garden that could receive love and give mercy? That was definitely a disaster. And if it was in human form, the only answer was that it was trash.

“You’re not the type of person who can read everything in just a quick glance, are you, sir?”

“Uh… I was just wondering if you’ve seen the whole garden. Honey, you’ve finished eating.”

“…let’s move.”

This wasn't the first or second time he had been caught like that.

'I really don't know how to build trust.'

This portrait gave him a chance. A chance to build trust. It was also a chance to analyze the other person. But as time went by, his doubts only deepened.

'And also the part about why none of this feels unfamiliar to me at all…
.'

There were parts that I shouldn't think deeply about, but I couldn't help but have doubts that kept coming up. That was human nature. Wanting to fill an empty hole.

They continued to visit the garden like that every day. Jeong Hae-un was a very special gardener, so he could visit the gardens of the owners, and that was the reason why the Earth was not destroyed yet.

“Honestly, I’m starting to get a little tired of this, teacher.”

Jeong Hae-woon, who had been working for a long time, let out a sigh.

“Yes, I felt it when I said I had drawn 10,000 gardens. In fact, I thought that was almost all the gardens on Earth. Since you called out the numbers of each garden I visited, I think my guess was probably right.”

“There must have been a garden that I couldn’t draw. Our game of tag ended faster than I thought because of my whim. I finally got 10,000 points, but I’m sure there were other friends who did.”

“I guess that’s a total of 10,000 gardens that are so important that they could threaten the fate of the Earth. Well, it could just be your taste….”

“Aren’t you hungry?”

“…….”

They sat in the middle of another garden, munching on panini.

“I don’t know if this is allowed in the garden.”

“I don’t think the kids are angry.”

“Isn’t it normal to be upset if someone drops food crumbs on your clothes?”

“So you’re saying the panini isn’t tasty?”

“It’s so delicious, I’m going crazy.”

“Okay then.”

George smiled refreshingly.

“I’m not really a good cook.”

“Was that amazing?”

“It would be harder to live as a wanderer and not be able to cook.”

“A wanderer… does that mean life as a two-legged gardener?”

“I was a wanderer long before that. I was a musician who was loved by many people. I was also a good cook and handsome.”

“Where does this endless confidence come from…?”

“My value that springs up without end?”

“That’s not wrong.”

“There were so many people who tried to hold me back. There were so many, but I didn’t want to stay in one place, so I usually ran away.”

"escape?"

“I am… the type of person who doesn’t like being locked up, even if it’s a golden prison.”

This says that he was once human.

“What kind of person were you?”

“He was a beloved person.”

“That may not have been all there was to you.”

“That’s all, that’s why I’m like this now….”

"…uh…."

Jeong Hae-woon was a little embarrassed.

“You don’t like the way you are now? That’s quite surprising, because you’re so narcissistic.”

“I’m a person who really likes change. I mean, on Earth, they call this dopamine addiction. I mean, I’ve been wandering around all kinds of gardens and I haven’t really enjoyed it.”

“…But as we hang out together, I end up getting to know you better.”

In this way, the garden often told its own story. It wasn't always like that. Most of the time, it was just a joke, but sometimes, if you were lucky, you could hear a heartfelt story.

It's not that I didn't want to ask more, but every time I thought about it, Jeongwon warned me.

“It’s not time to tell my story yet, is it?”

I don't know exactly what that means, but I could tell that this garden was predicting the future. Jeong Hae-woon just nodded in agreement.

"All right."

The less a gardener knows about the future, the longer he lives. I didn't want to harm my mental health by buying a house.

'You're probably just telling me the information that won't pose a major

threat to humans or the Earth.'

I had previously asked for permission to go with 'Portrait of Geo' for the line 'Jeong Hae-woon Should Know'. I thought this might be an extension of that.

After walking around the garden like that, Jeong Hae-un was able to return home. He was scheduled to continue his work as the guild leader another day. There was nothing urgent.

“Why don’t you wash before lying down?”

“Oh, please….”

“I’m not one to insist on washing up after going out, but Jeong Hae-woon looks like he’ll fall asleep at any moment. Do you remember that we haven’t even had dinner yet?”

“…If you eat alone….”

“Me? Alone? I have to eat…?”

“It happens now.”

After eating like that, Jeong Hae-woon's work was over.

“…….”

It's changed a lot.

'It wasn't like this originally.'

I never thought it would change this much.

But George was a master at trolling and taming people. When he joked, straightened, laughed, or whispered, you couldn't help but follow him.

'That's why people keep saying that the owner of the food stall is a

dangerous monster despite his kindness.'

Jeong Hae-woon sat on the living room sofa.

“Oh my, Sakshin….”

“Is it because you insist on having a middle-aged appearance? Are your joints middle-aged too?”

“I’m just saying, I’m just saying.”

“Did you have fun today?”

“…….”

This garden always asked this question at the end of the day. Jeong Hae-woon still couldn't figure out the intention. What on earth was the purpose of the question? He was still curious, but he wasn't offended.

Still, I felt uneasy.

"…well."

Habits that my body and soul remember come out without me knowing. Things that I know I wouldn't do, I end up doing naturally around him. It gives me goosebumps when I realize that.

An error occurred

Waiting for command

What on earth do I want to do?

The waiting time limit has been exceeded

Force: Switches to command progress state

Unlock progress_0.02%

“…What are you looking at, teacher?”

“I think something really fun is going to happen.”

“When you say that, I feel really uneasy.”

“So tell me what you think.”

The garden smiled like a crescent moon.

“It’s a promise, Jeong Hae-woon.”

* * *

That day, Jeong Hae-un had a dream.

It was a terribly nostalgic dream.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (322)

322

Episode 322

It was one day when I looked up at the red and black sky.

"teacher."

Jeong Hae-woon asked a man.

“Teacher, you’re not going anywhere.”

“Where am I going.”

“Wherever you go, you’ll do well.”

“How could that be? My students are all here, where would I go?”

“…Teacher’s family or something….”

“You know it doesn’t exist anymore.”

“…….”

Actually, I was a little grateful for those words.

Jeong Hae-woon also knew that it was a mean and wicked idea. But he still thought it was fortunate. His teacher was a person who had a strong love for his family. If there had been even one of them left, he would have gone there.

But now his family was gone, so next to us… .

“Don’t have any weird thoughts again.”

“Ah… no, I didn’t do it.”

“It’s twisted in a really strange way.”

“The world is so twisted, but I’m this twisted, it’s not like it’s noticeable.”

“If you hear me nagging, I can’t help it… but I meant to tell you not to think like that.”

“What makes you think that way?”

“I think this much will be okay.”

He was always the same even though the world was going to hell.

“If it’s greed, then it can’t be helped. But I want us to live just as we knew each other. You like you, and I like me. Don’t let us change so much that we become unrecognizable…”

“Why do things happen that I can’t figure out?”

“There were many times like that before the world ended. Just because you keep someone by your side doesn’t mean they’ll always remain someone you know. Or you might actually become physically distant.”

“You don’t recognize me?”

“That’s not uncommon. Humans are creatures who ultimately rely on memory, and memory is like an illusion that can’t be grasped, so it can change at any time.”

“Then?”

“You won’t recognize me. You won’t be the person I used to know. But

I know this is boring. So you don’t have to listen to it.”

He said.

“As I said before, in the end, it’s just my greed. In this changing environment, not changing could be perceived as being similar to being eliminated. I just don’t think so.”

“…That’s a bit true, but honestly, I like what you say.”

Because the world was ruined, there were things I could say more honestly. Didn't you feel with your whole body that you didn't know when you would die? Even now, looking at the ominous sky, I felt it a hundred, a thousand times. That death was near.

“I hope it doesn’t change, so I can keep getting to know you.”

“You don’t have to do what I say. As I’ve said many times, there’s no way I’m always right.”

“But still, you’re a teacher.”

“In this world, the authority that comes with being a teacher is not so absolute. It was like that in the past, too.”

“You always nag at us.”

“Yeah, I guess I thought it was nagging. It wasn’t a fun story to listen to.”

It seemed like he was smiling. When I looked again, his lips didn't move at all, but I kept thinking that. Jeong Hae-woon's teacher was able to put emotion and meaning into his voice to the point where I could feel that way.

“Even if the world is ruined, I hope I still have humanity. I want to remain a person who doesn’t carelessly harm lives, doesn’t belittle someone’s worth, and can give as much as I have.”

Then he nodded as if he understood.

“Isn’t this boring talk again?”

“It’s not fun, but… I don’t think it’s a bad thing.”

“I’m so glad you said that, teacher.”

“Okay then.”

“I had very good students.”

“…….”

Well, that wasn't true. He was just a good teacher who had created good students by hand. The teacher acted as if he had completely forgotten that.

All the hardships and adversities of the world seemed easy to him. There must have been times when he felt tired and exhausted, but it didn't seem that way at all. How can he take it for granted that he won't go crazy in a world that is going crazy?

“…Don’t go anywhere.”

“Why are you so scared, Jeong Hae-woon?”

“The Korean teacher said he was crazy.”

“It seems like other kids are scared too.”

He acted as if he understood everything. I was grateful for that rather than being upset. In a world where everything had changed, he was the only one who had not changed. It seemed like he would always be in the same place.

A low, calm voice had the power to calm even an anxious heart.

“The Korean teacher must have been that scared. He couldn’t stand it unless he went somewhere.”

“…But you’re a teacher, and everyone is running away… Isn’t that cowardly?”

There were times when I felt wronged.

“The teacher is working so hard, but everyone else is being irresponsible… The teacher has the hardest time, but they just keep saying shit… whining….”

His teacher always understood too much. And he didn't resent or hate them. He just accepted the information itself and thought, 'So what should I do now?'

“Am I the only one getting mad again?”

“We can be angry together.”

“Teacher, are you Buddha? Did you come from the temple?”

“Does the Buddha usually come from there? I don’t know since I’m not a Buddhist.”

“No, don’t you feel a little… wronged?”

“What do I have to be upset about?”

It's always been like that.

“I’m just sorry.”

“…I’m sorry about something, teacher.”

“You’re making something even scarier for students who are already scared.”

“Why are you worried about that, teacher? Those who ran away

wouldn’t even think about it.”

“Haeun, you really… worry, in a strange way.”

He patted me lightly on the back. It didn’t seem like he was trying to cheer me up or cheer me up, but rather as a consolation telling me not to be sad anymore. His gentle and affectionate touch also cooled my bubbling stomach.

The teacher always said boring things.

“I’m not going anywhere.”

"why."

Because you're a teacher?

“Because you are a teacher.”

“…Or you would have run away?”

“But it would have remained.”

“Why that?”

“Maybe because I’m an adult?”

“The other teachers ran away, even though they were teachers and adults.”

“That reason was enough for me, but I guess it wasn’t for them.”

“Will you be like that someday, teacher?”

“I can’t quite imagine it….”

And then he said something nice to hear.

“Okay, let’s run away with just you guys.”

“…Me? Hae-ra and Seo-hee and Eun-hye too?”

“Just up to there.”

“…Do you think teachers also have favoritism?”

“I’m a human too. How could I not have favoritism?”

“…….”

“…? Why is there no answer at this timing?”

Jeong Hae-woon hesitated and then answered.

“…Because it doesn’t seem human….”

That's why it was more scary.

His teacher was, and still is, too idealistic. He was a good adult and teacher. Maybe that was why he felt so anxious. It wouldn't be strange if he suddenly disappeared.

I once heard this:

'They say the reason good people die young is because God covets them.'

The teacher was a good person. I could see that even better after the world was destroyed. I realized anew how valuable it was after the destruction. That’s why there are so many people who want it… I think I realized it a little late.

There were many places that wanted this person. Nevertheless, the teacher remained by their side. I was grateful for that, but I was also anxious. He was such an idealistic being that it seemed like an illusion.

Was it because it was more unrealistic than a destroyed world?

“…….”

“I am a human being.”

"…i know."

“You guys tend to idolize me too much, you know?”

“You always say that, teacher.”

“I always say that, but you don’t listen, so I’ll say it again.”

"but…."

It wasn't about idolizing. It was just that there was someone who was naturally an idol, and that was Jeong Hae-woon's teacher. He was perfect in every way, and at the same time, he could be kind and affectionate.

“Jeong Hae-un.”

“I, I’m not the only one who thinks this way. Isn’t it time you started admitting it too, Teacher? Are you embarrassed?”

It was a bit unfair. It was a student's pride that his teacher was so special. It was something that only you had to admit. There was nothing more to say, it was the truth.

But his teacher never responded to Jeong Hae-un's greed. He was still calm and quiet.

“I was already worried because the atmosphere has been so strange lately.”

“I don’t know why you deny it so much. Wouldn’t it be better if everyone viewed the teacher favorably?”

“You think I’m perfect.”

“That’s right, teacher, always… even in a world like this….”

“No.”

I should have listened to what he said.

“I am human.”

Why did it leak out?

Thinking back, it was truly a cowardly thing to do.

* * *

“…….”

An error occurred

"…uh…."

An error occurred

An error occurred

An error occurred

"wait for a sec."

An abnormality has been detected

Waiting for command

Forced: The system is temporarily missing

“Wait a minute, what is this?”

“Jeong Hae-un.”

“…….”

When I raised my head, there were pitch-black eyes.

Beyond my system window, which warned of all sorts of dangers, I could see it very clearly. A darkness so thick that I could not tell its depth. Fate and its weight, filled within. The cycle of life and death. And humanity.

The man in the black cloak asked Jeong Hae-woon, who was covered in cold sweat.

“Is it a burden to you?”

“…What, what are you talking about….”

“Then let’s pretend it never happened.”

“That never happened…?”

“I might have gotten a little excited.”

There was no hint of self-reproach. He simply spoke like an old man reflecting on his own work. He said that he was excited and that he had overdone things a little. He was asking if that had been a burden to Jeong Hae-woon.

And then he said something out of the blue.

“I like the safe route.”

I just heard that story.

“I don’t hate change, but I don’t like it either. I seek a stable and peaceful life. I hope that I and those around me won’t suffer, that each day will be simple and happy, and that I will cry only occasionally.”

It's the voice I heard in my dream.

“But this time, I got greedy. I tried to pretend not to know and forget about it, but the two-legged garden doesn’t like such boring paths. I felt a sense of adventure that I didn’t have before. So I got excited. I

thought it would be really fun….”

The gloomy, raspy voice that pierces your ears makes all the words, adventurous, excited, and fun sound like illusions. It melts your brain.

“I know you, who keeps coming back to that abandoned school, burned down by the fire, even though I keep forgetting.”

“…Closed school?”

“You’ve been coming and going quite a few times. I’ve tried to help you out a few times to relieve your fatigue, but you’ve still come back to me.”

“I… went there, a lot? Not once or twice?”

“You were a really smart student. You still are. I’ve had doubts about myself many times for not visiting the abandoned school even after talking to Mr. Yoo Seong-woon.”

“You erased that memory?”

“Rather, I fixed the error. I closed the hole that was breached. Maybe I. Well? Was it me? I don’t know. But maybe it was me. I’m always here. Can you say that this is me too?”

"what…."

“This time, he came to the collector’s gallery to find me. This time, it was different. So this time, I thought I would agree… Mr. George is a brave man, so I accepted his help.”

His speech continued.

“But ‘George’ has this flaw. I like him, but to be honest, he’s a bit inconsiderate. The pace of change will be faster, but for those trapped inside… it might be a little difficult.”

“…….”

“And yet, Haeun caught your eye. The other children pretended not to see or hear, and forgot about it, but not you. It must have been for the purpose of controlling and understanding the Black Cloak….”

“…….”

“Still, I was happy. I really like the present, but that doesn’t mean I reject the past. It may be arrogant to say this, but I always make choices that I won’t regret.”

He says his whole life has been enjoyable and worthwhile.

“Did you have a scary dream?”

Because the black thing asked him, Jeong Hae-woon answered without knowing it.

“…It was scary…”

“Why did you do that?”

“…I feel like I did something, really wrong….”

"so?"

“…….”

After mumbling for a while, he finally spoke.

"…no."

Not now.

“This can’t be happening anymore.”

“Yeah, it could be dangerous.”

“But… do I have to forget this again?”

“I don’t know why you’re reacting so grandly just because you just had a dream. Why are you acting all this weird now? It wasn’t that important of a dream.”

“I don’t want to forget….”

I reached out with a trembling hand. I stepped past the system window that was blaring a warning, and my hand grabbed the collar of the pitch-black cloak. The soft fabric that had been wrapped around me by a human being gave me goosebumps, as it did not feel even a hint of warmth.

Still, he exerted even more strength to not let go. His trembling fingers finally grabbed the collar of the cloak and slowly and roughly pulled it down. His hands shook like an old man holding a cane and enduring a typhoon.

The black cloak was then dragged down obediently.

“…Sir….”

I called you teacher.

“Oh, I said I wasn’t going to leave.”

“I didn’t leave.”

“Didn’t you say you wouldn’t abandon us?”

“I never threw it away.”

“But why, why is it so scary…?”

My breathing was shaky, and tears flowed painfully like thorns. My mind was aching.

“…Who the hell are you?”

“This is your teacher Sergio.”

“What the heck, what the heck is going on…!!!”

It was painful.

It was just a dream. It was just a dream, just as Black Cloak said. But why is it so hard? Why am I so scared? Why are all my organs screaming when they aren't even hurt? Why am I crying?

It was all because of 'Jeong Hae-un' in the dream. The anxiety he felt took over his head. Even though I grabbed him by the collar with both hands and dragged him down, he didn't feel relieved.

I wanted to scream at the being I had already captured to please stay away. It was an incomprehensible impulse.

“I, I.”

“Should I erase it one more time?”

“…….”

“…Hmm.”

Soon, the pitch-black eyes changed into jewel-like eyes that were so gorgeous they were almost painful to look at.

“Is it still early?”

“…don’t go.”

“I wanted to encourage you a little more, but I couldn’t because I felt bad for you. I’m really weak-hearted.”

“Don’t go, please.”

“I’m always here, Haeun-ah.”

“It’s not you.”

“This is me too.”

The garden smiled like a crescent moon. It was the same smile I had seen before falling asleep.

“You said you thought too highly of me, didn’t you…?”

With a soft, encouraging voice, a pale hand covered Jeong Hae-woon's eyes.

“We know what’s right.”

“…….”

“And I know what’s good.”

“…….”

“So… should I sleep some more now?”

It was a voice that was soothing a young child, not a student.

Would you like to repair your system?

Yes/No

"yes."

“…….”

“…….”

“…….”

“…Student Jeong Hae-un.”

George removed his hand and smiled into her tear-streaked, dull eyes.

“Good morning, isn’t it?”

"…okay."

“Why are you crying?”

“…I don’t know….”

The strength in Jeong Hae-woon’s hand that was holding the black cloak’s collar naturally disappeared. He looked at the smile of the splendid garden in front of him with unfocused eyes. Then he muttered as if unconsciously.

“…Why did you cry?”

I didn't remember.

Also, I forgot.

* * *

In the frame.

The blackened portrait looked puzzled.

“…It seems like we talked a lot, but it’s also strange.”

I didn't remember.

List of suitable candidates

Garden of Delights_George

Fairy tale rate ???%

“As expected, you’re a prankster.”

It was no surprise. Knowing that he was also 'Geo', the portrait was not

afraid of the garden's wild antics.

'Maybe my translucent friend helped.'

Sergio still couldn't remember which prank it was. He knew it, and he thought he knew it, but he just pretended not to know and forgot. He forgot it, and only the 'fact' that became the portrait right before it was burned remained.

That's why Geo just spoke to the gaze that reached me.

“I wonder if our father will be okay sending this precious son to a faraway place….”

The torn pupils are familiar.

* * *

“…….”

A burst of laughter broke out.

“Oh, really….”

In my office, the secretary laughed.

“I told you it’s the best.”

As expected, he is my son.

Bright yellow eyes were staring into space.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (323)

323

Episode 323

The phenomenon occurred suddenly.

“…? What, what is it? Why is the system like this?”

“It wasn’t just me that had this problem?”

“No, what the heck is this… This is ridiculous.”

Around 4AM. Those who were awake at that time noticed a 'error' in the system. Problems such as distorted text in the system or the system not working at all occurred.

Then people realized a surprising fact.

“The system isn’t permanent?”

“Fuck, what the hell is going on….”

“Is Catastrophe Season 2 Coming?”

“Please don’t talk nonsense.”

To the people of Earth, especially to the Awakened, the System was like air. It was an intangible entity that existed naturally and was very familiar, but if it disappeared, it would be a disaster. That was the System.

But the difference between air and the system was that the system was created by three 'humans'. I had never thought about it for 32 years, but the system could disappear at any time.

“Hey, you’re taking it too seriously.”

Someone also said this:

“Haven’t you seen the system warning window? It says error, error.”

“But the fact that there is an error in that system….”

“It was made by humans, so there are bound to be some imperfections.”

That could certainly be the case.

“To be honest, it’s been about 30 years since the system was created. Once a game is made, errors occur several times before it’s finished, and it’s been fixed or updated.”

“Are the games and systems the same?”

“What’s the difference? After all, isn’t the system also something that was created by people? It may not be a perfect analogy to a game, but isn’t it possible for errors to occur? The system isn’t a product of nature either.”

“Well, that’s true, but….”

“I’m not denying that there was a problem this time. What I’m trying to say is that it can happen at any time. There’s nothing perfect in the world.”

There were many opinions like that.

But one thing that people have come to know for sure is that the system is not perfect.

While some said, "It's amazing that we've made it this far without any problems," others said, "What if the system collapses from here?" And there were only three people on Earth who could answer that question.

“The association has already identified the problem and is seeking a solution.”

They just said this.

“Please understand that we cannot disclose this information as it contains a significant amount of important confidential information related to system operation. However, our association always does its best to ensure the safety of the Earth, and we promise to resolve any issues regarding system errors.”

A long-winded statement that said, “Do you trust us?” without any real content. It might seem absurd, but those who had been showing various reactions soon nodded their heads. This was because they completely trusted the current government and the association.

People backed away obediently, although they felt uneasy.

“Well, this isn’t the first or second time that confidential information has been hidden like this….”

“I guess there is something the citizens should not know.”

“Why don’t you just stop making a fuss and do it for me?”

Both the awakened and the unawakened knew something about the 'promise'. It was a kind of contract, and as such, it could be broken even with a single word. It was understandable that the contents were hidden.

Especially in the case of city dwellers, there were fewer who did not receive help from the government and associations. There was no one who did not know that the symbol of eternity always tried to support the

earth with the spirit of a saint. They gradually calmed down based on trust.

“It’s not like anything big happened.”

“That’s true.”

Another big thing was that virtually no one was harmed, except for a brief glitch that surprised them. They learned that the system may not be permanent or perfect, but so what.

“The association will take care of it.”

“The President also said that he is actively responding to this.”

“What do we have to worry about?”

In the end, what mattered was the practicality. As long as there was no actual damage, it was a harmless incident. People who concluded that way began to return to their daily lives. As long as it wasn't the beginning of another disaster, it didn't matter.

The only problem was that they knew about the 'Promise of Eternity'.

“…….”

The president of the association, Dan Hae-ra, with a doll-like expression, said with a smile.

“Let’s gather together.”

“Yes, I will contact you.”

“This matter will be personally checked by His Excellency the President and our Eternal Symbol.”

“I understand.”

“Where should I look….”

Her head tilted.

“Things are going well.”

He smiled, but his face didn't look all that amused.

* * *

“Yeah, fuck me.”

Seo Seo-hee hit her forehead at Jeong Hae-woon's bold statement that he was the mastermind behind this situation.

“Do you have to have that much of an accident to say something like that?”

“What can you do if you don’t have confidence?”

“I have received reports that you are staying with the ‘Portrait of Geo’.”

“You fucking rats are really fucking hard working.”

“We’ll talk about the rat later. Was this incident influenced by that person?”

Seo Seo-hee, who had been hesitating, asked further.

“…Did you recall the memory?”

“That’s not it.”

Jeong Hae-woon shook his head.

“Strictly speaking, I thought about it, but then I forgot it again.”

Danhae nodded to him.

“That must be the consideration shown by ‘Portrait of Geo’?”

“I was fine before I fell asleep, but when I came to, I was crying. Something must have happened during that time of sleep, but I don’t remember anything….”

“It must mean he did something.”

“Even when I came to my senses, it was so awkward. It felt like I had just woken up from a deep sleep, but the situation was really weird. The person covered my eyes and then took them off… and asked me why I was crying.”

'Why are you crying?'

“I answered that I didn’t know.”

I really couldn't remember anything.

“If it weren’t for the discomfort I felt at the time, I would have thought I was sleepwalking. I was holding the teacher by the collar. I was like a dog… I wanted to ask more questions, but the other person just turned back to the portrait.”

“Still, the portrait artist is kinder than I thought.”

Danhae-ra smiled brightly.

“You are definitely the one responsible for this accident, Jeong Hae-un.”

“I admit I was a bit pushy.”

However, Jeong Hae-un did not go out in a humble manner. This was because he had informed his friends of the dangers of the ‘Portrait of Geo’ before bringing it into his home and had received their consent. To this extent, it was an incident within the scope of the plan.

However, not everything in this situation was as they had thought. The problem with this incident was the speed at which it occurred. Jeong

Hae-woon groaned.

“Ha, shit… This is faster than I imagined.”

“How many days has it been since you brought the portrait into the house?”

“It’s been about three weeks now.”

“After three weeks, Jeong Hae-woon remembered the price of ‘promise’.”

Danhae-ra tapped my lips.

“…I guess that portrait really meant a lot to us?”

Never before has something been returned so quickly in exchange for a promise. This was an exceptional situation. It is a matter of concern that Jeong Hae-woon, who is not an ordinary gardener, has come to this.

She turned her gaze and looked at Cha Eun-hye.

“Does Your Majesty have any comments?”

“Well… Since he is someone who has such great significance, I have nothing else to say.”

“You were the one who opposed Jeong Hae-woon and Hwa-seo’s cohabitation until the very end.”

“I thought it would end up like this anyway, given how things had turned out.”

Cha Eun-hye let out a sigh of relief and smiled bitterly.

“I asked that person to please refrain from doing so, and I thought that maybe it would be okay since Jeong Hae-woon would focus on

building new trust rather than the past. But it wasn't the case. It's really absurd."

"In other words, it seems that even though both of them exercised self-restraint, they still recalled the memory of the 'promise'."

Seo Seo-hee nodded as if she understood.

"Isn't it true that the compatibility between you and Jeong Hae-woon was really good?"

"There is no way a garden and a gardener can go together."

Jeong Hae-un also agreed with that opinion.

"Since both me and the teacher are close to mystery, the 'promise' could have been easily shaken. Since it happened during the few hours I was asleep, it must have been a dream. It must have been a dream about the price paid for the 'promise'."

"It is also the most reasonable means."

"…Is it better to keep our distance again?"

Jeong Hae-woon's face distorted slightly as he said that.

"But if that's the case, I can't trust 'Portrait of Geo'. The mystery of the human ego has too many variables. I couldn't leave it alone without any trustworthy corners."

"I understand your position, Jeong Hae-un."

Dan Hae-ra spoke comfortingly.

"You are doing your best as a gardener protecting the Earth. We all know that. It's not like you agreed to cohabitation with the portrait without knowing the risks involved. So don't blame yourself too much."

Then she gently cupped my cheek with her hand.

“But this incident has definitely made me realize that I need to be careful. It seems that there is something about that existence that stimulates a nostalgia that we have forgotten. It may be that the hole in the ‘promise’ was too big to ignore, and the system was unable to block it in the end.”

“It would have been better if I had remembered something… I’m sorry, I can’t remember anything. Something must have happened that morning, but my memory is completely blank, like someone who just woke up from a deep sleep.”

“There’s nothing we can do about it now that it’s come to this.”

Danhae blinked his eyes twice.

“First… shall we try to decide on a policy?”

“It’s a policy, that’s good. That’s good, but what exactly is the policy?”

“The idea was to discuss the direction we should take going forward.”

“The direction to go forward….”

“How to deal with that being.”

They couldn't just leave it like this. Even though the situation was quickly resolved, they couldn't leave this kind of risk unattended forever. They needed a firm policy.

“This situation is very simple.”

Danhae-ra snapped her fingers.

“If you return to the past, you lose the system, and if you maintain the system, you lose the past. We have always thought that we should choose the latter, but… we have realized through this incident that that

may not actually be the case.”

It was their downfall. They had lost their memories and did not know how much 'Sergio' meant to them. His influence on their bodies and souls still remains and gives strength to everything they do.

“We were arrogant. We thought that since it was a thing of the past, it wouldn’t have any influence in the future. But this time, Guild Leader Jeong Hae-woon confirmed that wasn’t the case?”

“So, we… need to take that into consideration and decide on our course of action going forward.”

Seo Seo-hee nodded in agreement.

“Hara is right. I know that simply ignoring it won’t work, so I need to change my behavior. Otherwise, I’ll just end up suffering losses without any preparation.”

“Hmm, then….”

Danhae-ra tilted her head.

“It seems difficult to kill the portrait, so how about just sealing it?”

There was silence for a moment.

“…….”

“Oh my, it’s gotten quiet.”

“…You’re really, man, you’re really….”

“I admit that I spoke thoughtlessly and inconsiderately to you.”

“I know what you’re thinking when you say that, but….”

Jeong Hae-woon's face became pale. Seo Seo-hee was also smiling

awkwardly, and when she went to Cha Eun-hye, her face looked like she was about to cry. She looked shocked as she looked at Dan Hae-ra, as if she really was about to cry.

“Ah, ah, no, that’s too much. That doesn’t seem right. Uh, she’s my teacher…! Hey, seriously, how could you do this to me…!”

“Calm down, Eunhye. I didn’t say that without thinking, so you guys shouldn’t make that face either.”

Danhae calmly patted her friend.

“I know it’s an extreme response. But it was something that had to come up in this meeting at some point, wasn’t it? If I had to choose between the teacher and the system, I would go with the system.”

“I know what you’re saying, and I agree with it. But I really don’t think I could do something like that. It’s beyond whether it’s even possible in the first place, just… ha….”

Cha Eun-hye tried hard to suppress her crying voice. She couldn't become the president of a country and get lost in her emotions. She had to realistically assess the situation and say no to things that weren't true.

“…First of all, sealing it will be impossible.”

“Eunhye, if that’s what you’re saying, then it must be like that.”

Dan Hae-ra nodded obediently. Among them, the one who knew the most about the 'system', 'teacher', and 'past' was Cha Eun-hye. If she said no, then it was right.

“So what do you think we should do about this situation?”

“…….”

Eunhye Cha, who had been hesitating, opened her mouth.

“…Anyway, ‘Geo’s Portrait’ left Haeun’s house and went back to being a portrait. In many ways, it seems like now is the chance. I should talk to the teacher before another system error occurs.”

“Oh, can you do that?”

“He must have had some kind of thought behind his actions, but I don’t know exactly what he was thinking. He wasn’t the type of person to tell his students everything either….”

“Are you sure that the portrait was intentional in causing this incident?”

“At least you wouldn’t have known.”

Eunhye Cha wiped the corner of her mouth as she sighed.

“It’s always been like that before.”

He always knew what the results of his actions and the processes he saw would bring. He was a person who knew the end, even if his intentions were small, and went with the flow. This time, it must have been a similar situation.

'Of course it might not be the case… .'

So, a conversation was needed.

“…….”

I felt a little sad.

I don't know why I feel so anxious and scared.

* * *

“…….”

“So, I would like you to tell me what you are thinking.”

“…You know, teacher, I have no thoughts.”

“Now I’m not a good student who would fall for such lies.”

“You have this little faith in me.”

Geo's heart ached at the sight of Cha Eun-hye's stern gaze.

“It’s sad.”

It's true that I really didn't think much of it, but I felt like I'd get grabbed by the collar if I said that.

'What should I say so that I don't get in trouble?'

It was one night when my worries were deepening.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (324)

324

Episode 324

Let me make an excuse.

“…I’m not perfect.”

It was like that in many ways.

This is obvious. Where in the world is there anything perfect? Geo was the same. Contrary to what my students thought, he was very sloppy. He had no thoughts, his worries were short, and he made many mistakes. Aside from liking good people, he was not particularly good.

And that wasn't all.

“I try not to change, but I can’t always do that.”

It is said that humans are adaptive creatures. Adaptation means change. Geo was the same. Above all, he was receiving help from many 'Geos'. There were also many loopholes and twisted parts.

In particular, 'George', who was my helper this time, was a really great friend.

“So what I’m trying to say is….”

“…….”

“I’m just an ordinary person.”

At that, Cha Eun-hye let out a hollow laugh.

“Even though it became a portrait?”

“I didn’t know that either, but as you live, you can become a portrait.”

“Everything you do, teacher, is always connected to a greater purpose.”

“Even if it wasn’t my intention.”

It was true. He lived as he pleased in every situation that came his way. He made choices he would not regret each time. That was all. There was no grand conspiracy like Cha Eun-hye thought.

But Cha Eun-hye seemed to have a hard time believing Geo’s words.

“…Let’s just move on from that for now.”

“You don’t believe me at all.”

“Jeong Hae-woon recalled part of the memory. How much did you help him with that?”

“Am I the one getting scolded right now?”

“Not really.”

“I don’t remember.”

“Does that have anything to do with our ‘promise’?”

“I’m pretty sure one of my friends was playing a prank.”

The prime suspect was, of course, 'Geo-je'. Geo had not yet fully assimilated with him. The current assimilation rate was said to be ??? %, but no matter how I looked at it, it was nonsense. He was such a

terrible prankster.

“What exactly do you want to hear from me?”

“First of all, I’m curious as to why you’re living with Jeong Hae-woon.”

“You’re asking because you know that Donggeo Haeun suggested it first, right?”

“So there must be a reason why the situation led to that point.”

“I can’t live like this, Eunhye….”

What can I do about accepting it without thinking? I racked my brain to avoid getting scolded by the student, but I couldn't come up with a plausible answer. It was truly regrettable.

“The reason you’re interrogating me like this is probably because Haeun-i recalled some of her memories.”

“I don’t know how to bring this up since you forgot, sir. But yes, I guess you had a dream that made you recall the past and caused a temporary system failure before it was restored.”

“I would have done that restoration too?”

“Actually, there’s no one else who can restore the system except you, sir. That would be a difficult task for Hara as well.”

“Oh, I just had a thought about that part.”

Geo pointed to himself.

“Do you have that system?”

“……”

Cha Eun-hye covered my face with both hands.

“You’re not crying, are you, Eunhye?”

“I want to cry….”

“Oh, don’t cry like that.”

“This is what makes me cry, teacher.”

“I see your voice is fine, so you’re not crying yet.”

“Please, shouldn’t you be asking this in a more relaxed setting?”

“I don’t know what the heck this is supposed to be about, to set the mood.”

Geo nodded.

“Somehow it felt strange.”

“In what part?”

“It seemed like my system was the only one that was different from others. It acted as if it had an ego, so I wondered if it was a person or an AI inside it.”

“That alone is not enough.”

“I was also bothered by the fact that the world in the portrait was very much my style. The various plants and animals in it were really to my taste. It’s true that I painted the picture of the cabin, but I’ve never painted the rest….”

“So you guessed that I drew it?”

“Who else but me would have drawn something like this? There were other things too. This system played particularly well with me. I felt a great sense of intimacy with it….”

Anyway, let's summarize.

“I didn’t die in the fire that day, I came out alive, and while spending time with you, I was badly injured, whether I died or not, in an unfortunate accident, and you made me into a system?”

“…….”

“Why are you scared?”

Geo tilted his head at Cha Eun-hye's pale face.

“I’m not angry, but you’re acting like a student who’s about to get scolded.”

“…I thought you would be angry.”

“Do you still think that way after seeing my reaction now?”

“The general flow is as you guessed, teacher, but the details… you don’t know yet. You don’t even remember exactly what happened that day.”

“Did you think something would change if you thought about it?”

“Maybe so.”

Cha Eun-hye let out a small breath and laughed.

“No, of course… I feel a little relieved to see that you don’t show any regrets about using yourself as material to create a system. Well, you’ve always been like that, teacher. You seemed to be indifferent to everything and had fun with life.”

“I’m glad you seem to know my true self so well. Well, even knowing that, why did you worry that I was thinking of something great? I don’t quite understand, sir.”

“No matter how much I think about it, that and this seem to be somewhat separate….”

Cha Eun-hye smiled awkwardly and looked up at Geo.

“Actually, it’s a problem even if the teacher doesn’t get angry.”

“If you think about it, is there a problem?”

“Yes, we were also confused when we created the ‘system’ that day.”

“Um… Well, I promise I won’t be angry.”

“…That’s fortunate.”

Even as she said that, Cha Eun-hye was not at ease. Anger and disappointment could be completely separate issues. Her teacher might be disappointed in us.

But that was expected from the beginning. Now, it couldn't stop Cha Eun-hye. She took a deep breath for a moment. She didn't know that she would end up talking about this in this way.

“…Let’s get back to the main topic.”

“Oh, I see you’re beating around the bush.”

“I’m not swayed by that anymore. I may have acted like a child up until now, but it would be a problem if you thought that nothing had really changed from before.”

“Your Excellency the President, how foolish would that be?”

“It’s a little creepy when you say that, teacher.”

“But there’s really not much I can say….”

Isn't it something that can't be lied to because the truth is so pitiful? Geo thought deeply. If things continued like this, their conversation

would continue until the promise of eternity ended and they were left alone.

“Did you ask my purpose?”

The purpose is.

“…Improving the welfare of gardeners and hunters?”

“…What else?”

“Filling the romanticism by running a street food stall?”

"and?"

“Hmm, well.”

Geo's eyes naturally turned into colorful colors.

“Eradicating game addiction?”

“…….”

“Eunhye?”

“…Just wait a minute, teacher.”

Cha Eun-hye put on her sunglasses one by one.

“Ready, let’s continue.”

“Are you dazzled by how handsome I am?”

“I just realized that if a person is too handsome, it can physically hurt your eyes. I wondered why there were so many stories about food stall owners not being able to remember faces, and now I see there’s a reason for that.”

“The reaction is too much, it’s so overwhelming, it hurts my heart….”

“I told you my eyes hurt?”

His appearance wasn't much different from Sergio's. So, this dizzying voice and brain-melting appearance were all part of this pink portrait. Fortunately, Cha Eun-hye had several artifacts that prevented 'charm'.

George asked him.

“Is that really necessary?”

“I’m saying this because I feel like if I don’t cover it up like this, I won’t be able to remember what you’re saying. As I said before, I’m ready, so please say it again, teacher.”

“Our Eunhye is so responsive and cute like a squirrel.”

“Oh, sir. I don’t know why you changed into that form, but I hope you can return to the Sergio I know as soon as possible. It’s so unfamiliar to me when you smile like that, and it’s painful.”

“If that’s true, then I will do as Your Majesty says… Hmm.”

Geo tilted his head, scratching his chin.

“Even though it’s like this, I don’t remember anything very well.”

“Oh, something… Was that what it looked like to recall the content of Jeong Hae-woon’s dream?”

“It’s hard to call Mr. George ‘Portrait of Geo’ unless he’s completely assimilated. So if he’s going to plot and scheme, it’s all because of this pink hair, so don’t hate me too much… Do you understand?”

“After all, they are all my teachers, so what do you want me to do…?”

“As expected, our Eunhye has great insight that sees through the essence of the situation. This teacher is very happy about your growth. When did you grow up so wonderfully?”

"except."

“It’s strange how everyone becomes more attracted to me when I look like this.”

Geo shrugged.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t remember anything well even with this appearance, like I said before.”

“What were you talking about earlier, about being a game addict or something?”

“Oh, that? That seems to be….”

After thinking for a moment, George continued speaking.

“I was worried that people were becoming too dependent on the system.”

George thought it was really boring and uninteresting.

“No matter how helpful the textbook is, it’s really stupid and pathetic to rely on it alone… I didn’t want the people in my hometown to become that stupid.”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hye patted my arm.

“…What? Why did that old man from Bisabal come to mind?”

“Ahaha, because you’re my father? I guess blood is thicker than water.”

“Don’t tease me, teacher. I wonder how sad our father in heaven would be.”

“Wouldn’t you accept this much?”

“Please, don’t joke around. Is that what you’re aiming for?”

Cha Eun-hye, who had been hesitating, asked back.

“Deleting the system?”

“It’s natural for children to ride quad bikes. Not everyone can be good at it from the beginning. I know that.”

“But?”

“It’s just my personal desire to see adults riding two-wheeled bicycles.”

Then he blushed as if in ecstasy.

“If I could ask for more, I would like to see you ride a unicycle.”

“What the heck is that….”

“I thought that 30 years would be enough time to become independent. Don’t you think so, Eunhye? Don’t you think the system in this world is too overprotective?”

“No, there has to be a system.”

“Of course, it would be too much to expect people who have only ridden four-wheeled bicycles to ride two-wheeled bicycles overnight. I’m not that cold-blooded….”

“Or what?”

“It’s too much, why is everyone so harsh on me?”

George, whose eyes were filled with sorrow as if he had been hurt, soon smiled like a crescent moon.

“Just, that’s how it is. In my opinion.”

“…You can’t take the system away from the hunters.”

“Why can’t it be done like that? Have you ever thought, why can’t it be done?”

"but…."

“No, I just pretended not to know.”

George tilted his head. And soon, an unfamiliar gaze and expression came to him. At that moment, Cha Eun-hye suddenly felt a sense of discomfort. She didn’t know when it started, but she instinctively felt that the person in front of her was no longer the teacher she knew.

The enchanting jewel eyes curved gently as if they knew it all.

“Why would that be?”

He hit the nail on the head.

“Your teacher was more important to you than the fate of the Earth.”

"what…."

“No matter what path your teacher takes, what form he takes, or how he is doing, it would have been more important for him to remain by your side.”

“…No, I….”

“Ah, you are so greedy… You held onto someone who could have left peacefully and turned him into neither a human nor a monster. You made his form into an illusion so that no one would notice your teacher’s existence. Is he human now? Does he still look like he used to? How much has he changed?”

"…I am…."

“Can you imagine how lonely it would be? Well, I’m not ‘Geo’ yet, so I don’t know. But it would be really sad. To have to live as an illusion where no one would notice me….”

Absolutely cruel words.

“…….”

“It’s cruel, isn’t it?”

A smile that so easily manipulates the young and weak.

Cha Eun-hye was certain of this. This being was not her teacher. She knew that the 'Portrait of Geo' had many forms, but at least it wasn't this one. It was a being completely different from the previous ones.

It was full of love, but it was pure malice.

"…you…."

It was something that was using my teacher's body.

“…Give me back my teacher.”

“Oh my, now I’m being treated like a villain… How sad.”

“How did such an evil bastard come to be…!”

“An evil spirit, sir. It breaks my heart so much.”

“No one can erase the system!!”

That won't work either.

“He’s my teacher…!!”

“Your teacher is here.”

“You said you’d always be here…!”

“That’s why I’m by your side now.”

“Why, why are you trying to take that away from us? Am I not allowed to covet even this?”

“Oh, poor thing, my cowardly friends.”

“…No, don’t do that….”

Now this is all that remains.

“…This is my last teacher.”

A translucent system window that you can't talk to, find, or see the status of. That's all there was to it. That's why 'Geo's Portrait' was an unexpected miracle.

But just as it appeared suddenly, this portrait could disappear at any moment. It could be something imitating my teacher, or it could be me. So in the end, the only thing that remained was the system.

“…….”

“Oh my, now I’m really crying.”

“…Give me back my teacher.”

“If this is how it is, I will get in trouble with Master Sergio. Giovanni and Arzio will blame me too. There is a limit to how much I can pull on my black friend and make him forget the present.”

“Take the blame.”

“I don’t think I said anything wrong, but, uh… this is unfair.”

He sat down next to Cha Eun-hye and hugged her. He leaned in gently and patted her slowly with his thin, delicate hands. It was as light as the fluttering of a butterfly’s wings, but the lack of body heat was

creepy.

George leaned his head on Cha Eun-hye's shoulder and smiled. It was like a young animal acting cute, but it was more skillful and calculated. It was also provocative.

The essence of this is 'love'.

"Will you help me not get in trouble?"

"…no, I do not want."

"Then shall I make a prophecy?"

"don't do it."

"Your teacher will not leave you."

He whispered.

"He's always here."

"……."

"Because you broke it and tied it up, right? That's really too much…."

It was a terrible thing to say because it was reassuring.

"You stuffed him."

* * *

"……."

"…Uni?"

"teacher."

"huh?"

“It’s always black.”

“It’s not something I can control.”

“You are our teacher.”

“Of course.”

“…Because you’re always here?”

“I will always be by your side.”

“…Are you going to get angry?”

“You promised not to do that.”

“You can scold me.”

"suddenly?"

“Instead, don’t leave.”

“It’s so sudden.”

“Don’t abandon us….”

“…….”

Sergio asked.

“…Did I say something bad?”

"…no."

It seemed like it probably wasn't.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (325)

325

Episode 325

The system disappears.

It was a terrible thing, obviously. How did they protect themselves from all the disasters that were coming to Earth? It was because of that system. Otherwise, the Hunters wouldn't be Hunters.

“…….”

But Cha Eun-hye’s fear wasn’t like that.

‘…That makes sense.’

That's what 'George' said.

For Cha Eun-hye, her teacher was more important than the fate of the Earth. The 'Promise of Eternity' was certainly for the sake of the Earth, but in the end, it was also a decision to preserve her teacher.

Of course, it's not that she didn't have a sense of mission to protect the Earth. Cha Eun-hye herself felt a little pride. Because her desire to protect this country and the world wasn't a lie. But... .

'Was that really true?'

Sitting alone in a bedroom full of mirrors, Cha Eun-hye thought.

'Do I really deserve that kind of pride? Did I ever have that in the first place?'

Greed, greed, everything was greed.

“This is driving me crazy….”

Her teacher was truly special. So special that if he died like that, it would affect the future of the Earth. That's why the 'Eternal Promise' had to go through for anything.

But the most fundamental reason was the students' stubbornness. At least, their stubbornness that they could not send the teacher away in this way. Obsession. Force. Also, the teacher did not have any opinion on the choice.

'You weren't in a position to say anything in the first place.'

Those were the last words they heard from their teacher. Those were the words, 'I will always be here.' Those affectionate words that promised to stay by their side and never abandon them, no matter what happened.

But to that kind of person, we… .

"…ha…."

They are bad students.

'If you recall the memories, the teacher won't look at us so kindly either.'

They could have made excuses all they wanted. But it meant nothing. They had done more than make the teacher hate them, they had made a system out of him. They had stuffed a person.

'Are there any people to whom the word 'ungrateful' fits so well?'

And then forgetting even the memories of that day. Even though there was a price to pay, it was actually an escape. At least, that was what Cha Eun-hye, who was the only one who remembered everything, thought. Everyone must have been scared.

That is why, sadly, Cha Eun-hye could not refute George's words. They did such a foolish and cruel thing. They erased my teacher from the world and were called heroes as if they were upright people.

'If the teacher hadn't been like that that day, he would have been here... Why am I, why are we here? What on earth is so great about it? What did we do well?'

I reproached myself again. My brain, which had been blank for the past few years, was filled with guilt. It was different from when I had just smiled with a sense of duty, responsibility, and a little pride. It was as if I had gone back to before I became president.

“…….”

Should I just listen to him?

'According to George, there may be no system in this world.'

That might be right. It would be to free their teacher, who was stuffed in the greatest but most miserable form. What if they just let him go without further insulting him?

But no matter how many times I thought about it, the answer was the same.

"…no."

A system was still needed.

* * *

"i think so too."

Danhae nodded.

“I thought the system might disappear someday, but it’s too early now.”

“…Is that so?”

After trying to organize her thoughts, Eunhye Cha visited the association and smiled awkwardly.

'If this is obvious, then it is an obvious answer.'

How could they not have known that the system was not permanent, even the seemingly perfect teacher had been ruined like that? There was nothing permanent in the world, especially if it was made by their own hands.

That's why I dreamed of a distant future for centuries. I lived each day for the day when the system would no longer be needed. For the future so far away that they themselves would no longer feel like humans.

Dan Hae-ra said, knowing the thought.

“Of course, Eunhye, as you know, we have been preparing for a future without a system.”

“…Yeah, that’s right. That’s right.”

“But now is not the time.”

It's been just 32 years since the catastrophe.

“People have just barely gotten used to the terrible mystery that has engulfed the world. If you go to the provinces, there are even more people who can’t do that. And if the system disappears now… isn’t that too cruel?”

Dan Hae-ra blinked twice after saying that.

“Is 'George', one of the personalities of the Black Cloak, planning that cruel thing?”

“That’s what I understand. It seems like his motive is primarily for his own interest. He talks about love and romance all the time, but I don’t really understand.”

“It’s a bit tricky, since if you have a similar disposition to the Collector, it seems like it could be quite harmful. Especially since Mr. George doesn’t seem to be the type to keep a straight line like the Collector.”

“The essential parts seemed a little different, but… well, to others, it’s probably the same.”

Cha Eun-hye thought of the pink-haired man she had seen. He was a very colorful man, despite his overall pale appearance. His soft, slow whispering voice sounded like a devil in angelic disguise.

“…I think it would be safe to say that it was really just for fun.”

“And that Mr. George is almost a separate entity from the Black Cloak?”

“One thing is for sure, he is not a teacher.”

Pure malice hidden behind a veil of seemingly affectionate voice.

“What should I say….”

Eunhye Cha, who had been thinking for a while, came to a difficult conclusion.

“…are you possessed by an evil spirit?”

“There are many cases where evil spirits possessed the bodies of people and carried out all sorts of evil deeds. Can we consider Mr. George, whom you mentioned, as one such case, Eunhye?”

“For now, yes.”

“Hmm, for now?”

“Because I don’t know what the future holds.”

You shouldn't judge hastily.

“You know the case of ‘Argio’ before. At that time, he seemed to have tried to colonize the Earth with the authority of the evil god. But in the end, he taught the world ‘anger’ and then went quiet.”

“That could be the case. There is also the possibility that he is intentionally trying to induce something through us by provoking our hostility. But you don’t look so happy when you say that, do you?”

“No matter how good his intentions may be, George is a bit… annoying.”

Cha Eun-hye didn't do anything good, but George was a bit like trash in many ways. He seemed like someone who would whisper sweet nothings to people and charm them, then play around with them until he was done with them and then leisurely walk away.

“…like a womanizer.”

“You’re cute.”

“In which part…?”

“Because you say cute things that don’t match your expression.”

“No, but I couldn’t find a more appropriate word….”

“Haewoon said that his true nature is ‘love.’”

“I also know how foolish it is to judge the personality of a mystery.”

Still, that's it.

“But really, um, it’s like trash.”

“That’s too bad.”

“I thought he would gaslight me while smiling sweetly….”

Of course, George wasn't gaslighting her. It was obvious what he had whispered to Cha Eun-hye the night before. He just seemed like a bad guy because he was so annoying.

Cha Eun-hye tried hard to erase her feelings. It was certainly petty to look down on someone because they had been subjected to factual violence.

“Anyway, Black Cloak and George are separate entities. I think we need to call in Curator Yoo Seong-un, who is in charge of ‘Portrait of Geo’, to confirm this, but it seems that Black Cloak himself is not able to completely control George.”

“I’ll contact the collector about that.”

“Just contact me, I want to have a separate conversation with Curator Yoo Seong-un….”

“Okay, I understand.”

Dan Hae-ra, who had been taking notes with her mind powers, saw Cha Eun-hye.

“Is it just a prank that George wants to destroy the system, then?”

“Maybe that kind of prank is one of his loves.”

“Love… A considerable romantic has appeared, things are going interestingly.”

“It wouldn’t be very fun if you saw him in person.”

He was a strangely unsettling presence, like honey stuck to your hand. Cha Eun-hye frowned as she recalled that splendid impression for a moment, then crossed her arms and continued speaking.

“He wants to destroy the system on Earth. When you listen to him speak, it doesn’t sound very serious, but then again, he’s an unknowable being.”

“I trust your judgment. If that’s what you think, then it must be so.”

“George used the metaphor of a four-wheeled bicycle. He said it was sad that adults, even though they are old, still can’t ride a two-wheeled bicycle. So I think his goal is to help people maintain their daily lives without a system.”

“Just hearing this now, it seems like a very sound goal.”

“And through that means and process, they are trying to tamper with our promise. In order to remove the system, the ‘Eternal Promise’ must be invalidated. I think that’s why you cohabitated with Jeong Hae-woon.”

“If what you’re saying is true, then things were going more meticulously than I thought… It’s not that I didn’t expect it, but it’s surprising. It’s on a larger scale than I imagined.”

Danhae-ra laughed.

“But still, this world needs a system. If possible, I want it to last a very long time. I don’t want to go back to those days when we were so miserable and miserable because there was no system.”

“…….”

“You remember too, don’t you?”

“…Remember.”

“The Earthlings who were struggling and drowning under the weight of the mystery that suddenly came upon them… I have no intention of seeing that sight again. In that sense, the system was a really good teacher.”

It wasn't like people with superpowers would become civilians if there was no system. But in that case, their abilities would be so miserable that they couldn't even be called 'abilities'. Danhae rolled his eyes as if he was recalling his past.

“Back then, superpowers were, well… closer to curses, weren’t they?”

Curse, or divine punishment.

“It wasn’t terrible either way, was it?”

“I hope that day never comes again.”

“I’m so glad that our opinions were heard.”

Dan Hae-ra smiled like a doll.

“I think Haeun and Seohee have slightly different thoughts.”

“…I feel like something is off with the current situation.”

“We can’t have the same opinions forever.”

“Well, there were a lot of fights in the past too. It’s just that things have quieted down recently.”

“Well, we have such strong personalities….”

“Friends fight and stuff. I understand that.”

Cha Eun-hye leaned back on the sofa.

“But I hope there are no sacrifices in the process.”

For example, our teacher.

'Once is enough.'

Cha Eun-hye hoped they wouldn't become too horrible.

* * *

“…So, what do I think?”

"uh."

“Don’t you think that’s a bit of a sudden question?”

“I won’t do it.”

“This is really absurd.”

Seo Seo-hee’s expression hardened a little at the sudden question from Jeong Hae-woon. He rolled his eyes for a moment, then let out a small sigh and sent the guild leader away with a shaky expression. It seemed like they should keep the conversation between themselves.

Seo Seo-hee wiped her chin in the living room where only the two of them were left.

“Should I be completely honest with you?”

"okay."

“It’s half and half, for me.”

“You quiet brat.”

“But I can’t help it.”

Seo Seo-hee made a troubled expression.

“I definitely want to recall my memories. I want to remember what I did

wrong and what kind of person that person was. It's so uncomfortable right now."

"and?"

"But that's not enough. I hear hundreds and thousands of reports every day. The world is still in chaos. For those who have barely adapted to dungeons and monsters, the lack of a system is too… harsh."

"Here's what I'm talking about."

Jeong Hae-woon asked with a frown. While the portrait was quiet, he went back to the abandoned school and came back after realizing something very important. Still, thanks to living with the portrait, he was able to regain some composure.

Jeong Hae-woon, who tried hard to regain his composure, told Seo Seo-hee what he had realized.

"What if that system was made by 'Sergio the Sergio'?"

"…Fuck."

"It's been a long time since I've seen you swear."

"…Fuck, so…."

"I can say this with certainty, the system is a sacrifice of the cow for the greater good."

"……."

"I ask again."

Jeong Hae-woon asked again in an emotionless tone.

"What do you think?"

"…A world without a system?"

“No, teacher.”

“I don’t know….”

"so do i."

Soon, Jeong Hae-woon wiped his face with a sigh.

“This was really messed up from the start.”

It was crazy and exhilarating.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (326)

326

Episode 326

Yoo Seong-un went to find Geo.

“Geo, I’m so tired.”

“Oh, what’s going on?”

“I was called to the President’s Office.”

No matter how much Bisabal tried to protect his children, there was a limit. In the end, Bisabal offered Yoo Seong-un as a sacrifice in front of the symbol of eternity with a hazy face, and Yoo Seong-un obediently became a sacrifice and returned after meeting the president.

And then I knocked on the door of ‘Portrait of Geo’.

“Is there anything you want to say to me?”

“Oh, like that.”

“…….”

“…….”

Geo, who was silent for a moment, pointed to the table.

“Would you like a bowl of kimchi stew?”

“Do you have rice too? Just one more seat for me, please, my friend.”

“Don't worry.”

It was a peaceful cabin today too.

* * *

After finishing his meal, Yoo Seong-un said as he always did.

“Let’s open our own restaurant.”

Geo shook his head at that.

“I already have a food stall….”

“That’s usually done in someone else’s garden, or a high-level dungeon.”

“It does have the disadvantage of being difficult to access.”

“In that sense, how about creating a restaurant on Earth?”

This delicious food is not something that Yoo Seong-un can eat often. In fact, from a human-wide perspective, it is universally true. However, Yoo Seong-un's reason had long since been destroyed. It was because it was solid, warm, and the food was delicious.

Geo, who had been thinking for a moment, shook his head again.

“You seem to be talking nonsense because you are very tired. I can see that you will regret it in the future, so I will block you in advance. Excuse me, but I will decline, Mr. Yoo Seong-woon.”

“I really like how resolute you are….”

Yoo Seong-un asked, looking at the empty bowl with not a single grain of rice left.

“So you were so firm with the President?”

“Actually, I have a lot to say about that part.”

“I will listen to you as if we were friends.”

“Thank you. I should tell you in advance that Mr. George is quite a prankster.”

“Hoo, I wonder if it’s okay to use a cute word like ‘naughty’?”

“I think I said something bad to my student’s mind and body.”

Geo also felt creepy when he recalled that day.

“When I came to my senses, I was making my student cry.”

“Oh, yeah… It rang… I see….”

“I had no intention of doing that, so it was quite embarrassing.”

“Anyway, it was a shock to you too, right? That George who made the President nervous.”

“I don’t think it was a shock. I already knew from our previous tag games that he was a mischievous boy who wouldn’t listen to me.”

“Hmm….”

“I can’t even fathom how old the fairy tale is.”

Even the assimilation rate was displayed as ???%. It could have been almost completely assimilated, or it could have been a fairly low number. Geo was a little confused, as this was his first time seeing this type of fit.

Yoo Seong-un, who roughly understood the situation, smiled a little awkwardly.

“His Majesty said that you seemed to be possessed by an evil spirit. I guess it is indeed a similar situation.”

“It’s sad… No matter what, isn’t the evil spirit too much?”

“Oh, that’s surprising.”

“Oh, I’m sorry, I just had a little pain in my heart.”

“Looking at this, it doesn’t seem like they’re not mixed at all.”

Yoo Seong-un rubbed his hazy eyes. It was only about 5 seconds that Geo took on the appearance of George, but the ripple effect was incredible. It was so splendid that it almost brought tears to my eyes.

But for now, it seemed like Geo was controlling 'George'. Yoo Seong-un's expression became a little ambiguous. After thinking for a moment, Yoo Seong-un asked.

“…How does the fairy tale you speak of come true?”

“I think the first priority is to contact the person who is suitable for me to assimilate. In this case, the person who is selected as suitable has agreed to assimilation from the beginning, so there is little room for conflict.”

“If you say there is almost none, does that mean there might be some?”

“In the case of Mr. ‘George’, he accepted, but he played a very long game of tag with me and wasted time. In the end, I won and am currently in the process of assimilating, but this shows that the right person can exercise a trick, even if he does not have the right to veto.”

“But even that fairy tale doesn’t seem to be as smooth as before.”

“Yes, that’s right.”

Geo admitted it without hesitation.

“So, it would be easier to think of it as a state of dual personality until it is completely assimilated.”

“You have a split personality.”

“It’s not a perfect metaphor, but it was the easiest word to describe my state of being in a fairy tale. That’s why I was able to erase the sense of dissonance of my portrait through them.”

“And then when the fairy tale is complete, it becomes a complete portrait again?”

“In that case, people were strangely afraid of me. It is a well-established fact that one must constantly try to assimilate in order to live comfortably in society….”

“This time, Mr. George was different in many ways.”

Geo blinked at Yoo Seong-un's muttering.

“Still, it is true that it has helped me a lot in overcoming my sense of discomfort.”

“Even though Mr. George doesn’t seem like a very ordinary person.”

“…No, that’s enough to fall into the category of a normal person.”

“…Is this your broad standard reflected in your thoughts again?”

“It’s not very portrait-like, except that it flashes like a peacock.”

“Hmm, I hadn’t thought about that part.”

It certainly could have been. The other humans, including Yoo Seong-un, couldn't help but focus on George's extraordinary appearance. There are countless cases of people being blinded by what they see

and not seeing the essence.

Yoo Seong-un's eyebrows furrowed slightly as he thought that.

“But even considering that, aren’t you acting like a little too much of an ordinary person, George?”

“…when I look like that, I tend to get strangely excited.”

“So you’re acting so garden-like? Why do you keep forgetting about the shadows? When did you get that sense of weight? And what about that honey-like scent that you only get from a flower garden?”

“I think that part is also affected by the excitement.”

“I really don’t know what effect that has.”

"hmm…."

Geo, who had been thinking for a while, explained the state of his appearance when he changed.

“I wonder, ‘Do I really have to go that far?’”

“Does this sound a bit dangerous to me?”

“I don’t think it’s that dangerous.”

“I guess it’s not for nothing that they say it looks like you’re possessed by an evil spirit.”

Yoo Seong-un felt a little sad. He smiled sadly and gently stroked his forehead with his hand.

“Well, yes, I knew this day would come someday. I’m a professional curator, so I have to prepare for all possible scenarios. Yes, that’s true… that’s true, but Geo….”

“Is there any problem?”

“I don’t know why my heart hurts so much.”

“I really don’t know what part is hurting you.”

“Joohyun said, ‘It seems like the gentle youngest has fallen into bad waters.’ When I first heard that, I thought, ‘This guy is really a tough guy… Ha…’

“Are you crying?”

“I feel like crying.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been sweeping his face away, looked at Geo again.

“The ‘Geos’ up until now have been really nice people. In the case of you and Mr. Giovanni, you are the type of people who don’t harbor any ill will from the start, and Mr. Argio doesn’t seem to have any ill will at all.”

Argio's malice was a love that regarded small things as special. That is why he wanted to teach the Earth the lesson of 'anger', so although it took the form of malice, its essence was a lesson.

But this time, 'George' was a little different.

“Unlike the people before, Mr. George is a bit….”

“You seem like a person who enjoys life a lot.”

“Sadly, that seems to be the case, I don’t know why it reminded me of our guild leader.”

“I don’t think you don’t know, but I understand that you don’t want to know.”

“I really appreciate your understanding, but I feel a little sad inside.”

Yoo Seong-un's smile distorted vaguely.

“Our guild leader is a little better, because he doesn’t cross the line. But I’m worried because Mr. George doesn’t seem to have any of that. I’m a weak human being.”

“I am weak too.”

“Have you thrown away your conscience along with Mr. George’s fairy tales?”

“How could you say such sad words?”

“It’s strange that even though it’s Sergio, I can see George reflected in it.”

“And the leader of the Visabal Guild isn’t exactly safe either. From what I’ve seen, he’s not keeping the line, but rather someone who hasn’t ‘yet’ crossed it.”

“You are tearing at my heart.”

That wasn't a wrong statement.

“That’s why I’m even more anxious. I’m worried that one day, George and the guild leader will join hands and go off to cause an accident. It doesn’t seem like they’ve made any real contact yet, but I don’t think it would be strange if something happened tomorrow….”

“I can see how much you think of me and my father as troublemakers.”

“Do you think you can describe him as a bundle of troublemakers? You may not believe it, but our guild leader has held back a lot from what he wanted to do until now. Our guild members think that once he explodes, you never know how far it will explode.”

“Do you really think it would go that far?”

“Can I take this as a half-prophecy?”

“No way.”

Geo smiled faintly. Yoo Seong-un felt a slight sense of discomfort at that sight. Or perhaps it was a sense of novelty. Compared to when they first met, the expressions in ‘Geo’s Portrait’ had definitely become more diverse.

This was probably the influence of the 'Geo' that I had assimilated so far. I hope that it doesn't go as far as Mr. George's dopamine addiction.

'I'm still worried.'

Geo continued to speak, not knowing whether he knew Yoo Seong-un's thoughts or not.

“I also don’t think that Mr. George is a very quiet and careful model student. There are some aspects that he and I don’t get along well. But that was the case with Mr. Argio as well.”

"…yes?"

“I will not deny that Mr. George is capable of malice. But what is the point of comparing his former malice with his present malice?”

He said that Argio's malice and George's malice could not be distinguished. He said that it could not be, and that there was no reason for it to be. Yoo Seong-un listened quietly to what his portrait said.

“And above all, I am an ordinary person.”

Geo still had a faint but soft smile on his face.

“And humans are creatures capable of harboring evil intentions at any time.”

“…Do you harbor ill intentions too?”

“I’m not the kind of person who can’t feel anger and sadness, although I can understand a lot of situations. If someone were to kill my family and kneel before me, telling me why he had to do it, I wouldn’t hate him.”

"that…."

“Would you say that it is not malicious? That feeling of wanting the person who hurt my precious person to be as unhappy as possible, wanting them to suffer more than they deserve, wanting them to spend their whole lives in pain and then die a meaningless death?”

“…That’s not it.”

Yoo Seong-un asked.

“Is this by any chance a personal experience?”

“I will give you an analogy to make it easier to understand.”

“Aha, really?”

“In other words, I am a human being.”

"humdrum."

“Yes, it can be evil at any time.”

Geo rolled his eyes and smiled.

“Don’t think I’m perfect.”

"…then?"

“You might regret it.”

“I have to be careful.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded slowly.

Now, this portrait was kindly warning him. Even if it was the Eye of Origin that covered his personality, it contained many variables. He should not be proud that he knew everything about him.

“So then, ‘George’ would also be you?”

"hmm…."

Geo, who had smiled at him, answered after thinking about it.

“Not yet.”

“Yeah, not yet?”

“There needs to be a little more coordination between me and Mr. George.”

“Like Mr. Argio’s time?”

“But he’s such a playful person, so the progress isn’t that fast.”

As he said that, Geo swept up the honey that had spilled on the table and put it in a glass bottle. After finishing the meal, he seemed to be feeling sleepy. Geo put the honey that was well-packed in the glass bottle in his arms.

And then he said.

“Won’t it work out somehow?”

“Well, that’s true.”

“I’ll try to live honestly for once.”

It was a truly strong commitment.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (327)

327

Episode 327

While Geo and Yoo Seong-un were talking in the cabin.

“I heard you called me, Master of the Visabal Guild.”

Joo-Hyeon was in the office of the vice minister.

“It seems like it’s been a long time since I’ve seen you.”

“Haha, there are people in this world whose relationship with you grows stronger when you see them sometimes.”

“Haha, I’m touched that the leader of the Visabal Guild cares so much about me.”

"ha ha ha."

“Huh huhu….”

The two of them suddenly stopped laughing as if they had made a promise. What they thought of each other was already written on their faces. Of the two who looked at each other with contempt, disgust, and ambiguous hatred, Bisabul was the first to speak.

“Um, well, would you like to sit down?”

“If you’re being so considerate, I should sit down.”

“We don’t have time to exchange greetings properly, so let me get to the point.”

“It would be really convenient for me if you could do that….”

“What do you think about the sacrifice of a cow for the greater good?”

“…….”

Joohyun's face distorted. It was a sudden remark, but it was hard to think of it as a useless prank since he had been called here. Joohyun, who was always in Eul's position, simply gave the best answer he could.

“…I think it is something that cannot be justified.”

Bisabal smiled broadly at that. It seemed that Juhyun’s short answer was not enough. Bisabal lightly waved his hand, which was covered with many rings, and asked again.

“If you kill one old man who has lived happily for many years in a wealthy environment, you can save the entire planet. But if you don’t, the planet will be destroyed. What will you do?”

“I don’t want to argue that the Earth saved in this way has no value. There is certainly value in the world built on sacrifice. But I can say for sure that it is not noble.”

“I ask you again, what will you do?”

“…I’ll ask the doctor first.”

Joo-hyun didn't think that what he was saying would be the right answer. However, Bisabal still wanted to hear Joo-hyun's decision. In this situation, it was polite to give an answer even if it didn't satisfy the other person.

“If you die, you can save the Earth. What do you think? But if the old

man rejects you, I can't sacrifice him. I might hide him from people. And… I'll find a way to replace him."

"But there is no such way. No one can replace him. Time has passed, and now you must make a sacrifice. Or give up the Earth. What will you do?"

"…It's really difficult…."

"Well, time is still passing. Are you just going to watch the Earth being destroyed?"

"…I."

Joohyun answered with a soft smile.

"I will kill that man."

Visabal didn't look surprised.

"I want to hear the reason, Joohyun."

"It may be an excuse, but if that's what you want to hear, I'll tell you. The old man will die anyway. Whether it's because the Earth is destroyed, or by the hands of angry humans, or because he's too old."

"Aha, so it's okay to kill someone since they're going to die anyway?"

"It's not okay at all. But you can calculate it. And there's no right or wrong in the calculation. I was a ruthless researcher, and I've already committed many sins. It would be a choice that's no different from my past."

This time, Joohyun asked.

"What did the old man say last?"

"Well, I don't know. Maybe he was begging to live."

“Then, all the more so, I should have killed him.”

At least that's what Joo-hyun thought. Some might say it was selfish. Of course, they could criticize it. But in a situation where choices were so limited, there weren't many things Joo-hyun could do best.

“If I must sin, let it be mine.”

Even if the sin was to be shared by all the people of the earth, it would be the same. In the end, someone who would commit the greatest sin was needed, and Joo-Hyeon had confidence in himself.

“If I kill that old man like that, I will never forget the feeling at that time. I can remember vividly the old man’s screams, his resentment, his last words. I will remember without fail the day and the time when I killed him, what was in my mind at the time, what was in his mind, and what expression he had on his face as he left this world.”

The visa holder laughed.

“Because you think that’s atonement?”

“No, because it’s something that needs to be done.”

“Are you going to say that your only differentiating factor is your memory?”

“I am confident that I can move forward even after remembering everything like that. I will constantly study to see if I can do better, and if I can turn back time or repay the old man, I will do so. I will be so absorbed in the process that I will not dare to allow myself to die.”

“So I guess I have to remember.”

“…If you forget….”

Joohyun's smile soon crumpled into an ambiguous expression.

“…All those actions are meaningless.”

He smiled and nodded as if he found the visa interesting.

“I listened very carefully to what Mr. Joo-Hyeon said.”

“Personally, I would also like to hear the opinion of the guild leader of Visabal.”

“Huh? Why are you asking such a boring question? I will play with the old man and the world until the very end, and only when the very end comes will I kill the old man by giving him a sleeping pill.”

“It was indeed a very interesting answer.”

“And then you play the hero, disgustingly enough. It helps a lot.”

“I think you are amazing in many ways.”

Joohyun shrugged.

“Then what was the meaning of this dreadful question?”

“I was just wondering what Joohyun would do.”

Even the visa was proud.

“Then I wonder what has changed.”

“…I’m sorry, Guild Leader of the Visabal.”

“Go ahead.”

“By any chance this….”

Joohyun, who had been hesitating, soon asked.

“Was it a story about the hunter I serve?”

“I can’t tell you how thankful I am that you realized it now.”

“Is that Sergio, the old man who lived many years happily in a wealthy environment?”

“Of course, he did not grow up in a wealthy environment, and he was not an old man who lived long enough to be able to say goodbye to the next day. But I thought that was the only way to describe Sergio.”

“I think I heard something I shouldn’t have heard.”

“Mr. Joo-Hyeon, the symbol of eternity has chosen the sacrifice of an ox for the sake of the generation.”

The bastard who said that let out a laugh as if he was quite amused.

“I also chose to sacrifice the cow for the cow.”

“…….”

“Do you understand what I am saying?”

A neat smile appeared on Joo-hyun's face.

“Do you want me to hate the symbol of eternity?”

“No? I just want to see your reaction, I’m not that thoughtful.”

“I think you’ve misunderstood the word thoughtfulness.”

“Their choice seems similar to Joo-Hyeon’s at first glance, but it’s a little different. You chose to remember everything, and they found a way not to remember.”

“Ah,” said Bisabal, as if to say, “I know what you’re going to say.”

“Of course, that may have been the only way back then. The way not to remember. So even if you wanted to remember, you might not have been able to… But no one knows what the truth is.”

“I still don’t know what kind of reaction you expect me to get by saying

this.”

“As I said before, I just wanted to see Joo-hyun’s honest reaction. You’re born with such a pitiful personality, yet you still can’t trust people. It’s really sad. Isn’t it?”

He let out a small laugh again.

“The symbols of eternity have become heroes. I like them very much, really very much.”

“…You’re saying something a little different from what I know.”

“I actually hate them. I don’t necessarily criticize them in a typical hypocritical way or anything, I’ve never thought of them that way. They’re actually heroes.”

“But you sacrificed the cow for the sake of the generation?”

Joohyun tilted his head.

“That has been the case before. I believe you have not forgotten that I am from the Association Research Institute. There, countless cows are sacrificed. For the sake of the peace of the distant future.”

“I know that too.”

Bisabal soon smiled and suppressed all his raw emotions. There was something strange about his eyes that were so slanted that his bright yellow eyes were invisible. He seemed not human at all.

“…Um, right. Since you’re here, can I give you a little advice?”

“…I would be happy to hear the advice of a collector renowned for his prophecies.”

“It’s not a prophecy, I’m just saying what I see….”

He continued, trailing off.

“I think the system will break down a bit in the future.”

“It’s broken…? Are you talking about the previous error?”

“It’s a similar context. So, Hyun-ssi, do what you can, I won’t stop you.”

“What can a weak civilian like me do?”

“I know you’ll just quietly think about it after saying that, you’re all like that. This situation will definitely be an opportunity for you.”

“How does the leader of the Visabal Guild know that? Because you have good eyesight?”

“You just heard.”

Soon, a weary gaze is fixed on Joo-Hyeon.

“You told me you were confident you could move forward on your own.”

“…….”

Ju-hyeon, who was reflected in Bisabal’s bright yellow eyes, smiled silently and sincerely as always. That was all he could say in response. Bisabal waved his hand without a smile, not even showing that he knew that would happen.

“…Ah, you’re not fun after all. You should probably get out.”

“I took your advice to heart, thank you.”

Joo-Hyeon bowed his head politely and quickly left his office.

“…….”

I stood in the hallway like that and thought for a moment.

And Joo-Hyeon went straight to ‘Geo’s Portrait’.

* * *

“Mr. Geo.”

“It’s been a while, Joohyun.”

“Because you’ve been doing a lot less outside lately.”

“It seems like the weather is getting a bit colder now that it’s fall….”

As he spoke, Geo was lying on the sofa in a straight posture. Unlike Yoo Seong-un, who would end up like a wet rag every time he laid down on the sofa, his posture was completely upright. Joo-hyun smiled lightly at him.

“Is Mr. Yoo Seong-un in here too?”

“I am drinking flower tea and taking a good night’s sleep upstairs.”

“I told you, you are a very busy person.”

“I wish things were a little less busy.”

“It’s not an easy task….”

After saying that, Joohyun closed his mouth.

“…….”

“It’s the look of someone who has heard bad news.”

“…It wasn’t that bad.”

“Then may I ask why you are making that expression?”

“I don’t think I’m a good person.”

“Me too.”

“I have already committed many sins.”

Juhyun was quite clever, despite always talking about the same old things. He had done unscrupulous things several times. He had thought he had not crossed the line, but that was only Juhyun's own standards.

He knew that too. Nevertheless, Joo-hyun was confident that he would not stop moving forward. That day, when he was about to break down and stop, this evil spirit whispered the future to me. Since I had decided to become his friend, I couldn’t stop even more.

“There will come a day when I can be of help to you.”

“It’s still the same now.”

“I was certain that the day would come when I would repay the favor. Rather than predicting the future or receiving a prophecy, I vaguely but clearly knew it. Because I promised myself that I would never run away as your friend.”

“Thank you for your kind words.”

“…I am such a cunning person.”

Joohyun's smile distorted vaguely.

“…You are the first god to reach out to me….”

Still, because you are my friend.

“Eventually… you will do as you wish.”

“Is that what you want, Joohyun?”

“Maybe so, maybe not. We’ll just have to wait and see.”

Joohyun smiled with her eyes wide open.

“But I can tell you that I will make the choice that pleases you.”

“Why?”

“You are a really good person, aren’t you? I believe that Mr. Geo’s kindness is for the sake of big and small happiness.”

“I hope you make the choice you like, Joohyun. You don’t have to live for me.”

“I expected you to say that.”

“…Am I pitiful?”

Geo smiled faintly while lying down.

"thank you."

“You’re not uncomfortable, are you?”

“I believe that it is also a form of love and friendship towards me.”

“I don’t know, but for some reason I wanted to say sorry.”

“So you came to see me today?”

"sorry."

“I won’t ask why.”

“I don’t know the reason either….”

Joohyun's smile eventually became completely distorted.

“…I just apologize.”

…can I say I pity you?

Unfortunately, Joohyun couldn't ask like that.

* * *

And Geo thought.

'You're talking like a fanatic, pretending not to know anything.'

I don't know for sure, but it seemed serious, so I didn't tackle him.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (328)

328

Episode 328

By the way, 'Geo's portrait' still remains in Jeong Hae-un's house.

“Why, did you want me to go back home? That would be really disappointing….”

“…….”

“Your expression, as if you’ve seen something you shouldn’t have, is so refreshing. Can you show me a closer look?”

"…crazy…."

Jung Hae-woon, who was passing by a large portrait while sipping coffee, was quietly startled. In case something unfortunate happened, Jung Hae-woon carefully placed the warm mug on the hallway table.

Then he quietly looked up and down at the pink-haired portrait in the painting. The portrait's reaction to him was truly consistent.

“Aren’t you handsome whenever I see you?”

“Are you really crazy?”

“Why are you saying such harsh things? I’m going to get hurt.”

“Who would believe you if you said you were hurt with that kind of

face? I think you need to study human psychology and reactions to expression a little more.”

“Do you really think you’re not doing it because you don’t know, Jeong Hae-woon?”

“Of course you knew but you didn’t do it.”

Jeong Hae-woon's expression became very cold. Out of all the 'Geo's' he knew, he looked the freshest and warmest, but inside he felt that he was uniquely dark and sly. It wasn't just a thought, it was also an objective judgment.

“…You’ve been so quiet all this time. Why are you showing your precious eyes to me?”

“I tried hard to hide it, but can you see it?”

“It’s so flashy that I feel like I can see it all, really.”

The large portraits were always accompanied by black paint. According to Curator Yoo Seong-un, it was to prepare for various variables. Still, would it be strange to say that the noisy, sparkling eyes seemed to be watching me?

'No, it's not that I'm weird.'

This was clearly a strange situation. Jeong Hae-un, a good citizen, was not guilty.

“Yes, well, I’ll correct that. It’s not your eyes, it’s your reactions. You’ve been so quiet that I don’t know if you’re alive or dead, but now you’re pretending to know, so I’m so embarrassed I can’t even come to my senses.”

“Hmm, you’re upset because I pretended not to know you all this time. You’re still young after all….”

“Young… Didn’t you say that your physical age is 21? Oh, of course, it would be foolish to bring up Jeongwon’s age, but if you harass me with that bright face, it’s really confusing for a dull person.”

“Even though I originally had a blue face….”

“Don’t you have a rather experienced face now?”

Jung Hae-woon sighed, crossing his arms. He was mentally prepared. Jung Hae-woon had a duty to know why the portrait, which had been silent for a while, had reacted.

No matter how much the other person acts like a human, their essence is a capricious mystery.

“So what kind of prank are you trying to play this time, that you even spoke to me like this?”

“Oh, are you really mad? But Jeong Hae-woon, I need some personal time too. Aren’t I just a noisy wanderer who doesn’t know how to stay still in one place?”

“If you plan on continuing to slip away like a loach, I’ll just sit back and enjoy my coffee. It’s been a while since I’ve seen you, you’re all shiny and nice, I like you.”

“If that’s true, I’ll give you a chance to admire me, since I quite like Jeong Hae-woon.”

“That would be glorious….”

Jeong Hae-woon picked up the mug he had given up and put down. Then he dragged a chair over and sat down in front of the portrait. Looking at Jeong Hae-woon like that, the pink garden smiled as if it found him very cute.

“Oh my god, is this a specialty for gardeners?”

“What… what did I do?”

“Mr. Yoo Seong-un also often does this when he looks at ‘Portrait of Geo’.”

“That’s what curators of collections are like. There were folding chairs scattered in the gallery hallway. I sat down to have a conversation with a talking, vocal being like you.”

“Can I be sure that I have a mouth and vocal cords?”

“I was being narrow-minded again, you’re right. Most people, if they can communicate, usually have both.”

When it seemed like he had no intention of getting to the main point easily, Jeong Hae-woon gave up and focused on savoring the sensation.

'Waiting until the mystery prank is over is also a good way to avoid wasting energy.'

The aroma of the coffee was amazing, and the portrait was even better. No matter what, Jeong Hae-un was still a gardener blinded by mystery.

“…If you look closely, it seems like you carry that hat around more often than you wear it? It seems like you hold it in your hand more often. Doesn’t that hat seem upset?”

“We’re too close to each other to be upset about something like this.”

“When I hear you say that, it seems like it’s a person, but I really don’t know what it is. I guess you can think of it as something like a goblin’s club. Well, it’s not like it has an ego….”

“How have you been while I was away?”

“How have you been, with all the chaos?”

Anyway, it is capricious.

'The topics of conversation are just as wild as yours. It suits you so well.'

It was sudden, but it seemed like the main topic that he had been waiting for. Jeong Hae-woon gritted his teeth in frustration.

This garden was kind and affectionate, but infinitely frivolous, and overflowing with useless love. It must have been reacting like that even though it knew the seriousness of the situation.

“Thanks to you, Korea almost turned upside down.”

“Oh, only Korea…?”

“Why the regret? Yes, in fact, it is something that will turn the whole world upside down.”

“It might be because the system disappeared, even temporarily.”

“I don’t know what the hell you want to do.”

The situation was very strange.

No matter how much the association stepped forward, the people were still anxious. Even if they had strong faith in the government and the association, there were limits.

The blinking system seemed like it would cause real damage at any time, and the symbol of eternity had no proper countermeasures to back down. So this anxiety was something that could not be helped. Wasn't this a situation where a second great disaster could occur?

Hunters were more anxious than ordinary citizens. They could not imagine life without the system. Even the symbol of eternity was

shaken. They each had different opinions.

“Thanks to you, you’re giving me a huge headache. Do you know what Hara is thinking about doing to you?”

“I think the wisest decision would be to seal it.”

“You know very well. But Cha Eun-hye strongly opposed it. She even said from the beginning that it was impossible. In fact, I think so too. You are not someone who will simply be sealed away.”

“I’m so glad you know me so well, Jeong Hae-un.”

Jeongwon smiled lightly. He reached out from within the frame. Then he placed the magician’s hat that he always carried on Jeong Hae-woon’s head. Jeong Hae-woon flinched for a moment at the strangely heavy weight.

Fortunately or unfortunately, the portrait's prank didn't last long. George took his hat back with a graceful hand. Jeong Hae-woon frowned subtly at Jeong-won's incomprehensible actions. Jeong-won asked him as he looked at him.

“What about Seo Seo-hee and Jeong Hae-un?”

“…Seo Seo-hee is completely timid, acting like a bat. It seems like a completely 50-50 situation, but if the tide turns in one direction, she’ll probably join in.”

“Hmm, what about Jeong Hae-woon?”

"…well…."

Jeong Hae-woon sighed.

“…I’m really curious about the past that I’ve forgotten.”

“I don’t know if you’ll believe it, but I didn’t have anything to do with the

nightmare that Jeong Hae-un had.”

“…….”

“I may have encouraged it a little, but?”

“…I’m asking just in case.”

Jeong Hae-woon's expression became a little more frowny.

“Isn’t this the first time I’ve had a ‘dream’? Like, I’ve been to that abandoned school many times before, but I don’t remember it?”

“Oh, you seem to be suspecting me, but you really aren’t. If something like that really happened, there would have been errors in the system several times. But it’s only happened once so far, right?”

“…That is certainly true.”

“As I said before, the ‘dream’ that student Jeong Hae-un had is not mine.”

The portrait lightly rustled the hat in my hand.

“When a flood comes, the dam breaks. When a crack breaks, the bowl breaks. It’s easy to put a finger on something that’s so precariously piled up. That’s what I did, and strictly speaking, I didn’t make you ‘dream.’”

His speech had a unique quality. The content was not trivial, but his voice and tone were truly remarkable. It was so captivating that I wanted to wash my ears.

If you told them to betray the world with that voice, there would be a world of people who would do it. Jeong Hae-woon's eyebrows furrowed more and more.

“First of all, I heard you say that it wasn’t your fault, teacher.”

“Teacher? If you say something like that and call me that, I’ll look quite unattractive….”

“So, is that what you’re trying to say? It’s a natural flow, so don’t reject it and accept this change? Excuse me, but I’m also one of the symbols of eternity. Even though it looks like this, I’m still sincere in protecting the Earth.”

“That’s why I guess you don’t want to do anything that would harm the Earth.”

“You’re right. In fact, Seo Seo-hee’s opinion and mine aren’t that different. I’ll admit it even if you call me a sly bat. Since it’s the truth, I don’t think it’ll have much of a negative impact.”

“But I know that Mr. Jeong Hae-un is a student with a strong sense of humor.”

The portrait paid no attention to Jeong Hae-un's self-deprecating refusal. It was probably because they already knew that they were seeing each other.

If not that, then maybe it was his mysterious confidence. Either way, it wasn't very comfortable to just watch.

It was still leaning against the frame with its upper body slightly outstretched. Thanks to this, the brilliant jewel eyes that were not covered by the black paint were clearly visible. It could just be seen that way. Since the iris and pupil were not distinct, it was impossible to gauge the gaze.

“…….”

“Student Jeong Hae-un.”

But I still felt the gaze, just like before, with the black paint.

“I say again, the dam is breaking, the vessel is almost broken.”

“…That must mean ‘the promise of eternity.’”

“If you don’t want to completely ruin that vulnerable child, you shouldn’t bully him anymore. You shouldn’t hit him or touch him, and if possible, you should avoid looking at him.”

“I know that, and yet I still haven’t returned this portrait to the collector. What a loser I am. I know it, I know it very well.”

“Student Jeong Hae-un is really greedy. I understand that about you. I quite like people who are true to their desires.”

“That would be a lie.”

Jeong Hae-woon laughed in vain. He wasn’t an idiot. It wasn’t like he hadn’t heard George’s stories while he was with him. Jeong Hae-woon could vaguely guess George’s ‘past’.

But the portrait denied Jeong Hae-un's thoughts.

“Really, I like it quite a bit.”

“You don’t hate it?”

“Did you know that hate and love are synonymous?”

“Oh my, how intense.”

He says this to a person with a face that looks like it would melt if it touched water. In fact, all mysterious people are like that. They do terrible things because they don't look like that at all.

“Do you hate humans? Calling it love? That’s why you want to torment people, by erasing the system from this world. Is that torment your purpose?”

“It’s okay to think that way.”

“It’s almost as if you’re saying no.”

“Maybe not? I’m a very loving person, so I could put aside all that and still love everyone. That might be possible.”

“It’s not a good story to hear either way.”

“But it’s true that the system is cumbersome. You can go farther without it. You can break down walls and shatter ceilings.”

“It’s ridiculous to keep urging me to reveal my purpose.”

The purpose of the portrait, George, has already been revealed. He can hate humans or love them. Therefore, he can want to harass them or help them. The act of belonging to all of these is called 'destroying the system'.

Jeong Hae-woon, who had been sitting stretched out on a chair for a while, holding only a mug, soon asked.

“Do you believe that would help the Earth, sir?”

“Isn’t it cooler to ride a two-wheeled bicycle than a four-wheeled bicycle?”

“Crazy, so in the end it was a question of style?”

“That problem definitely exists….”

“I don’t understand what kind of childish things you’re saying with a face that’s filled with all the world’s sensibilities.”

“But didn’t student Jeong Hae-un understand?”

“Why me?”

“What does that mean?”

“Why did you choose me, as the one who understands the thoughts you’re going to have?”

"oh…."

The gardener's expression became noticeably dull.

“People really have no conscience. They are always the first to start a fuss, and then they ask me, who has no idea what’s going on, what’s going on? Are you saying such things when you were the one who brought me to the collection center first, Jeong Hae-woon?”

“I won’t say anything about that injustice. But why am I the only one having that ‘dream’? Why? Seo Seo-hee is also quite desperate about that memory. I think she just wants to pretend not to know and have a dream.”

“That way, the dam won’t collapse. The bowl won’t break. But Jeong Hae-woon moved several times. That was the problem. Only your dam collapsed. The bowl broke. So don’t blame me for this.”

“You told me not to do that, so I won’t do it.”

Jeong Hae-woon's expression also became gloomy.

“Damn, I feel like I’ve been given a terminal diagnosis….”

No matter what he did, he would eventually end up dreaming a 'dream'.

* * *

Jeong Hae-woon had another dream and woke up crying.

“Do you want to remember?”

“…….”

“Can I help you, Jeong Hae-un?”

“…….”

“The joke will only last a moment.”

The garden whispered sweet words.

“I will trick them.”

This is what Jeong Hae-woon thought in the midst of the heated emotions, and no one could have avoided it. No one.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (329)

329

Episode 329

Repeated system failures occurred.

People were confused. And they protested to the Symbol of Eternity. They asked if they had not said that they would take care of it themselves. Some were resentful, and some condemned. The Symbol of Eternity could only give back the obvious answer that they were trying to fix it.

There was some unusual movement in the process.

“I, sir….”

“Why are there so many people coming to see me these days? I told you I’m retired.”

“I was wondering if I could ask for some advice.”

“No, I really….”

One hunter went to find retired seniors. Their targets were mainly those who had experienced the Great Disaster firsthand. More precisely, those who had been active as Awakened before the existence of the 'System'.

Another hunter went to see the gardener.

“What? A gardener? Oh, no, how did you know to come looking for me?”

“I heard it from Seonyeong in the lower village. He, yes, he’s a gardener….”

“Oh, this kid couldn’t sleep and was whining so much that I saved him. What an ungrateful kid.”

“I’m sorry, I’m sorry.”

“What the hell are you? Why are you here? When are you going to get out?”

They were mostly hunters who knew the flow of mysteries. Whether their parents were researchers at the association, or they were members of the guild leader Jeong Hae-un who was mainly in charge of mysteries, or they were people with connections to the temple.

These two directions ultimately served one goal.

“How did you use your abilities when there was no system?”

This was a question directed at retired hunters.

“How do you handle that mysterious power?”

This was a question directed at the unawakened gardener.

The two may look a little different, but they are ultimately the same. It was the same principle as those who are sentenced to lose their eyesight, closing their eyes in advance and adapting to the darkness.

They wanted to continue their work as hunters even if the system disappeared from the world one day. And surprisingly, quite a few people put this into practice.

“Hey, don’t just keep protesting like this….”

“Then what should we do?”

“Let’s go see that old man too. He was an Awakened person even when there was no system.”

“…Fuck, what good is there in lying around like this?”

“Yeah, if you buy that guy some alcohol, he’ll say something.”

“I’m glad I know someone.”

People who had simply been criticizing the government and the association gradually changed their direction. They chose to achieve something tangible rather than just making a fuss. This wave continued to grow.

As a few hunters moved like this, many hunters followed suit. As many hunters followed suit, soon all hunters followed suit. As all hunters followed suit, the civilians also lowered their voices.

In the meantime, some people also started criticizing those who had criticized the government and the association.

“How much have I received from the association so far? Tsk. You should know how embarrassing it is.”

“If it weren’t for the city’s protection, those people would have been eaten by the monsters beyond the walls, and they wouldn’t even know the grace.”

“Oh my, what were you planning on doing if you kept doing this and got kicked out by the higher-ups?”

Some people talked about grace and conscience, while others were afraid of actual damage. Opinions and reactions varied, but eventually, people's anger gradually began to subside.

It's not like anything changed right away.

“That old man speaks with grandeur….”

“Are we stupid for trying to get something from a drunkard?”

“No, but I’ve heard good stories about the old days.”

“There has to be something to get a feel for it….”

Those who went to find retired hunters.

“…….”

“Do you understand?”

"no?"

“What the hell are you so confident about?”

“No, I don’t know, so I’m saying I don’t know.”

“How dare you waste my precious time?”

“Ahhhh, that’s not it….”

Those who visited the gardener too.

“I really don’t get it, what do you want me to do!”

“If you catch it, why can’t you do it? Why can’t a guy with two eyes and all fours do this? Even I, with only one eye, can do it!!”

“Ah, this is why you shouldn’t talk to talented people! Do you know the mind of an ordinary person?!”

“Huh, even if you flatter me like that, I won’t get any special treatment or anything!!”

No one could 'get the hang of it'. But in the process, the anger naturally dissipated. However, people's trust in the association and the

government was somewhat reduced, and in the meantime, some people built a relationship between teacher and student.

The fact that 'the system might disappear one day' has become ingrained in everyone's hearts. To the point where even if the association and the government whisper, they just pretend not to know.

"……."

And during this process, there were a few people who escaped.

* * *

First batter, Yoo Seong-un.

"Geo, do you remember the promise we made…? If we were going to turn the Earth upside down, we had to tell you in advance…."

"Even if you say it so vaguely, the accident has already happened and there is no turning back. Also, we have never signed a legal contract. I am innocent."

"No matter how much I think about it, it's clear that Mr. George has corrupted our Geo."

"If you think of me as a five-year-old, then it's a little difficult."

"Haaah…."

Yoo Seong-un lowered his head and covered his face with both hands. Burying his face in the palms of his hands, he mumbled in a slurred voice.

"I feel like crying, what should I do?"

"I think it's okay to cry."

“Ugh, this doesn’t work anymore.”

“It didn’t work at first.”

He had never even tried this in the first place. He had been acting like this often, as if his feelings had changed since he had drawn a picture of a meteor shower. Geo was happy because they seemed to have become close.

“Is it because of the accident I had that you came here?”

“Oh, it’s a bit ridiculous.”

Yoo Seong-un turned his head and looked at Joo-hyun, who had arrived first.

“Are you really going to do this without me? Huh? Joohyun, can you speak?”

“I thought there was no reason to involve Yoo Seong-un in this matter…?”

“They say birds of a feather flock together, but they really are starting to resemble each other. It’s driving me crazy.”

“But it really wasn’t anything that great.”

Joo-hyun, who was drinking flower tea, smiled shyly. It was a smile that seemed noble and even sacred.

“I just went to the leader of the Cloak Church and told him the will of God….”

“I got goosebumps.”

Yoo Seong-un became serious. He gently stroked my arm. It wasn't particularly cold, but it gave me goosebumps.

“Ms. Joohyun, you weren’t like this before. Go back to how you were before. I’m scared.”

“Ahem, sorry for teasing you.”

“What are you going to do if it goes to such a grand scale? Unlike our Sergio, who has big hands to begin with, Joo-hyun is an ordinary person. How are you going to handle it?”

“Ordinary, who was that guy who teased me that I would soon go beyond the realm of humanity and contact you? And from the beginning, I had received confirmation from Mr. Geo before proceeding with this.”

“I know it’s my karma to have teased you all this time, but who planned to get that confirmation? Wasn’t it Joo-hyun? To be honest, our Geo didn’t plan that. Are you trying to dodge it?”

“Oh, that’s true, but… hmm.”

A look of embarrassment finally appeared on Joo-hyun's face. He soon smiled awkwardly.

“Was there a bit of a commotion after all?”

He didn't really do much. He just went to find some 'black cloak' enthusiasts. He wore the black cloak Geo gave him just in case. He took the water birds with him just in case something bad happened.

At those words, Yoo Seong-un's expression turned cold.

“Is the noise a little loud? A little? Is it loud?”

“I’ll tell you in advance that I never really had any intention of being treated as an apostle of the black cloak. Seriously, I didn’t think I could live a life of wealth and honor by doing that.”

“It seems like you could enjoy all sorts of wealth and honor, but… well… I didn’t think that Joo-hyun would act like that because of that kind of thing. It doesn’t suit him.”

“I was drunk because I just wanted you to listen to me.”

“So that’s a problem too? Isn’t satisfying selfish desires the only problem?”

Joo-Hyeon went to the Mantle Church and gave them some 'advice'. It could be seen as a 'prophecy'. He pointed out the chaos of the future that had not yet arrived and told them the direction their god wanted.

And the believers of the Mantle Church, who were deeply immersed in the meaning, moved without hesitation. They incited the hunters I supported and was friendly with.

They were talking among themselves at the salon and it seemed like it might be a good idea to visit a retired hunter or gardener.

It spread gradually so that people would not feel uncomfortable.

“In the end, the result this time wasn’t bad at all….”

Yoo Seong-un's expression became strange.

“Why are the results always so bad? Why can’t I even complain freely?”

“Black Cloak Power.”

“Please, Geo… You’re so special, but I’m so sad….”

“If you feel special, just be special.”

“I really don’t know why my vocabulary has increased so much these days.”

“It’s unfair.”

There was no way Geo's vocabulary had suddenly increased. He was a 29-year-old adult. It was just that as Yoo Seong-un and Joo-hyun became more comfortable, his speech became more and more casual.

Yoo Seong-un, who had no way of knowing such circumstances, showed an awkward smile.

“Anyway, it ended well, but we almost got dragged to the Joohyun Association.”

“I did take that into account when I did my actions.”

“You must be saying this knowing that I’ll be scrubbing hard for three days and nights if I go, right?”

“I was a researcher at the association, don’t you know that?”

The phrase 'getting wiped clean' was a slang term for the Association's interrogation. If you got caught once, you could end up soaked in artifacts or stripped naked from head to toe. Of course, they didn't do that type of interrogation for just anyone.

The problem was the scale of what Joo-hyun had done. This time, it was a bit big. Didn't the entire nation get excited? Even if Geo had been responsible for the system error and all, there was no way Joo-hyun's actions would not have been caught by the association.

“The only good thing is that the president of the association seems to be trying not to make a big deal out of this. He seems to have decided to focus on the end result, regardless of the process. He may be offended, but he is also a person who is not sensitive to such feelings.”

Joohyun smiled brightly at Yoo Seong-un's words.

“I took that into account too.”

“I think Mr. Joo-Hyeon said he even had an interview with the president of the association.”

“Because he’s a consequentialist. Don’t you get the feeling just by looking at him and thinking that it’s okay for people to be kicked out of the lab?”

“Thanks to that, I’m the only one being called here and there.”

“I thought you weren’t visible while I was working.”

“I see. So there are people who work hard and people who suffer?”

“…….”

“…….”

Geo, who had been pondering for a moment in the familiar silence for some reason, lifted the pot.

“How about chicken stew?”

“It’s a very good nutritious food.”

So the meteor passed by.

* * *

But perhaps naturally, or perhaps surprisingly, there were people who couldn't get over it.

“…….”

“Hey, it’s been a while since I’ve seen you make that kind of expression.”

“…I’m not sure what kind of expression I’m making.”

“Hmm, a look of absurdity?”

“It’s definitely an unfamiliar feeling.”

Dan Hae-ra quietly rolled her eyes. That was how she checked her condition. It had been a long time since she felt raw emotions. She had sacrificed most of her memories and emotions in exchange for promises, so this was unfamiliar to her.

“This is what I call absurd.”

I thought it would be good to remember it well. Danhae nodded her head without realizing it, thinking that way. She, who usually had little time to feel emotions, didn’t even have the ability to distinguish between the two emotions.

That is why the questions that came along with the absurdity were also unfamiliar.

“Seo Seo-hee.”

“Huh? Oh, okay.”

“What on earth does that portrait want with me?”

“…But I don’t think there was any bad intention….”

“That doesn’t answer the question.”

“Let’s just look at the good Hara once.”

“I told you that doesn’t work?”

After a bit of a struggle, Danhae blinked.

“…What is this…?”

“…….”

Looking at her like that, Seo Seo-hee quietly posted a message in the group chat.

Hey, it's broken ㅋㅋㅋㅋ I knew it would happen You fixed it Jeong Hae-un

Crazy guy.

'He's been my friend for over 30 years, but he's really crazy.'

I was truly envious that you could laugh at this situation.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (330)

330

Episode 330

The results of the mysterious quirk could not be said to be bad.

'If you really want to get rid of the system, then...'

Seo Seo-hee smiled awkwardly and looked at the person sitting across from her. The person was wearing a white priest’s robe under a black cloak. He was commonly known to the world as ‘Sergio Hunter.’

He asked with a gentle smile as always.

“Aren’t you going to eat any more?”

“I’ve had enough.”

“How was your meal today?”

“Soy sauce marinated crab is really crazy.”

That part was so amazing that I couldn't even act coy.

Even though it was raw, there was no fishy smell, and the meat was soft yet chewy. The crab meat soaked in a soy sauce that wasn't too salty was heavenly when eaten with warm rice.

“If you look at it, our guild leader’s lunch box always seems to be Western food.”

“I thought you liked it salty and rich, so I was adjusting it to that.”

“And my meals are usually Korean food.”

“Because I like light liver. I especially like the original taste of the ingredients.”

“That’s right, I have that kind of side to me. In these times when it’s hard to enjoy fine dining, it’s hard to survive with that kind of appetite. That’s why I think the lunch boxes you pack for me are good.”

It wasn't just that problem. As the Hunter's rank increased, his taste also improved. It was natural. As his overall ability increased, his sense of smell and taste also became more sensitive.

'There's a reason our grumpy guild leader is eating lunch with his nose in his mouth.'

For that reason, restaurants that catered to the tastes of hunters were rare. This may be one reason why restaurants in this day and age are all upscale. The main customers were mostly first-class citizens, such as high-class hunters.

Even the person who made this lunchbox was not an ordinary person.

'Even if you only consider what you see, he's an A-class hunter rumored to be an S-class... and on top of that, he's the son of a secret agent who works at a collection shop. With just this much, it seems like he won't get his hands dirty.'

More fundamentally, it wasn't even human in the first place. It was a mystery of a high rank that couldn't be defined by the current rank. For such a being to personally make a lunch box was closer to a disaster than favor.

Anyway, to summarize, it is truly a thankful thing.

“…….”

Enough with the peaceful thoughts.

“…It seems like the gardeners are getting along well with the hunters these days. Since the introduction of the Black Cloak series, they were treated as something like ‘poor winners’, but now they are treated as precious teachers who are truly rare.”

“I heard that too, peaceful reconciliation is always a joy.”

“Thanks to that, there is never a day when the smile disappears from Jeong Hae-woon’s face.”

Jeong Hae-un was the first gardener. And he was a symbol of eternity. He was the vanguard of all gardeners in the world.

Although he didn't have a specific position like a leader or anything, it seemed like he had a great sense of responsibility. Jeong Hae-un was always sensitive to the situation where gardeners were being persecuted. He was especially saddened by it.

But then one day, the gardeners' treatment became more generous. If there were no particular side effects, there was no reason for Jeong Hae-woon not to like it.

“I also think it’s a good thing. Gardeners are paid too poorly for the work they do. If it were just a small task, they would either do it themselves or at least stop it from happening….”

Seo Seo-hee's smile distorted slightly.

“The garden is holding the love of the gardeners hostage, so no matter how badly it is treated, it cannot easily escape. Isn’t that the power of love in the first place?”

“Love….”

The blond-haired priest lowered his eyes.

“Love certainly has that kind of power. It makes me feel like the damage I’m about to suffer isn’t damage. Sometimes the process feels natural, sometimes I know but pretend not to, and sometimes I really don’t know.”

“Isn’t that commonly called a bean pod?”

“Personally, I don’t really like that kind of love.”

“It seems like a rather interesting story.”

Seo Seo-hee's eyes lit up. What kind of love does this gentle and old-fashioned teacher think of? Has he ever experienced love? Well, that was the kind of interest.

“I know this is rude, but have you ever been in love?”

“…Is family love included?”

“To be honest, I wanted to ask about love between lovers.”

“I’ve never felt anything like that, so it’s hard for me to say. Of course, I love the precious things I cherish and protect, but it’s never been possessive.”

“I think the love you think of is possessiveness.”

“At least that’s what I thought. Otherwise, I wouldn’t have any reason to feel jealous when my love smiles at someone else. It may sound strange, but many people think it’s a really bad impulse. Since love is also an intangible concept, why can’t it be shared equally?”

“…If it has to be shared equally, it might be difficult to see it as love. After all, love is an emotion that comes from considering the other person special, and that is discrimination and favoritism… Anyway,

let’s leave it at that.”

It wasn't that I wanted to discuss the concept and foundation of love. Seo Seo-hee shrugged lightly. He continued to ask.

“Isn’t that from the perspective of ‘Giovanni’, no one else? Is this also love, another name for the mercy you bestow… something like that?”

“…I guess so. It’s not that I’ve never shown favoritism, but I think the love I know is quite different from the general view.”

Giovanni tilted his head and smiled.

“I think Ms. Seo Seo-hee is curious about Mr. George’s opinion, not mine.”

“That’s true too.”

“I’m not sure, but I think it’s probably… something close to hatred.”

“…I was a little surprised because the answer was quite different from the image I had. It seemed like he embraced everything in the world in a different sense from Mr. Giovanni.”

“He doesn’t embrace anything, except his best friends.”

"confidant?"

“That… hat.”

"aha."

I knew it from hearing the story a few times. 'George' was said to carry a wizard's hat on his head that he didn't even wear. I also remembered what Jeong Hae-woon said about it looking like a creature with an ego.

“A lot more than I thought… um….”

“He is a difficult person. He is temperamental and wanders a lot. He

likes to stay in one place sometimes, but not for long. He likes people, but he hates them, and he never trusts them.”

“…I feel like I’m hearing some kind of dungeon strategy.”

“It’s a dungeon, so at first glance it might seem similar.”

He continued speaking softly, like a teacher giving advice to a young student.

“George is a skilled liar. But he is often sincere. I liken it to hatred, but that doesn’t mean his love is fake. It just fades quickly. But because he is good at lying, it’s not easy to tell when his love has faded.”

So, what remained in the void left by love was only hatred that was so similar to love that it was meaningless to distinguish between them. That was the love of George that Geo saw.

Seo Seo-hee's expression became very strange at Geo's kind explanation.

“…That’s tricky.”

“That’s what you said, right?”

“You may wonder what I’m saying now, but Jeong Hae-woon said that I’m a quiet person.”

It was really tiring. Seo Seo-hee always wanted to be a model student, but the more she tried, the more she felt that it was impossible. In the first place, he was not a very sincere, good, or upright person.

He was just imitating. He was imitating the ideal adult and leader. But that didn't change his essence. Even if he always had a smile on his face and practiced kindness and justice, in the end...

“…I know that I’m a pretty bad person, contrary to what people think.”

“You were thinking like that?”

“Of course I’ve done a lot of good things. But I can never be the best adult. Well, that’s true for everyone. Just like when a child who my father thought would be a hero grows up and one day he sees that little back….”

“But now, no one is looking after Seo Seo-hee’s back.”

“Everyone is watching, but there’s a lot of nitpicking going on there. I’m not trying to complain, I’m just saying. I’m admitting that I’m being a slacker.”

Seo Seo-hee smiled brightly.

“So I’ll just irresponsibly wait for the results. I’m quite interested in the fate of the Earth, but for some reason, this time I want to pretend not to know.”

“Sometimes there are days like that.”

“Yes, then you can finish the rest of the story with my friends. I’ll just wait quietly and watch.”

“Did the president call me?”

“Well, rather than the Hunter… it seems like you’d like to talk to a certain portrait.”

“I will keep that in mind.”

Sergio Hunter asked.

“I recently had some boiled chicken and it was pretty good. How about some boiled chicken for your next lunch box?”

“…Oh, good. While you’re at it, how about some samgyetang? Put a lot of glutinous rice in it.”

“Since it’s called a lunch box, let’s give it a try.”

That's how their conversation ended.

* * *

And, the portrait was found in Danhae-ra.

"hmm…."

She cupped my cheek with one hand and quickly tilted her head.

“If summoning is this easy, it will be difficult to ensure the safety of citizens.”

“Don’t worry, Hara, I won’t be going anywhere just because you draw for me.”

“You are much more affectionate than I thought.”

She looked at the portrait floating in the air and opened her eyes gently. It wasn't that the picture frame floating on the sofa opposite her was particularly funny. But still, since she was my guest, I had to treat her appropriately.

“Would you please take a seat? I have prepared some nice tea, but I’m not sure if you’ll like it.”

“If the chairman has prepared this much, I should gladly sit down. Thank you for inviting me.”

The pitch-black portrait came out of the frame and sat naturally on the sofa. There was no sign or noise, as if it had always been there. Even the air flow was calm.

Dan Hae-ra, who had been quietly looking at it, took her hand off my cheek. She pointed to the round teacup.

“Don’t you think the tea smells pretty good?”

“It’s smooth and rich. I got some good tea leaves.”

“It’s not widely known yet, but this is a tea that is being cultivated in the dungeon that the association recently conquered. It seems to have been bred by some civilization in the past, and the tea leaves have been manipulated to prevent them from growing thick and hard from their tender leaves.”

“You just inherited it and are cultivating it?”

“It has grown so young over such a long period of time. It cannot even survive without the power of a sophisticated, dexterous civilized life form. Isn’t it like a silkworm?”

It has been improved for human convenience. This tea leaf was stuffed in its youngest and weakest form, and no civilized life form would have objected to it. That is why it came to be in this form.

“You may think it’s a pity, but well. Since they were created and born this way, there is no way to return them to how they were before the improvement. What would happen if we let them go with pure intentions and abandon human greed?”

Dan Hae-ra, wearing a uniform that resembled a hanbok, slowly picked up the teacup. She took a sip of the tea after smelling the delicate but clear scent of grains. Even after drinking, her mouth was filled with a good scent.

Then, he faces the person who shared the teacup with him.

“I don’t think there’s any point to it.”

“What are you talking about?”

“It’s the act of releasing tea leaves that have already been improved.”

What if we let them go? They are fragile children who will eventually go extinct without human intervention. But if we evolve them to be stronger and more durable, how is that any different from the previous improvements?

“In that case, it would be better to manage and use tea leaves that have already been improved for each other. It is good for humans to get fragrant tea, and it is good for tea leaves to be managed consistently.”

“That’s a good idea too.”

“You never deny any thought.”

“Were you looking for the answer from me?”

The black cloak saw the Association President Dan Hae-ra under the shadow of the hood. It was impossible to imagine that there was a human face in that pitch-black shadow. It was just a black void itself. That was all there was to it.

Yet, how could his actions be so similar to those of a human? His attitude, which felt somehow familiar, actually made me feel a great sense of discomfort. This was because, even though I knew that he was not a human at all, I felt like he was a close being.

It gave a pretty philosophical answer.

“There are no right answers in the world.”

“But there are laws and morals.”

“After all, it too is something that humans created. If the ‘correct answer’ you’re talking about is something of that kind, then I have nothing to say.”

“I heard you prefer kind and young things.”

“When you say that, it makes me sound like I’m some evil spirit that wants a gentle and tender sacrifice. Well, I like people like that. I feel energized when I see them.”

“Weren’t you also in a position to protect them?”

“My personal taste and the laws of the world are different….”

The black cloak said that law and morality are merely human tastes.

“The ‘correct answer’ is always created by necessity. Science and mathematics are also complex symbols created by humans. So, while there may be a correct answer, there can be no correct answer in essence, right?”

“By saying that, you are trying to destroy the system.”

Dan Hae-ra continued speaking, putting down her warm cup of tea.

“If it wasn’t an act done because it was the right answer, then it must have been intended to convey some kind of intention.”

“Is there anyone who would believe me when I say I had no intention?”

“It was a funny joke. Hmm, so you’re looking for revenge then?”

“I don’t feel like that.”

“Excuse me, I thought it might be a backlash against me forgetting you.”

“It would be quite meaningful to rebel against the past, but at least I don’t do that. I’ve always lived without regrets, and I don’t have the strength to give it any other meaning than reminiscing about the past.”

“You are so generous.”

“I don’t really care whether there is a system or not….”

The 'head' part of the black cloak tilted as if imitating human behavior.

“It doesn’t seem like Mr. ‘George’ is like that.”

The black cloak that spoke of itself as a distinct entity was… odd enough to warrant careful observation.

Danhae-ra smiled.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (331)

331

Episode 331

Dan Hae-ra admitted it. Black Cloak was a pretty good listener and speaker. He accepted and evaluated what the other person said without emotional ups and downs, but he never inefficiently belittled them.

Especially for Danhae, who was insensitive to universal human emotions, this was an even more comfortable person to interact with. This was even friendly and gentlemanly to humans.

'…not all mysteries with human egos are like this.'

Rather, there were many mysteries that were even more twisted because they had personalities. There is a reason why it is called the uncanny valley. There was a minimum reason why those who vaguely resembled humans were rejected.

The main topic of conversation between the two continued like flowing water.

"Keep watching?"

"I don't think I have the confidence to persuade 'George'."

"That is also true."

It wasn't that he was summoned to persuade 'George', the Danhae. Persuading a mystery, wasn't that an impossible task in the first place? So this was a human's struggle to prepare for the future.

“As the host of the ‘Promise of Eternity’, I feel that the system is in danger. Due to Mr. ‘George’s’ instigation, the system has been showing frequent errors recently, but in fact, it is no different from something that is going to happen someday.”

Of course, it wasn't like I didn't feel any unpleasant feelings at all. For example, if the Earth is going to end in a thousand years, there's no need for it to happen right now. But at least Danhae wasn't qualified to say that.

She was also the one who brought forward the misfortune and suffering of the future. Danhae gathered incidents and accidents that she did not need to experience in advance and locked them up in her laboratory. She could not say anything unless it was an extreme situation like destruction.

“…Well, it’s still unpleasant.”

“Oh, like that.”

“I still think people need a system. Mr. George said that it is past time for people to ride quad bikes, but I don’t know. I think it is dangerous enough.”

“That could be the case.”

“But I also know that I can’t convince Mr. George. Today, I just wanted to guess what the future holds, and I didn’t have any particular expectations of persuasion and cooperation. This will be a big harvest.”

At least we have confirmed that 'Black Cloak' is not hostile. He is more

of a bystander, but according to the rules shown in 'Portrait of Geo', he will not make any great sacrifices.

“So what’s left is up to me and the humans, right?”

“It’s comforting to see that you still look strong.”

“It was thanks to the Black Cloak that he gave the Association the disease and medicine.”

Dan Hae-ra smiled brightly. As usual, it was a mechanical smile without any emotion, and in fact, she didn’t have any particular feelings about this situation. The many questions that followed the absurdity had gradually subsided.

“Thanks to your help, people no longer value the existence of the ‘system’ as much as they used to. Now that they know it’s a defective lifeboat, they’re probably going to try to learn how to swim. That’s certainly not a bad idea.”

This could also be acknowledged. Children could not be carried on their parents' backs forever. They had to walk on their own two feet and live their own lives. It is often said that instead of giving money, teach them how to make money.

“But the problem is that they are floating not on flat ground, but on the sea. The young and weak will die while swimming towards the unknown land that may be somewhere.”

“You’re worried about that.”

“If we’re lucky, no one will die, but they could all die. That’s why we’ve been trying to get these refugees to land, not to the sea.”

It might have been an artificial island created by the symbol of eternity. What if the place where these poor refugees were floating was truly the vast ocean? They had to forcefully create land before they were

annihilated.

Danhae had been waiting for an eternity to prepare for it. So had her other friends.

“Then at least no one will drown because they can’t use their feet.”

“The sea is a very dangerous place.”

“It’s not the right place for a newborn baby to learn to walk. I thought there was no need to rush them and risk their lives when they could have learned it more easily and safely step by step.”

"somehow."

The hood of the shadowy cloak seemed to nod.

“I was wondering why you were looking so far away.”

“Yes, because the priority was to drag them to a safe land. If you’ve talked to other ‘Symbols of Eternity’ so far, you’ve probably felt it. We’re looking very far into the future. In the case of Guild Leader Jeong Hae-un, the start date of his project was 1000 years away.”

“Did you do that too?”

“I wanted it to end sooner. Unlike Jeong Hae-un, the Association’s work inevitably sacrifices many lives. As a result, the disregard for life is spreading quickly and deeply.”

Dan Hae-ra said, pinching her lips.

“I do not approve of the value of the sacrifice, but I do approve of the efficiency. I thought that if I could finish it off early, I should be the one who could handle the beating. I only hope that you can understand this judgment, Black Cloak.”

He knew that he would be recorded in history as a tyrant and a

murderer. Nevertheless, he built the numerous research institutes called Danhae. And he pushed people into them. Because Danhae could effectively use all the negative emotions and memories that arose in the process.

For Dan Hae-ra, who has become numb to all emotions, even guilt, sadness from blame, and even pain from her own sins become great rewards. This makes Dan Hae-ra human and at the same time helps her make more 'promises'.

“There will never be another person more suited to this position than me.”

Even as long as the promise of Danhae was kept, he lived forever. Who could be more suitable for the position of the president of the association and the person who gives the orders? He simply did not miss this efficient opportunity called Danhae.

“But you’re trying to ruin all these plans. I know it’s rude, but it’s a pretty unpleasant situation for me. Because of the huge gaps in my memory and emotions, I become obsessed with even the smallest of plans.”

“Um, no….”

The black cloak spoke as if recalling something.

“You were like that before too.”

“…That’s an interesting story, would you like to tell it?”

“I’ve always hated it when your plans get ruined. Even if they were really small and simple plans. For example, if you were planning to stop by a bookstore and then buy ice cream, you’d get stressed out if you went to the bookstore after eating ice cream….”

“…….”

Dan Hae-ra, who had been silent for a while, asked.

“…? Is my story true?”

“Isn’t that the case now? Have you finally decided to enjoy life as it comes?”

“I really didn’t know, so I asked.”

“If you’re asking whether it’s true or not, then it’s not a lie.”

“You were young, weren’t you?”

“It doesn’t look much different now….”

“I see. It was such an unexpected story, so I was a little surprised.”

“That could be the case.”

The 'head' part of the cloak nodded.

“So you’re upset because your plans were ruined?”

“I wanted to guess the future, but I can’t say I didn’t have any intention of venting my anger. I was curious about what kind of person he was that was blocking our future like this.”

“I admit that Mr. George is a very unstable person to watch. But he is also me. I trust that he will not sacrifice innocent people.”

“Is he always truthful?”

“No, he’s a skilled liar.”

“Then I can’t believe it.”

“I understand.”

Black Cloak was not one to actively express his opinion. He also gave up on seeking cooperation. This being was a bystander and observer who kept to the bare minimum.

That's what he asked.

“So, is that the main point?”

“Yes, it was just a place to express my grievances and gratitude.”

“I suppose that’s what I wanted, but I don’t think I received any gratitude.”

“Then I will give it to you now. Thank you for your great interest in the future of the Earth, and I am also grateful that your amusement is not so cruel.”

It might sound sarcastic. But it was sincere. This portrait was trying to fix the Earth with goodwill, and the direction was not bad at all. It was just that Danhae could not agree with the process.

Yet the Black Cloak did all this steadily. He could have caused the citizens to overthrow the government and the association based on errors and omissions in the system, but he didn't. He just showed them how to improve through a little conflict.

“I know how hard it is.”

It was especially difficult for bystanders and spectators like him.

The black cloak could have been more indifferent, but he still hung out with humans, imitated humans, and followed human rules. That was something to be thankful for as the president of the association.

“Thanks to you, I was able to re-plan my plans. You gave me and my friends a chance, even though you could have easily crushed it. You gave us the right to debate our opinions and compete our plans

without making us miserable.”

Danhae-ra laughed.

“I appreciate it.”

“…….”

And Geo thought.

‘… Were we fighting?’

I didn't really feel like I was competing against something.

But at this point, Geo couldn't help but learn. If others did, then so be it. I thought it was similar to what his students used to say about 'Northern Grand Duke' and 'Mafia Successor'. It wasn't something to get angry about.

Geo, who felt good seeing his old disciple's face after a long time, decided to enjoy it all.

“…That’s fortunate.”

Anyway, since the students were good, the teacher was good too.

* * *

"so."

Geo held a hallway meeting for the first time in a long time.

“I want to do something before I lose the face to face with our Hae-ra students.”

"what's the matter."

“I’m not brave enough to say, ‘What did you know?’ in a situation like a

youth drama where you say, ‘I knew it, let’s do our best.’ Please understand.”

“So what exactly does this mean? What kind of conversation did you have with the president?”

Joo-hyun tilted his head at Yoo Seong-un's reflective words.

“Why are you killing Mr. Geo?”

“Joohyun suddenly became an extreme parent.”

“It was a joke.”

Joohyun smiled lightly and looked back at Geo.

“Is that Mr. Geo’s idea? Or Mr. George’s idea? I heard before that there are often times when the two opinions differ because the assimilation is not yet complete….”

“This is my opinion.”

“If that’s the case, then that’s fortunate. Personally, I’m a little scared that Mr. George might get into some kind of accident. But that doesn’t mean that Mr. Geo is a gentle person.”

“If you are going to shamelessly take my side, I would like to ask you to be a little more specific.”

“Anyway, I exist for Geo’s activities. That’s the purpose of a manager. I was feeling uneasy because you’ve been doing almost nothing as a hunter lately.”

A bitter smile appeared on Joohyun's face.

“Isn’t it a bit sad that he’s a freeloader who only takes money?”

“…Isn’t that a good thing?”

“I think it’s a bit much to just receive money without doing anything.”

He was certainly an honest man. Taking money without compensation only made Ju-hyeon uncomfortable. It was partly because of this that he had visited the Manto Church and preached the so-called 'will of God'.

Joohyun asked with her usual sincere smile.

“What are you planning to do this time?”

“I’m going to try drawing for the first time in a while.”

Yoo Seong-un intervened in this.

“I’m sorry, but it hasn’t been that long, and your series is still going around the world. So is that the case this time? Why, just like Argio-san….”

“Yes, I publish my work to the world under a name other than my own.”

“So you’re going to hide behind Mr. George’s name and cause a big accident?”

“But in the end, it’s the same person, so there’s no problem, right?”

“I don’t know where I thought that.”

After thinking for a moment, Yoo Seong-un soon opened his mouth.

“…Don’t just include our guild leader.”

“Well, I haven’t decided yet what to do.”

"please."

That was a disaster.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (332)

332

Episode 332

Even though they held a meeting, Geo actually had no plans.

“I was bluffing because I thought the president was expecting a fair and interesting match, but unfortunately, there are no plans. I am broke.”

“…….”

And Cha Eun-hyeok, who somehow ended up inviting Black Cloak to his house semi-forcibly, thought.

'Is this what a penniless person usually says?'

But he didn't say that thought out loud. And it seemed that Cha Eun-hyeok's appearance touched Black Cloak's heart. He looked at Cha Eun-hyeok with a look of surprise and asked.

“Wouldn’t you normally refute a little more?”

“…Ah, it’s unfamiliar.”

“Are we still in that kind of relationship? Of course I understand, the relationship between a subordinate and a superior can never be comfortable. I’m not the type of person to force things like that. But I asked because I thought Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok would have said

something at this point if things were normal.”

“That… is true, but….”

Cha Eun-hyeok glanced at the black cloak without realizing it.

A large body that almost reached the ceiling. A pitch-black cloak that covered the body, or was visible as such. A black shirt and suit pants inside. Above all, a shadow inside a black hood that made it impossible to see inside.

So this was really inevitable.

“…He doesn’t seem like my boss at work.”

“Oh, it’s me.”

“The speech is a little different and the atmosphere is completely different.”

“Because it’s different?”

“We are like brothers who just share some of our genes.”

"aha."

Geo nodded. It could have been. In fact, strictly speaking, 'Geo' and I couldn't be called the same person. We were completely different people who had so many similarities that we could have guessed they were the same person.

“Genetically, we may be very different, but if you don’t mind, you can think of us as twins. Of course, George and I are not ‘the same’ yet.”

“Thank you for your consideration.”

Cha Eun-hyeok bowed and expressed his gratitude. He was certainly kinder than George in many ways. However, gratitude and facts were

separate things. He spoke his mind.

“And I don’t think the president is looking forward to a showdown with Mr. Geo.”

"then…?"

“Isn’t it more about mental preparation than anticipation? Some natural disaster is preparing to conquer the Earth.”

“I think it’s closer to subversion than conquest, but it could be true. I will take your advice into consideration.”

“…….”

Before I thought about whether it was a conquest or a subversion, I felt like I was unfamiliar with him because he listened to me so well. This also didn't seem like my boss at work.

'Even though he's blunt, he's definitely more considerate.'

I thought that with his permission, we should just treat him as a separate person.

And then, the second daughter of this household, Cha Ara, who had been in the kitchen, appeared hesitantly. She came out with an extremely awkward face and asked quietly.

“I made some tea….”

“Thank you for treating me so well. Are you having a hard time?”

“No, I like this kind of thing.”

Although her appearance was still scary, her reaction was friendly. Encouraged by that, Cha Ara smiled and sneaked in between them. She, who likes various kinds of food, was a little excited about the fact that she could serve tea to her guests.

“Yes, I made it according to the recipe you gave me before.”

“It really smells good. It looks like you put a lot of effort into drying it.”

“That… It’s probably completely different from what you gave me before….”

“I think this tastes better.”

It wasn't an empty promise. The tea made by roasting and drying barley was warm and really good to drink in the fall. It was grain tea, so it made me feel a little full. Of course, Geo's huge stomach wouldn't be full after drinking a few cups of tea.

And Geo returned to the topic from before.

“So I’m going to try to make a plan.”

“…Now?”

“…No, someday.”

Geo was quite lazy. He would only be sincere when he wanted to be, and this was exactly the situation. It's not like the world will end if you put it off for a while.

'More than anything, the execution power of Mr. Yoo Seong-woon and Mr. Joo Hyun has improved to an unusual degree.'

Yoo Seong-woon, who was excited about receiving a recent painting as a gift, treated Geo too comfortably, and Joo-hyun was overprotective, perhaps because she heard something from Bi Sa-bal. In the past, there were two brakes for each accelerator, but now there are three accelerators. So it was time for Geo to restrain himself.

And there was a reason why Geo visited the Cha household today. Would he have visited someone so precious to make a plan? Geo

asked the landlord quietly.

“When do you think the kids will arrive?”

“Well, maybe by now….”

And then, with perfect timing, today's main character appeared.

“—I’m here!!!”

With the youngest of this house, Chaisol.

“Excuse me.”

His partner was Iruda.

Behind the two were several adults in suits. I heard they were knights and bodyguards hired by Iruda's mother. There was a reason why only children were allowed to come down from the shrine in Seoul.

Cha Ara smiled in relief as she saw her youngest child arrive safely.

“Chaisol!!”

“Sister!!”

“Look at the weight my baby lost, put it back on right now!!”

“It’s not that I gained weight, it’s that I lost weight…!!”

Cha Eun-hyuk sighed as he saw the two having a friendly reunion at the clearly visible front door. Cha Eun-hyuk, who had been furrowing his brows, soon approached Iru-da, who was standing there blankly.

“Thank you for coming.”

“Oh, please speak more comfortably. It would be more comfortable for me if you, as an adult, speak informally to me first.”

“Luda… has a good vocabulary. Thanks to her good friends, Isul-i will become smarter in no time.”

“Isol is originally smart.”

“Thank you, and the others in the back….”

“I was going to send it back just now.”

“Oh, yeah, okay.”

I often met him and talked to him, but he was really mature and firm. Not knowing that Eunhyuk Cha was flustered, Iru turned around and looked at the young men. Iru said in a much firmer tone than when she spoke to Eunhyuk Cha.

“Thank you for coming all the way here. I’ll contact your mother separately, so you can go back now.”

“But this is not a city, miss. I’m sure your wife would like us to be there to keep an eye on your safety if possible.”

“I know how you feel, but the landlord here didn’t invite you all. Okay, then….”

After that, I looked back at Cha Eun-hyeok.

“Excuse me, but… is there a place for these people to stay in this town?”

“It might be a little narrow, but you can all come inside.”

“Then I feel uncomfortable because I feel like I’m causing too much trouble. If you permit, I would like to ask that you wait in the village rest area.”

“…If that’s the case, there are a few pavilions centered around the village hall.”

“Thank you for your kind guidance.”

Then I saw the guards.

“Did you hear that? I have a favor to ask.”

“Yes, thank you for your understanding. If you have any problems, please press the button and let us….”

“…? Why are you like that?”

“…No, I’m sorry.”

The person who seemed to be the leader of the security guard stared at the house that was not visible for a moment, then shook his head. Then he asked Eunhyuk Cha, who was standing beyond Iruda with a trembling expression.

“Are there any other hunters inside?”

“Ah, that….”

Perhaps he had noticed the existence of 'Sergio Hunter'. Cha Eun-hyeok nodded after thinking for a moment. He wasn't a human, but he was a hunter. If you look at it that way, he wasn't exactly lying.

“Yes, my youngest son has a favorite older brother. He came to visit us in advance after finding out that the kids were on vacation at the temple. He is also acquainted with Priest Kang Seo-dam, so I think he heard the story separately.”

“By any chance what is his name….”

“…….”

This became a bit more of a concern.

'Are you sure my throat won't fly off if I tell you?'

At that moment, Chae Sol's excited voice was heard from inside the house.

“Wow, Geo hyung!! It’s Geo hyung!!”

“Chaisul, stop running…!”

“Hyung, hyung! Hyung, I got a vacation. A vacation! I grew up so well, didn’t I!!”

Two of the three letters of the name have already been revealed. Cha Eun-hyeok has lost his attachment to it. The Black Cloak he knows is not a mystery that would cut the throats of innocent citizens just because they say something about its name.

“…Yes, Sergio Hunter is visiting.”

"…okay."

The guard, who was probably an Awakened One, looked a little flustered. He managed to hide it skillfully, but Sergio's appearance must have been so flustering that even a professional guard couldn't hide his confusion for a moment.

'I can tell at a glance that he's wondering why such a person is here.'

However, the image of Sergio Hunter known to the world was excellent. Thanks to that, even though it seemed strange, the expression on Kyungho’s face seemed to become much more relaxed.

It seemed that they had judged that there would be no major problems for the young lady, as there was a human-friendly A-class hunter in a quiet village without even a dungeon.

“Then we will take our leave now. Please spend some time with your friend, and when you want to go home, please call us. And if it is alright with you… Miss.”

“What is it?”

“I would like to check if there are any threatening monsters around this village. If you permit me, I will try to identify them as much as possible, and if necessary, I will request additional approval.”

“Before that, I’ll have to get permission from the village chief first. Wouldn’t it upset the monsters that coexist peacefully with the village? If you promise not to cause any trouble, I’ll approve.”

“Yes, I will. I will report this to your wife. Thank you again for your permission. Have a nice time, Miss.”

Five or six young men rushed out of the gate. In fact, the expression 'rush' was not appropriate. They were guards assigned to the children of wealthy families, so they made almost no noise. It meant that they were powerful men.

‘…Why am I looking into this when I’m neither an awakener nor a gardener?’

These days, all I do is do peaceful things like baking bungeoppang (fish-shaped bread) and looking for snacks.

Recently, while running a food stall with George, he had the opportunity to see many hunters. Most of them were tattered and out of their minds due to being possessed by George, but it seemed that even Cha Eun-hyeok, a civilian, had the opportunity to sharpen his eye.

Looking back at Cha Eun-hyeok, Iru hesitated.

“…I’m sorry, was it a little noisy?”

“…Huh? Oh, no. It’s my first time doing something like this, so I’m a little flustered, but it’s okay.”

“I apologize for rushing in without notice. I didn’t know there would be so many of them. We were supposed to have just one guide to help people use the terminal smoothly….”

“What parent would feel comfortable sending their young child out of the city alone?”

Of course, even considering that, it was surprising. Chae Sol had a pure perspective on the world, so she never described her partner’s financial situation. So Cha Eun Hyuk only knew that Iru Da was a first-class citizen.

‘It’s true that among first-class citizens, there is no one who is not rich… .’

Anyway, it was a new experience.

“You’ve been outside too long. Let’s go inside first.”

“Yes, over there, my mother said she wanted to give this to the landlord as a gift….”

“Wow, it’s fruit. Thank you.”

"you're welcome."

Iru shook his head, but he was inwardly puzzled.

'It's not as burdensome as I thought.'

I didn't mean to be discriminatory. However, I knew that it would be difficult for local residents, who lack infrastructure in many ways, to see such good-quality fruit.

'Oh, well, since you're close to Sergio Hunter, you probably come across things like this often.'

It was a little difficult when my mother took care of me, but fortunately,

she tried to kill my friend's spirit in order to raise my daughter's spirit.

It seemed as if he expected that if he gave them a little too much, the third-class citizen would treat them like a first-class citizen.

'I was anxious because I couldn't leave it anywhere.'

Although Chae Sol-ya didn't care at all about the financial gap between her and Iru Da, it was unclear what his family was like.

It was a basket of fruits that she had brought with her anxious heart, hoping that her mother would not find out about her evil intentions. However, when she simply accepted it as a thank you for the gift, Iruda's heart was at ease.

As they say, good people gather around good people, and it seemed like Chaisol's family and those around them were all good people.

'I will have to live with Chaisol by my side for the rest of my life.'

As he went inside, he couldn't help but feel a little excited. He tried his best to control himself in front of an adult whose face he could only see slightly, but he felt anxious in a good way because he had received an unexpected and precious gift.

“…Hey, and. Sergio Hunter just arrived too….”

“You came first and we were talking among ourselves first. I should have told you in advance. I’m sorry.”

“No, it’s okay. Does he come here often?”

“Come visit us often, even if not often.”

"okay."

As I entered the living room, I saw Chaisol lying on top of Sergio

Hunter. He rolled around behind his white priest's robes and smiled brightly at the sight of his partner. Chaisol's face lit up.

“Ruda, why are you here now!”

“I spent some time sending the people I came with to other places.”

“Brother Geo is here too!”

“Yeah, I can see it too.”

After hesitating for a while, Iru bowed and said hello.

“It’s been a while, Sergio Hunter.”

“Sister Iruda is still thoughtful and kind.”

“Oh, no….”

“You must be tired from coming from far away.”

“I’m not that tired.”

“Well, today should be a day where you don’t feel tired even if you’re tired, right?”

"yes…."

Cha Ara smiled brightly at Iruda, who was smiling shyly and awkwardly. Iruda's mature attitude made her look so cute. Cha Ara cleared her throat and lowered her high-pitched cheekbones and spoke.

“Okay, now let’s begin the first pajama party of the Cha family!”

“Waaaah!!”

Yes, they gathered to play.

That's why Geo didn't have time to plan an overthrow of the Earth.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (333)

333

Episode 333

It's easy to forget because he doesn't interfere, but Sergio Hunter could be said to be the guardian of the pair of Chaisol and Iruda. He often supported them in the future.

“I was a little surprised when I got a call from Father Kang Seo-dam.”

In other words, 'Sergio Hunter' was also the guardian of two children. In addition, he was a target of public attention in the Solar Church. This means that if something happened to these young prospective priests, Kang Seo-dam could not help but contact them.

“I know it must be hard for a prospective priest, but I heard you got a vacation.”

“Ah, yes. I was lucky enough to be able to contribute to this expedition….”

“I heard that you are participating in various internships in order to graduate early.”

“I was able to get the position thanks to the goodwill of the priests.”

Iruda treated her guardians with as much courtesy and humility as possible.

'Your mother also told you to be very careful.'

Although he hasn't been seen in dungeons or media recently, his opponent was Sergio Hunter. He is an unofficial member of the collection. He is capable and has a good personality, so there were many places that wanted him.

'They say his only flaw is that he's a collector's son.'

In short, he is a person who is really not bad at all to befriend. For Iruda, a prospective priest whose only plausible position is that he is a first-class citizen, he was originally someone who was difficult to even meet.

Above all, according to what I have heard, he is a stable all-rounder. Right now, Iruda and Chaisol have no reason to go to the dungeon with him, but the future is uncertain. Iruda understood his mother's advice. He was an adult who had to look good if possible.

“I got a good score on this test too.”

“Well, I heard that story too. You can get report cards every quarter.”

“Oh, you must be very busy, but you checked. I know that reports about grades and attitudes are sent to the guardians, but I heard that not many people personally check them… I assumed you wouldn’t know.”

“You don’t have to be so flustered. Sister Iruda has never been rude to me. But I see, it’s a vacation….”

Chae Sol, who had been rolling around in Geo's arms, suddenly got up and shouted.

“This is rare! There aren’t many kids who prepare for early graduation, and no one takes a vacation from their internship! The teachers praised us a lot!”

“It’s amazing that you’ve already started to stand out like this. Are you hurt anywhere? Are your seniors treating you well, Brother Chaisol?”

“Why are you speaking to me formally?”

“Yes, Isul-ah. Aren’t you tired?”

“It’s not hard!”

“It’s cute….”

Geo came closer and touched Chaisol's cheek, who was wrapped around his leg. Chaisol left the fate of his cheek in Geo's large hands. Iruda was a little taken aback by that sense of distance.

“Tea, tea… That won’t do….”

“Eww, why?”

“He is our guardian. We should behave properly.”

“Even if you don’t do that, Geo hyung won’t get angry.”

“Even if you don’t get angry, you may feel difficult or uncomfortable.”

Geo smiled and shook his head at Iruda, who was struggling.

“Why would you get angry when a child is acting up? It’s not hard or uncomfortable. I hope Sister Iruda can also feel at ease.”

“But, but….”

“It may sound grandiose to call you a guardian. But when have I ever pretended to know anything about your activities under the name of a guardian?”

"…no."

Even her mother found that point peculiar.

The guardianship system basically existed to take over the good sprouts. It is common for guardians to protect the child as their own while interfering in every little thing.

'It's a kind of networking and investment to recruit good priests. It's not a simple donation activity.'

In that sense, it was very rare for someone like Sergio to just send money and leave it alone.

However, it was ambiguous to pretend to know why they were doing that from the position of the sponsor. To a prospective priest, a guardian was a very high-ranking adult. As a prospective priest who was almost like a doll, it was true that it took a lot of courage to even make a single contact.

Iruda hesitated and asked.

“…Would you like to be more comfortable with me?”

“That’s what I think, but hmm. I think it’ll get better over time.”

"yes…."

Iruda was worried.

'What does it mean to be comfortable with adults?'

Thinking that way, he looked at Chaisol. However, no matter how much he thought about it, it wasn't that. Iru didn't have the confidence to act as innocently as Chaisol. Besides, weren't the two of them really close?

'It looks like you visit this house often.'

In many ways, the situation was different from Iruda's. So how should we treat the other person? Iruda's forehead furrowed deeply.

‘… Yeah, it’ll work out somehow.’

If there was a problem, wouldn't you have told me first? He wasn't the kind of person who would exploit me by finding fault with something like that. In the first place, what good would it do to exploit the weaknesses of a prospective priest, someone as good as Sergio Hunter?

After thinking that far, Iruda finally nodded.

“…I will do my best.”

“…Is it okay to treat you comfortably?”

“Oh, maybe?”

“Then let’s do that.”

As always, Geo smiled gently and looked at Cha Eun-hyeok with a nervous expression.

“I think it’s about time we had dinner.”

“Then… should we get ready?”

“Can I borrow your kitchen for a bit this time?”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok thought about it.

'This crazy mystery?'

What on earth are you going to feed the kids?

Cha Eun-hyeok kept his mouth shut, and Cha A-ra looked at Geo with a shocked expression. Cha Sol was lying there without a thought. Looking at the faces of the two adults, Iru-da unconsciously understood.

“Ah, so, is that Sergio Hunter cooking it himself…?”

I wouldn't say it was a kind of prejudice, but it was certainly surprising.

Unless you have skills in that area, it’s rare for a Hunter of the A-class level to cook. If you’re not going to eat it yourself, cooking is more of a service, and it’s also a form of labor.

Of course, Geo had made and sold food at the previous collector's parade, but the rumor had not reached Iruda's ears. So, he couldn't help but be surprised by this situation.

'I heard that you are such a precious young master that the collectors try not to let you go outside.'

There were quite a few hunters who cooked as a hobby. But now, it was clear that they were going to cook for the people gathered here. Iruda thought it was very strange. The most noble person in this place was going to treat the rest.

But Sergio Hunter still had a clean face.

“Yes, I feel pretty confident even though it looks like this.”

“I thought you would be outstanding.”

“It’s embarrassing, but even Hunter Seo Seo-hee praises my skills.”

“Huh? Oh, that… Hunter Seo too…?”

That was even more embarrassing.

'Are you familiar with the symbol of eternity?'

I've never heard of such a thing.

'I knew you were a stickler for mysticism, but it seems like you're better at controlling information than I thought. Seeing as it's not known to the

world that you're even acquainted with the Symbol of Eternity... That must mean that Sergio Hunter and the people around him are doing a good job of suppressing information.'

As was his habit, Iruda pondered 'How should I utilize this?' and soon lowered his head. He was not the type of person to use such a clumsy strategy. Iruda felt ashamed of his calculating intentions and spoke to Sergio Hunter.

“I won’t tell you this, no matter where I go. You may not believe me, but I’m a tight-lipped person….”

“You don’t have to worry that much, but… if you could help me, I would be happy to accept it.”

"yes yes."

Seeing that he didn't refuse, it seemed like the right thing to do was to keep his mouth shut. As Iru was internally sighing in relief, Cha Eunhyuk slowly approached him and whispered.

“Are you really going to cook?”

“Give me the kitchen.”

“What are you going to make? I will listen and decide.”

“Oh my, why don’t you trust me like this…?”

“Does it look like that?”

Cha Eun-hyeok could feel it when he saw the way he whispered back. This person was George right now. If anything, it was fortunate that he was still the 'Sergio Hunter' in appearance.

“Maybe you’re making something weird….”

“Everything I make tastes good.”

“You know I’m not talking about taste, George.”

“I tried to make it simple.”

“A simple seven-course meal, something like that?”

“Can I do that?”

“Is it true that it has no effect on the human body?”

“All foods have an effect on the human body, right…?”

“So, can you pretend that it’s ordinary food?”

“Aha, like our street food stall menus?”

“No, this….”

Cha Eun-hyeok kept his mouth shut. Then he nodded.

“…It would be difficult to prepare meals alone, so please come with me.”

“Hey, oppa, are you okay?”

“We can’t just let the guests do the work.”

“No, that, uh, yeah.”

Although Cha Ara was the only one in the household who enjoyed cooking, she decided to step aside. Cha Ara was the one who knew where their eldest son was working and making money these days.

'I believe.'

I don't know how things got to this point, but Cha Ara trusted her brother. Even after all that shit, he was still human. Thinking that he

would somehow handle it, Cha Ara passed the turn.

“Then should I cut some fruit in the meantime?”

“No, we’ll do that too… You watch the kids.”

“Yeah.”

Cha-Ara felt sorry for her eldest son who was trying hard to swallow his sadness.

'How did I get it wrong?'

What a pitiful human being, having to cook with the divine in the body of an unawakened being.

* * *

After finishing the meal, Iruda lay down peacefully.

“…You shouldn’t lie down right after eating….”

“Why not?”

“…That’s not polite.”

“Isn’t it okay if it doesn’t hurt?”

“…Isn’t that rude…?”

The Awakened Ones did not have indigestion or anything like that, even if they ate and lay down right away. Above all, Iru Da and Chae Sol were possessors of outstanding talent. That meant they were not weak enough to be harmed to that extent.

But for some reason, adults didn't like the act of lying down right after eating. So Iruda thought it was rude behavior. In other words, Iruda had nothing to say.

“Could it be that it is some kind of custom?”

“What kind of custom is it?”

“Isn’t it the most basic thing for a normal human body to do before lying down after digesting everything?”

“I don’t really understand what you’re saying.”

“You’re just pretending not to hear because you want to lie down.”

“Hehehe!”

“I don’t know either….”

It was a situation where I would have to lie down anyway. It was expected to be cold in a house with poor insulation in this chilly weather, but for some reason my whole body felt tired.

'It was really delicious.'

Iruda was reviewing the meal prepared by Sergio Hunter.

Iruda grew up in a wealthy environment. Since I was young, I have been to all kinds of restaurants and tried all kinds of food that is healthy and expensive. However, the seven-course meal prepared by Sergio Hunter was truly fantastic.

'Did you bring those herbs yourself?'

Especially the Dongpo Pork, which has a strong medicinal scent, is really, oh, really good.

“…You won’t open a restaurant, will you?”

“My brother is thinking about opening a restaurant.”

“When do you plan to open?”

"…huh…?"

Chae Sol looked at my partner with a rare expression of trembling. My brother said he was thinking about it, not that he was preparing to open a business. No matter how much I thought about it, it was a question that skipped a step.

“I think Ruda breaks down sometimes.”

“I will reflect on it.”

“No, that, yeah… Okay… Okay… Then….”

Geo, who had been quietly watching the conversation between the two, offered an apple.

“Why don’t you try some fruit?”

“Oh, thank you.”

Iruda got up right away and received the finely cut apples. The fruit in the basket that her mother had prepared must have been in really good condition, but strangely, it didn't taste as delicious as it used to.

'what.'

I think my sense of taste was ruined because I had just eaten something so delicious.

“…Is there a restaurant by any chance….”

“I’m just worrying.”

“Where do you plan to serve it….”

“I’m still thinking about whether or not I should really do it, so I don’t know yet.”

“Our house has a really nice lot.”

“Haha, I’ll contact you when I’m really ready.”

You really need to prepare.

'Isn't it a sin against humanity not to open a restaurant with such skills and talent?'

Of course, starting a business was something that he wanted to do, but it was a little unfair. Chae Sol-i's entire family was close to Sergio Hunter, so there would be opportunities like this often, but this was not the case for Iru-da.

'I feel deprived.'

Iruda had become a much more mature person.

* * *

The two diligent children fell asleep at 9 p.m. after finishing their digestion.

“…….”

"…hmm."

Geo asked, rubbing his chin.

“Is this what a normal pajama party is like?”

“Uh, well… we’ve never done it before….”

“Wouldn’t it have been a more boisterous event?”

“It’s right for children to go to bed early.”

“That’s true, but why do I feel so empty….”

Eunhyuk Cha gave his boss a piece of his mind.

“That’s dopamine addiction, George.”

“Oh, but I’m telling you, it’s not like this originally?”

“Let the kids sleep, please.”

“I feel so wronged, I feel like crying.”

George felt extreme regret.

I had no intention of spending the night like this.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (334)

334

Episode 334

In a peaceful bed that was too peaceful to regain composure, Iru suddenly sensed something strange.

It's dangerous.

"…uh…."

At one point, she opened her eyes and found herself in a beautiful garden.

“…….”

It was literally a garden.

A typical garden with various flowers and trees, not the 'garden' that has been causing a stir in the world recently. The sky was dyed pink and lavender, and clouds were floating around.

A world filled with sweet and dreamy beauty.

'First of all, it's not my dream.'

Iruda was so sure of it.

'There's no way I could have such a pretty dream.'

There were other reasons, but that was the conclusion. This garden, so beautiful that it was a shame to just look at it, had a strange atmosphere.

Iruda realized that she was sitting on the bench and got up from her seat.

“…Where on earth is this?”

“Rudaya!”

“Chaisol?”

“There’s also Ruda!”

“No, you….”

Iru stopped Chae Sol, who was approaching with a welcoming face.

“Wait a minute, there’s no guarantee that you’re the Chaisol I know. No matter how much I think about it, this doesn’t seem like a normal dream, so it’s only natural that you’re a fake, and in that case, there’s no telling what kind of side effects there might be if I allow you to approach me.”

“I’m sorry, but please explain it to me more easily.”

“Let’s keep our distance since it’s hot in the middle.”

“Hmm… I guess that’s true too!”

Chaisol nodded obediently.

“I don’t have a necklace either.”

“Oh, me too….”

The twins took off their shared necklaces to keep track of each other's locations and slept together. It seemed like their bodies had been lifted

out while they were sleeping, so the two of them had to be even more suspicious of each other.

To be honest, Iruda felt a little proud.

'I brought that foolish kid here.'

It seemed that Chae Sol was also suspicious of Iru Da's identity. I don't know if the other person is real or fake, but if it's the Chae Sol she knows, it was a huge step forward. Especially in a space like this, I felt that the effort I put in was even more rewarding.

“Should we first do a light check on each other?”

“I’m good, I’m confident!”

“No, I’m not playing a game….”

The two had gained experience through several recent training sessions. They also learned how to deal with situations where each other's identity was unclear. They checked the truth through several conversations that only they could understand.

Fortunately or unfortunately, everything matched up in terms of 'memory'.

“Okay, now that you’re not the Chaisol I know, that means you’re something even more terrifying. I’ll be prepared to run away just in case.”

“Yeah, me too….”

“I told you not to be disappointed every time just because you didn’t believe me the first time. This is a natural procedure. It’s not an act that will tarnish our deep friendship and trust.”

“Of course I know.”

Chaisol smiled and held out his hand.

“Okay, the last one!”

"okay."

The two exchanged their divine powers one last time.

‘This is… the divine power of the sun.’

Iruda's face brightened without a trace. There was a cold feeling like the deep sea, but it was much more passionate and splendid. Such a colorful and strange divine power of the sun could only be used by Chae Sol.

And it seemed that Chae Sol was also convinced.

“This is Ruda’s!”

“Chaisol, aren’t you specifying things too quickly?”

“Why can’t we just exchange powers from the beginning?”

“…The dialogue through human voice and language is a necessary process. Above all, you know that if you are deceived when exchanging divine power, you could end up in big trouble.”

“Yeah, so I’m checking them in order of least risk… Since mystery is bound by rules, most bad things fall through this process of questioning and answering.”

“It would be better if there were artifacts or insight skills, but for now, let’s be satisfied with this.”

Iruda grabbed the hand that had been holding each other to exchange divine powers and dragged it along. As if it was something that happened all the time, Chae Sol was also dragged along leisurely. The

two naturally stuck together and searched for a way out of the current situation.

“I think I was dragged into a conditional dungeon.”

“You’re talking about the virtual dungeon, right?”

“At least I don’t remember moving anywhere.”

There was a strange beauty there. I found myself drawn to the various structures that I had come across. The clouds that were like cotton candy, the waterfalls that sparkled and fell, the various flowers that swayed in the gentle breeze.

“…It looks like a garden.”

“I can’t see any monsters.”

“Either there really isn’t one, or we just couldn’t find it.”

“I wish it weren’t there, I like it here because it’s pretty.”

“Well, not really.”

“Huh? Isn’t it pretty?”

“It’s not a matter of taste. This place certainly has great aesthetic value, but….”

Iruda had been feeling uneasy since a while ago. In this beautiful place, like a garden of dreams and fantasies, there was a strange feeling that was hard to describe. Iruda thought about it for a moment, then quickly defined it.

“…It feels so alive that it makes me feel uneasy.”

“Plants are originally alive.”

“What I mean is, it’s like a living, moving creature.”

“Huh…?”

“…I don’t even know what I’m talking about.”

“Oh, I know that.”

Chaisol said as if she had heard it somewhere before.

“Isn’t that stuffed alive?”

"…what?"

“Oh, I heard there’s a piece like that in the collection.”

“There are works of art that have been stuffed alive…?”

Iru was shocked. I had heard many times that collectors were lunatics pretending to be gentlemen, but it was still a disgusting sound. Chae Sol groaned as if he was thinking deeply.

“Uhhh… Maybe? I don’t know for sure since I heard the story from Geo hyung. But he said that the black cloak was stuffed alive… So I think I know what Ruda was trying to say.”

“You’re the son of the black cloak, how can you say something like that? Isn’t it a top secret?”

“Aren’t I your son? I’m your younger brother?”

“Anyway, you’re the one who bought it.”

“I won’t get mad about this, it’s okay.”

"no…."

“Brother Geo doesn’t get angry about things like this.”

“…….”

After a moment of silence, he nodded.

“…I was a little taken aback, but you’re right. That’s exactly what it felt like. It was like looking at stuffed animals alive. Like exhibiting living creatures in a museum, even though they’ve been soaked in formalin…”

“What is formalin?”

"…antiseptic."

“As expected, Ruda is smart.”

“Oh, okay, thanks.”

The two slowly looked around. If you look closely at this beautiful scenery, it seems like it is the most childish and fantastic world that children can imagine. It is also full of absurd plants and animals.

Flowers blooming with candy, a lake made of chocolate, a beach with a hermit crab that looks like a chocolate bun lying down. A tree made of Baumkuchen. A pole with cotton candy clouds hanging over it. A spring where soda bubbles up. And other landscapes filled with sweet things… .

“This is delicious.”

“I don’t know whether I will eat or not.”

“Hot chocolate, do you want some too?”

"no."

Iruda's gaze, which had been looking at Chaisol's peaceful appearance, soon reached the empty space. No, in fact, it reached nowhere. What Iruda wanted to see did not respond to her will.

'The system is down.'

Is this part of the recent system error? However, it is not a simple error or omission; it has not responded in the first place. Is this a characteristic of the dungeon? If so, can this place really be called a 'dungeon'?

It would have been better if there had been monsters, but Iru felt a terrible sense of discomfort in this peacefulness.

‘A literal fantasy world… .’

It is a sight that would be appalling to uneducated children who do not know how to restrain themselves. Sweet and salty foods bloom into plants, and cute animals made of cotton and cloth pass by harmlessly.

There was no oppression or responsibility. It was a beautiful world where I could just eat and enjoy. This ticklish feeling that everything was affirming me. But that was why it was strange.

“Where on earth could such a world exist?”

“Huh? Hey, it’s here.”

“Utopia should never exist.”

The instinct of living things is selfishness. Starting from the survival instinct to preserve oneself, they continue to live by consuming existing resources. That is how they coexist. In the process, there was no way for everyone to be satisfied and happy.

That is why this place is no different from a living but empty hell.

“Is this the afterlife created by some capricious evil spirit? No, that doesn’t make sense either.”

There is no such thing as perfect happiness anywhere. But here, it clearly exists. The fear that comes from the gap slowly eats away at

Iruda. There was a sense of impatience running up the tips of her toes.

How on earth did I get dragged here? What on earth is this place for?

“… Of course, the divine is omnipotent and omniscient beyond our imagination. Or close to it. So if that great mystery were to decide to create a utopia, it might be possible, but Chaisol.”

“…….”

“Can you see that as one world? Isn’t it a huge deception and a play? Can you really see a world where everything is controlled by happiness and satisfaction in a positive light?”

Look at the tough flora and fauna of this place. The tiger became friends with the rabbit. Because they are dolls, they are deprived of the need to eat and drink, so they do not hunt or be hunted.

A cold sweat broke out on Iruda's hand as she held Chaisol's hand. Her gaze was scanning this utopia in detail.

I couldn't quite put strength into my hands. My pale fingertips were shaking slightly.

“Whether it’s a dungeon or the afterlife, it’s all bad taste. At least that’s what I think. Isn’t it too much? Isn’t it too human-centered happiness? Everything here is simply cooked and exists for the peripheral pleasure of humans, to be eaten… and the plants are made of cotton and cloth, so you can’t hunt anyone or graze.”

“…….”

“Chaisol.”

“…….”

“Chaisol, answer me.”

“…….”

“…….”

Then, he turned his stiff head and looked at Chae Sol.

'Chaisol?'

'There's Ruda too!'

'Chaisol, aren't you being too specific too quickly?'

'Why can't we just exchange powers from the beginning?'

'Anyway, you bought it, Chaisol.'

'I won't be mad about this, it's okay.'

'Chaisol.'

‘…….’

Up until now, it has never once affirmed the 'definition' of Chaisol.

He did not respond to the name Chaisol, did not answer questions asked of Chaisol, and gave different answers to explanations directed at Chaisol. And the meaning of this was clear.

Then I took my hands away, soaked in cold sweat.

“Who are you?”

This is no ordinary dungeon.

Also, this is not a tea spoon.

* * *

“Who are you?”

Yes, George was not Chaisol.

“As expected, Ruda is smart.”

“…….”

“…Um, I’m sorry….”

“…….”

“Really, I didn’t mean to scare you.”

Let me make an excuse.

'No, but really.'

He was just preparing a small event. If he had that cute, cute mouth talking about a pajama party, then it would have been natural to make a cute, cute mess.

But Iruda was a healthy child who matured early, and Chaisol was a new child who respected such a partner. George just wanted the two of them to enjoy their precious vacation more.

“You’re so different from the kids I know.”

“…Not all children have the same appearance. Each individual has distinct characteristics. You should study a little more about humans, don’t you?”

“It’s a bit of a leap, but you’re right. It was my fault, I should have investigated further.”

Kids these days are so smart it's crazy. They mature earlier than you can imagine.

When I was young, I just liked things that were interesting, fun, and had happy endings, but was Geo's thinking too one-dimensional, or did

the world change that much? The kids he knew didn't necessarily point out the flaws in fairy tales.

‘Just like how the witch’s candy shop only thinks it’s delicious, so they don’t necessarily worry about the preservation and management process… .’

In that sense, I was surprised at how smart my friend Iru was. I just stayed behind to manage my image so that Chae Sol, who had gone off to play with another dream, wouldn't feel betrayed, but I think the child was very surprised before going any deeper.

Iruda's gaze was warm.

“What on earth is the purpose of your approach? Where is Chaisol, and where am I?”

“…….”

Only then did George suddenly have an idea.

'Hey, did I ruin my first impression?'

I guess so.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (335)

335

Episode 335

“Oh my sun, my goodness.”

Meanwhile, 'Geo' did not just sit still.

“Someone please drag Mr. George out.”

“Persecuting the young and weak, tsk… you loser.”

“Suddenly, I became a piece of trash that scared children.”

“To be honest, I feel hurt that we are being treated the same, so can’t we treat each other separately?”

“That might be difficult, since I have a crime that I couldn’t prevent in advance.”

“It’s out of control in many ways, it’s difficult.”

“Let’s come to our senses before our little sister gets more scared.”

“Anyway, shouldn’t you be careful about what you’re joking with when joking?”

“I’ve lived and suffered through many hardships with my children….”

Eventually, Geo volunteered to put on the leash.

“What a truly amazing person.”

Sometimes when I look at George, he seems really dry.

It's strange how love and hate are inevitably meant to be mutually exclusive.

* * *

“Um, I really didn’t mean to scare you….”

“…….”

“…Everyone is scolding me.”

“…Ugh.”

After a while, he paused and stepped back.

I couldn't tell what kind of being the other person was. However, the divine power unique to my partner that I felt through 'Chaisol' was true. Even if I were to imitate it, at least it was a divine mystery.

'I may have acted too hastily because I was sensitive to the fact that it took the form of a teacup. I shouldn't have provoked the other person...'

Is this guy an evil spirit?

'No, it may be that it is meaningless to distinguish them in that way in the first place.'

The distinction between traditional gods and evil gods is based solely on human standards. So even if a god appears to be traditional at first glance, it could be interpreted as an evil god in some aspects. It seemed like that was the situation now.

'Father Kang Seo-dam also warned us several times not to believe in

divinity.'

They could study humans and think from their perspective, but only rarely. And even if they did, it would only end up being a great mystery imitating human perspectives. It could cause disasters big or small.

But I had that question.

'… I know it's really stupid to think like this about a mystery, but still, isn't this place really disgusting?'

It was clear once again that the opponent was not human. Something in the shape of Chae Sol answered.

"I'm sorry, I didn't know you would hate me that much."

"…! Thinking…!"

"I answered without thinking because I was so heartbroken. Could you tell me which part was disgusting? I'll be more careful not to make it unpleasant next time I invite you."

"……."

"Rudaya?"

As expected, this thing didn't have a human heart. It was creepy how it was imitating my partner. It just wanted to 'study' humans. Iru hesitated for a moment, then took a deep breath.

'... Fortunately, apart from the instinctive disgust, the other party is benevolent. When such a high-ranking being offers to imitate a human first, it is only natural that one should comply... .'

Playing to the opponent's rhythm was the best way to survive when caught up in a mystery. Iruda gradually took to heart and mind the things he had learned in the temple.

So then, is this being really one that allows lies?

“…Can you lie?”

“Of course, we all live our lives lying.”

“Then I can lie too, since I am a ‘human’ like you.”

“Oh, how cute… How scared you must have been before making that bold proposal.”

'Chaisol' smiled cutely. There was no sense of discomfort in that appearance, but rather it was creepy. This being not only had the form of my partner, but also knew how to use that form naturally.

It nodded as if it was willing to give its permission.

“Of course you can lie, Ruda, if you want.”

“Don’t you consider lies as deception?”

“It can be poison or medicine. But if everyone had to be honest all the time, how could humans form a community? A little lying is a good lubricant for relationships.”

“…I understand.”

Moderate, lie.

‘… It means to please someone.’

It was less risky than having to answer everything honestly. If I had been forced to be honest, I might have to say something that would upset the other person. But at least I said it wasn't like that.

“…What question did you just ask me?”

“I’m curious about what could be improved here.”

“In fact, I spoke about it all while holding your hand. Utopia cannot exist, and should not exist. That in itself is a great deception and contradiction.”

“Don’t you think that deception and contradiction should not exist?”

“No, but if this place was really made to make humans happy and satisfied… shouldn’t it at least be non-disgusting?”

“What part did you find unpleasant?”

“That ideal happiness exists.”

It still gave me the creeps.

“And all that happiness and satisfaction exists just for humans.”

“Luda has a very broad perspective. Don’t we all look at the world based on our own race?”

“But this is not it. There will be many people who will feel uncomfortable, even if it is secretly. These, these….”

After hesitating and thinking about it for a while, Iru finally decided to answer honestly and opened his mouth.

“All the plants and animals in this space you created were modified for humans. They were stuffed alive. They were made into the most childish and base forms that humans can enjoy.”

It couldn't be called an ecosystem. But all of this was creating an ecosystem, as if imitating beautiful nature. It was a play, just for the one human being who came into this world.

What would happen to this play if its only audience, Iruda, disappeared? It was scary and terrifying to see all the plants and animals devotedly looking at me as if they were forcing me to be happy.

“…It’s terrible.”

“It’s sad, we worked hard to make it.”

“…Do these animals and plants have selves?”

“They are just friends, dolls and food.”

“How can you call them ‘friends’ when you say they are just dolls and food…?”

“I consider even the smallest creatures and rocks on the roadside as my friends.”

Chaisol's face became sad and tearful.

“Is it hard for us to be friends?”

“…I’ll think about it.”

“Thank you for your consideration, my friend.”

“…….”

“But trust me.”

Within a moment its shape changed.

The shape is like a flower.

Like a bouquet of flowers.

Like flower petals with all kinds of fragrances.

Like a butterfly sitting on it.

Like the wind, like that.

Changed.

“There was no malicious intent.”

“…….”

“…Ah, so sad….”

Beautiful.

“Then shall we pretend it never happened?”

It was disgusting.

* * *

George, who had returned, decided to take a beating first.

* * *

“……?”

10am, a refreshing and perfect time to wake up for the holidays.

“…What is this?”

“Hey, eat with me!!”

“No, what is this?”

Iru looked at the mini bouquet of flowers placed on top of my torso.

“Oh, this is chocolate…?”

“Brother Geo made it.”

“What are you holding too?”

“I am jelly! Animal jelly!”

"aha…."

Looking down again, I saw a colorful chocolate flower that seemed to have been colored with pigments. It was so delicate that it looked like it would crumble easily if held in my hand, and it looked like a real flower. It was a bouquet chocolate with a little bit of miniature roses and various other flowers mixed in.

Iru, who had been blankly staring, took out a miniature rose.

“…there are no thorns….”

At that muttering, Geo came out of the kitchen and said.

“It’s an edible rose made artificially, so shouldn’t it have thorns?”

“Oh, well, it looks like it could be there… I guess I was mistaken for a moment. Well, it’s chocolate, so it’s a bit strange to go out of your way to recreate thorns.”

“I’m so happy that you think so kindly of me.”

“No, would you be that happy…?”

Iruda was taken aback by the smile that was so genuinely filled with joy. And for some reason, I thought I knew the reason for that joy.

“Did I ever say that I didn’t like Sergio Hunter’s gift?”

“Um… no, probably not.”

“…Ah, yes….”

Iru unconsciously frowned at the inexplicable feeling of discomfort.

'Am I missing something?'

My eyes naturally fell on the flower chocolate. I don’t know what kind of trick he used, but the chocolate in his hand didn’t melt. I didn’t feel any cold at all, so I wondered if he had used some kind of skill.

‘…It’s delicious.’

I felt guilty about eating it right after waking up, but it had a strong strawberry flavor, so I wondered if it wasn't just for show. As I ate it, I could taste a little bit of lemon and yuzu, but I guess the flavors differ depending on the color.

“Hey, why the sudden gift?”

“I gave you a gift because I felt sorry that we didn’t play enough last night. I guess it was because I wanted to see you play more boisterously. This is a gift of my reflection.”

“Oh, no. How could it be greedy to wish for us to have more fun?”

“Isn’t it true that happiness becomes poison the moment you force it?”

Sergio Hunter's sea-green eyes curved gently.

“Of course, there are many people in the world who don’t know that….”

“Uh, um, yeah.”

“You don’t have to worry too much, Sister Iru.”

“…I will do that?”

“I’ll just eat until I’m done, just in case my appetite goes away. I’m preparing breakfast with Hunter Cha-ara. Since you said you like medicinal herbs, I’ll also make some samgyetang.”

“Oh, I like that….”

It felt empty, as if I had missed something, but since I couldn't remember it, it must have been nothing serious. Thinking that way, Iruda finally sat up, following the scent that brushed past his nose.

Looking at Ruda like that, Chaisol asked.

“Did you have a good dream?”

“Huh? No, I don’t really dream that much….”

“Let’s do it together next time!”

“What are you talking about, Chaisul… Are you talking about sleeping together again?”

“Hehehe.”

Chae Sol, who had been waiting in the next garden, naturally thought she would play with Ruda, swallowed her regret lightly. I learned that I shouldn't force others to like something just because I like them.

'I said that I couldn't bring Ruda because she was so surprised. George also said that he would apologize formally later.'

I thought that would be enough.

The samgyetang porridge I had for dessert was really delicious.

* * *

“So… I think I’m getting the hang of it.”

“…….”

“Would you like to hear it?”

“…Huh, really.”

Jeong Hae-woon, who was tilting his wine glass, smiled and nodded.

“You’re determined to ruin my few human relationships.”

“If you really don’t want to hear it, then there’s nothing I can do….”

“But I am always on the side of our merciful gardener. I am your hand,

your student, your disciple. You can use me as much as you want.”

“No, Jeong Hae-un. You have to want it. Otherwise, what meaning would there be in all your actions in life?”

It was one giant pile of flowers. It was a flower bed where corpses were buried, and a grave decorated with flowers. A lukewarm hand that did not feel warm stroked Jeong Hae-woon’s head and lightly patted his shoulder.

The long bouquet of flowers behind Jeong Hae-un whispered.

“When we call up the virtual dungeon, our eldest brother has already written it.”

"is it so."

“But my pride was hurt because the dream was written in the way my second older brother wrote.”

"so."

“But the world is still full of pathless gardens….”

“Aha, really?”

Jeong Hae-woon tilted his head back and looked at the garden.

“Are you trying to turn us all into gardeners?”

“There’s no harm in doing that.”

“Do you want to be loved that much?”

“I’m either that or nothing.”

“But you hate being loved.”

“I still like it though, it’s something to cherish.”

It was a familiar sight, like a moonlit garden.

“Enough to make me want to die.”

“…….”

“I love you….”

Jeong Hae-woon emptied his wine glass in silence, put it down on the table, and said.

"…teacher."

“Yes, Haeun-ah.”

"teacher."

“Jeong Hae-un.”

“Don't die.”

“You too.”

“You can’t die, right?”

He says it again.

“Don’t die.”

No matter where I looked, the situation was equally horrific, but I found myself laughing.

There was a teacher here.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (336)

336

Episode 336

Jeong Hae-un's dream continued.

Instead of the school that had already burned down, there was a playground in front of it. Various tents and small structures were set up there. It was their own small village built on a playground that could not be called small.

This time the setting was one of those tents.

"teacher."

“Yes, Haeun-ah.”

“…Isn’t that too much?”

“I don’t really understand what you’re saying.”

“Don’t do that.”

Instead of using electricity, which was no longer available, they began using fire. A simple candle was burning faintly, crackling. The face bathed in that gentle light was blunt and somewhat gloomy.

And he also looked tired. Jeong Hae-woon in the dream seemed to know that too.

“You’re not sleeping.”

The tone was rough, but full of worry.

‘… As expected, this is a memory from my younger self. I should be used to it, but it always feels strange.’

I didn't tell my friends about it, but Jeong Hae-woon had been getting some help from George. Or should I say he was being manipulated by him? He was quietly regaining his memories like this.

‘I think I’ve roughly remembered the important context, but I still keep dreaming about these simple daily routines… .’

He looked at my past story, which was unfolding as if it were a dream, with a straight face.

Thanks to George's capricious consideration, Jeong Hae-woon was able to remain calm even in this dream. He had recalled all the big memories, so it seemed that what he would recall today would probably be the small, everyday stories with his teacher.

‘… Yeah, there were times like that.’

Unlike adult Jeong Hae-woon who was inwardly convinced, Jeong Hae-woon in his dreams continued to worry about his teacher.

“The other kids are also, what should I say… anxious.”

“Why should you be anxious when I am studying my abilities?”

The flat voice seemed to be mocking or scolding the other person. However, in the dream, in the past, Jeong Hae-woon never took it that way. His teacher was just a kind person.

So, that would be even more worrisome.

“Honestly, I don’t know if this should be considered ‘ability’.”

Jung Hae-woon in his dream didn't know the source of his worries and had difficulty expressing them specifically. Perhaps because of this, he just threw tantrums without any proper solution.

“Isn’t it just a curse? There’s nothing that can be controlled, and there’s no distinction between the enemy and the enemy….”

“It seems like there are many parts that don’t fit the description of a curse.”

“That’s what it looks like to me and the others. If this continues, it’ll be a problem if the teacher gets hit by some strange curse and passes out again. Wasn’t that enough for the last time?”

“It seems like you’ve made up your mind quite well, as your speech is getting longer.”

“I’m being completely serious, sir.”

Of course, there were 'Awakened Ones' back then. However, there was a reason why they were initially called 'monsters' rather than milder names like 'superpowered ones'. It was because of the miserable words of the awakened ones.

Their abilities were often tormenting not only those around them but also themselves. Jeong Hae-un, the symbol of eternity, knew that it was because he could not control the vastness of the mystery, but it was not like that 32 years ago.

“Then your lifespan will be shortened.”

“Would my lifespan be shortened by examining my abilities?”

“So how can you guarantee that it’s your ability, I mean? You claim it’s your ability, but everyone else says that. It’s just a curse.”

“I really don’t know what to say about this….”

He saw the 'teacher' in his dream tilt his head. Then he blinked his eyes slowly a couple of times. Jeong Hae-woon knew that this was one of his teacher's habits whenever he was lost in thought.

This time he seemed to be struggling to persuade.

“Let’s say you get hit with an egg on the street.”

“Suddenly? Who? The teacher?”

“Let’s assume, Jeong Hae-woon. And let’s assume that I’m very hungry.”

“What is this? No, really….”

“Wouldn’t it be within my discretion to pick up the eggs and fry them to eat at that time?”

“Oh really, teacher, please don’t use such strange analogies.”

“I think you guys are too scared of this ability. Wouldn’t it be better if you made it look funny like this?”

It was a strange and absurd metaphor, but the teacher's face was still calm. It seemed as if he couldn't say anything nonsensical, so sometimes the teacher would tell strange stories like this.

But both Jeong Hae-woon in the dream and Jeong Hae-woon in the real world eventually understood what the ‘teacher’ was trying to say. He was saying that they should use whatever they have. Whatever it is, if it can be of help to them.

It was truly a pity.

'That's why you've been through so many hardships.'

Adult Jeong Hae-woon thought so. He couldn't help but think so. He

knew how much Sergio would suffer from this moment onward. Because your affection had become poisonous.

But did he not know that it was Sergio at that time, in this dream? Probably not. He always predicted all the processes and results. He would predict it alone and then silently say, “I like it,” and proceed.

“This could be a curse that I just got by bad luck. The amount is so huge and it’s hard to control. But Haeun-ah, if you think about it that way, what good will it do to Nana and Hae-ra?”

“Can’t I just ignore it?”

“Do you ask me because you want to be sure, even though you know what I’m going to say? Yeah, you can’t just ignore me. If we keep going like this, we’ll just be treated like monsters. Maybe not the people here… Well, eventually, that kind of atmosphere will be created.”

“…Dan Hae-ra said that the government’s actions are unusual.”

Instead of refuting or spitting out more, Jeong Hae-woon in the dream affirmed his story. Why doesn’t Jeong Hae-woon know that Sergio is striving for something bigger and more just?

I just came here because I didn't want to see the teacher collapse from overdoing it again, but we had already come to a conclusion among ourselves. In this new world, a control system, whether this ability or a curse, was needed.

“We talked on the radio, and it seems like the government is trying to isolate those… capable people.”

“I heard that too. But judging from how passive it is, it seems like it’s still in the early stages and they’re just leaving the possibility open. In this situation, there probably aren’t many people who have the luxury

of listening to the radio or other broadcasts in peace.”

“Anyway, it’s annoying how you act so reserved and talkative.”

“So you know. It is absolutely necessary to control your abilities. If we leave them like this, those who have awakened their abilities will only be further ostracized and isolated. In just a few more years, they will truly be called curses, not abilities.”

At that time, it would be unacceptable for anyone to find out that he was an awakened human like he is now. In the worst case scenario, he might have to hide his abilities for the rest of his life to avoid being witch-hunted.

“Shouldn’t that at least not happen?”

“Ha, that’s true… that’s true….”

In the dream, Jeong Hae-woon made a sad face. The slightly exaggerated expression was more like a prank to hide his miserable and miserable feelings. In the dream, Jeong Hae-woon pretended to groan and then sighed.

“…I’m just worried. You collapsed while ‘studying’ like this last time, right?”

“Thanks to you, I was able to understand this ability better.”

“No, but I don’t think that’s right. I don’t think the teacher knows how scared we really were. I told you that we were all screaming and it wasn’t a joke.”

“How are you going to survive in this harsh world when you are all so weak-hearted?”

“I know why you do all this. Oh, honestly, I don’t think I know everything, but I know the basics. But when I see you working so

hard… it’s natural to be worried.”

He spoke as if he had been very wronged.

“What if God takes you away like this?”

He said he was joking, but he never did. Adult Jeong Hae-woon, looking at Jeong Hae-woon in his dream, bit his lips hard. Yes, back then, I had those kinds of worries all the time.

'Because he's such a perfect person.'

That being by our side, giving us affection, secretly favoring us and willingly helping us. That kind of love and help from Mr. Sergio felt like something we shouldn't have.

It was like a cheat key for the game, so convenient that it seemed like it was breaking the rules of the game, or even illegal. So it seemed like Mr. Sergio would disappear at any moment.

'Because it seemed like I was too unfair a person to exist in this world.'

So I didn't want to create that opportunity. I was afraid that God would notice this huge mistake I had made and take it away. To be honest, it was just forced, no matter how you look at it.

“If the teacher continues like this, he’ll die….”

“I always said it wouldn’t happen.”

“No, I mean, who can’t do it?”

“Anyway, you’re worried that I might die from overwork, right?”

“Could you give me a rough summary?”

“I’ve been taking care of myself consistently. But you know I can’t just sit still.”

Teacher Sergio looked at the Jeong Hae-un in his dream. It seemed as if he was looking at the Jeong Hae-un who had become an adult. He simply surrendered himself to the deepening blackness in his eyes that had become even deeper since the fire and the destruction of the world.

“I am a teacher.”

"…still…."

“And I’m an adult.”

“…Teacher, you’re not the only teacher and adult.”

“The world has changed too much for you to be whining like that, Haeun.”

The voice sounded sad, and when I listened to it again, it also seemed insensitive, as if it was just stating an obvious fact.

“Good deeds are called stupid, and children are considered a burden rather than a thing to be protected. Now, adults will teach their unborn children to be pressured and traded rather than to be considerate and concessional. Or will they even give up on that? It is not strange that the laws and rules change as the world changes….”

“…….”

“…But I don’t want to put a price on what I do, so I’ll just keep acting like the world didn’t change. For now, there doesn’t seem to be any reason for the world to change the way it is now. And I don’t think there are many people in the world these days who are as carefree and thoughtless as I am.”

He spoke softly, like a teacher teaching a young student, but it was also somewhat monotonous and heavy. It was impossible to know

what he was thinking just from his tone.

“We were really lucky to successfully create this little village on the school playground. The students and the other survivors are still cooperating, and especially since the students and teachers already knew each other… they are actively trying to do something.”

“If everyone had a conscience, they would do that much.”

“Just by looking at the village that is right down from the mountain, you can tell that this situation is not normal. Haeun-ah, let’s not be upset. We are objectively doing very well. And we had a lot of luck with that.”

“Teacher….”

Jeong Hae-woon, who had been hesitating in his dream, asked.

“Can you see the future?”

“Why would you say something like that?”

“Are we going to fight later or something? And then split up?”

“If I had seen that future, I wouldn’t have taken it easy like I am doing now. But I am not a prophet or a seer, I am just a person who has a few things that I may be better at than others.”

“So…?”

“I just know the diversity of humans. People are diverse and there are many causes for conflict. It would be nice to create our own shelter, but… I don’t think I’m the type of person who can do that.”

"but."

It seemed a little unfair.

“But, teacher, you created the ‘village’ we have today.”

“I keep saying this, but it was just luck and a stroke of luck. To be honest, I’m not an ideal leader.”

“Why do you always say that?”

“That’s true. I’m not the perfect teacher you think I am, I just have a firm belief in what I want and the minimum amount of action I can take to get it done.”

“I don’t know….”

“When will you understand what I mean? I am not the type of person who can lead people.”

His teacher was firm.

Actually, it wasn't surprising. The teacher always had something like that on his lips. When he was about to forget, he would bring it up. In my dream, Jeong Hae-woon had a slightly bored expression on his face.

And his teacher spoke again.

“If I had truly been an ideal captain, things would have been better than they are now. Rather than hiding the village as much as possible and making the students suffocate, more…”

“But we came to the conclusion that it was the best.”

“…We can’t remain isolated forever. We need a counterattack if humanity is to rise again and civilization is to be rebuilt. As the communications team said, several groups of survivors are making contact with each other. But I’m a coward, so I chose to hide.”

“We decided that through a vote. We had enough meetings and everyone was convinced.”

“…….”

He hesitated for a rare moment before speaking.

“…I am not the right person to take responsibility for something.”

In the end, it's the same thing as before.

Jung Hae-woon in the dream really hated hearing such words. As if expressing it, Jung Hae-woon’s face in the dream distorted very subtly. It was because he was sad and irritated, but he didn’t want to show it to the teacher who was already tired.

Even though he obviously knew that, the teacher continued talking.

“I just do what I want to do. I do what I can do, and by some chance, I’ve had good results. The reason I’m working so hard in this position is not because I’m an ideal leader, but because I just wanted to be.”

“…Isn’t that it?”

“Haeun-ah, I’m not as good a person as you think. I know that myself. So I’m going to take responsibility for the things I’ve done. I’ll tell you again, I’m asking you this consistently because I know how bad of a person I am. Do you understand?”

Thinking back now, I wonder if he was having a hard time at the time. Maybe he was suffering among the many people who praised his abilities and regarded him as a pioneer of a new era. Maybe he had sensed that atmosphere early on.

That was why he didn't trust himself and blamed himself so much. If he had known that, he wouldn't have showered him with such infinite respect and trust. The Jeong Hae-woon in his dream was still incredibly stupid.

“… Okay, I understand for now.”

“My current study of my abilities is also part of that.”

“But I wanted to tell you not to overdo it.”

"aha."

The teacher asked.

“Are you scared that I might die?”

“…Yes, I’m scared. I wish the teacher wouldn’t go anywhere and just stay by our side.”

“That might be a bit difficult, but I’m such a free spirit. Once you guys become independent, you’ll just have to shake it all off and run away.”

“But you’re our teacher. So don’t get hurt. Even if you get hurt, recover quickly, and even if you die, come back alive. No, just pretend to be dead and come back.”

“Do you realize that you are asking too much of me?”

“I don’t know about that….”

“But if you’re that anxious, well, okay.”

The teacher nodded.

“…I’ll do my best.”

The dream ended there.

* * *

“It would have been nice if Mr. Sergio’s story had ended there.”

George asked you.

“Isn’t that right?”

But Geo's story continued.

It was a real shame for just one person, he wrote.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (337)

337

Episode 337

When Jeong Hae-woon woke up from his dream, he was crying as usual.

“…….”

It was miserable and devastating.

‘… I thought I was getting used to it.’

I can't think of any way to erase this fucking self-reproach and regret.

As he was shivering from the familiar heat, something cool touched his forehead. It took him longer than he thought to realize that the wet thing was a wet towel.

Jeong Hae-woon turned his head while lying down and looked at the ‘Portrait of Geo’. It was called ‘George’ and was looking at him with its unique jewel eyes shining. Jeong Hae-woon felt a sense of discomfort.

“…Do you know that?”

It was a feeling of discomfort that had become familiar after living with him for so long.

“You, you have such a dry gaze even though you’re smiling like that.”

“No way… Isn’t that a passionate gaze? How can you feel that way when looking at the most beautiful eyes in the world? Are you perhaps mistaken?”

“You like fun things so much and you still admire me.”

On such a topic, he pretends not to care and gives such an indifferent gaze. This garden must have clearly harbored love and hatred towards humans. Jeong Hae-woon wondered where that gap came from.

'I wish I could be like that. I guess I'm not human, so my emotions, expressions, and their sources all exist as if they're separate entities...'

No, that was a terrible delusion. Living that way could never be good for humans. Jung Hae-woon quickly crushed the absurd thought and said what he should have said.

“…Thank you for the towel.”

“That was a very pleasing greeting, Jeong Hae-un.”

“I think my head hurts because I cried so much. I feel better now that I’m getting something cool. I always get this dizzy after having a dream….”

“If you cry too much, doesn’t your brain become dull?”

“That’s how I am now. I should be getting used to it, but I can’t. It’s always new.”

“As the days go by, the tantrums are getting more and more upgraded.”

“…I am grateful.”

The opponent was not his teacher, but George. It was also a garden where he could not dare to ask for such consideration and affection. However, if 'Teacher Sergio' behaved like this, it would be difficult in its

own way.

'Because I have committed a sin.'

I exhaled in frustration, but my breath was hot. And along with that, my brain started ringing. Maybe because I cried so much, all the heat gathered in my head. It wasn't a pleasant feeling.

“I know you show me such great kindness even though there is no reason for you to do so. Perhaps it seems to me like a whim, or a kind of love or hate on your part….”

“Does it look that way?”

“Even if that’s true, I know I’m getting care I wouldn’t otherwise receive. I’m grateful for that. Oh, shit. My head hurts like hell… I feel sick.”

Jeong Hae-woon tried to escape from this dull pain by closing his eyes or grimacing. Even the soft sensation of the bed was unpleasant. That must mean he had become that sensitive.

'I think I'm past the age where I should be complaining about being sick.'

Jeong Hae-woon, you dog, how can you be so consistent?

'It's exactly the same even to the point of putting a burden on the teacher.'

Suddenly, I remembered the past. It was a story from when I was a little chick who would always follow my teacher around when the world was just changing. Strangely, my body and mind would get tired even more easily in front of Teacher Sergio.

He must have been tired to begin with, but he must have realized it because he could only show it in front of the teacher. That's what

Jeong Hae-woon thought.

‘Even now, when my opponent is George… .’

Yes, how could I refuse that face? The beloved garden was placed on top of the respected teacher. It was already too late for someone with strong likes and dislikes like Jeong Hae-woon to reject it.

But even in this situation, Jeong Hae-woon was surprisingly able to extract stability from George. It was a truly gangster-like feat that he was able to do that from Jeong-won, who was emotionally extremely uncooperative, even if his actions were like that.

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon, who had been blankly staring, opened his mouth.

“…Do you know what happened after that? After the dream I had.”

“Well, I’m not in a position to call it ‘Portrait of Geo’ yet.”

“People were giving you a hard time, teacher.”

Those bastards who eat up that corn.

“The teacher was right. He was a person who was more interested in caring for and protecting others than effectively controlling and manipulating them. Thinking back now, he was quite shy… so he didn’t actively participate in anything.”

Sergio always said that he was neither an ideal leader nor a perfect person. And that was true. But at that time, desperate people needed a reliable support.

That's why people forcibly made Sergio the center of gravity. They believed that he was ideal and perfect. And at some point, that belief began to deepen.

“The teacher’s abilities were truly beyond imagination. Thanks to him, the perception of abilities changed from a curse to something like a miracle… Even though it was only for a very small number of people in a short period of time.”

“Should I say that it’s fortunate that it turned out that way…?”

“That shows how much effort Mr. Sergio put in. But there were people who took it for granted, and things started to get a bit troublesome.”

As the size of the village gradually grew, the voices of the survivors also grew louder. Conflicts occurred more frequently, and even the existing residents, who were believed to be cooperative, started causing accidents big and small.

And they chose the silent and consistent Master Sergio as their refuge. Because of the foolish people, Master Sergio was forced to become a living god. It was truly a terrible thing.

“It was clear that he was absolutely crazy.”

Someone grabbed the teacher by the collar and shook him, saying, “Please do something about it.” Someone got down on their knees and begged for a miracle. Someone, someone. And someone again… .

“I saw it in a movie, when people are pushed to the limit, they start looking for something to believe in. That’s why ridiculous cults start forming. And then there are fanatics who follow them.”

“Do those people sacrifice living people or perform strange rituals?”

“If it was the end of the world, well, I guess I’d give it a try once. It’s not that I don’t understand the desperation. But that was too much. There were a lot of crazy guys out there….”

Gradually, people began to cross the line with Sergio. And Sergio did not get angry or scold them much. Jeong Hae-woon was frustrated by

this and asked them.

“I was annoyed and asked why it was so frustrating.”

“Oh my gosh, that’s scary. You’re such a terrible student who gets angry at your teacher….”

“I still remember the answer the teacher gave me at that time.”

“What did Mr. Sergio say?”

“I don’t think I’ll be more admired now than I am now when I’m so angry and upset.”

“Oh my, I can’t help but say that this is truly incredible confidence. That’s amazing.”

“I was a little taken aback when I first heard it too. But, well… that’s what it is.”

In the end, Master Sergio was right. When Master Sergio finally said a few words at the urging of his disciples, people restrained their actions, but they expected and longed for something greater.

The reason was Mr. Sergio's unwavering determination. He genuinely had no regrets about the whole situation. No, he had regrets, but he had absolutely no unpleasantness or burden that a human being should feel.

A reproach without sincerity and a consideration disguised as a reproach. A noble soul that can never be diminished or corrupted, no matter how you look at the bottom of a human being. People noticed it very keenly.

And they came to believe that their thinking was not wrong. They hoped that a spiritual leader named Sergio would take full responsibility for them and work miracles.

“Of course it wasn’t a good flow.”

That wasn't the only problem. There were many people outside of school who wanted to see Mr. Sergio. They weren't the only survivors at the time. The world was in ruins.

In a situation where everything was uncertain, the only noble person stood out. Sergio, who was at the forefront of studying mysteries, was quite adept at performing miracles rather than curses, and above all, he had the ability to establish himself as a spiritual pillar without any trouble.

That would be a pretty sweet existence, especially one so confident and capable about the future.

“So in the end, it popped out.”

“Ah, so cute.”

“I don’t know if it’s cute or not… but we knew we’d be screwed if we stayed, so we ran away. We packed our bags in the middle of the night and ran away.”

“I think people might have stopped me.”

“We were more capable than those people.”

Fortunately, Sergio never blamed himself or regretted what happened. He said that he did what he wanted and did his best. And he didn't mind leaving behind those who showed ungratefulness despite his help.

However, that doesn't mean that Professor Sergio resented them.

“…….”

Even now, when I think about it, I wonder how that was possible.

“…Well, I don’t quite understand. I still don’t quite understand….”

“What part is that, Jeong Hae-un?”

“How could I not resent it? Actually, it felt a bit… cruel.”

“It’s spicy, huh.”

“I just realized that those begging bastards really didn’t mean anything to you.”

“It might not have been completely meaningless.”

George continued speaking with a small smile.

“If it really had no meaning and no degree, there would have been no reason to keep that position until it was revered as a living god. In my opinion, I think they just let it go because it was worth it.”

“That’s kind of scary, I don’t know how that’s possible.”

Jeong Hae-woon asked.

“Did you do that too?”

“Hmm, well….”

The gardener said with a light laugh.

“I did it because I could handle it.”

It was unclear whether this was Sergio's story or George's own story, but he continued to speak.

“There was no reason to change, so I didn’t run away. But eventually, I reached the limit of what I could accept… and that’s why I had a reason to move.”

“…I don’t know how you know our teacher so well.”

“Aren’t I a little bit competent? It’s all thanks to that, do you understand?”

“…Yes, of course….”

Pick-smiled Jeong Hae-woon pointed to the towel on his forehead.

“It’s too damp now.”

“The towel is originally a bit damp. What should I do?”

“Isn’t it time to change it?”

“Umm, how about this instead…?”

A cold hand rose over the towel.

“…Oh, it’s cold?”

“Because my body temperature is on the low side.”

“No, it’s as cold as a freezer. Isn’t it usually just lukewarm?”

“Haha, is that so?”

“Right now it’s just like ice….”

Jung Hae-woon, who was caressing the end of the towel that had become cold in an instant, laughed again without a second thought. After all, it was not uncommon for the garden to be as cold as ice. Jung Hae-woon put his hand on the bed.

“…Actually, we were clinging to each other and trying to run away.”

“Aha, so that’s why.”

“The teacher said that maybe it was a natural phenomenon. Of course,

he was thinking of leaving, but anyway, we were the ones who spoke first.”

“Be brave too.”

“Because I’ve been really sick of people lately.”

Even after forgetting about Mr. Sergio, the aftereffects were clearly there. It took quite some time for Jeong Hae-woon and his friends to be able to trust and love humans again. It really took a long time.

“And we hid like that… Yeah, right. Thinking back, we were really bad students.”

“…….”

“…We know you’ll hate us. George, especially you.”

The garden smiled slyly at him.

“Does it really look like that?”

“If you tell me to judge by sight, I’ll be at your mercy my entire life. But even so, I’m the first gardener on Earth. I’m neither honest nor stupid enough to believe only what I see.”

“This isn’t very cute….”

“But I’m definitely useful to you.”

Jeong Hae-woon blinked his eyes, the fever having disappeared, and smiled.

“Don’t throw me away, I will become a necessary existence.”

"well."

“…I should have bowed my head and begged for forgiveness a long time ago.”

“Be radical too.”

“…We, at that time….”

“Okay, now.”

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon, who seemed like he was going to say something more, simply kept his mouth shut and closed his eyes. Then, as if he were falling asleep, he exhaled quietly. George, who had removed the towel, touched his forehead with his cold hand.

With a childlike gaze, as if he were plucking the wings of a butterfly.

* * *

At some point, a strange ghost story began to spread.

It was a ghost story about happiness.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (338)

338

Episode 338

What is the most perfect happiness?

“Oh, of course I know that.”

There is no such thing as 'perfect happiness' anywhere. The ways of the world are truly mysterious, and when one reaches an extreme, the other is bound to become empty.

“But I don’t want to talk about such trite things now. The greatest blessing and disaster of human beings lies in their delicate intelligence, and we can imagine so many things.”

So let's assume. What is the greatest happiness to me? What do humans live for? Isn't living in a utopia with no end in sight the ultimate happiness?

But why do humans end up finding deficiencies even within it?

“Many people have given me gold and silver treasures. They built me houses with ancient gold, bathed me with fairy tears, and made me bedding with silk woven from the leaves of the world tree.”

In addition, the gifts that George received were endless. He received everything that a human could imagine. George did not deny their rarity or high value.

“But I didn’t feel very good, I wonder why….”

Isn't it strange? George liked shiny things. He liked beautiful things. He was happy when he got something rare, and excited when he got something valuable. But that was all.

“That’s why I’ve been wondering for a very long time. What is happiness? What is it that they don’t even give us a reasonable formula for? How can I be happy?”

Oh, that was boring.

“It’s so boring.”

I hope you enjoy it.

He didn't want to just sag like this and become nothing more than nature and mystery. He wanted to remain human until the end and experience the world's greatest joys. He wasn't a statue or a jewel without passion. ... Maybe he wasn't, but I'm not sure now.

Although I was clearly alive, for some reason my blood was not circulating. My heart was beating, but it was slowly cooling down. There was a time when I was so excited by just the hustle and bustle of the inn or a single star over the field… .

“You’d better not bore me any more.”

George has lived for too long.

“You have to make me happy.”

So you had to be my clowns.

Yes, he lived. He lived. It would have been better if he had given up being human from the beginning and had simply fallen into nature and mystery. Unfortunately, he had already missed the opportunity. Now, the karma he had accumulated was too much.

Well, if he becomes a complete garden.

“…nothing good will happen to you.”

I love you.

That's why I hate it.

“…….”

… I have no energy.

Where can there be no fun things?

* * *

A colorful clown asked a passing man.

"What is your happiness?"

“Mom, a monster…?”

"What is your joy?"

“…Isn’t it a monster?”

"What is your pleasure?"

“…….”

The man who was leaving work after a long day of work blinked. His sunken eyes sunk deep into the air. The man, who was gradually becoming calmer as the clown repeated his questions, answered as if in a trance.

“…It would be nice to go home and have a beer before going to bed.”

At best, it was just a taste imitation of wheat made up of weeds and grain by-products from the dungeon, but for a man who had never

tasted proper beer in his life, it was the best drink. That was enough to satisfy him and help him fall asleep easily.

Then the clown asked,

"Is that your happiness?"

“Yes, that is my happiness.”

"Why is that your happiness?"

“When I drink alcohol, my head gets dizzy. When I drink beer with salty snacks, it’s really addictive. I want to stay like that forever.”

"That is your happiness."

Clap clap clap!

The clown clapped his hands.

"Be happy, be joyful."

"May you always be happy!"

And when the man came to, he was in his own house.

“…….”

When did I get off work?

"Is that important?"

"Doubts are responsible for your happiness?"

"Are you having fun?"

That might not really matter. The important thing is that he got off work and came home. The man thought to himself as he walked. The heavy suit on his body made it difficult.

"Then I guess I can take it off!"

It was sound advice. The man took off his suit and hung it on the sofa. He changed into comfortable clothes and went into the kitchen. He unconsciously counted the beer cans left in the small refrigerator.

"There are four."

"How many cans will you take out?"

I have to go to work tomorrow too, so I'll settle for just one can.

"Is that your happiness?"

"Does that make you happy?"

Actually, he is not satisfied. The man was an alcoholic. He had no money, so he only bought cheap beer. If he had more money, he could have tried more things. But he had no money. He had no time, and no leisure.

The man came to the living room with a can of beer, feeling regretful. He brought dried squid that he could chew for a long time, as it was better to drink slowly. This was also a side dish made from by-products of the dungeon, but it tasted pretty good.

Then he placed them both on a small table. It felt a bit empty.

"Are you happy?"

No, not really. I don't feel that way. The man opened a can of beer and quenched his thirst. On TV, the same program that was always on at this time was on. It was the same content I always watched.

"Does that make you happy?"

"Does that make you happy?"

It was ambiguous. I don't know. But it might be comfortable because I don't have to think. I just didn't want to end up sitting alone in a quiet living room and feeling depressed because there were no men around.

If that's the case, it'd be better to make it a little noisy. The TV was a substitute for a drinking buddy.

"You are not happy."

"I think you're lonely."

"Do you hate being alone?"

I figured there weren't many people in the world who were better off alone. Well, some people are more comfortable that way, but if you live like that for a few years, you'll probably get lonely. The man chewed on the hard side dish.

"Is it delicious?"

"Are you happy when you eat it?"

No, it's not. But when you chew it, it's sweet and the seasoning on the outside is salty and good. It's not bad as a combination with beer alone. But if you ask me whether it's enjoyable, it's hard to say.

"Be sad."

Are you sad? Maybe so. Maybe it's because I have a friend who talks to me, but I feel particularly lonely today. The man who thought that suddenly had another question.

‘… How can you be lonely when you have friends? The sentence seems a bit strange… .’

"Does it help you be happy?"

‘… I don’t know.’

『In times like that, I recommend you focus on the happiness right in front of you, my friend!』

'I guess I should do that.'

I had to go to sleep soon. I wish this time could last forever, but I know it can't. I just need to go to bed a little earlier so I can go to work looking like a normal person.

"Does commuting help you be happy?"

It was true that he was helping to maintain a minimum level of happiness. The work was hard and his boss harassed him, but in the end, he didn't give him money. They say that taking other people's money is difficult...

"Is your happiness money?"

No, no. That can't be right. What a man needs is not money, but something he can get with it. Something that can satisfy him.

"What is that?"

"beer?"

『Sweet and salty snack?』

『Comfort through him?』

Yes, it seemed like he was looking for comfort in the end. This short time liberated the man. It was the only escape from the tedious daily life. It was a small happiness that was not too risky and could always be reached out and grabbed.

Just this much was enough to comfort the man.

"That is your happiness."

"May you always be happy!"

I'm not sure about fun though.

"oh…!"

There's no need to be so surprised. At this age, it's hard for fun things to happen. Everyday life is the same, and your body becomes weaker and your personality becomes more sensitive.

But it might be fun for a while. I felt at least a little happiness. It might not be the driving force of life, but it would at least be a lubricant for the dry daily life.

"Aha, I understand."

"Be happy, be joyful."

"You are happy."

okay?

"sure!"

Well, I guess so.

* * *

“And the next day, Lee In-wook’s refrigerator was reportedly filled with the beer he had drunk that day. There were also plenty of side dishes that were better quality than dried squid. The analysis results showed that they were all foods from Earth.”

Another researcher asked the researcher's remarks.

“It seems like a wish-granting type of mystery, but is that all? All mysteries of this type require a price.”

“I will continue to explain that part. It is said that Mr. Lee In-wook was

in a dazed state for a while. However, the people around him did not notice anything unusual. Even one of the employees of the company with whom he had frequent conflicts went missing."

"According to what you said earlier, that must be the boss that Mr. Lee In-wook was talking about. You said that Mr. Lee In-wook told the clown that he had a boss who was harassing him?"

"I think that must have had a big impact. I heard that that was a big reason why Mr. Lee In-wook voluntarily came to report. He is shaking with great anxiety, thinking that he killed the missing person."

The researcher shrugged.

"Currently, Mr. Lee In-wook is receiving treatment at a hospital under the association."

"Hmm, from what I've heard, it seems like a kind of… fascination addiction. Is that being possessed?"

"The lab also came up with test results like that, but it's unusual in that if you persistently detect abnormalities on your own, you can come back to your senses."

"Well, Mr. Lee In-wook is a civilian. Someone who fell for a clown without even having a proper conversation with him would not be able to resist charm."

"I believe that just as it is easy to fall for the charm, it is not that difficult to escape it. In addition to Mr. Lee In-wook's case, there are about three more similar cases."

"Are they all unawakened?"

"Yes, that's right."

"I guess it's a type of mystery like the monkey's paw… the type that

grants wishes, but the process and outcome are quite tragic?”

The Monkey's Paw was a ghost story about a way for humans to fulfill their wishes in a very horrific and tragic way.

For example, if you ask the monkey paw for money, it will kill your family to collect the insurance money. The wish for money itself will be granted, but few people will be satisfied with the process.

Before the catastrophe, it was just a simple story, but since the appearance of the mystery, similar types of ghost stories have been appearing in reality. Perhaps this 'clown' is one of them.

“So is the tragedy that the experiencer experiences the price of this mystery?”

“I think it’s about half that.”

The researcher said, looking through the reports.

“The other half of the price comes when the person experiencing this mystery is unable to escape the temptation until the end, or when he or she does not feel any abnormality in the clown’s whispers. It is assumed that he or she himself becomes a ‘clown’.”

“Is this a guess based on what you witnessed?”

“No one has directly seen the process of the experiencer transforming into a ‘clown’. However, if they cannot escape this mystery, the experiencer will disappear at some point, and there have been sightings of clowns with a similar appearance. Two such cases have been confirmed.”

“It’s ambiguous, but I guess it’s quite possible, then.”

The researcher scratched his head.

“I don’t know if this can be controlled….”

“The conditions for the clown to appear have not yet been determined. If we were to be specific, it would be ‘approaching someone who needs happiness,’ but isn’t that too broad to be considered a condition for appearance?”

“Who in this world doesn’t need happiness?”

“That’s right. It’s not like the target only appears when they’re alone, this mystery. The problem is that people don’t notice anything strange even when they openly appear in a crowd.”

“Do you still remember what you witnessed? Or do you just not feel the strangeness?”

“Yes, even if you ask the witness directly if there is anything strange, they don’t feel it at all. In some ways, it’s more difficult. If it’s a way to erase memories or eliminate any signs, you can at least detect the gap….”

“Then, even if it were witnessed openly, no one would report it. Wow, I’m going crazy.”

"hmm…."

The researcher asked my supervisor.

“Should we ask the gardeners for help?”

“Yeah, I guess that’s what it’ll have to be.”

“No matter how you look at it, this isn’t just a monster, right?”

"therefore."

That day, a call for assembly arrived for the gardeners.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (339)

339

Episode 339

“Geo, I have something to say.”

“Can I make an excuse first?”

A portrait was struck by a meteor shower that struck the gallery.

“I have something to tell you.”

“Okay, I don’t know what it is, but let’s hear it.”

“That’s not me.”

“George is also ‘Geo’? How is that possible?”

“I didn’t know this was possible either.”

“Wow… no, wo… no, ha….”

Yoo Seong-un washed his face with a dry cloth.

He was a veteran gardener. In other words, he was bound to be called in for this 'clown' incident. He was even a collector, so that says a lot about the harsh stares he received today.

“Everyone was looking at me.”

“Oh, why is that?”

“I’m asking if one of the pieces managed by the collection was involved in an accident.”

“But I know collectors don’t make that mistake.”

“I guess there’s nothing we can do about it, since there’s a basic image. It’s true that the collection manages many mysterious works. It’s the only guild that could overturn the Earth if it falls.”

Yoo Seong-un looked at the portrait with its face covered in paint, smiling faintly.

“But why did you have to do the overturning that even our guild leader hasn’t done yet…?”

“I was originally planning an overthrow.”

“I didn’t think much of it because I thought you would figure it out on your own. No matter what, you always value justice and goodwill.”

“If you say it like that, I feel a little embarrassed.”

“But this time, I think the damage will actually be a bit bigger. Isn’t it a bit different from before? I’m talking about the accident that George caused.”

“Yes, I’m sorry for the inconvenience caused by the summons request. It was actually a problem with the collection of works.”

“Well, what is that….”

The portrait, which called itself a 'Collector's Piece', was certainly heterogeneous. Although it has become more adept at mimicking humans through the influence and learning of several 'Geos' in recent times, this heterogeneity clearly shows that it is not human.

Yoo Seong-un nodded, feeling a little embarrassed. It was true that it was difficult, just as Geo had said.

“I did come here with the iron plate laid down, but I’m not sure. Given what happened before, I think the Symbols of Eternity will quickly realize that George is the main culprit in this incident.”

“Is there anything I can help you with?”

“Well, well.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was rubbing his neck with his hand, continued speaking.

“…So, are you in a situation where George is not under your control right now?”

“Yes, that’s right. I put a leash on him, but Mr. George is out for a walk on a leash and bites people. The only control I can give him is to make sure he stays within the minimum. Even if the fairy tale is imperfect, there is still that level of connection.”

“Uhm….”

Yoo Seong-woon, who had been thinking for a moment, asked.

“What does the minimum line mean?”

“I’m sorry, but it’s like the destruction of the Earth.”

“Oh, that’s enough. Thank you.”

“Your expectations of me are very low.”

“No, that’s because there are so many people who don’t usually go that far….”

Yoo Seong-un smiled bitterly.

“Anyway, no matter how much trouble Mr. George causes, it won’t go to the worst case scenario, right? That’s enough, then. As long as the

Earth isn’t destroyed, humans can somehow handle it.”

“It seems difficult to live on Earth these days.”

“It’s been a while since that happened, about 32 years? It’s surprising that the Earth has been quiet until now. Of course, in the meantime, ‘Portrait of Geo’ has caused a few incidents, but they’ve all ended without any major problems…”

“I'm sorry about that.”

“Well, I knew a day like this would come someday.”

In many ways, 'Portrait of Geo' had many unmysterious aspects. It did not see humans as toys or inanimate objects, nor did it harbor any obvious malice and cause numerous disasters.

But this 'George' was different from the previous 'Geos'. It was hard to notice him because of his gentle attitude and dull colors, but what he was showing now was clearly malice.

“…It’s kind of funny, a garden that shows more malice than the devil.”

“Rather, I knew that the garden would mostly react indifferently.”

“That’s why it’s so unique. The garden is a space where the mysterious pulse is visualized as a natural phenomenon. In either case, you live your own daily life without much interference from the outside.”

“But Mr. George is also human.”

“I think that’s where this gap or problem arose….”

If George had been a typical gardener, this kind of accident would not have happened.

“What I felt after hearing about this ‘clown’ incident was that it was definitely not done out of goodwill. Unlike other children of the Origin who convey pure goodwill in a terrible way… Mr. George, you know a lot about humans, don’t you?”

Even though he knew, he showed his malice as if he was being kind. It was proof that his true intentions were very twisted. And Yoo Seong-woon couldn't help but be suspicious of this troublesome opponent.

“If there’s one thing that’s a little strange, it’s that Mr. George is still running the ‘food stall.’ I heard from Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok that he’s still in business. Is that true?”

“I think it might be because I also run a food stall, apart from the recent accident. And above all, it is also true that Mr. George loves and likes people.”

“…He really is a complicated person. I don’t even know what he wants.”

Yoo Seong-un finally couldn't hold it in any longer and let out a sigh.

“It seems like he wants all humans to go extinct, and he also wants to treat them like sugar cookies that will soon fall apart. I know that emotions like love and hate exist in this world, but… he’s quite a contradictory person.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been rolling his eyes, soon asked with an innocent smile.

“So, can I ask you for some help?”

“There is a price to pay. Give me a gift, and I will help you.”

“Is there a price you want?”

“Please help me become one with George. Then I will tell you about

George.”

“It fits my purpose exactly. Okay, let’s make a deal.”

“Thank you for your willing consent.”

Geo, who was silent for a moment, opened his mouth again, wondering if he was thinking about it.

“George is a hedonist.”

It was a story about a person and a garden.

* * *

In one dimension, there was a boy named George.

The boy was a commoner, but was born with a beautiful appearance. The boy, who had a lot of love by nature, generously showered love on those around him, and was loved even more with his enchanting voice and eloquence.

People nicknamed that boy 'Geo'.

“Then one day the king stopped by the village.”

It was because the hot springs were a famous tourist attraction. The old king stopped by the village to recuperate and found the boy. The simple-minded country people boasted about the boy, who was the most beautiful and talented person in the village, without any hesitation.

And the old king thought that the boy would make a good playmate for his children. He bought him from the boy's parents for a lot of gold. It was a fair deal.

“It was something that happened often, so I don’t think anyone was surprised. If a local talent is lucky, they can meet a great patron, and

then it becomes difficult for them to stay in the countryside like they did before. Naturally, George followed the king into the castle.”

Fortunately, nothing terrible happened. The nobles didn't bother to touch the king's plaything, who was just a commoner, and the non-nobles didn't bother their beloved friend.

George was a man who could receive and share love anytime, anywhere, and everyone in the castle loved him. He laughed, sang, danced, and performed as much as he was loved.

“For your information, George is a minister.”

“Guan… Do you know that word?”

“Doesn’t that mean you’re someone who likes attention?”

“That’s true, but it’s really strange to hear those words coming out of your mouth.”

“Anyway, that’s what it was, George was that kind of person.”

If I had been born in South Korea, I would have been an idol even if I died soon.

At that time, George's position was that of a jester. He was in charge of entertaining the king's children and the people of the castle, and he had no complaints about it. He was a being who enjoyed the attention and admiration from the beginning.

But the problem suddenly arose.

“George gets caught up in something without warning.”

“Did you get kidnapped or something…?”

“To be exact, the garden kidnapped him.”

The heart of the kingdom, the royal palace, the mysterious pulse that exists deep within it. Among them, the garden, an organ that can be compared to the brain, was the one that recognized the boy walking around the castle.

“I’ve never heard of such a case. Gardens, even if they seem self-conscious, are basically close to natural phenomena. Does that mean that such gardens are greedy?”

“Gardens are not all the same. There are very old gardens and young gardens. There is no ego, but greed can be seen. It is like the moon in Dalnimgyo.”

“Oh, like that….”

“So the garden was doing something similar to greed.”

In fact, the garden did not need a gardener. The kingdom had a culture closely related to mystery, and was managed steadily without having to assign a gardener.

But again, this was 'greed'. The garden wanted to possess the boy who was the most beautiful and talented in that dimension. I don't know if it was part of information gathering or true greed... .

“You could think of it as being similar to a highly developed artificial intelligence.”

“Artificial intelligence.”

“While opinions may differ on whether to grant it the status of a person or not, it is an undeniable fact that there can be something infinitely close to a person.”

“…That might be a bit of a headache.”

“That was actually the case.”

The boy had to be kept in the garden for a very long time because he vehemently refused to become a gardener. He was a being who gave and was loved, not a being who could be dragged around as a slave to love.

“George was never captivated by the beauty of the garden until the very end.”

“Oh, how is that possible?”

“It was because of my firm belief that there was nothing in the world more beautiful than myself.”

“It’s amazing.”

After a long fight lasting nearly a decade, the boy was the winner.

“Is that possible?”

“The garden recognized the boy’s beauty and accepted its own defeat.”

“…So how is that possible?”

“With unwavering tenacity, confidence in your appearance, and even more words?”

A feat that only a legendary hero would accomplish. And so the boy returned to his original place. It was only a week after the day he was kidnapped.

The boy's body and mind, trapped in the garden, never grew, but the mystery within him made people quickly notice the boy's long story. The greed that the garden showed, the kidnapping that resulted from it, the garden's admiration and affection that yielded to its stubbornness that remained strong even after several years...

“It would have been an obvious story to the humans in that dimension

who lived with mystery.”

The boy who won the garden and received its recognition became a very valuable being. The child who had been just a beautiful and talented person until then had been swallowed up by the garden that was now considered a god and returned.

The fairy tale shone like a crown upon the boy's head.

“People have been greedy ever since.”

“But up until now, I was just looking. I have a rough idea of what it feels like, but the change of stance is quite fast, isn’t it?”

“Before that, the boy was not someone worth being greedy about. He was a clown bought with money by the king, and he was a playmate cherished by the king’s children, so he probably didn’t want to take on the risk.”

“But once you step into the garden and come out, those gazes change? It’s an obvious but annoying story.”

“To them, the garden was a capricious but honorable god. A clown loved by such a god is something to be envied. If I could have it, it would shine on my hand.”

Before, you could admire the boy's appearance and talents without necessarily owning him. But from that day on, the king became greedy and restricted the boy's interactions to only the royal family, and that was the beginning.

“It was the king’s declaration that public property could become private property. As they say, the beauty who would ruin the country, George was finally able to gain freedom after seeing the very end of it. And then he began to wander.”

Even though he had seen a country horribly collapse due to his greed,

George did not care. He was shocked and pitiful, but that was all. The attention and love he received during the process certainly made him happy.

A pleasure-mad man. A man in love. A player with great energy who wants to be cheered on by more people and run around freely. He spent the rest of his life traveling and mixing with many people.

“It was a journey to decorate my life beautifully until the end, but soon after, at some point, I realized that I was not changing. Neither my body nor even my mind had grown.”

“Is it something to do with the garden…?”

“Yes, if things continued like this, it was obvious that he would not be able to grow old and die. After he turned 18, when he could no longer be called a boy, George began to look for a way for him to grow old normally. And….”

"and?"

“I met a dragon.”

“…….”

“It was a bright red dragon.”

* * *

“…Wait a minute.”

Yoo Seong-un asked, holding his head.

“This has nothing to do with our guild leader, right?”

“Hmm, to be honest, maybe not at all?”

“Please, why are you doing this to me?”

“I don’t know either.”

The office worker screamed.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (340)

340

Episode 340

Dragons are greedy creatures.

Living a life close to eternity, they store all sorts of treasures in their nests. Things they once found beautiful, foods they ate while imitating humans, rare minerals known to the world, etc.

It was perhaps natural that such a dragon would covet George… .

“If you’ve already kidnapped her, you should love her with all your heart, Yong-ah.”

“You expect too much from a mere mortal. You’d better shut your noisy mouth before I burn you alive.”

“But my beauty can only be maintained if I receive plenty of love…?”

“I could stuff you without all that hassle.”

“I am the most beautiful, living, breathing, and chattering incessantly. I never thought that the noble dragon, who is called the pinnacle of nature, would be a mere mortal who is satisfied with a corpse. Oh, how sad….”

“…….”

The dragon took George too lightly.

George was a young man who had won a fight with a garden with only a body that was empty. There was no way that George would be afraid of a dragon. He skillfully tried to boil the dragon.

And even in the midst of all this, the dragon felt greedy.

“Surely there is only one like you in the world.”

“If there are two, won’t the fate of this planet be in jeopardy?”

“It’s a good thing you know that, human.”

Dragons loved valuable and rare things. George had a certain charm that really made dragons tired, but his beautiful appearance and outstanding talents were truly unique.

Although it was troublesome and annoying, the dragon decided to keep this human as his rare treasure. It was originally intended to be like that, but it was so unexpected that he was momentarily confused. That was all.

“Ah, tell me to be pretty right now!!!”

“Please stay still!!!”

Although there were times when I often regretted it.

“If you haven’t tried the baked potatoes I make, you’ve missed more than half your life.”

“Are you saying this because you know how old I am?”

“Now, while the potatoes are still warm, they shrink quickly. It’s best to eat them while they’re still shrunken and fill your mouth with them.”

“This crazy guy.”

No, actually I regretted it often.

“Ttaran, card magic! Awesome!”

“It’s not magic, at best it’s an illusion.”

“Huh? So it’s even more amazing…?”

“…….”

Honestly, it's not that it's not fun.

“…That’s true.”

“I thought you’d like it too.”

“Hey, don’t be so confident, human.”

“My soul burns with passion.”

“You can’t ride any further than that.”

So one day, the dragon was very pleased with himself for making George the treasure of his nest.

This was different from other humans. He had the courage to not be afraid or in awe of himself even when he saw Yong-in himself, and he was not only outstanding in appearance but also possessed various talents. Although he had a weak body, his soul was noble and could not be easily broken, and he also could not die.

The dragon was proud to possess that special human. He was truly a treasure fit for a dragon's nest.

“…….”

“…….”

“…Geo, my friend.”

So the dragon became greedy.

“You will live forever.”

“My only friend is betraying me.”

It was a calm conversation.

“…Shall I sing a song?”

It was the day the nest was on fire.

* * *

“George and the dragon were pretty good friends to each other.”

The portrait continued the old story.

“Thanks to George, the dragon learned a joy he never knew, and George favored the special being who accepted his love. To put it a little lightly….”

“Shall we give it a try?”

“We must have been a different kind of dopamine to each other.”

“Oh.”

Yoo Seong-un, who was sitting on a folding chair and drinking coffee, made a tired expression.

“Well, what’s good is good.”

“I don’t know exactly how long they were together. George didn’t really keep track of it, and once he got into something, he had a habit of not looking at anything else.”

“So, if we interpret it… does that mean that George enjoyed his life in the nest without even realizing how much time had passed? No, to be exact, he probably didn’t care.”

“Yes, that’s right. And then there was another problem.”

As the portrait lightly stroked the surface of the frame, a picture of a dragon and a warrior appeared. It was a crooked and rough drawing, as if it had been drawn by a child, but for some reason, I felt like I knew what he was trying to show.

It kept saying.

“Isn’t the story of the warrior slaying the dragon commonly known?”

“At least on Earth.”

“Their circumstances were similar. The warriors invaded the nest to steal the dragon’s treasure, to rescue the people trapped in the nest, and to defeat the fearsome dragon.”

"…and?"

“In the end, the dragon lost. But before my treasure could be stolen and destroyed by humans, the greedy dragon took his own measure. He breathed fire and burned his own nest. It became a cave that would burn forever.”

“George?”

“We reached the source by the dragon, the most mysterious of all creatures on earth.”

“Oh, no.”

A troubled smile appeared on Yoo Seong-un's face. There was nothing good about humans being entangled with the source.

“I didn’t know you could do that.”

“Isn’t that the nature of a dragon’s greed?”

“But even if you are a dragon, is that possible?”

“Of course he paid a price.”

George took off his hat and showed it to the meteor cloud.

“This is the proof, my friend.”

“…Are you my friend Geo right now?”

“Of course.”

Geo, who put his hat back into the portrait, quickly transformed into his usual pitch-black appearance. He lightly adjusted his black cloak. There was no trace of his hat in his hands, not even the slightest hint of it having been removed.

I'm always surprised when something like this happens. It was a portrait that changed really quickly.

“The hat you just saw is a new dragon that Mr. George has created to be punished.”

“Did the dragon get punished?”

“Yes, as punishment for touching the taboo, the dragon’s body and soul were torn to pieces and absorbed into the source. The hat that Mr. George was holding contained a part of that soul and body.”

“Oh, is there a reason why Mr. George keeps wandering…?”

“There is a meaning to traveling in search of the joys of life, but there is also a clear reason to collect my friend’s remains and keep them by my side. Either way, the dragon is destined to no longer be returned to nature.”

“So that’s why you called it a punishment.”

“If we are to consider him a ghost, he would be destined to wander the underworld for the rest of his life.”

That is why George's hat was so versatile. It knew everything and could do everything, if George wanted it to. The hat always followed the will of its friend and master.

“That day, George felt betrayed by everything he loved.”

“Betrayal… Even though it was something like that, George’s reaction as you described seemed quite docile.”

“But there was nothing he could do. George, who wanted to live the most beautiful life, was forever unable to see the end because of the dragon’s obsessive greed….”

“I guess so.”

“It was the selfishness of dragons and humans that created this situation in the first place.”

The reason George wanted to be happy somehow was because he would feel lethargic if he didn't.

“Mr. George is very tired. To be exact, he feels a sense of loss. Before and after meeting the dragon, he had to be locked in the golden prison several times. In the meantime, his nature of enjoying giving and receiving love has made George an even more contradictory person.”

It was a pleasure to be noticed. He was delighted by the response of praising his beauty and admiring his singing. The greed that arose from affection and desire for him was also one of George's many pleasures.

But at the same time, it was burdensome. Loving and wanting him was a happy thing in itself, but it was burdensome. However, those

excessive acts were very stimulating, and George really liked the nature of that obsession. However, it was difficult. It was fun. It was painful. It was happy.

The pain was very great because he was a natural hedonist. That is why the portrait simply summarized George.

“This is crazy.”

“…This is the first time I’ve seen you speak so harshly.”

“Oh, I wasn’t swearing… I meant that you’re really crazy.”

It wasn't something that could be defined as love and hate. It wasn't love and hate overlapping, but love and hate. It was only natural that he would go crazy after being dipped in heaven and hell and then taken out again and again.

“It would have been better if he had given up on being human from the beginning. However, even after becoming entangled with the source, George wanted to be human. As you may know, he is a very proud person who pretends not to be… I think he didn’t want to give up what he originally had.”

The identity of being human. That was one of George's precious treasures. Just because it had become a two-legged garden, it would not be possible to see that treasure as a stone. That was George's stubbornness.

But wasn't that time so long?

“So, since you were quite tired, I thought you would just become one with me….”

“You have more accidents than you think, don’t you?”

“I think it’s because he’s young and full of energy that he causes

accidents like this.”

“Well, if he’s been in the garden for a long time, wouldn’t it be difficult to say he’s young…?”

“But Mr. George’s mindset and physical age are still at 21.”

“Oh… you’re young.”

It's closer to 'adult' than 'adult'.

For some reason, Yoo Seong-un couldn't help but understand George. Rather than growing older mentally and gaining experience, he was trapped in a brilliant way of thinking where all his cells were running wild.

'Because in that state, I ended up having to deal with such a contradiction.'

Eventually, he would become so capricious that he would almost become sick, and he would only focus on pleasure. It was hard for Yoo Seong-un, who was still human, to imagine that he could spend a long time with his mind and body stuffed.

And about the results.

“…I know why people are so messy.”

A look of embarrassment appeared on Yoo Seong-un's face.

“So what should I do now?”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t know either.”

“This is tricky, I really can’t get a handle on it….”

The problem that immediately came to mind was the 'clown' phenomenon. A monkey-hand-type mystery that keeps asking you for

your happiness and forcibly making it happen. It wasn't for nothing that the association called in gardeners.

“This kind of mystery hasn’t appeared for a day or two. But usually, such a mystery is not visible to those who are not qualified as children of the Origin. But this guy is visible to everyone, and yet he doesn’t let people feel a sense of alienation.”

“I think it seems like an attempt to bring the garden into reality….”

“Gardeners who know the time before the Great Disaster say that it was exactly the same as that time. It was a time when there was no system, no distinction between mysteries, monsters, and dungeons, and only ‘mysteries’ existed. Do you agree?”

“I think it might be a little similar.”

The portrait, which seemed to be in deep thought and silent for a moment, continued speaking after a while.

“It looks like they’re trying to… break the ceiling.”

"ceiling?"

“That’s what I was going to do.”

I wished for it, but it wasn't like this.

Mr. Yoo Sung-woon was talking about the monkey hand horror story, and I guess that applies to 'Geo' too. He was a really unique type of crazy guy.

Are you grumpy?

I want to follow that same meaning, but is it that I want to leave a trace as 'Geo' before becoming 'Geo' in its entirety? Maybe I'm having more accidents because I feel reassured by becoming one with 'Geo's

Portrait'.

Certainly, people today are too complacent. They depend too much on the system, and because of that, they are stuck in a narrow well. And in the process, my students are suffering, so I wanted to solve things faster.

But this was excessive.

'I tried to help my students, but several people ended up getting hurt.'

Originally, Geo's plan was to just give medicine, but this was like giving both a disease and medicine. It was to the point where I wondered if he had made me paint so many landscapes with this in mind.

'To create a clear villain like now, and a knight order to deal with it?'

That would be the case, as the trials that George would create could not be resolved without many gardeners.

Geo seemed to know what George wanted. He was going to be the one who would eventually lose, so he wanted to think as much as he could. In the process, the Earthlings would become accustomed to the mystery to the point where they wouldn’t need the system, so it would be mutually beneficial in many ways, he argued…

I think I sent this.

"…hmm."

It was a very difficult situation.

'The idea that I had only thought about has now become a concrete plan.'

I was just opening my mouth, wondering what to eat, when he suddenly said, "You wanted to eat this, right?" and threw his food at me. No, if you're going to cause an accident, at least make sure there

are no casualties.

'Even Argio, who is known as a demon, had an accident in his dreams.'

I was thinking about living up to her expectations because it seemed like Hae-ra wanted a fair fight, but while I was putting it off for a moment, the very idea of 'living up to her expectations' became the very thing. If you're going to use the same body, you should use it more gracefully, but because of that, Geo also became the mastermind.

'I really didn't intend to do this.'

Geo felt a little sad.

'Oh, God of Heaven and Earth.'

Please help this unfortunate portrait.

* * *

“…….”

A quiet office.

Bisabal, who had been staring at the bright yellow pupil, soon put the eyeball in his hand back into the empty hole. As if the brief time he had been outside was a lie, the bright yellow eyeball moved according to Bisabal’s will.

He muttered as he was peeking into the portrait's story.

“…I wondered what he meant back then, and indeed. He must have lived quite an interesting life.”

Anyway, dragons had a really ugly side.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (341)

341

Episode 341

A sunny afternoon in a small town, in contrast to the world where ominous signs are creeping in.

Cha Eun-hyeok, who had a vacation, was cleaning up the inside of the house little by little. If you clean up an old house often, there won't be any major problems. He cleaned up the yard and leaned against the wall to exhale.

"ha…."

This rural village, where autumn had clearly arrived, had already become awash in colorful leaves. The fallen leaves, dyed in their characteristic colors, were honestly not all that welcome. Cha Eun-hyeok slumped over the pile of fallen leaves that had piled up as they should.

'Since I've saved up so much, I might as well roast some sweet potatoes and eat them when Chaara comes back.'

Still, this was the first time I had such a relaxing holiday.

'Anyway, now that my bank account is full, I don't mind holidays like this… .'

Working at the food stall with George often resulted in irregular

holidays like this.

The reason there was no fixed date was probably due to the unique nature of the food stall business. The wind was cool, but the sun was still warm, so I was sweating.

As Eunhyuk Cha was quietly looking at the world, something strange entered his field of vision.

“……?”

Among the trees of the forest, dyed in a variety of colors, something so colorful that it was almost indistinguishable from the others, something resembling a person… .

‘…Are you the child of the root?’

I tried to look at it closely, but it disappeared in an instant.

"what?"

Cha Eun-hyeok hesitated and stood up, leaning against the wall.

The mountain beyond the wall was not that high, but there were many trees. It was not Cha Eun-hyeok’s eyesight, but his gardener’s ability to sense the mystery that allowed him to recognize the object. He did not understand exactly what he saw.

'It seemed like the shape it was standing in resembled a human being.'

However, among the children of the Origin, there were not many types that resembled humans. I knew this fact thanks to learning various things from Curator Yoo Seong-un. However, what I just saw was definitely… .

“…….”

Eunhyuk Cha, who had been thinking for a while, came to a

conclusion.

'I didn't see anything.'

In times like these, people who pretend to know always end up in trouble.

Cha Eun-hyuk would never do something stupid like climbing a mountain himself, saying, "What did I see wrong?" Nothing would get better. The vague discomfort would just turn into a clear discomfort. There was even a high possibility that he would be threatened.

'I am a civilian.'

These days, I'm running a food stall with my garden.

'But still, he is a civilian.'

If you hit it, it will die. It is cracked porcelain. It is a weak, unawakened being that will die even if it is hit by a flower petal. Cha Eun-hyeok, who had repeated his theme in his mind, entered the house naturally, like flowing water.

When he returned home, there was a letter on the small table.

“…….”

Please, oh really, please.

“…Aaah….”

Why are you doing this to me?

Cha Eun-hyeok, squeezing out a scream with a dying voice, approached the letter with a limp. It was so obvious that he couldn’t pretend not to see it. But he couldn’t just leave it in the middle of the house, so he had to check it at least.

And Cha Eun-hyeok realized the identity of the letter.

“Ah, this….”

A tensile force stone that appears to have been made by melting a special mineral.

“…Is this a letter from Mr. Geo?”

"meow."

“Ugh.”

I got goosebumps all over my body.

Cha Eun-hyeok held his pounding heart and looked toward the direction of the sound. There was something under the table, which was darkened by the sunlight. I thought he would die like this, but when I looked closely, it was a familiar face.

“…Danaya?”

“Ahhhh.”

“Did you bring this?”

“Ugh.”

“Is that what your father gave you…?”

“Oh my.”

“…Tell him I got it.”

“Gyaruk.”

"okay…."

The large eyes that sparkled like jewels blinked. As if it was a letter

that did not require a reply, the cat quickly melted into the shadows and disappeared. It was indeed an appearance and exit worthy of a pet in a black cloak.

'What on earth is it?'

Why is this happening to me?

Cha Eun-hyeok, who had a moment of philosophical contemplation about life, opened the letter. The white letters on the black stationery. Just looking at it gave him the creepy feeling of being cursed, but fortunately, he was able to read it somehow.

“…….”

Ignore it

“…What?”

Whatever it is

"no."

A letter with only two sentences written in it.

'But… it makes sense.'

Cha Eun-hyeok folded the letter neatly and politely placed it on the bookshelf.

He didn't know why the black cloak sent him this letter. And it seemed right not to know. He didn't want to know. Cha Eun-hyeok didn't see anything today and he didn't read anything.

I erased it cleanly from my memory.

‘…What should I eat for dinner?’

He was a civilian who was steadily adapting to the mystery.

* * *

“Okay, I’m not worried anymore.”

"meow."

“Well done, daughter.”

Geo praised Dana, who returned after delivering the letter. Dana, who was about the size of a small adult cat, fit perfectly into Geo's large hand. Geo said, caressing Dana's cheek with one hand.

“Given Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok’s personality, telling him more would only stress him out.”

There were two things he had told me to ignore. First, he was a 'happy clown', and second, he was 'George's personality'. Either way, it would be useless to let Eunhyuk Cha know the seriousness of the situation, as he had to keep running the food stall.

“Then I guess I should start cleaning up after Mr. George too….”

“Huh?”

“Oh, right. I guess I shouldn’t call it a follow-up.”

Geo, who had been patting Dana, tilted his head and muttered.

“…Then what about the cleanup?”

It's for the future.

Although Bisabal was a burdensome person, he treated him very well. Geo was a very introverted person and was reluctant to go to Bisabal, but aside from that, hadn't he already been a great help to him?

A corresponding minimum level of good faith had to be shown.

* * *

5th floor manager, go ahead.

He went around the gallery today as usual to check the condition of the works. His meticulous yet respectful attitude towards the works was quite different from other curators. There was a reason why his nickname was 'Butler'.

As Garasani was walking around the gallery late at night, something caught his eye.

“…? Oh, this is it.”

A long, red dragon.

“Mr. Argio?”

“Crunch.”

“Hmm, judging by the distant gaze, I don’t think you’re Mr. Argio.”

“Kiruruk.”

“Where on earth did you come from?”

It was a small dragon. If we compare it to a large dog breed on Earth? It was long from head to tail, but its body was thin. It blinked its golden eyes and Garasani smiled his characteristically relaxed smile.

“You look just like our guild leader.”

“Crunch….”

“I guess this isn’t a complete stranger, is it?”

Garasani had seen this type of dragon before. In the dungeon of Argio, the evil god that shook Korea last summer, countless dragons of a similar shape appeared.

Unlike the young dragons I had seen back then, this one had a healthy red color and clean golden eyes, but well. No matter how I looked at it, it seemed to be the dragons I had seen back then. Garasani gently stroked my chin.

“Then, are they Mr. Argio’s family members?”

“Ugh….”

“Oh my.”

The dragon that was lying on the ground climbed up onto Garasani's body.

'Have I lost my ability to fly?'

I don't think that's likely, but I find that stubbornness really cute.

The dragon climbed up to his shoulder as if he was climbing a cliff, digging his claws, which were not small, into Garasani's clothes. It was quite remarkable that, despite the sharp claws, they did not damage anything other than the clothes.

However, the dragon was quite long, and Garasani's shoulders were not that wide. Perhaps because of this, the dragon was almost stuck to Garasani's upper body as if it were wrapped around him.

It didn't seem like he was really tied up, so Garasani raised his free arm and patted the dragon's torso.

“I guess you like my shoulders.”

“Crunch.”

“It’s an honor. But did you come out to drink alone? With your guardian?”

“Kiruruk.”

“…….”

“…….”

"…ah."

Only then did Garasani nod.

“You came out with your friends.”

Now I see that there are bright red dragons hiding all over the gallery.

In the paintings, on the statues, hidden in the fish tanks, the dragons were watching Garasani. Judging from the fact that they were just staring, blinking their bright eyes like lights, it seemed that the only dragon that had decided to talk to Garasani was the one wrapped around his body.

Even in a situation that would have terrified a young curator, Garasani simply laughed.

“It seems like your guardian has something to say to me.”

“…….”

“Hmm, that’s a cute prank….”

The dragon, with its long body like a snake, lifted its head and placed it on top of Garasani's head. However, its weight was almost nonexistent. Although I could clearly feel its volume, I did not feel that my body had become heavier.

Enjoying that strange sensation, Garasani arrived in front of the portrait.

“As expected.”

A portrait that had turned red, unlike usual, greeted him.

“Mr. Argio?”

“My dear butler has arrived.”

“Yes, I couldn’t ignore your family calling me. Wouldn’t that be rude?”

“I should be grateful that you did not ignore my invitation.”

“How humble of you, it was an invitation no one could ignore….”

“Would you like to talk to me?”

“…….”

“Would you like to talk to me?”

Garasani knew the regularity of the 'Portrait of Geo'.

“…Yes, fine. Come talk to me.”

This portrait enjoys interacting with humans. The moment the work speaks to you, the interaction begins, and if it is successfully completed, the portrait gives you a ‘gift.’ It is widely known as a kind of event piece within the collection.

'Also, that exchange is gradually developing.'

At first, 'Portrait of Geo' was limited to simply focusing on common names. However, as time went on, it showed more ways of interacting, and even focused on the characteristics of individual humans.

And there has never been a time when he directly lured an employee to have a 'conversation' like this. An obvious anomaly that was not in the manual. Garasani smiled, savoring the honor of being the first to experience it.

'... It could have been a different form, especially a black cloak, but it is colored like an evil spirit. Works that enjoy interaction like this

generally like child's play. If the mystery had a different color, it would be right to treat it accordingly... .'

Fortunately, the other person had already given me a suitable topic of conversation.

“Is this dragon your family?”

“You are my family, my younger siblings, my older brothers and sisters.”

“I think I clearly saw you in your dungeon.”

“You have a keen eye, butler. It must be quite different from before….”

“It’s good to see that you’ve definitely gotten healthier since then.”

The young dragons he had seen in the dungeon were all tainted and injured. Seeing the healthy, shiny red fur and scales, Garasani felt at ease. It felt like seeing his nephew grow up well.

“There must be a reason why you showed me the dragon like this.”

“Well, first of all, my friends are really bored….”

“Are you guys saying it’s boring?”

“They said no one called them.”

"…ah."

Come to think of it, I received a 'Little Dragon Summon Ticket' while clearing the Dream Dungeon. Since the Association tried to prevent its use as much as possible in preparation for any disaster, most hunters lived almost completely forgetting about its existence.

Even though it's small, what would you do if you rashly summoned a dragon and the same problem occurred again?

'But that seems to have bored these young dragons.'

The fact that so many dragons came to invite just one person, Garasani, must have been because they couldn't stand boredom and came out to play. Garasani smiled as he thought about this.

“I apologize. Hunters these days are quite cautious. There are many who feel burdened by the mere thought of summoning a dragon… I have bored you, your noble ones.”

“If you haven’t forgotten, then it should be fine.”

“These are deep words. Do you think we will ever be able to receive help from these people?”

“Aren’t you trying to take the prophecy away from the evil dragon too easily?”

“You are right, I apologize.”

“You don’t have to be so polite about my little pranks….”

A hand full of ornate ornaments stretched out from beyond the frame. The dragon's hand stopped in front of Garasani, who was staring at it with a smile. The young dragon hanging on Garasani's torso blinked.

Argio smiled and waved his hand.

“If you bother adults, you won’t be able to use it.”

“…Kkiing….”

A young dragon stretches out on top of Garasani's body. It stretches out its body and moves smoothly like a snake, climbing onto Argio's hand. Then it settles on his shoulder and hangs on.

Garasani looked at the young dragon that had become a painting again with regretful eyes and said.

“Your shoulders feel empty.”

“Oh, you shouldn’t say that.”

“Is that so?”

“Thank you for taking care of my lost little family.”

"aha."

Garasani smiled gently.

“Yes, I did that.”

“Is there anything you want?”

“I wonder if I will ever have the chance to see these precious people again.”

“Call us anytime. These children will gladly comply.”

“Thank you for your valuable reply.”

“Then it’s my turn to ask.”

“What should I tell you?”

"eye."

“…….”

“Dragon's eyes.”

Argio asked about the eyes of the Visage.

“Where did you get it?”

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (342)

342 Episode 342 “You probably know that our guild leader hates ‘heroes’.” To be exact, it was a hatred directed at ‘living heroes’. “If I’m going to talk about the dragon’s eyes, I should first explain them.” Garasani had already received permission from Bisabal to speak about this a long time ago. He said that since Argio’s essence was a dragon and ‘Portrait of Geo’ was the eye of origin, there would come a time when he would have to speak. That’s why Garasani didn’t hesitate and began telling the old story. “He had three friends.” First, the first one. * * * Bisabal originally liked good people. He grew up in a very wealthy environment and grew into a fairly wealthy man. In this capitalist world, money served as a plausible means of communication even in the absence of a noble heart. Bisabal used this to gather people who would make up for his shortcomings and fight for him. Good people, considerate people, and selfless people. They were easy to interact with because they had a regularity. Even people like Bisabal who are difficult to interact with in general understand and protect them. They are such convenient beings. So it wasn’t a lie that Bisabal likes good people. He had a friend. He was a friend since before the Great Disaster. “Let’s survive together.” A guy who would say nice things. Money didn’t become useless right away just because the Great Disaster happened. Bisabal used his existing wealth to gather artifacts and items, and many people bothered him. However, his friend didn’t do that, so he was very comfortable to have around. Even so, there were times when he would say things that were difficult to even pretend to sympathize with. Bisabal, whose feelings were twisted for no reason, would laugh and say back, “You have to remember that

right now, okay?" "Of course. Honestly, who else would save you if it weren't for me? Anyway, you have a bad personality." "You made the promise first~ If you break it, I won't let you go." Humans are fundamentally evil. Good intentions are just a shell that covers up that evil intention. Therefore, it's a pitiful deception. In the end, it was natural for people to become ugly when they had no more leisure, because that was what humans were. However, after the great disaster, Bisabal realized that his friend did not belong in that common human image. "…I am saying this out of pure kindness, which is rare, but you should stop." "But how can you just watch someone die…!" "Do you think you have superpowers? Did you receive a curse or a blessing? No." "Oh, no matter what, there are things you have to do as a human being." "If you are going to say that, why don't you do something about your tears and snot? It's obvious that you are scared to death, so what are you really trying to do?" "No, ha, why are you saying that after receiving help too… I am already scared…" "Oh, that is strange. Isn't it strange at all to give advice because you are worried about your friend?" He was a little annoyed. "Let's survive together." "Oh, that is exactly what I am saying…." "If you keep doing this, you will die first. Don't my words sound like words and my promises sound like promises?" "…Ugh, I am sorry." "Are you sincere? I trust you, okay? Just try to make me lose my shit again." He was a guy who had no abilities and was always talking nonsense. Bisabal couldn't stand it anymore and tried to give him advice, but he didn't even pretend to listen. He saved countless people like me, and lived for others until the end… "……." He finally realized this while watching his friend cry and die out of fear. "…You were the type of person I've never seen before." It was the day of the dungeon break. It was still early in the disaster, so he had little information, so he got caught up in it, and anyway, that's how it ended up. He tried to save people from the monsters that were rushing in, but ended up like this. It was pathetic and frustrating. "How stupid." A corpse covered in tears and snot. If he was so scared of ending up like this, he should have saved himself instead of others.

Bisabal lost his first friend, but he kept living. Bisabal's second friend was the same. "It's okay, this much is worth it." "Usually that's how they die~" "What a whiny brat. Are you cursing me or something? Your personality is so obvious." "So you're not going to die?" "I told you it was okay earlier. Why the hell don't you trust me?" He was a guy with a pretty rough mouth. However, Bisabal quickly realized that even though he was rough on the outside, he was a 'good person'. He was much more capable, stronger, and more determined than his first friend. So I thought it would be less frustrating than last time, but I was wrong. "Wow, he's finally dead..." "Why is that cursed brat so tenacious? Was his skill like that? A cockroach?" "You were just being useless and wasting time. Ah, you're so pathetic." "Quickly empty out what you've got, before anyone else comes, and search your pockets first. That rich brat hangs around with you, so if you get one decent artifact…." "What the hell should I empty out? This guy is just a fucking beggar." "It's not a chicken." And I didn't believe it. "It was less frustrating than before. I was crying so much that I couldn't see it. The so-called 'good people' are convenient. They are certainly helpful when kept by your side. They are easy to use and if you have good abilities, it's even better. However, if things continue like this, Bisabal will die first. So for a while, Bisabal moved on his own. Since the brakes were gone, he acted even more wildly. He stole other people's things, set traps, and watched them die while groaning. Those were his free days. And then he made a third friend. "Oh, oh, I told you not to do that." "This is driving me crazy... What did I say if you kept bothering me?" "I said I'd show you how to kill people with nightmares." "You knew and you were doing this? Are you crazy? Are you crazy? Do you like nightmares?" "You're the crazy one, the author of all evil... Who are you talking about right now?" "That's harsh. Why don't you become a real villain? I can become very rough." He was a police officer before the Great Disaster. He was a 'good person' who saved and took care of unrelated people because he had a sense of professionalism. Bisabal, who was already sick and tired of that idiot mentality, really

hated the other person. Nevertheless, in the end, he became someone you could call a friend. There was a bit of an age difference, but isn't there something called love that hates hate? Bisabal had an aggressive and cruel personality, but if you didn't provoke him first, he would just laugh it off. That was the problem. "I should've cut off his neck a long time ago." "…Ugh, groan… groan…." "Ah, why did I let him live when I knew this would happen…." "…Kill, you…." "You still whine even after he's like that. Huh? Isn't that right? You were just asking me to kill you. You're really disgusting, you're really making me sick." "……." "Would you say something?" "……." "…Say it, please." There are quite a few types and numbers of contagious monsters. To put it simply, they're zombies, or something similar. He risked his life to save people in the dungeon, but he ended up getting infected. Bisabal was dumbfounded. If he hadn't achieved anything, he would have just clicked his tongue, but these crazy foolish bastards strangely achieved something. Everyone ran away. The person they helped was still in the dungeon, crawling like this. In the dungeon teeming with living corpses, what the third friend said was, "…It's okay, it's okay…" It was okay. "What would be okay?" "…Everything…" "……." He himself, Bisabal who was watching, everything else would be okay. The third friend said that while rotting and crumbling. He really was the biggest contributor to Bisabal's insides exploding. 'Why on earth are you doing this?' He told me to survive together, but my poor friend died without a second thought. He said it was okay, it was okay, and then he sacrificed himself and died in my place. I refused to make friends, but I forced him to become my friend. Damn it. He died again. "Damn you." Bisabal spent some time next to his third friend's living corpse. He already knew it was useless. It was a dungeon he couldn't clear anyway. Bisabal was an unawakened person who was good at using artifacts and items, and he had no other abilities, and this dungeon was just something he got caught up in by bad luck. 'They said I wouldn't have to go to the dungeon if I didn't awaken, but that was all a lie.' So all I had to do was run away through the path my third friend

had opened. There was an obvious exit to get out of this dungeon. There must be one, but if I kept going like this, I thought he'd do something without even noticing, so I quietly suppressed my anger for a while. "Kreuk…." "I guess your senses died because you died? I'm already so upset, so just stay still." "Kwak!! Kak, Kagak…!!" The safe zone of the Ghoul Dungeon, where only the strange howling sound that announced that he had become a monster could be heard. "……." The clueless guy kept trying to chew me out, so I locked him up with an artifact. No matter how much I observed him, he didn't feel the same as before. He was really a zombie from a movie. A monster that was no longer the being I knew before. A monster that I just had to kill. It was a waste to leave his shell alone. "…Haaaah…." Bisabal decided to admit it. To him, 'good people' were special to the point of being screwed over. For better or worse. He had already realized this fact when he saw his first friend cry and die while saving people. That's why he dragged his body and dug a grave for him. That's why he must have sewn up his second friend's body with his own hands. That's why he didn't run away and stayed in the dungeon until the end, holding onto hope. In the hope that there might be a way to turn back. "You damned things." The faces of the things that killed my second friend came to mind. No, actually, they didn't come to mind. I felt very strange as I vividly recalled that sunny afternoon when I had torn him apart to pieces. Half-killing him and then reviving him, splitting him in half and then reviving him, splitting his limbs and then reviving him… I should have been the one who watched the screams while dismantling those filthy things, but that day, Bisabal was strangely sweating. It was a task that I usually enjoyed and laughed at, but I couldn't even laugh. "Why on earth…?" I admit it, yes. I admit it. "Who are you to scare me?" Those abnormally kind guys became Bisabal's trauma. In the end, Bisabal burned the corpse of his third friend, which was reduced to nothing but bones. And he emptied all the artifacts and items he had. That's how he memorized the dungeon's terrain, structures, types and locations of monsters, and all that information. That's how he finally

defeated the boss monster and successfully conquered it after roughly 4 years and 3 months. Thanks to the incredible feat achieved in the body of an unawakened being, even the boss monster spoke to him. “This thing talks?” […Friend.] “Friend? Yeah, shit. Save my friend. Huh? You’re a dragon, dragon. You’re a dragon, so you wouldn’t be unable to save a human, right? Your limbs are so good at saving lives.” [Friend, good… thing.] “Or at least give me back the body. Even though I burned it. Even though I burned it, give it back. I couldn’t just stand by and watch it. I did a good job, I did a good job. But you have to bury it. This isn’t Earth. Give it back, quickly. Hurry up. I’m not leaving that bastard here alone…!!” [Good, friendship…?] “Give it back to me, you fucking dog-bone!!!” At that time, Bisabal wasn’t in his right mind. Of course, I stayed in the dungeon alone for over 4 years, eating rotten flesh to kill a dragon that was nothing but bones. One eye was contaminated and my vision was blurred, and the other eye was eaten by a monster. My whole body was rotting and decaying like that, and I was gradually dying. If I had been sane and calm in that situation, it would have been stranger. [Friend…] And as if that was really strange, Bisabal was given an eye as a gift from the dragon that was nothing but bones. It was a bright yellow eyeball that could be seen clearly even with my blurred vision. [Let go, ah… give it to me.] “…….” At the same time, I woke up. Emotion of Greed (SS): Taking in valuable things in my eyes I didn’t even get my corpse back. “… No.” Was that eye the boss monster’s last lifeline? The dungeon was closed with the eye, and I was forcibly ejected from the collapsing dungeon. When I came to, I was in a certain area of Gyeonggi Province, and when I looked into it, only a month had passed in Earth’s time. When I looked at my recovered, pitiful body, my head was red and my eyes were sharp. When I looked at the world with those eyes, all the precious things in the world came into my sight and my insides were seething. “…Ha.” Greed, very great greed. Very desperate greed. “Haha, hahahaha…!” In that damned, thick greed, my old trauma was distorted. I couldn’t remember my friend’s grave, and I couldn’t

remember my friend's name. Even my feelings about the corpse I left behind were blurred. The corpse wasn't all that valuable. The rotten, decaying human body was all over the place. After laughing for a long time, Bisabal declared very refreshingly, "I guess I'll never make friends again." People called those stupid, annoying kids heroes. * * * "Isn't the world really fun?" "……." "Well, my belated feelings are anyway…." Late evening. "It took me a long time to recall the location of my friend's grave, remember the name I had forgotten, and go out of my way to restore the body. It was really hard." Bisabal explained with a smile. "Fortunately, these eyes don't 'only' see valuable things. It's just that back then, I couldn't adapt to the dragon's vision and was swayed. Well, as you can see, I've adjusted well now." "Then what happened to the trauma toward good people?" "Some of that came back. That must be why I have such a strong aversion to good people. I might be okay with a simple fool, but those who are crazy enough to be called 'heroes' are really… creepy and disgusting just to look at." "But in the end, I got my friends back." "That's right, so you could call them 'friends.' I had all the courtesy that a friend would have. I made them graves in sunny places, restored their bodies nicely, and even took revenge on them, didn't I?" "Aha, I see." Geo smiled and stroked Bisabal's eyes. "So you hate 'living heroes'?" "The stories of dead heroes are valuable narratives, George. They were once human, but they are works of art." "When everyone calls them heroes, they are just pitiful people, so I hate them." "I think I don't like stupid people as much as I thought. Those crazy people who have a good brain and talent but throw it away on the ground make me feel bad." "I can tell your taste just by looking at the staff in this building, Father…" "Oh, really?" Bisabal agreed. They pretend not to see danger. They are smart, but they only use their wisdom for their own safety and self-sufficiency. People who are busy taking responsibility for themselves and their fences, not to mention sacrificing for others. People who are competent, honest, and well-mannered, but avoid anything more than that. How nice to see them. "…Will you take these eyes?" "Hmm, I can

take them when you die.” “You’re considerate. Thanks to you, I’ll be able to stay in this position for a few more years.” “The eyes my friend gave you.” “Do you respect them?” “I don’t have any friends if not for this guy…” The portrait that sat across from Bisabal at the office table smiled. It was a very soft and sweet smile that captivated and blinded many people. “Bisabal, don’t you want to be a perfect dragon?” “I don’t know about dragons, but I definitely want that hat.” “Then that’s fine, if there’s something about me that you find appealing.” “What do you want me to do?” “Is this world worth it to you?” It was a strange question, but the answer came quickly. “Of course.” “Then love me.” “Who, you?” “All the stupid people in the world.” “…Oh, that’s right...” Bisabal shrugged. “You also forgot that you were ‘Geo’ in the end.” In the end, he was on the side of the ‘good people.’ “Then will you give me that hat?” “When the time comes, I won’t need it.” “That would be a good deal.” It seemed like it would be a good play. (To be continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (343)

343

Episode 343

Visabal was a man whose dealings were very certain.

“I had a good dream last night.”

“…Is this a dream?”

“It may not have been a dream, but, well, I guess you could call it a dream, right?”

“I have no idea what you are talking about.”

“The skill of pretending not to know something even though you know it all is truly superb. I really like that attitude of our employees.”

“Thank you, Guild Leader.”

“So call me quickly.”

Last night, he made a deal with a two-legged garden. And deals with mysteries are supposed to be thorough.

“Let’s gather our dedicated employees.”

It was unclear whether its essence would be closer to 'George' or 'Portrait of Geo'.

But the important thing is that this deal has touched Bisabal's heart. Bisabal has shown a very active attitude in making this deal a success. It was quite enjoyable.

The chief secretary asked, bowing slightly.

“…Please specify the range, Guild Master.”

“I don’t do petty things. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“I will understand and implement the second code.”

“I hope it’s not too late.”

Code 2 meant mobilizing all operating personnel except the minimum number needed to keep the company going, including office workers.

In human society, a proper war can only be achieved if it involves not only force but also information.

'Yes, it is war.'

The two-legged garden wished it had the chance to be ugly for the first and last time.

Certainly, that was not something that 'Portrait of Geo' could allow, since it was stuffed in its most perfect and excellent form.

'So you came to me, and showed me the whole story yourself.'

So the deal that Jeongwon proposed was very appealing.

Bisabal would provide the play that the garden had desired, and this time, all the stories would end happily. Bisabal's role was to create a breakwater that would allow the garden to become as ugly as it could be.

‘Then I can get that hat… .’

Oh my gosh, is there another business that is this profitable?

“…….”

“…Guild Leader.”

“Is everyone here?”

“I will serve you.”

“You don’t need to strain your shoulders like that.”

The works I love. His guild members are his loyal servants and weapons, as well as his servants.

As usual, Bisabal smiled and stood up from his seat in a gentlemanly manner. The rings on each of his fingers, the earrings that filled his ears, and the necklaces that filled his neck as if strangling him. They all shone with the ominousness characteristic of the cursed work.

But all these curses could not dare to harm Bisabal. Bisabal left the office with a sly smile. In the end, this world is divided into valuable and unvaluable things.

“The time of the great flood has come.”

“…Should I write a will?”

“Did you really think I would allow that?”

“I don’t think so.”

“But don’t you think so? The world is getting better little by little, but overall it’s still very boring, uninteresting, and full of useless things.”

“…….”

“It’s time to start cleaning up.”

This will be an easy opportunity to weed out the worthless stuff.

“Shall we go somewhere and prevent the destruction of the world?”

* * *

“So in the end, what Mr. George wants is….”

Joo-Hyeon nodded after hearing the kind explanation of the portrait.

“It would be an opportunity that could be…not beautiful, even if it’s just once.”

“To put it more simply, it’s just the extreme tantrum of a child who hasn’t yet matured.”

“Don’t you think the scale of the tantrum is a bit too big?”

“In the end, they believe that the adults will somehow take care of it, so they let their guard down and cause trouble. You can think of them as a child who knows that they won’t go to the police station, so they lie down in the mart and struggle.”

“I’m asking since we’re on the subject.”

Joohyun stroked my chin and asked.

“I heard that there are actually quite a few victims. Is it possible that the missing people due to the ‘Happy Clown’ will return to their original state? If this is really a tantrum.”

“I don’t know for sure, it’s up to Mr. George’s discretion.”

“I’m not sure if you can call it childishness when you don’t even know ‘Portrait of Geo’. From the first time I saw you, Mr. George seemed a little scary.”

“…….”

Geo thought for a moment.

'… If you say that with a face that shows no fear at all, it won't be convincing.'

Indeed, it was like a modern person surviving on a much upgraded Earth.

If it had been Geo, he would have probably lived like a mayfly, not to mention settling down on Earth. For someone who is neither an awakened person nor lucky enough to become a portrait, to be so calm is truly an admirable mentality.

"…Were you scared?"

"I think it's because I feel like I'm pouring bad water on Mr. Geo."

"Can I say that it's scary?"

"I can't say I'm completely free of fear when I see my friend going down a bad path and I have to just watch. Well, and even if that weren't the case…."

Joohyun, who had been thinking for a moment, continued speaking.

"Mr. Geo, so, 'Portrait of Geo' wasn't very specific?"

"It's a characteristic."

"It is the characteristic of giving gifts to good people and indifference and punishment to bad people."

"I don't think it needs to be expressed in such a grand way."

"But that's true. I just thought that Mr. Geo was a little different from his usual personality. Of course, when I first saw Mr. George, I had no idea what he was thinking…."

“I guess I didn’t feel very good.”

“That’s also a part of Mr. Geo, so I’m sorry to say that, but that’s true. It felt dangerous. It was clear that he was literally playing with people.”

It was a completely different attitude from the previous Geos. Even Argio, who was an evil deity, had affection for small creatures. But George was not like that. He really treated humans like toys.

“So… I think that’s why I was able to show that kind of ‘love.’”

Love is, in other words, favoritism. It is special treatment.

“If you show love to everyone, isn’t that just trash?”

“As expected, your evaluation of Mr. George is quite harsh. But if you look at it that way, didn’t ‘Giovanni’ also love everyone equally?”

“Of course you could look at it that way.”

Joo-hyun instinctively felt that this question was a test and a proof. This portrait often asked me about the value of my opinion.

As his friend, Joo-Hyeon had a duty to live up to his expectations, so he obediently accepted the mystery test.

In fact, Geo had just wanted to ask for advice without thinking much about it, but Joohyun had no way of knowing Geo's true feelings.

'If I pass the test and show the value of my opinion... Geo-ssi will fully reflect it in his plans and future. This is an opportunity for me to include my opinion in this case and is Geo-ssi's consideration.'

Unlike other mysteries or works, this 'Portrait of Geo' does not harm its 'friends' if they fail the test. This would probably be the case for anyone, unless they are a villain.

Joohyun, who had gathered his thoughts, continued speaking.

“But mercy and love are different.”

“I love everyone too, Joohyun.”

“I know that, Giovanni.”

In an instant, Joo-hyun explained her thoughts to the figure of a portrait with flowing platinum hair.

“But the ‘love’ you speak of and the ‘love’ Mr. George speaks of are different.”

“How is it different? I wonder.”

“Love has two meanings. A warm heart based on compassion and consideration, and a longing heart based on possession and prejudice. The love of the two ‘Geos’ is so different.”

Joo-hyun was careful with every word. Defining mystery was a very dangerous and important task. The mystery changed its level of danger and influence depending on the definition and the recognition it brought.

That's why I wanted to do this 'explanation' even better. 'Portrait of Geo' prefers 'good beings', but he himself is not good.

To this being, good and evil are just preferences. It is because of this preference that humans have been able to receive so much favor up until now… .

'Basically, they are indifferent to others and show interest-oriented thinking.'

So it would be nice if we could define the 'Geos' clearly this time. Especially in a world as chaotic as it is now, a mystery that favors goodness like this could be of great help.

“So I see the love that Mr. Giovanni shows as a part of mercy. The solid realm of mercy can also be called love.”

“Then what about Mr. George?”

“His love is centered on pleasure. It may seem like mercy, but it is also closer to play. That is why the saying, ‘He sees the other person as a toy’ came about. Otherwise, he would not be able to show such a wide range of ‘love.’”

“Then does that mean there is no love for other ‘Geos’?”

“…I think there will be.”

“I wonder, what does it look like?”

“…….”

Fortunately, 'Geo's Portrait' was showing interest in Joo-hyun's 'justice'. It seemed like it was willing to follow that 'justice'. Joo-hyun thought about it more carefully.

“… Mr. Argio’s love takes a form close to compassion. It could be said to be a familial love towards infinitely weak and foolish beings. In fact, it seems that he feels too frustrated and resentful to just watch those foolish little creatures, but there is definitely love in it.”

“Then what about Mr. Sergio?”

“…I, well…you….”

Joo-Hyeon heard many stories about Sergio from this portrait. Perhaps he heard more stories than Yoo Seong-Woon, who had to see him as a work of art. The big and small stories of a human being.

“…Sacrifice is also love.”

In the end, Joohyun defined it like that.

“I’ve seen it in every Geo. Yes, sacrifice.”

“I don’t deserve such words. I think it’s an embarrassing word.”

“The love that ‘Portrait of Geo’ has shown so far has been in the form of sacrifice. I don’t know if it’s because he is such a generous person that he doesn’t notice even when he takes a few pieces of mine, but….”

“If it’s needed, someone has to take it.”

“That’s the point.”

They say that those who have more have more. And most people acted like that. It wasn't easy to give away what little you had just because you had a lot. But 'Geo' did it as if it wasn't difficult. He gave away what he had without any hesitation.

And those 'small things' sometimes became frightening to others. Starting with small considerations, 'Geo' gave up everything, even his own life. It seemed like it wasn't that difficult for 'Geo'.

“…I don’t think that the nature of the action changes just because it’s easy.”

“You really think highly of me, even though I’m not that great of a person.”

“Because all Geo-ssi did that.”

So Giovanni died in the tank. Argio was corrupted into an evil spirit. Sergio said that he became a portrait for his disciples. That is why Joohyun felt sorry for 'Gio's portrait'.

Just something I'm a little curious about.

“…No matter how much I think about it, George is a little different.”

“It probably won’t be that different.”

“Is that so?”

“I think so.”

Geo said, gently stroking Honey on his shoulder.

“Aren’t we a collection of beings called ‘Geo’?”

* * *

“Ah, Seo Seo-hee.”

“…Does it feel like it’s been a while since I’ve seen you?”

“I’m busy these days.”

“Yeah, why are you busy?”

“Why are you asking the gardener if he’s busy?”

Jeong Hae-woon smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

“What’s going on?”

"…you…."

"huh?"

“…….”

Seo Seo-hee smiled awkwardly.

“…How many years are you planning to disappear for this time?”

“Well, maybe it’s a chance to retire.”

“Then what kind of retirement diary would be important?”

Seo Seo-hee let out a small sigh, ruffled her hair, and laughed again.

“Are we friends?”

"aha."

Jeong Hae-woon laughed along with him.

"of course."

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (344)

344

Episode 344

Information about the so-called 'happy clown' was even made public to the general public.

“A happy clown? That’s a little creepy.”

“This too… is it a monster?”

“They say it’s a little different from monsters.”

Since the last system failure incident, people have been aware of the existence of 'mystery'. It's something that unlucky gardeners see and encounter all the time. So they say this is a similar case.

“…We’re not gardeners, are we?”

“If it’s visible to civilians, then isn’t there a problem?”

Some gardeners also expressed this opinion:

“Is this really the second great disaster coming?”

The 'Garden' series of works by Black Cloak had resulted in the employment of a large number of gardeners. The changes, while not small, were clear and seemed to foreshadow a turbulent future. It is not at all surprising that some gardeners are saying such things.

Of course, it was a hypothesis that made the listeners dizzy.

“What the hell are you talking about with such a refreshing expression on your face?”

“If not, how could a mystery appear that even a person without qualifications can see? After all, Jeong Hae-un is not an ordinary gardener, so there must have been some meaning to the mass hiring.”

“So, a catastrophe of a magnitude would have to occur for it to make sense? But don’t most of the works in the collection fall into the realm of ‘mystery’? They are things that even unqualified civilians can easily recognize.”

“No, that’s literally just ‘cognition’.”

He claimed that this was nonsense according to common sense.

“Put a civilian in front of a collector’s work. Would he go crazy? Would he die? Would he go crazy? To be honest, would you say he ‘perceived’ it properly?”

“But you can see the existence itself.”

“Anyway, I’m saying that ‘Happy Clown’ is different from the Collector’s work. After all, Collector’s work is a ‘work’. Like an item, an artifact, a cursed item.”

“You could say that it’s a mystery, too. Mystery has seeped deep into worldly objects that even civilians can perceive.”

“But I’m also concerned that the number of invisible gardeners has been increasing recently… Ah, I don’t know. I really hope it’s not a second great disaster. I don’t want to think that this dimension has accumulated so much mystery already.”

Mystery continues to accumulate in one dimension. At some point in

the process, a time of catastrophe will come, but that does not mean that the accumulation of mystery will stop. When it passes a certain point, another 'catastrophe' will come.

And the last would be a 'mystification' of a dimension. At that point, it would be impossible to call a dimension a dimension, and it would be impossible to call the Earth the Earth, and humans the humans. That was the fear the gardener was talking about.

“What if the Earth is destroyed?”

“Oh, shit, I told you not to say things like that.”

“Well, I get that the clown is some kind of mystery, but what do you want me to do about it?”

It was a very difficult opponent even for a gardener. It seemed that it caused damage regardless of whether it was a gardener, a civilian, or an Awakened person.

“Is this really the child of the Origin? No, if it’s the child of the Origin, then it wouldn’t be visible to those without the qualifications. If it really is the second great disaster…!”

“Please, please!!”

But this 'mystery' was really difficult to define. It wasn't a monster, since it wasn't a child that originated from the dungeon, and it was visible to everyone, so it wasn't a child of the origin.

Still, people had to adapt to survive.

“So what do you want me to do?”

“Put your brain to work.”

“? How do you do that?”

“Just… He told me to put in my strength.”

“I’m going to go back.”

But it was true. The only way to escape from the 'happy clown' was to get his mind right. Because it would find the happiness that was lacking even in those who thought they were happy.

The guide for this was, of course, created by the Association Research Institute. Through many experiments, they found out that there were no conditions for the appearance of the 'Happy Clown'. This was thanks to the hard work of gardeners who were requested by the government and the Association.

And with the clowns gathered like that, the researchers were able to figure out the order and process by which this mystery inflicts damage. First, it asks, 'What is your happiness?' If you don't answer, it continues to ask questions until you do.

"wait for a sec."

"yes?"

“How many times can I do this?”

“What is it? Oh, the clown’s first question?”

“What happens if I don’t answer?”

Researchers at the association who had doubts about this immediately began an experiment.

The longest refusal to answer questions was 1000 times. The subject in question could not endure more than 1000 questions and became fascinated. It seemed that the intensity of the mental contamination increased in units of 100.

“Then what about those who became clowns?”

“Oh, I looked for some commonalities….”

“What is it?”

“It seems like these people answered insincerely.”

“What is the standard?”

“I guess you shouldn’t make fun of clowns.”

You don't have to answer at all. You can ignore it or sleep. You can answer in a defiant manner. However, if your attitude is contemptuous, disgusting, criticizing, or belittling and looking down on the other person, you will become a clown.

“It’s an unexpected benefit to learn that even those who mock clowns become clowns themselves.”

“That’s true.”

If you get past the clown's 'first question' stage, the person answering will be completely captivated.

They do not feel any sense of alienation towards the clowns that exist next to them or in their heads. They continue to interact with the clowns in that state.

The clown constantly asks the other person about the definition and value of 'happiness'. And he achieves that happiness in an unconventional way. In the process, those who do not feel any sense of alienation and become intoxicated with 'happiness' also end up becoming clowns.

“Oh, this is a bit of a disaster. Several of our researchers have gone missing….”

“Why is it that even when I look at the list, I can’t tell who’s who?”

“What’s surprising is that they only realized it was missing now.”

“It’s refreshing to feel ‘naturalness’ like this.”

During the experiment, many researchers 'went missing'. It seemed that some of the researchers 'went missing' due to those who held a grudge against the clown who was making the test subjects 'happy'.

The researchers knew full well that their colleague had disappeared while they were conducting the experiment, but they did not realize it until after the experiment was over. No, they did realize it, but they just let it go.

“If a coworker suddenly disappears in the middle of the workday, it’s hard to react immediately. If that were possible, I would have been able to check the process through which the missing people disappear, but this is a bit of a waste.”

“I guess that’s the point… It’s a really troubling mystery that it’s hard to respond immediately even when an abnormality occurs. It’s not that you can’t recognize it, nor that you can forget it even after seeing it.”

“You just lose interest altogether. Oh, it’s gone? Oh, I see. That’s possible. You just think that and leave it at that? In some ways, it’s more of a headache than memory distortion.”

The fact that memories are distorted is a hint in reverse. If you see something and forget it, you can go back and look at the gap. If you don’t recognize it, you can feel a sense of discomfort. However, if you don’t pay attention even though you know it clearly… it’s a bit fatal for someone who handles information.

“This is why I am not qualified to be an association researcher.”

“…It’s a bit tricky, isn’t it?”

“This is going to turn around….”

This was also the case for the government's information and communications security team.

“If you have all the information but don’t know what’s important, why should you stay on this team? That’s why I brought my resignation letter. Please accept it.”

“You dare to go out during this busy time? No way. You have to work overtime with me. Let’s dig into the association research center a bit more. At this rate, I won’t be ashamed to face the President.”

It was not only a matter of hurting one's pride, but also a truly dangerous one. The most important thing for those who deal with information is to use that information appropriately. Aren't they the ones who have to transform the crude raw material of a log into a beautiful sculpture?

But this meant that they were just carrying logs and lining them up on the store display stand. In short, this meant that the business was on the verge of failure.

“…….”

And the president of the association, Dan Hae-ra, also heard about this.

“…It’s fun, I like it.”

Her face didn't look at all amused or pleased, but her secretary simply lowered her head, knowing that it was just one of the association president's usual sayings.

The association president, who had been blinking his eyes as if he was thinking, soon continued speaking.

“It seems that our dear teacher has caused the split. Otherwise, he wouldn’t be this aggressive. Moreover, this damage didn’t happen in a dream….”

“…….”

“More than anything, ordinary citizens are also trembling in fear. The number of missing people so far is already close to 400. The number of clowns has increased accordingly. This isn’t something that can be solved by controlling the citizens, right?”

“Chairman, please give the order….”

“First, let’s contact the guild leader, Jeong Hae-un.”

Dan Hae-ra drew a mechanical smile.

“I wonder how much that kid helped here.”

“……!”

“Just in case, I’ll make a wanted poster in advance.”

“…Yes, I understand.”

“But we still have a friendship, so we should talk about it, right?”

It was said that friends grow through fighting. Danhae did not completely agree with that, but this ambiguous expression was always suitable as an excuse. She rolled her black eyes.

How can this weak humanity overcome this 'education'?

“…Please contact the collector as well.”

“Yes, Mr. Chairman.”

“Things are getting really interesting.”

I don't know why, but the collectors have been noisy lately.

“I guess it really is divided.”

If you do it right, it looks like you might be able to get some help from 'Geo's Portrait'.

“If possible, I would like to talk to Sergio Hunter, but I don’t know if that’s possible.”

“I will do my best to make it happen.”

“Okay, I’ll look forward to it. We don’t have much time….”

If we left it like this for another month, half of South Korea would be covered in clowns. It was absurd that our country, known as a hunter powerhouse, would have the jewel box that I had cherished and polished so much destroyed.

I wanted to overcome this incident called Danhae well. So, later on… .

“…….”

Later?

“……?”

Was there something you wanted to do?

* * *

An error occurred

“Oh, wait a minute.”

Error message■

“Yes.”

■■ ■■

“Just a little more quietly….”

…….

“Very good.”

It's fun

“Be lovely.”

At the smile of the garden, the system warned.

George

“Yes, Mr. Geo.”

This is not right

you are covering me

I don't like it

“I’m surprised you still have a heart.”

Of course I am

I made a slip of the tongue

But my portrait is

That won't be the case

“It’s pitiful.”

George loved the existence of this very much.

It was beautiful, elaborate, and delicate. It was an illusion made from the most perfect human beings of all time. It was Noah's Ark, created

through someone's sacrifice.

Sacrificing a cow for the sake of the generation, isn't that a pretty good excuse?

“You know very well what is right. Yes, of course. You have very good eyes. Whatever you see, you know its value, its destiny, its justice….”

George

“But in the end, you are nothing more than an emotionless illusion. Who can call yourself master? Can you go back to the way you were even if you were to merge again? Probably not.”

George

“Weren’t they disgusting?”

It was the right thing to do

The system 'explained'.

It was necessary

My existence is beneficial to humanity

The system is the right thing to do

Of course, George didn't like it very much.

"…well…."

What on earth is right?

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (345)

345

Episode 345

Here is a person whose bowl was so big that it became a disaster.

On the day when a great upheaval came to the world, Sergio, who should have simply acquired the skill of 'drawing', became a completely different being.

Whether he was lucky or not, he managed to reach the source through a series of truly absurd coincidences. And with that ability, he was able to escape the fire on the day of the Great Calamity.

Together with his disciple, inside the landscape painting he had drawn.

“…Seo, teacher?”

“…….”

“Here….”

“Do it.”

He looked at the student before panicking.

“Are you okay?”

"…are you okay."

“Okay then.”

Perhaps Sergio should have been prepared from that moment on. From that first moment, when he knew clearly how much the student named Dan Hae-ra looked at Sergio with awe.

But Sergio was also quite confused at that time. He was not as flawless and perfect as Dan Hae-ra thought. Sergio had to be confused by the part of the forest that seemed to have been cut off and the cabin in the middle of it.

The sky was black, without a trace. Once you left the forest, darkness filled the air, and the cabin was empty with white space. It was a world that felt strange and uncomfortable.

‘… This is fun.’

So maybe that's why I filled it in harder.

But that was a little later, and Sergio left the school with his students when the lights seemed to have gone out. And he realized that the world was doomed. It was an absurd story, but he slowly adapted to the changed world with the people around him.

In the process, perhaps naturally, Sergio stood out too much.

“Please hug me just once.”

“Please, perform a miracle, have mercy.”

“I need your flesh and blood.”

Here is a person whose bowl was so big that it became a disaster.

Sergio's power was particularly great among the 'new humans'. People often called him a god, nature, or a devil, not a human. And the aftereffects of that power extended not only to Sergio, but also to his three closest disciples.

Sergio thought it was a pity at the time.

“Why do you just leave those kids alone?!”

“Teacher, that’s not true. That would be presumptuous.”

“Can’t we just banish him…?”

“I have a favor to ask.”

In the end, Danhae smiled and said this.

“Can you just pretend you don’t see what we’re doing?”

“…….”

At that time, Sergio almost fainted. What on earth was he asking his teacher for? It was like a scene from a thriller movie, and he was genuinely scared.

“You shouldn’t have said anything.”

“But you know everything, teacher, everything.”

“I don’t have that kind of ability….”

“You always say that.”

“…….”

“But you still love us the most, Teacher.”

Sergio was on the verge of fainting at the sight of Dan Hae-ra saying that she would commit murder or something worse in front of that young student.

'Have I been living my life wrong?'

It was so scary that it almost felt like a revolving lantern. It wasn’t

obvious because of the stiff muscles on his face, but he was really scared. Sergio instinctively felt that this change in his students was his fault.

Of course, it could be a problem of the changed environment, but the biggest influence was from Sergio. To be exact, it was the influence of the power he possessed. They were gradually changing into a 'new human race', or something more advanced.

“…It’s scary.”

Even if you haven't awakened, your abilities will become stronger. You'll see others as uncivilized beings, or you'll make predictions out of nowhere. It's hard to simply dismiss that as 'because the world has changed.'

It was gradually moving away from being 'human'.

'It's because of me.'

Maybe he made all the people who demanded so much from him do so too.

In this way, Sergio realized the danger to himself. He judged that if things continued this way, it would be a natural disaster worse than a catastrophe that even he could not handle. It could be like the disaster caused by numerous gods looking at each other at once.

Sergio, who had thought about it that far, felt extremely burdened. So he tried to hide it somehow. He did, but…

“Would you mind hiding that, sir?”

“Go ahead, you’re right.”

Even if you build a dam on the already overflowing water, can you hide its aftermath?

This was separate from Sergio's firm belief that he was human. He had no choice but to manifest something that seemed like a 'miracle', and because of his peculiarity, various false rumors spread among the people.

“Fuck, you know what those fucking kids said…?! They said you were the cause of this disaster, you crazy kids! To the teacher!!”

“Oh… I’m surprised I had that much influence.”

“If you eat the teacher, you will gain power and become a god… and… and if you sacrifice the teacher, the world will go back to normal…!”

“No matter what, it’ll be difficult. It makes no sense that I could restore a planet by sacrificing just one of my own.”

Sergio was just saying something perfectly reasonable. Even a passing cat knew that the end of the world couldn't be caused by a single person. There was no way something so cost-effective could happen in the world.

But it seemed to the disciples that it was truly disgusting.

“…Why are we the only ones having such a hard time? Why doesn’t anything happen to you, teacher?”

“I just know that these are the times when rumors are easy to spread.”

No, that was really a big misunderstanding. Wouldn't Sergio have been scared of the whole situation?

“I’m having a hard time too.”

“That’s a lie.”

“It’s true.”

It was really scary. I was so scared that I couldn't live. There were

many people who opened their eyes wide and said that if they ate my blood and flesh, they would be able to live forever. There were even people who showed strange madness and sought to have inappropriate relationships with him.

If that weren't scary, what kind of person would be? I just understood. I knew why this happened and what I could do about it.

But until the end, the students did not believe Sergio's words because they viewed him as a perfect being.

“Let’s run away.”

“You’re not going to set fire to this place and leave, are you?”

“Yes, sir.”

“…I will believe you.”

I really believe you guys.

'The kids are scared too.'

Sergio trembled internally. He was as nervous as he could possibly be.

Those four students were the most comfortable for Sergio to deal with, and they were even greatly influenced by him, so they were the ones he had to take responsibility for. That was why he always kept them by his side, but it wasn't that he wasn't afraid. Before he knew it, they were becoming twisted.

Anyway, in the end, they ran away from that small town. It was what is commonly called a midnight escape. There were many people chasing them, but it wasn't that hard to avoid them. The problem happened next.

“You never know, people might see you and treat you that way.”

“But I don’t think it’s my job as a teacher to just stay behind.”

“You’re not just going to stay in the back. We’re worried that you’ll get hurt, that you’ll collapse again, that you’ll be treated strangely like before… We’re just so worried.”

“So you want me to just stay here? Are you serious?”

"yes."

Eventually, the students went crazy. I don't know if they even knew that I was their teacher. But like most crazy people in the world, the students confidently demanded.

“I wish you were here.”

“Well, that’s….”

“I feel uneasy because you are so kind. It’s a problem if you get hurt, but I’m also worried that you might suddenly die one day. If you die, there’s no way to turn back.”

“…What on earth do you think I am?”

It was roughly treated like cotton candy that melts when it touches water or a sand castle that crumbles when you tap it, but yeah, I knew it would turn out like this someday.

'I knew and we ran away together.'

And I had already prepared myself mentally for this a long time ago. I didn't even want to persuade them not to do it.

Because Sergio was an extremely introverted person, and his energy had been sucked to the limit.

So, it was better. A life spent cooped up in a room, cooking, and

making weapons without seeing people's faces was a great windfall for Sergio, who had acquired the power of 'drawing'.

“…….”

However, I was a little worried about my students. I wondered if they would be okay if they came to their senses later and woke up in a blanket.

If you look at this guy, he might have an accident and die, so he's trying to protect the puffer fish in a safe tank, but Sergio was an adult who was old enough to live.

'If I realize anew how ridiculous it is to treat a dark adult like me in that way, it will be difficult for it to end with a minor embarrassment... .'

Since they were my disciples, I asked them once with the generosity of an adult.

“You won’t regret it, right?”

“Of course, sir.”

"okay?"

It's very okay.

Therefore, the dark history of those who will live in the distant future is no longer Professor Sergio's responsibility. He felt much more at ease.

“Then let’s do that.”

“Are you okay?”

“How can I break your stubbornness?”

Ah, I really tried to live diligently, but my disciples told me to rest. There's nothing I can do about it.

Sergio obediently went to his room with that thought in mind. The students liked it, and Sergio liked it even more. It was truly a deal that was not a deal, but a win-win.

However, Sergio was not only responsible for supplying food and weapons.

'We need to fix the kids' minds.'

Looking closely, it was clear that if left as is, there was no telling when it would be fixed. Intervention was needed.

It was Sergio's fault that the students were going crazy. No matter how much he enjoyed being a freeloader in the back of the room, that was one thing and this was another. Sergio tried to conduct research to turn them back into 'humans' without telling the students.

‘It’s already quite influenced by me, so it’ll be hard to completely cut it off…’

Shouldn't we at least allow them to have a social life?

'If this continues, my ordinary room will become the Demon King's castle.'

And these bastards will become the Four Heavenly Kings who worship the good me as their Demon King.

I thought it was just a joke and it didn't matter, but if you're seriously into that kind of role-playing after you're over 20, then there's a problem. The belated chuunibyou was so hopeless that there was no use for it.

'Me and my students have to find a way to stay sane somehow.'

So what I'm trying to say is this.

It was necessary

The system was originally created to meet Sergio's needs.

My existence is beneficial to humanity

The system could serve as an excellent teaching aid.

The system is the right thing to do

Sergio decided so.

In other words, the teacher was not angry with his students.

* * *

…By the way, Geo doesn’t know all these facts!

“Teacher? System teacher?”

…….

“Isn’t there something we should share? Things have been going so strangely, and you really still have nothing to say to me, sir?”

…….

“I really like this life where I have a full stomach and a warm back, so I don’t know if I’m a clone or a split personality or what, but if things have come to this, shouldn’t there be something that I, who is doing my job, deserve?”

…….

“Oh, God of Heaven and Earth, how can you be so reserved?”

It was already certain that the system would be 'Sergio'. Geo poked the system's side, but it did not respond.

The creatures inside the portrait and the native monsters of the Earth

were so well described, but he was such a capricious person.

Why on earth is that?

“Hmm, maybe my students did something so wrong back then that I shouldn’t have known… or maybe it was something so bad that I would have lost interest in them if I found out?”

“Kung?”

“But what about the sins and deeds of my students? I know myself, Mr. System. My indecisiveness does not change based on the severity of someone’s sin.”

“Gulp….”

“What the heck? Why are you doing this? Do you just hate me?”

Well, if you talk about the system, it's no different from the teacher on Earth. Since he's so busy, it might feel unpleasant to see Geo just enjoying life in the portrait.

As for Sergio, I couldn't help but think, 'How can it be that bad?' But as for 'System Teacher', it could be different.

“If this is the case, I really have no choice but to do whatever I want.”

“Gulp!”

“Yes, I hope you won’t regret it.”

In the end, Geo drew a picture.

“Is this right….”

Once again, it was 'The Garden of Delights'.

* * *

The collector was more than happy to take offense at the 'happy clown' turn of events.

“I am a person who enjoys interesting variables, but I do not want this jewel box called Earth to be ruined. In that sense, ‘happy clowns’ are the ones who are detrimental to my enjoyment.”

Visabal reached out to the association, saying such nonsense.

“We can help you, Chairman.”

“I can’t tell you how happy I am that you have volunteered so willingly.”

“I am truly honored to hear you say so.”

“In that sense, could I get some help from Sergio Hunter?”

Danhae said that the time had come to fight.

“I would like to have the opportunity to make a request to the Black Cloak.”

It wasn't just the divinity in the black silk cloak who had such contact.

The association staff visited both the Sun Church, which can be considered the representative religion of South Korea, and the Moon Church, which had been in hiding for some time. They even contacted the God of Death, who is known to not enjoy interfering with the world.

And through all this, there was one person who was particularly quiet.

“…Has anyone seen the guild leader lately?”

“You’re a very elusive person.”

“No, there’s a strange rumor going around.”

“That’s a strange rumor?”

“This is a rather serious matter….”

Jeong Hae-woon's guild member said this with an anxious face.

“…There’s a story that the clown was created by the guild leader.”

It was the beginning of a conflict.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (346)

346

Episode 346

Unfortunately, Jeong Hae-un did not deny it.

“So, why?”

Danhae laughed at that.

“It’s sad.”

“Is the sadness you feel real?”

“I also feel hostility towards me.”

“Don’t worry, it’s just hostility towards us.”

“That’s why there’s no benefit to regaining memories.”

“But isn’t it a good thing? The system still exists, so people are less confused.”

“Aha, indeed.”

I understood the situation called Danhae.

“So now even the system can’t be trusted?”

The 'price' that Jeong Hae-un had paid was returned. So there should have been a clear error in the system, but for some reason, there was

no sign of the system being broken. In other words, 'George' had tampered with the system.

And that 'George' was now thinking of turning humanity into clowns. In other words, he was the enemy of humanity, so the system he had influenced was no longer to be trusted.

I thought that the garden that resembled that human named Danhae was very meticulously prepared.

“I think they really want to take the system away from the people.”

“I should have done this a long time ago, I should have started from the beginning.”

“Unfortunately, I still can’t sympathize with you because I don’t remember the ‘teacher’ part. I’m still against it. People still need a system.”

“Are you really going to regret this later?”

“You know, that’s for later. I decided to do that a long time ago.”

So she only dreamed of a future hundreds of years from now. She and all the other symbols of eternity did the same. They wanted to commit all the sins they could commit right now so they could get a comfortable future sooner.

Jeong Hae-woon was silent for a while.

“…I really don’t know what to say.”

“Oh my, isn’t that a rather rare thing for you?”

“Why did we end up like this?”

“I didn’t think things would have changed that much since before, but I guess that’s not what you think.”

“Just know this, you’re going to regret it so much.”

“I guess so, since you wouldn’t lie.”

“Sing it, you….”

Jeong Hae-woon, who had been silent for a moment, soon smiled brightly.

“I understand that I become a 5th class citizen because of this.”

“I don’t think it’s worth falling that far into the abyss. We are, after all, the ‘symbol of eternity.’”

“Hey, come on, okay? This is actually ridiculous. Dividing people into classes and discriminating against them. Shit, is this the world we wanted to rebuild? Probably not.”

“To be exact, it’s an intermediate step toward that destination, and you agreed to it.”

“I am no longer the ‘symbol of eternity.’”

“…….”

Dan Hae-ra was the first to show a big reaction. The smile that was always drawn on her face like a machine disappeared, and her eyes filled with cold surprise turned to Jeong Hae-woon. Dan Hae-ra blinked and said.

“…I didn’t notice that.”

“Think about why you did that. If it was all your power, how could you not have known until it got to this point? How could you not have known that I was released from my promise?”

“Isn’t this my strength?”

“We are not properly awakened.”

Jeong Hae-woon's smile distorted.

“It’s the power I gained by ripping off our poor teacher.”

“…….”

“What is the S-class hunter? Do you know?”

There has always been discussion among people about what the conditions for an S-class are. However, even the renowned association research institute has not been able to figure out the conditions. However, now Jeong Hae-woon has found out.

Because George had told him.

“All the bastards who suck other people’s backbones are S-class.”

The symbol of eternity came from his teacher, and Bishabal got his power from the bond dragon that touched the source. All S-classes in the world were made in this way. Something was taken from the most noble, the strongest, and the most beautiful.

“So now you can kill me.”

“…I need you, Haeun-ah.”

“How can I live like this for hundreds or thousands of years? It’s only been a little over 30 years, and I’m already sick of it.”

“People need us.”

“Let’s not live like this, Danhae.”

Eventually, the smile disappeared from Jeong Hae-woon's face, and only a distorted expression remained as if he was about to cry.

“…….”

Jeong Hae-woon, who seemed like he was going to say something, ended up biting his lips and disappeared.

Dan Hae-ra, who was standing alone in the association office, thought about the empty space for a moment. The association staff who noticed the strangeness late came running to ask how he was doing, but he did not listen well.

Only after a long time did Dan Hae-ra mutter.

“…What did it feel like?”

I wanted to erase my memories little by little, but it was too bad that I couldn't do that. I felt this unpleasant feeling even though I didn't want to get anything out of the promise right now.

In the end, Danhae had no choice but to admit that she had been running away using her 'promise' as an excuse.

* * *

“What are you drawing now?”

Yoo Seong-un asked while looking at Geo's canvas.

“It seems like it’s taking longer than usual to finish.”

“I think it takes time because I have to visualize the unconscious that I am not very aware of. It is a bit more difficult than just drawing what I imagine.”

“Unconscious….”

He immediately understood what my portrait was saying. He could tell from the very title, “The Garden of Delights.” He was painting “George.”

He had already received a gift called 'Meteor Cloud' once, so he couldn't not know. Geo drew a picture that was so unique that it was clear who it was, even though it wasn't a portrait.

“By the way, Giovanni, didn’t you say that you once painted a sea named after mermaids?”

“Yes, I did. It was a sea painting with handmade paints that I brought with me and worked on with our mermaids. Aria and Isser….”

The mermaid's tail swayed in the shadows cast under the canvas. It seemed like a pleasant reaction to have her 'name' called after a long time, but Yoo Seong-un felt a slight eerieness within it.

Seriously, this is really just my imagination. For some reason, I felt like I had seen something similar when Geo was cleaning seafood before. The seafood was clearly dead, but still moving with nerves.

'I know it's a rude analogy, but it just naturally brought back memories of that time.'

Is it because they are living, yet dead beings? They are stuffed together with Geo. They react and move as if they are alive, but aren't they ultimately mermaids in some kind of hell?

As Yoo Seong-un smiled vaguely, Geo looked up at him.

“What’s the matter?”

“Um, no. I was just thinking about your afterlife.”

“It sounds a bit grand when you say the afterlife.”

“Well… I wonder where the grand part is.”

Anyway, isn't it true that the world where dead souls gather is the same? People called it the afterlife. It's not something grandiose or anything, it's just an objective fact.

'Still strict about descriptions and expressions that make it seem like he's not human.'

Fortunately, it was a consistent source.

“Anyway, what are you drawing? Oh, I know you’re drawing Mr. George right now. But this is unlike any landscape painting I’ve ever seen….”

Flowers, jewels, and butterflies. A collection of things that humans commonly find beautiful. Arranged in a chaotic manner, it sometimes looked like a study, or a person, or an animal, or a huge castle.

Considering that all Geo had drawn up until now had been landscapes, this was a unique thing.

“In many ways, this ‘Geo’ seems different.”

“That’s why I think it’s even more difficult to draw.”

“I don’t even know what I recognize as this.”

“In the end, it’s Mr. George.”

“Well, I guess that’s what it must be like.”

How should I report this?

Even though the collector entered the second code, the basic structure of the company was maintained. The intensity of the existing work was reduced, but Yoo Seong-un, who was hired as a curator, still had to do his work as a curator, and the same goes for the report on 'Portrait of Geo'.

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“…Is this by any chance a dungeon that we humans must enter?”

His portraits are usually drawn for specific occasions. The first is when he searches for 'Geo'. The second is when he creates a dungeon that humans can pass through in connection with that 'Geo'.

“It looks really difficult to get in.”

“But since the leader of the Visabal Guild is also showing a positive attitude, I dare say that it won’t be that difficult.”

“Our guild leader is truly a special person….”

“I can’t guarantee that there will be no sacrifices. That is a matter for Mr. George’s discretion. I am only asking that you resolve it.”

“You opened such a difficult path.”

“I didn’t know Mr. George would hate the state of the Earth so much. I apologize for that.”

“I wonder if this is something you should apologize for, but anyway… this is also a type of apology, right?”

In any case, AS was a clear portrait. Strictly speaking, it could be said that the situation arose because ‘Geo’s portrait’ had called in George, but Yoo Seong-un did not think that it was Geo’s fault.

'If I think about the situation now, he must have come to me eventually.'

A mystery that did not give up its human self despite being forcibly tied to the source. There was no way that such a being would not seek out Geo, the eye of the source, and from the beginning, this guy was not the type to choose and accept any 'Geo'.

So, in reality, this incident was a problem caused by George's choice of 'Geo'. They could both be the same mystery that is meaningless to distinguish, but Yoo Seong-un decided to blame it on George for now.

'Anyway, there is nothing wrong with my work.'

It was an idea that could almost be considered a model for curators.

'First of all, I understand George's position.'

It's not like it's something a reckless child would do, it's just a normal, reasonable task.

‘In the process, some people may go missing or die…’

Although there were about 500 innocent and innocent victims, the temper of the mystery was relatively mild. From the perspective of a curator and gardener, I understood both the human side that needed the system and the garden side that wanted to get rid of it.

'But our guild leader, no matter what his intentions are, seems to have decided to side with the humans on the outside.'

As for Yoo Seong-un, he simply followed the order for the time being. Moreover, didn’t Geo also hope that there would be no innocent victims?

Yoo Seong-un, who had been admiring Geo's painting in silence for a while, soon opened his mouth.

“…Hmm, is Mr. George a bit of a twisted person?”

“I guess the picture is difficult to understand?”

“If I had to be specific, it seems close to surrealism.”

But it was like a landscape painting, and a portrait. I couldn't even guess what would happen if I went inside. Maybe some people go crazy just by looking at this painting.

‘… After everything is over, should I ask Geo to quarantine me?’

Isn't that one of the purposes of a collector? To isolate dangerous works from the world. In Yoo Seong-un's eyes, the work Geo was drawing right now was worth it.

‘It might be a little difficult to let it wander the world like my previous works… .’

It was a decision that was made in the mind of 'Portrait of Geo', but it seemed okay to bring it up once. Thinking so, Yoo Seong-un looked at Dana, who was lying quietly at her father's feet.

It blinked and looked at the meteor cloud.

"…? huh?"

Oh, wait a minute.

“…Hmm? Huh? Huh?”

“Why are you doing that?”

“Dana doesn’t yawn when she sees me anymore, even though she’s this close.”

“Could it be that Dana has adapted to Mr. Yoo Seong-un?”

“Was this really the problem?”

“What Mr. Yoo Seong-un is worried about will not happen.”

“I’m a bit scared, Geo.”

What is this going to happen in the future, or in the next life? Yoo Seong-un lamented loudly, but he knew it was too late to back out. He sighed and looked at Dana.

Her jewel eyes sparkled as she stared at the meteor cloud.

“…….”

Suddenly, somewhat unexpectedly, Yoo Seong-un felt a sense of foreboding.

“…It’s late to say this, but you look quite a bit like Mr. George. Dana.”

“Because he is my child.”

“Was Dana a monster that lived in the veins of jewels?”

“Yes, that’s right.”

“By any chance that….”

Yoo Seong-un looked at Geo's unfinished work. It felt like a bit of deja vu, but in the end, Yoo Seong-un ended up asking a meaningless question.

“…It has nothing to do with Mr. George, right?”

“Do you wish so?”

“Then what’s different?”

“That is also at Mr. George’s discretion.”

“This is driving me crazy.”

He laughed hollowly.

“It feels like I met a teacher who really goes over the material right before the test.”

“I would like to tell you that it is not entirely wrong.”

“Well then, I guess I just hope it’s not a failing grade.”

* * *

A few days later, the 'Garden of Delights' opened.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (347)

347

Episode 347

Cha Eun-hyuk really tried not to pretend to know.

“…….”

If only one of his brothers had gone missing and another had not been a target of this expedition.

“Fuck.”

Let's take a closer look at how things got to this point.

First of all, Cha Ara, who went on a business trip to earn money, went missing. I don't know if she was a clown or something like the rumors that have been spreading these days, but one thing is certain: our second child has disappeared.

When I listened to the story of the association staff who informed me of the situation, it was said that the entire team, including Cha Ara, had disappeared inside the dungeon. Then, I couldn't help but wonder if it was related to the clown, but what if this was someone's 'happiness'?

It is possible that the clown named Cha-Ara was harmed in the process of granting wishes.

'I have to tell this to Chae Sol. I have to tell him.'

Our youngest child has a runny nose.

He is quite talented, and people call him a genius here and there, but he is still a child. He is too young. If possible, I didn't want to tell anyone about this incident, but objectively speaking, the youngest, Chae Sol, is stronger than Cha Eun Hyuk himself.

It wasn't that he was trying to pass the burden on just because he was capable. But if he hid all of this and later on, when things really went wrong, Chae Sol would complain, "I could have helped, so why didn't you tell me?" Cha Eun Hyuk would have nothing to say.

'He's a first-class citizen and a priest of the Sun Church… Chae Sol might feel a sense of responsibility. No matter how young he is, he's not the type of person to turn a blind eye to harm to his family. So, no. But even so… .'

And before Cha Eun-hyeok could make a decision about it, he received a call.

—Hyung! I was selected to participate in the newly opened dungeon!

“…Why on earth? Why is there so little talent in the Solar Church?”

-huh!

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok was speechless at the youngest's bright answer. Then he started cursing the incompetent priests of the Solar Church. What are these grown men doing not protecting their precious prospective priests?

-Our teacher was really angry, but he said there was nothing he could do.

“If you are a teacher… Are you sure you are talking about Priest Kang

Seo-dam?”

Is it because a pair of prospective priests who are showing unusual results in the religious community have appeared? Recently, Father Kang Seo-dam said that he has been taking care of the two young priests almost exclusively.

'If the issue continues even though he was angry and opposed it, then there's nothing I can do about it. Even within the church, Father Kang Seo-dam is not a pushover...'

Kang Seo-dam was a young but powerful priest. There seemed to be some priests who disliked his strictness and morality, but Kang Seo-dam was strong enough to completely suppress them. However, as expected, his power to speak was limited because he was young.

Kang Seo-dam is the type who rarely raises his voice. Seeing that he was 'angry' to the point that Chae Sol could tell, it must mean that he tried his best but couldn't stop her.

Cha Eun-hyuk seemed to be going a little crazy.

“…….”

-brother?

“Isol-ah.”

-Hey, what's going on?

“Your sister is missing.”

-Huh.

In the end, Cha Eun-hyuk decided not to hide the truth.

“Let me tell you in advance, I just recently heard this news. I’m just telling you this in case you hear this news individually later and think

about it on your own, which might make you do something wrong.”

-I see. Should I summon Geo-hyung first?

“If you just summon God like that, no, no. Ha… I’m not completely unrelated to him either, so I’ll try contacting him first.”

It's a situation where you don't know whether your family is alive or dead. It would be a lie to say that you don't want to seek help from an omnipotent and omniscient God right now, but one of Cha Eun-hyeok's strengths is that he can grasp the subject.

Although Cha Eun-hyeok seemed to be receiving some favor from the Black Cloak, it was due to the nature of the being that gave gifts to the good and punishment to the evil. If he dared to use the Black Cloak as he pleased, he could have angered the divinity.

Cha Eun-hyeok was so shocked by the disappearance of his precious younger brother that he was almost blind, but from the perspective of the Black Cloak, he was just one of the many people who sought his help. How many people have sought God’s help for the safety of their families?

'First of all, Mr. Yoo Seong-un said that any favor bestowed by the divine has side effects in some way. That's why he said that trading is the most common and safest form of exchange.'

This was true not only for Cha Eun-hyeok, a civilian, but also for Cha Sol, who was so precious that he could be called an apostle. The divine was great, and humans were weak. No matter how much Cha Sol was a talented person loved by the gods, he was not at a level that surpassed the limits of humanity.

So, even if he asked for help, it shouldn't be done directly. That would be too presumptuous for a mere human being. Cha Eun-hyeok thought about it and tried to think about what to do next.

“Isn’t it true that Father Kang Seo-dam is also included in this trip? He wouldn’t be the type of person to rest alone while leaving his students behind.”

-Ah… That’s right, you decided to go together.

“Yes, listen to him carefully. You really have to listen carefully. Don’t just rush to the center of the dungeon like you did during the last mermaid incident. I believe you definitely learned something from that incident. Don’t you?”

-But, but… Then, my sister… .

“You have to save face, Isul-ah. If I leave this to you, what will I become?”

Cha Eun-hyuk tried to speak calmly.

“No matter how strong you are, you are still our younger sibling, and you are still too young. Your talent is so great that you must have received a lot of praise from the school. Since you are recognized for that much, I guess they included you in this competition. Is that right?”

—… Are you still worried?

“…….”

Before he could say a few more words, Chae Sol had already struck him down. The youngest, Chae Sol, was surprisingly quick-witted despite her bright way of thinking, and was also very perceptive. Cha Eun Hyuk, who was speechless for a moment, calmly continued to speak.

“Yeah, so please take care of yourself.”

-I'll be as careful as possible.

“I’m not telling you not to get hurt, because I know what a hunter’s life is like. But I feel better knowing that you said you’d be careful first. Thank you.”

—Be careful, hyung… I’ll do whatever I need to, so if you find out new information, you have to tell me. Even if you tell me, I won’t cause trouble. I absolutely won’t. So… .

"okay."

After exchanging a few more words of greeting and concern, the call was quickly disconnected. Judging from the various voices heard over the phone, it seemed that the Sun's Order was also quite confused by this incident.

“…It’s not that scary….”

There were too many victims. And everyone recognized the damage. Clowns have tried to define human 'happiness' countless times, but happiness is a subjective concept that is not easy to define.

Someone's happiness caused a perfectly good person to fall from a building and die. Someone's happiness caused someone who was somehow living their life to hang themselves. Someone's happiness tore the limbs of an innocent person apart.

'There was a lot of damage besides this.'

'Happiness' that promotes the collapse of society even if it does not directly harm human life. The government and the association tried to minimize the damage by controlling citizens and the mystery, but in the end, the situation came to this point.

'So it seems like you've decided to seek help from the gods.'

They judged that this was a situation that could not be resolved with human power alone. No, even if there was a way to do so, they judged

that they did not have the luxury of going that far. In addition, a dungeon that was clearly related to the clown had been opened, so they needed to take action as quickly as possible.

'Receiving divine help will have many side effects, and seeing the higher-ups who know this so well are contacting various religious groups so openly... I can definitely feel that the situation is serious.'

I've already heard that this dungeon was opened by 'Black Cloak'. The way it took the form of a picture in a frame was so distinct that it would have been impossible not to recognize who it was. Yes, that would be right.

Cha Eun-hyuk stood still, slowly taking stock of the situation.

"……."

And then I cried a little.

"…Why are you doing this to us…."

What did I do wrong to be like this?

'Our children lived so well, and all we get in return is something like this. Why?'

I knew that the world didn't revolve around right and wrong, but I still felt resentful for no reason. Only negative thoughts kept coming to my mind.

What if Cha Ara had been sacrificed for someone else's happiness? What if Cha Sol had died in this war? Cha Eun Hyuk hurriedly packed his luggage with trembling hands.

'No, it's okay.'

Even though she is the weakest among the hunters, Cha-Ara has a strong will to live. I am worried because she has a wide forehead, but

she will still try her best to survive.

Chae Sol was the same. The kind youngest child knew very well how much despair his family would fall into if he did something wrong.

'Everything will be okay.'

Eunhyuk Cha raised his head after putting on his outerwear and finishing packing his luggage.

'So I have to try too.'

The only 'strength' that Cha Eun-hyeok possesses is that he is neither a proper veteran gardener, nor a hunter who can handle skills, nor does he have great power or money.

“…I should do what I can do.”

I'll pretend not to know. I'll pretend not to know anything, but I still have to save people, don't I? It was a very obvious fact that my family was included among those 'people'.

One day, Cha Eun-hyeok called out to the youngest son about the picture of the black cloak he had drawn.

“Mr. Geo.”

“Are you ready for work?”

"yes."

“I’m telling you in advance, you can rest today.”

“I don’t like it.”

This was not 'Sergio Hunter'. It was not 'Black Cloak' who gave him the chance to end this situation. This person who was imitating the pitch-black divinity right in front of me was someone Cha Eun-hyeok knew

very well.

It was because of the scent of flowers.

“Mr. George, where are you working today?”

“Our Eunhyuk Cha strangely knows me too well….”

The two-legged garden answered.

“Do you remember that I am a gardener?”

“Of course.”

“And we always had a food stall in the garden or in the dungeon.”

“I know that too.”

“So this time it won’t be much different.”

“I heard a new dungeon has opened.”

“I will introduce ‘The Garden of Pleasure’ to Eunhyuk Cha.”

The garden burst into laughter as if it was playing a prank.

“Oh, I think I already introduced you…?”

“I guess so.”

The place of work this time was the 'Garden of Pleasures'. It seemed to be the entity called 'George' itself.

And then you.

“…….”

Did you hurt my brother?

* * *

So, George sent only Cha Eun-hyeok to work and leisurely disappeared, but the problem was that Geo himself did not know about this fact.

In other words, it was only natural that 'Sergio Hunter', who had come out to social life for the first time in a long time, would be flustered when he saw Cha Eun-hyeok lying around in the dungeon that he had created.

"……?"

"Huh?"

Yoo Seong-un, who was next to Geo, was also flustered. He was so flustered that he thought for a moment that he was hallucinating. However, no matter how many times he looked at the other person, he was not a hallucination, but the real person.

Yoo Seong-un was startled by the appearance of a civilian who had fallen into the dungeon/garden that Black Cloak had personally created, and asked.

"Why is Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok here?"

"Yes, that's why I'm here."

"What kind of professionalism do you have to keep a food stall running on a day like this?"

"I don't know either…."

Cha Eun-hyeok was sitting in the food stall with a relieved expression on his face. The members of the collectors' guild, who had been able to enter the depths of the garden thanks to the efforts of the Sergio Hunter, also looked flustered.

"Tea, Mr. Cha Eun-hyuk…?"

“I heard that this place is a garden, not a normal dungeon.”

“Even if your workplace is a garden, isn’t it a bit too much to continue doing business in this chaotic place?”

“Why are you here…? Are you okay? Are you in your right mind?”

Meanwhile, only Bisabal was smiling brightly.

“Since we’ve already met, can I have a bungeoppang?”

“Oh, yes, please have some.”

“How much will it cost?”

“In the past, I would have sold it for money….”

As Cha Eun-hyeok trailed off with a bitter smile, Bisabeol smiled brightly. It seemed that Cha Eun-hyeok was running a food stall alone in this metaphysical garden, which was funny.

“Aha, you came out today to volunteer?”

“I became a semi-forced volunteer. Normally, my boss, George, would collect the money, but as you can see, he didn’t show up for work today. There was no way to collect the money, and now there’s no reason to do it.”

“What a cruel boss, leaving such a weak employee in this mess and disappearing.”

“That’s true. Leaving a weak person like me who would fly away if you blow on him… Ha….”

“Oh my, that’s wrong.”

Bisabul nodded at Cha Eunhyuk, who seemed to be screaming silently, whether it was crying, indignant, or both. Then he looked back

at his subordinates and said innocently.

“It looks like a perfect safe zone has been created!”

“Now that I look at it, you seem to lack humanity.”

The collection staff thought about the calm analysis of 'Sergio Hunter'.

'I can't find it even if I just look.'

'Did you realize too late that you are not human?'

'At this point, you can say it's genetic.'

It was an absurd situation in many ways. Since the executives were gathered, they also knew the general identity of 'Cha Eun-hyeok'. Like, he was doing business in a safe zone with a human-shaped garden.

But even Cha Eun-hyeok was just a civilian after all. I heard that he had the qualities of a gardener, but that didn't mean he was safe in a place like this.

“Well, then first of all….”

Geo, who was rubbing his chin, smiled and said.

“Shall we sort out the situation?”

“I agree.”

Yoo Seong-un supported him like that.

“It’s already a mess, so I don’t think it needs to get any worse.”

If this chaos is already happening, isn't the future really bleak?

* * *

“…Okay, very good.”

George smiled brightly and patted Jeong Hae-woon, who was sitting on the chair.

It was an attitude similar to that of a pet dog, but Jeong Hae-woon did not object. However, he did not laugh either. If he cared, he could laugh, but he did not feel the need to care that much.

Even though he knew Jeong Hae-un was like that, George smiled happily.

“It’s finally starting, Jeong Hae-un.”

“…….”

“Thanks to you, I was able to come this far. Ah, is it because you are a gardener who knows all the mysteries of a country? Your skills in bringing chaos to the world were truly amazing.”

“…….”

“The clowns you made are really cute.”

George's face, praising Jeong Hae-un, looked like that of a person in love.

“I was really happy….”

"…under."

Jeong Hae-woon burst into laughter at the sweet misanthropy displayed among the numerous clowns.

“Are you stupid?”

It was time to get as ugly as possible.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (348)

348

Episode 348

The collection store employees nodded their heads as soon as they heard Cha Eun-hyeok's story.

“In this day and age, it would be understandable to be anxious if a family member went missing like that.”

“I don’t recommend entering a dungeon as a civilian, but I understand that you want to try something.”

“But it hasn’t been confirmed that your brother’s disappearance was caused by a clown, so please calm down for now.”

Cha Eun-hyeok nodded at that.

“I’m… calming down.”

“It seems like you haven’t really calmed down since you came here as a civilian.”

“That was true when I first got here, but it’s been about three days since I got here. By then, I’d probably be screaming, crying, or making a scene before calming down.”

“Aha, I understand. About three days?”

The civilians who would fly away after a while were quite rational even

in this dungeon. The collector who confirmed this was satisfied without a trace. It was because if the target who had to be protected was just that calm, protection would be much easier.

This time, Eunhyuk Cha asked him.

“But is it really true that it’s been three days? It’s always so bright and shiny here that it’s hard to tell the difference between day and night, and for some reason the clock keeps ticking… I thought it was roughly three days, but I’m not sure.”

To Cha Eun-hyeok's question, 'Sergio Hunter', who had been quietly listening until now, answered.

“We don’t know the exact time either, but we thought it was around a week. That’s the time it took to enter the dungeon and get here.”

“Oh, a week…?”

“It seems quite different from the three days that Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok mentioned.”

“…No matter how out of my mind I was, I don’t confuse three days with a week. There’s also the thing called perceived time….”

“Is that so?”

Geo nodded and looked back at Yoo Seong-un.

“It seems that time is distorted in this space.”

“I was wondering why the contacts from other guilds were so chaotic, and it was as expected.”

“Is it okay if I share information with Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok?”

“Geo, if you want, by all means.”

For the hunters, civilians caught in the dungeon were the subject of unilateral protection or control. This was even more so for large corporations like them. However, that was simply an implicit rule that Geo could change at will.

“Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok is not an ordinary civilian. He is not an awakened person, but he would have been a gardener if he had been born. He is also one of the owners of the food stalls in the garden.”

“So it would be difficult to define Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok as a normal civilian. Isn’t he the only person who can create a mobile safe zone? It seems like he would be a great help in the strategy….”

“I think so too. There’s no need to go out of your way when you can help each other. I think you’re fully aware of the dangerous situations that can arise in dungeons.”

A statement that Cha Eun-hyeok should be acknowledged as a 'colleague' rather than a 'subject of control'. Yoo Seong-woon said this in order to explain the minimum legitimacy of this opinion to the members of the Collection Guild. And the members of the guild nodded.

Of course, they were capable yes-men who were always ready to follow the opinions of the guild leader, their colleagues, and the work. However, it was important to establish tacit agreement in this way, especially in a dungeon like this.

As soon as the opinions seemed to have narrowed down to one, the guild members looked at one person.

“Is that okay, Guild Leader?”

“Are you going to do everything and then leave the decision up to me?”

“Usually, we do all the paperwork and you just make the decisions.”

“Our Yoo Seong-un, you’ve become so cute.”

Bisabeol smiled contentedly. It was nice to see Yoo Seong-un's aegyo increasing recently, as he matched with 'Geo's Portrait'. If it were before, he wouldn't have said such a thing, saying he didn't want to get involved.

“I’m fine with it. Unfortunately, I rarely have the chance to go to dungeons and I’m not a gardener who can go in and out of the garden… so I don’t have any reason to visit Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok’s food stall. I can’t give up this precious experience so easily.”

Geo stepped forward for him.

“If you’re thinking of taking over someone else’s business, it’s a little difficult.”

“Oh, what could be wrong with our son? Would he be offended by meddling in the work of a human he cares about?”

“There are many factors, but first of all, the guild leader’s personality is a problem. I think it would be embarrassing to hang out with him.”

“Oh my goodness, that won’t do. I’ll try to endure it.”

It was a joke, but Geo knew it was serious and the guild members knew it. Only Cha Eunhyuk made a subtle expression, saying, "What a weird joke." Common sense tells you that you can't take away the 'food stall in the garden' and you wouldn't want to.

In any case, Cha Eun-hyeok was able to share the situation without missing anything. It was an extremely rare situation for a civilian to be treated in such a large-scale punitive operation, but it was possible because he was treated as a quasi-hunter and not a regular civilian.

“First of all, as I said earlier, our collectors have been in the dungeon

for about a week. Since they are hunters who are relatively accurate in their perception of time, there may be some errors, but I believe it is somewhat accurate.”

The one who started the explanation was 'Sergio Hunter'. The other members of the collector's guild were busy decorating the area around the safe zone without even looking in that direction, as if expressing with their whole body that they had no intention of interfering with the playful activities of such works.

Thanks to that, only Cha Eun-hyeok, Sergio, and Bisabal remained there. After confirming that Cha Eun-hyeok was concentrating on the explanation, Geo continued speaking.

“The collector has entered the advance party.”

“Surely the only people who are considered collectors are the advance team….”

“Oh, of course not. This advance party included Justitia and the hunters of the Association, as well as priests of the Dalnim Church.”

“If it’s Dalnim Church… you said it was in the process of sealing the gate?”

“That’s right, we opened our doors for a moment at the request of the Association. A total of 14 guilds also participated.”

Eunwol and Haeryeong, who had previously participated in the Gangwon-do dungeon raid, also participated.

“The day the advance party entered the dungeon was the 26th, but when was it, Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok?”

“…I don’t know if I can express this in a grand way, like entering a dungeon, but I moved on the 19th. I moved right after hearing the news of the disappearance….”

“Well, you said you moved right after you saw the news that the dungeon entrance had opened, so that would be right around that time. If that’s true, then it seems like Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok’s time was distorted as well. It’s quite different from ours.”

“You keep mentioning time distortion. Is that a feature of this garden?”

“I have to tell you that, to be exact, nothing is certain.”

Terrible uncertainty. If that was a characteristic, it was a characteristic. Geo blinked, rubbing his cheek.

“Even though I drew it, it’s strange that I don’t know how to do it….”

At Geo's words, Visabal's face brightened.

“Oh, are you going to hit me?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Um… Not yet?”

“Whatever it is, you misunderstood.”

“If that’s what our son is like, then that’s what it must be.”

"sure."

Anyway, the story continued again.

“The nature of this dungeon doesn’t end with just time distortion. It’s the same with space, and it’s even difficult to communicate normally with people’s words and actions.”

“Are you saying that words and actions are distorted? I don’t really understand what it means just by hearing it….”

“It can sound much worse or better than what you intended. I’ve seen how the speaker’s attitude can be distorted in that way, and how the

content of the speech itself can be twisted.”

“…….”

Giovanni smiled brightly at the sight of Cha Eun-hyeok remaining silent.

“Oh, don’t worry. Everything that Cha Eun-hyeok sees and hears right now is the original.”

"text…."

I was so scared that I thought someone might call me a divine being in a portrait format. If someone else had said that, I might have thought so, but it was even scarier because the other person was wearing a black cloak. Cha Eun-hyeok swept my face.

“…How can I believe that? Help me, please.”

“I think it would be best if Mr. Yoo Seong-un explained this part.”

“Ah, Mr. Yoo Seong-un…?”

“I am greatly helped by the gardener in overcoming that trait.”

“…Not Hunter Sergio?”

“I’m included, but anyway.”

Yoo Seong-un noticed Geo's gaze and came next to him.

“What, why did you call me?”

“I didn’t call you, but is it mental contamination? Has the effect of the snowfield worn off?”

“You wouldn’t be hallucinating now. But there’s no way I wouldn’t notice your gaze. What’s going on?”

“Please tell Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok about Mr. Yoo Seong-woon’s activities.”

“Uh… Is it a little embarrassing to say that?”

Yoo Seong-un rubbed his neck and looked at Cha Eun-hyeok.

“I think you’ve heard that this garden is quite wild.”

“That’s true, but… no, why are you using formal language again?”

“But there is only one power that can ignore it.”

“…That’s another power of the garden?”

“That’s right. And to a lesser extent, it also includes divine power.”

Surprisingly, I found out about this only an hour after entering the dungeon. Of course, it was a story about a collector with a 'Sergio Hunter'.

“We were able to figure it out quickly thanks to Sergio Hunter, who received revelations from the Black Cloak, but unfortunately, it seems that the other advance parties were not able to do so.”

“…It was the same?”

“Can you see that the collectors are all gathered together and walking around? We entered the dungeon at the same time, but when we actually went inside, we were all scattered. Fortunately, the members of the same guild were all together.”

“Well, but that’s a bit….”

“I guess it’s either the dungeon itself or the boss’s tricks?”

If everything was completely mixed up, then I could understand. That could be understood as a characteristic of the dungeon being

'uncertain'. However, everything else was mixed up and distorted, but the team composition of the participants was not the only one.

“We figured out that the owner of this garden was playing some kind of game. Well, what kind of game is it? It’s a survival game? It’s a crazy dungeon where the last team standing wins….”

“Is it really that serious?”

“It’s just a guess. This isn’t a normal dungeon. Even if it has some of the characteristics of a dungeon so that hunters can enter, it’s basically more like a garden. And it’s not a normal garden either, because the owner of a normal garden isn’t this serious.”

“I guess so.”

The garden was a mysterious nature. It could express itself in a similar way, but it never acted like a human being. At least, that is what gardeners on Earth have found out so far.

But perhaps because the owner of this garden was in human form, there were many variables. When Cha Eun-hyeok’s face showed embarrassment, Geo smiled gently as if he knew.

“What a peculiar friend. I have been fooled many times myself.”

From the beginning, it should have felt strange when 'The Garden of Earthly Delights' appeared as a series rather than as one work. Unlike Giovanni and Argio, who contained their hometowns in one work.

But Geo was easily fooled, thinking that it wasn't so strange for a two-legged gardener to have multiple hometowns. As long as he insisted on being human, he should have only one hometown.

From the beginning, George had come to see Geo with the intention of playing a prank.

“It seems that in a world where there is little clarity, even hunters can easily become mentally polluted and fascinated. Then, they end up becoming a part of the dungeon.”

“I’ve heard that explanation a lot.”

“After all, it’s a garden, so the fate of the people who fall into it is bound to be similar. But even this is not certain, because all methods of communication with hunters from other guilds have been confirmed to be distorted.”

It's not that the communication equipment isn't working, but now we can even see the obvious time difference.

Fortunately, after learning of the distortion, the hunters agreed to refrain from communicating with each other as much as possible and proceed with the subjugation individually in order to prevent any possible confusion.

“The primary goal of the collector is to contact the members of the guild that includes the gardener. The only place that has successfully reached an agreement is Eunwol, which has many believers, but because of the dungeon terrain….”

“…Can I meet other people?”

“It seems like it might be difficult because it’s such a large dungeon. So, in reality, this expedition should be considered as an individual battle. I’ve also conveyed the story outside the dungeon in advance.”

“This might be information for the later troops, but I’m not sure if it will be conveyed well.”

“I have borrowed the power of the garden and the divinity, so I can’t help but think as positively as possible.”

"…I…."

Eunhyuk Cha asked, wiping his face.

“…Have you ever met another team in the past week?”

“Aha, none.”

“…….”

Eunhyuk Cha, who was at a loss for words, thought for a moment and then asked again.

“Then, is there anything you’ve figured out, like, a strategy point or something? Of course, I know I’m not qualified to ask about such things… but as someone who operates a mobile safe zone, I wonder if there’s any way…”

“I can tell you as much as you want even if you don’t say so. Of course, the people who have the right to operate the mobile safe zones are mostly Junhunters. However, I don’t think that will be a satisfactory answer.”

“In what sense did you say that….”

“The nature of the dungeon also made it difficult to find any clear singular points. In a situation where it was difficult to tell if something was real or an illusion, no monsters that stood out particularly appeared.”

"ah."

Cha Eun-hyuk groaned.

“What on earth is this place, then….”

“We define it like this for now.”

Giovanni answered with his characteristically clear face.

“It’s called a war of exposure.”

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (349)

349

Episode 349

Eunwol, a guild of believers with deep ties to the Sun Church and the Moon Church.

“Jeong Yeong-won.”

"…mother."

“Hey, hey, don’t look at things like this….”

“Mom is over there….”

“Oh really, that’s fake.”

It was a group of believers who could control their powers, even if it was weak, and there was a gardener among them. Although it was the most stable combination to fight against this dungeon, the atmosphere was not very good.

“Mother, ah, my mother…!”

“How many times has this happened?”

“Ahhhh!! Let go of me, Mom…! Mom! Mom! I’m here!!”

Jeong Yeong-won, the only gardener in the team, had long been damaged by trauma despite her powers. The only person who knew

she was a gardener was the team leader who was currently holding her, but even he was now exposed.

“Mom…!!”

“This is driving me crazy.”

The team leader was half Jeong Yeong-won's guardian. Her mother, who was a gardener, one day became one with the flower garden she tended. Jeong Yeong-won inherited her will and fanaticism and became the gardener of the flower garden.

She was crying out for her mother as she looked at the human figure in the beautiful flower garden, made up of flowers. This wasn’t the first or second time. It was obvious what Jeong Yeong-won was looking at in the flower cluster.

“…Why are you so annoying, Yeongwon….”

One of the Silvermoon guild members approached and asked the team leader.

“I… How about taking a break first?”

“I’ve already rested too much.”

“It’s not just Jeong Yeong-won’s problem. The only gardener in the team is like this, so the other team members are also in bad shape.”

“Because my strongest shield is gone. Ha, I guess I’ll have to rest again….”

“The investigation is still being delayed, but if things continue this way, we will not be able to avoid total destruction. If we were true believers, we could have helped ease the burden on Jeong Yeong-won, but we are sorry.”

“No, it’s okay. There hasn’t been any major damage yet.”

One thing that could counter this dungeon was the power of another garden, and the other was the power of the divine. However, Eunwol was a gathering of believers, not a group of formal priests who could handle the divine power.

The team leader groaned as he knocked Jeong Yeong-won unconscious.

“I expected it would be a headache when I first came in as a starter, but this is a bit serious.”

In fact, entering a dungeon with this level of danger as an advance party was tantamount to risking one's life. Even though the advance party itself was unusually large, the danger did not change as long as they were scattered. No, it was even more difficult.

Yes, originally, it was said that the vanguard was half-dead, but even considering that, this was indeed difficult. The situation continued to worsen, as if someone was scheming. This was because it was not something that could be solved simply by using one's head and body.

“Isn’t our guild pretty mentally strong?”

“Well, um, I guess it’s not that low.”

“But how can it get this bad?”

It's not that I haven't been to dungeons that involved mental attacks before. And at that time, the most important thing was the hunter's own mental power and willpower. In that sense, the believers of Eunwol, who were not chosen by the gods but could borrow some of their power, were relatively strong on the inside.

But this dungeon was on a different level.

“What about the guild leader?”

“I am praying to the sun and the moon.”

“Yes, let’s pray one more time before we go. That would be good. There’s nothing better than that to get your mind back on track.”

“I will report this to the guild leader as well.”

“Fuck….”

He wiped his face as he looked at the fainted Jeong Yeong-won. He didn't show it because it was obvious that his pride was hurt, but he couldn't remember how many times his heart sank when he saw the girl he loved like a daughter struggling instead of fainting. His stomach lurched.

‘… This dungeon strikes at a person’s weakest point.’

Humans are animals with weak eyesight. First of all, this dungeon itself was beautiful and pretty. The colors were pure and shiny, and it didn't seem like it would cause any harm. The scent, the temperature, the humidity, everything was comfortable.

It opens people's hearts wide and slowly seeps in, destroying their minds. It was just like people who were addicted to drugs. Even though they went crazy and cried, they couldn't let go of that 'something'.

And in that crazy way, he says that my happiness lies there.

'It's creepy.'

This dungeon brings out the ugliest side of humanity.

“…….”

By that time, they were exhausted.

Because he had to watch the bottom of himself and his colleagues.

* * *

“…A war of revelations?”

Geo nodded to Cha Eun-hyeok’s question.

“This garden keeps provoking people. It pricks sensitive spots and leaves bait that can’t help but be harsh. When I listened to the cases of other teams, they said that they were like people addicted to highly addictive drugs.”

"…that…."

“In the end, it seemed like they were training themselves to accept the attack sweetly. Just like the ‘clowns of happiness’ endlessly asked people about happiness, they were shaking them with such twisted happiness as bait.”

“…….”

“I heard that there have already been quite a few casualties and deaths.”

Giovanni was still smiling, but Cha Eunhyuk felt that something was wrong with his temper. He had felt this way before, but it seemed like 'Giovanni' didn't like George very much.

“That’s the worst part. This garden makes it impossible to recognize an attack as an attack. In this situation, conflicts arise, people get tired, the team stagnates….”

“…I understand what you are saying.”

Eunhyuk Cha, who had been thinking for a moment, asked again.

“But I still don’t understand why the term ‘exposure war’ came up.”

“It’s literally like this. It’s about publicly revealing certain events or past

events.”

“Like the things that often happen on the Internet… like the things that happen to politicians or hunters?”

“I guess you could say they are similar.”

Geo blinked and looked into Cha Eun-hyuk’s eyes.

“How kind and upright a person is Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok?”

“…? Uh, yes…??”

If I don't be good, will I die?

When Cha Eun-hyeok froze at the question of none other than the divine, Yoo Seong-woon, who had been watching him, intervened. He smiled awkwardly and neutralized his friend’s inhuman question.

“I’m not scared when you ask me like that, Geo.”

“I didn’t mean to do that.”

“I guess I should explain the rest.”

Yoo Seong-un continued Geo's explanation.

“I personally think that Eunhyuk Cha is an honest and upright person.”

“? Oh, yes… That… Thank you?”

“And you think so too?”

“I’ve never done anything so bad that I deserve to be arrested… but to say that I’m honest or upright is a bit too much praise.”

“That’s right, someone, including yourself, knows that person’s imperfections. People can’t be perfect.”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat.

“Everyone has flaws. What may be good to one person may seem bad to another. There may have been times when you were hated, times when you made mistakes and blamed yourself….”

“Where in the world is there a person so pure and innocent that he has done nothing wrong?”

“Yeah, I think so too. But when those parts are exposed so clearly, there are bound to be things that people can’t help but shy away from. Right?”

“Well… that’s natural….”

Cha Eun-hyuk thought that all humans are inevitably selfish. However, that does not mean that Cha Eun-hyuk liked selfish people or such aspects. Naturally, Cha Eun-hyuk was also a human, so he preferred good and upright people.

Yoo Seong-un pointed that out.

“This dungeon is designed to expose just such things.”

“…In what way?”

“It seems like there are a lot of different methods?”

Sometimes, the person's memories would reappear, sometimes something symbolic would appear and trigger a traumatic seizure, and sometimes the guilt would be visualized and make someone resentful.

“Or, it is said that sometimes it appears in the form of writing, like a report or a diary.”

It felt as if a small dungeon based on the concept of a certain weakness of people had been added to this huge garden. Thanks to

this, it was natural that the already unrealistic structure of the 'Garden of Pleasure' would become even more complex and bizarre.

“…What, are you bringing up your dark history?”

“If we were to speak lightly, it would be like that, but well. If we just look at the number of people who were injured and died, it’s easy to see that it’s not a situation to laugh off.”

“I meant to say this lightly… That wasn’t my intention.”

“I know that I was trying to understand you in my own way. I wasn’t blaming you, so don’t worry. It seems that such petty stories do come up.”

Geo, who was watching Yoo Seong-un smile innocently, smiled as well and said.

“So, in short, this is a garden whose purpose is to make people ugly. You can see that it is very malicious, unlike other gardens, in that it makes people avoid the shortcomings that everyone has.”

Then Giovanni added firmly.

“It’s because you don’t have social skills.”

“Ah, that, uh….”

“It seems closer to being thrown away than not existing, but I think that’s the case. Even manners between people are ugly hypocrisy, and he is a great man.”

“Oh, I see.”

Cha Eun-hyeok, who was at a loss for words due to Giovanni’s rare and strange coolness, continued to ask.

“But if it’s like this, isn’t there no way to fight back?”

“It’s unpleasant to be manipulated by the owner of this garden, but there are ways to deal with it.”

“That… holding on with the garden and divine power?”

“Actually, that’s just holding out, as you said, rather than responding. But didn’t I keep using the word ‘exposure war’?”

In the lives of ordinary people, a war of exposure means fighting each other. It means revealing information that could be most damaging to the other party if it were known, with the intention of shedding blood.

“We can also expose the most painful part of this garden.”

“…Is that possible? It’s called a garden?”

“And yet this garden insisted on the human form.”

“So there must be memories as vulnerable as humans?”

“One way or another, isn’t this place ultimately revealing the ‘ugly side of humanity’?”

It was a simple story.

“If the master of this dungeon had followed a fate other than human, the story would have been much more complicated… Well.”

As long as he remained human, he could not avoid being influenced by the characteristics and rules of the garden. George himself must have known this well. On that subject, he was waiting for the punitive force.

Perhaps that was one of the things George wanted. Maybe he wanted a chance to escape from beauty. He was causing trouble for the entire country by trying to vent his frustrations right before becoming a Buddha.

However, if he had kindly taught me the strategy, I had no reason not

to follow it. Even though it was not pleasant to follow the path that George had laid out.

“It’s a mental dungeon, so shouldn’t we respond accordingly?”

“I understand that in the end it’s a battle of wits between humans and gardeners.”

“Of course, so far we haven’t found a single clue about him!”

Giovanni burst into his signature bright laugh as if trying to lighten the mood.

“I decided not to be too disappointed.”

“Is that so?”

“Given Mr. George’s personality, he seems to be very forgiving, so I think we’re still at the beginning of the entrance. You could say we’re taking some time to adjust before we move on to more dangerous levels of exploration.”

“Adaptation… Will this work? It’s not a physical thing, but it’s a mental and past issue… Relationships can easily fall apart in a moment of carelessness.”

“Aren’t humans animals of adaptation?”

“…….”

Cha Eun-hyeok was speechless. Of course, there was an idiom like that, but he hoped that Black Cloak would not believe it and take an attitude like, 'I believe you guys will do well on your own!'

“But isn’t this a situation where there is quite a bit of damage?”

“I think people have realized by now that it’s not enough to just blindly borrow the power of the garden or the divine.”

“…Oh, right.”

“Isn’t it time to try something different? We need to find a way to counter this mental attack before it gets to a more dangerous level.”

Fortunately, this advance team was selected to reflect the seriousness of the situation and were generally competent people. No matter how dire the situation, they were not the type of people who would simply sit back and do nothing.

Cha Eun-hyeok had an ambiguous expression on his face, whether he still didn't understand or he lacked faith.

“What if there is another way?”

“I’m not sure, but….”

Geo blinked and smiled.

“I’ll try anything.”

Doesn't competence essentially mean the ability to deal with variables?

* * *

“Sanarae, you little bastard!!!”

“Ugh.”

The leader of Hae-ryeong grabbed Sanarae by the collar and roared.

“There’s no one here who doesn’t know that you’re a worthless brat. Since when did you start to act like such a brave brat! Huh?! Do you think I supported you so that you could be so pitiful and cower?!”

Sanarae whined at the tremendous force.

“Ah, no… Banzaang….”

“Don’t you know that this is a guild full of idiots?”

“Oh, you know?”

“If you know, why are you acting like that!”

"I don't know…!"

“Why don’t you know? How much is the food I fed you?!”

“Why are you doing this to me….”

“Why? Why?! Why are you saying something like that now?!”

The class president grabbed Sanarae by the collar and shook her hard.

“Wake up, you punk! You were just trash all along! A loser of character who would always pick fights, a dirty rascal who wouldn’t listen to anyone, and a total loser with no special qualities other than a good face! Do you understand?!”

“Class president, I’m crying….”

“You too, listen up you little bastards, this is a message from the guild leader!!”

The leader of Hae-ryeong shouted at the hesitating guild members.

“We were at the bottom anyway, you know?!”

“Oh, why are you saying that again?”

“It was originally a guild formed by socially misfits. What difference does it make if we look down on each other here? Did you come into Hae-ryung without knowing that there were these kinds of guys? That’s not true!”

“Well, it’s the class president….”

“The faint call is annoying, so throw it away!!”

She glared at Sanarae again, who was still holding her by the collar and staring wide-eyed. The man with the clean face was making such an intimidating expression that it didn’t feel like she was feeling sorry for him, but rather annoyed.

Would it have been better if she had been this obedient in everyday life? If she had pretended to reflect and acted even half as she does now, the amount of stomach medicine she would have had to take would have been reduced by half.

Anyway, he was like a beast of a man who had no merits at all. In a situation where he was already tired and about to collapse, how could he dare to lose his cool? It was an impudent thing that he should not have dreamed of without my permission.

“Sana-rae, what are you going to do for a living?”

“I… I’m from Haeryeong, and the class president… are you trying to kick me out?”

“So what are you going to do when you get out of this dungeon?”

“I have to live by doing what the class president tells me to do… You can’t abandon me.”

“Then what the fuck is wrong with you?! Do you really think I’d let a kid like you out into society?!”

“…But….”

Sanarae spoke gropingly, still held by the collar.

“…I’m not human.”

“That’s how it was originally, you little beast.”

“It’s not even a beast.”

“I knew it, you damned punk. Even animals listen when you beat them.”

“People… I killed a lot.”

“Don’t you think we’re not?”

“…I caught it and ate it….”

Behind Sanarae, his 'weaknesses' and his 'pride' were scattered all over. In the dark laboratory filled with the blood and flesh of innocent people, Sanarae spoke again while holding the collar.

“I’m a monster.”

A created humanoid monster, a homunculus. Sanarae was a deteriorated version of a homunculus created by damned 5th-grade citizens. In other words, it was a monster that underwent illegal experiments.

He started out as a doppelganger, grew up eating humans thrown to him by illegal researchers, and through experiments, grew into an entity that almost perfectly imitated humans. Inside him, the souls of those sacrificed in experiments were swarming.

“Is that okay?”

The one who brought him in and raised him as a human was the leader of Hae-ryung's guild. And most of the guild members did not know about this fact. And today, it was finally revealed. As a monster, his nature that he could never abandon was revealed.

Monsters, like Sanarae, were excited by human suffering. They were

monsters who enjoyed seeing their suffering and took pride in violence. Even if you say no, they're just trash. They were ambiguous beings that were neither human nor monster.

And the class president's answer to this was always the same.

“Don’t listen to me again, you little punk.”

Boom-!!!

It was so consistent.

“……!!”

Sanarae's head was wrapped in great pain.

“…Kwaaak…!”

“Do you think I’m doing this to impress you? Do you really think that’s why you’re acting like this?”

“Uh, no…??”

“As the class president, I have a duty to make you at least act like a human being.”

“I’m doing well…?”

“Sanarae, you learned something wrong. People don’t live like you.”

The class president smiled warmly.

“You’re just a less than human being.”

"aha."

“So stop whining and get to work. Unless this is a sophisticated strategy of yours to cause Hae-ryung’s attack to fail through a disease.”

“Yes, class president.”

“Oh my goodness. You answer so well and you’re so pretty.”

“Am I pretty?”

“When a kid suddenly starts acting up, he starts to act like a bastard.”

“Eww!!”

The tension of the guild members eased at the sight of the two people looking no different than usual.

“…The leader wasn’t a human being.”

“That’s true… If he were a human, he wouldn’t have beaten up a reporter to that extent….”

“Somehow, just breathing makes people feel like their insides are going to burst.”

“That’s because you’re not really human… You really didn’t know.”

“You’ve become a real human. I guess you didn’t study hard enough.”

“I might not have been able to study that much because I was busy with my work.”

“Yes, that’s right. Let’s understand.”

It was an absurd conclusion, but it was Hae-ryung's answer. They didn't need any touching consolation or speeches.

Originally, it was a place where fighting cocks who couldn't adapt to society gathered. If there were a monster that was good at imitating humans in a place where beasts gathered, then its humanity would be among the top among the Haeryeong guild members. That's why Sanarae must be the leader.

Hae-ryung was able to console herself with a friendship built on fists, or something like that. Whether the leader's true identity was a monster or a human, it didn't really matter.

“Then, class president, what do we do now?”

“You bastards, come find the safe zone that everyone else has found.”

“Yes.”

That's how Hae-ryeong found the answer.

One by one, other people began to find their own ways.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (350)

350

Episode 350

Hae-ryung chose the method of saying, "Oh, that's right, our beastly son." In other words, he meekly acknowledged his ugly bottom. It's like a fish living in water doesn't drown.

This was a method that was possible because Hae-ryung originally had low, if not negative, expectations of himself. Even if they were criticized as “You’re trash,” they were ready to say, “What do you know?” Hae-ryung’s guild members were pretty good at self-objectification.

Of course, this was not a method that anyone could do, so Dalnimgyo chose knowledge and research.

“I did it, I did it, I did it…!!”

The voice of a young woman shook the garden.

“It works successfully!!!”

“Whaaaah!!”

“As expected, you are our moon!!”

“Praise her!!!”

The new moon of the Dalnim Church, Aram, who had now grown a

little physically, held up the brightly shining moon and shouted, and the priests cheered. Their cheers seemed to reach the heavens.

Bishop Aram, once a saint, cried out with tears of pride.

“The formula is finally out! As expected, if our seniors help us, there is no formula we cannot figure out! Let’s all praise our seniors who have figured out this complicated and difficult mystery!”

“As expected, they are the saints and saintesses of the Dalnim Church!”

“Thank you to those who created the brain and heart in that poor moon!”

“Oh, noble and wise saints of the Dalnim Church!”

The priests of the Dalnim Church were actually close to scholars. And their social skills were relatively, somewhat, very low. They could not have the courage to solve the situation with simple, ignorant, and loose methods like Hae-ryung.

Eventually, they worked out how to mimic the power of the gardener. This was largely due to the fact that time was distorted more than the other teams. For almost four months, the priests of the Dalnim Church put their heads together and focused on creating a 'garden formula'.

If we don't find a solution, we'll all be wiped out before we can even properly explore, so we've figured out a way.

“With this, both hunters and priests can mimic the power of the garden!”

Aram, full of joy, wept again.

“There is an end to this crazy experiment…!”

“I am very glad that the 481043rd and final experiment was a success.”

“It is a miracle that we were able to achieve this in less than a year. How could this have been possible without the help of adults?”

“That’s right!”

“We must never forget the help of our young dragons who warmed the hands and feet of our seniors so that the moon could roll smoothly.”

“Of course, Bishop…!!”

In fact, research on this has been going on since the time when 'gardens' and 'gardeners' were introduced to the world. They knew that 'mystery' was at the foundation of all things, including skills, dungeons, and monsters, and they studied its power.

And as a result, in this difficult situation, Dalnimgyo finally succeeded in their experiment. They created the 'Garden Formula' and were able to overcome the severe distortion of this garden using divine power.

“It’s definitely more effective than divine power, right?”

“When we lift the seal on the church, we must first recruit priests who have the qualities of a gardener….”

“However, we have come this far thanks to the gardeners’ consistent support.”

“It might have been uncomfortable, but they were truly grateful people.”

“I will have to thank you again later.”

Naturally, they were not as good as the Jinjjobaegi Gardener. This formula could only work within the garden, because they borrowed the power of the garden they were staying in. That was how quickly they consumed their body and mind.

But it was much better than nothing. At least, by dyeing themselves with the colors of this garden, the intensity of the mental attack was

almost nonexistent. It applied a similar principle to how one's own organs do not attack themselves.

“Then let’s make this formula known to everyone! It might be difficult to share it since our communication equipment is in shambles, but wouldn’t it be ridiculous to keep this to ourselves?”

“Your Majesty, you are right! I still remember the number of deaths I heard in the last communication. If we use the formula, there will be less distortion in the communication equipment…!”

Another priest spoke to the excited priests.

“But can other people use this formula?”

"…ah?"

"ah…."

“Ahh….”

It wasn't a formula that specialized only for the divine power of the Dalnim Church. They started making the formula with the goal of maximizing the survival of the participants in this expedition. However, the problem they didn't anticipate was that the target users were not hunters or priests of other religions.

“This… I’m asking if anyone would know or listen to this, except for our Dalnim Church.”

The problem was that other people were not as good at studying as Dalnim-gyo.

“…….”

“…….”

“…If I give a lecture….”

“You want to give a lecture to the hunters with such poor communication equipment?”

“It would be quicker to simplify the formula so that anyone can use it.”

Aram nodded. She didn't think she could instill the formula in ordinary people who didn't know anything using this wretched communication device. There was a high chance that they wouldn't understand even the most basic formula.

The association staff and priests were somewhat okay, but most hunters, on average, were somewhat lax in their studies. Rather than praying for an unspecified number of people to increase their intelligence in a short period of time, it seemed more realistic for the intellectuals who created the formula to put in a little more effort.

“Everyone, gather again, let’s simplify the formula.”

“Ah… how much do I have to reduce to make those ignorant people understand….”

“You shouldn’t criticize me like that just because I’m not good at studying.”

Anyway, Dalnim Church found their own way to fight back.

Also, they weren't the only ones adapting to the situation. In the end, if they didn't want to die, they all had to adapt to this mental attack and this unfamiliar, elusive mystery.

“Uh, uh uh….”

“? What is it?”

“Hey, I think I got this.”

“What happened?”

“I have a feeling it’s a garden or something!”

“Have you been drinking? You punk, you used to be an alcoholic, but you really are….”

“No, I said no?! You want to keep poking me where it hurts?!”

Some hunters were seeing the benefits of their diligence during the previous 'system failure', of reaching out to retired hunters and less visible gardeners who had been through the system's absence and learning from them.

“This is crazy, how can I do this? It’s so hard to do this in real life.”

“Ah… something is a bit different. It feels completely different from Earth. I think it was successful because the environment is different from Earth.”

“What exactly is the difference?”

“It feels like I can breathe a little easier? Why? If you’re going to use water magic, it’s better to do it in a place with a lot of water. It feels just like that.”

“How the hell is a dealer supposed to understand that if he’s not a magician?”

“No, think about it, then you can breathe in a place without oxygen?!”

“Is that the same as this?!”

In the process of sharing the secret, there were some commotions and conflicts, but some people also saw results. For the first time in their lives, they were experiencing the 'mystery' itself, rather than a skill that depended on a system.

“…So this is what a mystery is.”

“It’s not that it doesn’t have any similarities to Skill, but this….”

“I feel like I have a new sense.”

There were more than one or two people who had encountered this situation. There were quite a few people who had tried to learn something new during the 'system failure', and thanks to this, there were quite a few hunters among the participants this time.

“Hey, hey, look at this.”

“It’s a skill you use often. What do you want me to see?”

“No, it’s different. It feels like something I created myself, without going through the system.”

“Anyway, you’re doing something weird.”

And in the process, another strange phenomenon occurred.

"…uh?"

“Poetry, the system…!”

“What the heck, why is it like this?!”

The system of hunters who were able to successfully sense and handle 'mystery' began to break down.

It started displaying a bunch of broken letters and symbols, then it started to crackle and not work. After a while of this weirdness, the system went completely black and only displayed a few sentences.

Check variables

Deviated from basic calculations

An error occurred

And then it stopped right away.

Shut down the system

It was a difficult thing to understand.

“What, what, why is it like this…?!”

“Hey, my system is off.”

“No, it’s not like the reservation window or something like that….”

Some of them even tried to interpret this phenomenon.

“…Is that really true?”

"what?"

“Did the server crash?”

“What did I do?”

“It says here that it is a basic calculation.”

The hesitant hunter came up with this hypothesis.

“It’s kind of like, the… game tutorial is over. Beyond the basic stages, the current system can’t do any more calculations.”

“…The system is a game?”

“No, that type of game has been around on Earth all along. Even before the Great Disaster. Honestly, doesn’t it seem a bit similar? Am I the only one who thinks this way?”

“So the system borrowed that game format?”

“I’m just a family member too….”

A similar assumption was made by the head of the association, Dan Hae-ra, who was one of the vanguard.

“…….”

“Chairman, this is….”

“…It was a tutorial.”

She laughed out loud for the first time in a long time.

“Aha, hahaha…!”

“…….”

“Oh my gosh… This really is a game. It’s based on a game format.”

So that as many people as possible can easily adapt after the chaotic catastrophe. Isn't it really kind of you to call yourself a 'teacher'?

I realized the significance of the existence of the Danhae system and the reason for the current situation related to it. 'Teacher Sergio' really became the system for the survival of mankind and their education, and only after people felt the 'mystery' without the help of the system did they complete the basic education.

If you've reached that level, you won't die even without the system.

“Our director, you can still use your skills even though the system is down?”

“Yes, that’s right. It’s not that there aren’t people who haven’t achieved success, but I’ve also identified many cases similar to mine.”

“When exactly did the system shut down?”

“It was when I detected the mystery that was the basis of the skill and confirmed that I could use my skill with the detected mystery.”

“In other words, the system shut down as if it had been waiting for you when you were sure you could use the skill without the system’s help. Am I right?”

“Yes, maybe… I think so.”

“It’s really fun, I like it.”

Dan Hae-ra, who had been blinking, soon smiled brightly.

“…The system must continue to exist.”

This had endless uses.

'Jung Hae-woon said that this power is not mine, but I still feel that this power belongs to me. That means that there is a possibility that I, as the owner of the promise, can be involved in the system that is its product to some extent… .'

This time it was basic training, so how about going into advanced training next time? If that were possible, the future planned by the symbol of eternity would come even sooner.

I decided to admit that it was a short-term solution. This time, the education of the 'Black Cloak' was quite effective. The country was shaken and there were quite a few deaths, but that was a sacrifice worth accepting compared to the results this time.

'The system must be maintained. There are so many benefits to be gained from it. Now that we understand the nature of the system, its utilization can be improved in the future. What better teaching material is there to properly train hunters who can exercise dangerous force anytime, anywhere?'

Her goals had changed, but the tasks she had to accomplish were similar: to conquer 'George', a single-minded man, and to persuade

'Portrait of Geo' to develop a new system.

'If you say you can't be persuaded, I guess I'll have to make a promise.'

Just as the many divinities had 'promised' not to interfere with the Earth without permission, Danhae's power was effective even against the great mysteries. And for that, Danhae had to prepare a very high 'price'.

“From now on, I will move on my own, individually.”

“But, Chairman…!”

“You don’t think I can take care of myself, do you? Are you perhaps one of those people who can’t survive without my care?”

“No, but isn’t it too dangerous? This is both a dungeon and a garden.”

“That’s why it’s even more valuable when you explore alone.”

I had to accumulate more memories, more emotions, so that I could gather and accumulate them and develop a new system in the near future.

“See you later.”

So Dan Hae-ra started to take individual action.

* * *

And then, a few days later.

“…and, clown….”

"what?"

“A clown appeared.”

The full-scale 'attack' has begun.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (351)

351

Episode 351

It is true that no one can deny this, but it is certain that the 'attacks' of the garden have been passive so far.

They simply existed and fascinated people, destroying their minds without showing any active attitude. However, after people gradually got used to the existence of the 'mystery', it was clear that the actions of the participants had triggered the trigger.

“Tell me more, clown? Are you saying there are clowns here too?”

“It looked similar, but it was completely different from what I’ve seen on Earth! It attacked me directly and it was even contagious…! Seoyoung turned into a clown and I killed her!!”

“Calm down, if you talk like that, I won’t be able to properly report to you. What exactly were you doing when the clown showed up? I sent you out to investigate, where were you and what were you doing?”

“He, he, he fell off the edge of the stairs….”

This 'Garden of Delights' was different from ordinary dungeons in many ways. Unlike other dungeons that consist of a beginning, middle, and end, it was truly nature itself.

This place, where time and space are twisted like a surrealist work,

was so complex that it was impossible to pinpoint the exact location with words like 'edge of stairs.'

But one thing was clear.

“As soon as we found this, the clown chased after us….”

“…This is….”

The woman squinted her eyes at the jewelry. It was so faded, broken, and damaged that it was hard to believe it had come from this dungeon, where everything seemed so beautiful and clean.

The guild leader muttered.

“Bracelet, huh…?”

Another guild member said to him, seeing what the guild leader was holding in his hand.

“Ah… that looks like an ankle bracelet.”

“Anklet? Foot?”

“There’s a place to put it on your ankle, and a separate place to put it on your toes.”

“The larger one goes around your ankle and the smaller one goes around your toes.”

“Yes, of course there are items that can be worn like that for hands too….”

The guild member nodded after examining the broken ornament with his gloved hands. As a member of the guild who was in charge of inspecting and managing all items coming into the guild, he had no choice but to know a lot about such ornaments.

“If it’s this long, it’ll fit as an anklet. It’s small enough for a slightly older person to wear on their hand, since it’s probably worn by someone of a younger age group. But the middle part is too long to wear on your hand. It’s meant to be worn on your foot.”

“Why is that kid wearing an anklet like this? She’s going to catch a cold. It doesn’t look like it has any kind of warmth or defense buffs.”

“Yeah, I thought that was a bit weird too. This type of anklet is… like a slipper or flip-flop, so you can’t wear shoes with it. That’s why anklets like this are often cursed.”

“You don’t think it’s something that has a positive feel? Hmm, if you call it a curse….”

“It’s a type of item that our guild rarely has.”

The gems that were embedded in the ornament were badly damaged, but they were still large and shiny. Above all, their shape was extremely splendid. They were definitely not the size and shape that could be hidden by shoes.

“Why are items usually made by humans and have multiple effects? Especially accessories, they can’t help but have multiple meanings. That makes them even more special.”

“This doesn’t really look like an item… but you know what it’s used for, right?”

“It doesn’t look like an item, so it’s more about meaning than purpose. It’s small, so it’s for children, and it’s flashy, so it’s for show, but you can’t wear shoes on it. It’s one of two things. It’s either for restraint or for display.”

“Uh… doesn’t that seem a bit perverted either way?”

“Considering the traces of use, it doesn’t seem like an item that just fell

out of thin air. Usually, items made from other dimensions like this have a lot of strange stories, Guild Leader. This is a passable level."

The guild members skillfully read the stories woven into the accessories.

"The target was probably a child of low social status. If they had been of high social status, they wouldn't have been prevented from wearing shoes. Or perhaps the environment had nothing to do with social status."

"An environment unrelated to status… Oh, like kidnapping?"

"That could be a possibility. After all, it's an item that doesn't take into account the health and pain of the wearer, even if the person being used is a child who can easily get hurt."

"And also."

"As I said before, it's either for restraint or for show. The former is to prevent her from running away since she can't wear shoes, and the latter… is she a pretty girl who would look good in something like this? No matter how I think about it, it seems like it was intended to be made for display purposes."

"Ooh, you look like a pervert. A pedo?"

"That may be true. Anyway, I guess I was a bird in a cage, as they say. I guess I was treated well enough to be given such dazzling trinkets, but I couldn't run away with such great treatment."

A guild member who seemed to have lost his mind in the conversation between the two grabbed his guild leader.

"…G, Guild Leader, what should we do about Seoyoung…."

"Are you talking nonsense? What are you going to do, after you killed

him?”

“No, that’s not what I meant…!”

“You’re going to resurrect someone who’s already dead? Sorry, I can’t do that.”

"…ah…."

“Anyway, I found out something good. It will help you with your strategy if you read the story. I’ll give you an incentive later.”

“…….”

“Where exactly did you find this and how? If it’s a dungeon where the story is important, there should be clear conditions for finding such items.”

“…….”

“Tch… I’m going crazy.”

The guild leader clicked his tongue and willingly showed mercy. It seemed that he needed a break before opening his mouth. He could afford to give her that much convenience since he had achieved this. She began to make her own guesses without the help of witnesses.

For the first time, this garden showed a non-passive attack. And the old and broken ornaments that didn't fit in with this dungeon, and the various stories that could be read from them. If you think about it all together... .

“This is the dungeon master’s story, right?”

“Well… at least there’s a connection.”

“Okay, let’s just find a few more of these. We don’t have to do a

walkthrough.”

She wasn't a particularly bad guild leader, at least not by modern standards.

The woman was the leader who paid her salary without fail, and if she worked overtime or did something particularly well, she would give extra compensation. She was not the type of person who neglected the management of her guild members or left civilians and porters in the dungeon.

But happiness is inherently subjective, and the grief of losing a close friend is deeply personal.

“…Seoyoung….”

The team was completely annihilated over the course of three days.

It must have been the work of a clown, perhaps.

* * *

“…If we really have to be specific, is this going to be a defensive battle?”

“A defensive battle?”

“Ah, I don’t know Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok very well.”

“I understand that it is a roughly defensive battle.”

“Actually, that’s all.”

Yoo Seong-woon, who shared the information with every team he could contact, explained to Cha Eun-hyeok.

“Dungeon raiding can be divided into two very, very basic methods. One is exploration and the other is defense. The former is going to find

it, and the latter is finding it.”

“Uh… Are you talking about monsters?”

“That’s right. This is a space that has been reconstructed into a dungeon, so it’s natural that monsters will appear. It seems like the clowns we saw on Earth are appearing… These guys aren’t gathered anywhere.”

“He even said he would come looking for me on his own.”

“If there’s a trigger, it seems like they’ll use that as an opportunity to attack. Or they’ll make contact in a rather shady manner. I heard they’re really good at causing conflict within a team and annihilating them.”

Cha Eun-hyeok asked him once more.

“Then wouldn’t it be peaceful if we just didn’t touch that trigger?”

“I can’t live here in peace my whole life….”

"ah…."

“We have to try and attack it.”

At that point, Visabal smiled and said.

“In Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok’s case, shouldn’t we also look for his younger sibling?”

“…That’s right. But, even though I came here to look for clues…what on earth should I do in this situation….”

“Just by providing us with a safe zone like this, you are doing us more than we can imagine. The collectors are sure to make a deal, and I promise to help you find the car hunter.”

"…thank you."

“And this is a message that only the guild leader received just now.”

To be exact, it was a call from outside the dungeon, from Earth.

“The first trigger… was it called an anklet?”

“Yes, it was. It was a small anklet that a child could wear.”

“We’re probably seeing that as the cause, but we’ve heard reports that the clowns on Earth have disappeared. It’s hard to say for sure given the nature of clowns, but the Association and Justitia have confirmed that it is.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un cleared his throat and asked.

“Did they all come here?”

“I don’t think there’s a low chance. Congratulations, Eunhyuk Cha. If you’re lucky, you might even meet your younger sibling in this dungeon.”

“Guild leader, please.”

Yoo Seong-un calmly freaked out, and the other employees were silently freaked out. What Bisabal had just said was no different from saying, "Your little brother has become a clown, right?" What would happen if he made the already weak water owner even more sensitive?

But Visabal was surprisingly confident.

“Hmm, well, isn’t it fortunate that we now have a better chance of finding at least one of our missing siblings?”

“I think it would be better for father not to say anything.”

“Should I close it?”

“Please.”

The collector checked Cha Eun-hyeok's condition as discreetly as possible.

“…….”

Yes, it was because I received information a few days ago that his younger brother, Chae Sol, had gone missing.

“…I’m fine.”

“It’s true that our guild leader is bad.”

“It’s really okay.”

“Oh, yes….”

“Really… ha….”

In the end, Cha Eun-hyuk cried.

Dozens of employees' eyes were focused on Bisabal. They were looking at him as if to say, 'Do you want to make a young friend cry at your age?', but Bisabal's face was very thick.

Since it was difficult to speak ill of his chief in front of an outsider, the collector could only criticize him with gestures and eyes.

'Oh, guild leader, please.'

'Why are you doing that to a young man who works hard to take care of his family?'

‘Mr. Cha Eun-hyuk is crying…!’

No one knew exactly what had started the incident. However, there had been a couple of reports that internal conflict had broken out within the Solar Cult team after the advance party had entered, and eventually, other teams had reported that they had witnessed a chaotic scene with only traces of the Solar Cult remaining.

Based on the circumstances of the 'trace', it seems that most of the priests were dead. I don't know if there were any priests who ran away from the place, but it was fortunate that I didn't see the corpses or pieces of the young and small priests who could not have been seen.

Of course, it wasn't a hopeful situation.

“…It’ll be okay.”

“Well, yes, he must have run away well.”

“Because Father Kang Seo-dam said he would take care of it almost exclusively.”

“Reverend Kang Seo-dam is famous, isn’t he? He’s an elite priest of the Solar Church. If someone like him had taken charge of everything, he would have definitely left before anything happened.”

“I think so too.”

Cha Eunhyuk took a deep breath and his eyes were red. He had been absentmindedly staring at me and crying a lot recently. Perhaps because of that, Cha Eunhyuk’s eyes were sunken. He looked considerably more haggard than when we first met.

“…What the Visabal Guild Leader said is also correct.”

He tried to think calmly and objectively. It would be a lie to say that there was nothing unpleasant about what the other person said, but Bisabal’s words, “Fortunately,” were not wrong. He had to admit it.

“It would be easier to find them if they were all gathered in one place. In Cha Ara’s case, she disappeared so cleanly that even the association staff couldn’t find her, so… If she were really a clown, she would at least be able to stay healthy.”

“Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok….”

“Chae Sol-do, the same. I’m just thankful that no bodies were found there. In today’s world, if a body is preserved, it’s considered a preventive measure. I know that. I know that.”

From the moment Cha Ara awakened as an F-class and decided to become a porter, Cha Eun-hyeok had to prepare for his younger sister's death several times. The same was true for Cha Sol, who awakened as a priest.

When you become a hunter, and a priest on the scene, the extent of the corpse being mutilated is ridiculous. There were many scenes so horrible that not even a single hair was left behind. In comparison, it might have been funny to see a corpse being made into a clown. At least all the limbs were attached.

"just…."

Yeah, actually, I was starting to lower my expectations a little bit.

“…I’m sorry, it must be uncomfortable since there are civilians here.”

“You shouldn’t say something like that when you’re benefiting so much from Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok’s safe zone.”

“I'll come to my senses, I'm sorry.”

It would have been better to have no expectations at all.

'If I think about it any deeper, I feel like I'm going to end up blaming someone.'

And the target of that resentment was obvious. It was the S-class Bisabal and the divine Black Cloak. If you have such good eyes, why don’t you come to see my younger siblings? If you are a god, why did you leave my kind younger siblings like that?

But I knew it was absurd. My heart was like that, but my mind was not like that. I shouldn't have done that. Who could I blame?

'So what's the difference between me and the people in the Mermaid Dungeon?'

The experience of 'Sergio Hunter', who was walking beside him now, was secretly famous. It is said that there was a situation where civilians criticized him for not coming to their rescue sooner. And yet, 'Sergio Hunter' was kidnapped by a mermaid in their place.

There was no obligation for the strong to save the weak, their younger siblings. It was appreciated if they were shown kindness and mercy, but they should not demand it first.

Of course, 'Sergio Hunter' was not an ordinary human being. He was a god, a mystery. But that was a separate issue. It was so in many ways. Above all, it was an attitude that would bring great loss before conscience and ethics.

‘These are the people who obviously know what I’m thinking.’

How absurd. How absurd it is for a worthless person to blame them for not doing something that wasn't even their duty. Cha Eun-hyeok was consciously trying to give up hope for his younger siblings.

At the very least, when my siblings die, they will be able to go to a good afterlife without any disadvantages. To do that, he must look good to the divinity who is watching over him. That was a selfish thought.

“Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok.”

“…Ah, yes.”

"thank you."

“…….”

Eunhyuk Cha blinked at the sudden thank you.

"…yes?"

“I appreciate your effort.”

“No, I just… do it. More like putting in effort….”

“Thank you for thinking of others.”

"…uh…."

Did I get caught after all?

'... If you're a god, you can read my mind without any problems, but that's why you're saying this? Are you trying to scold me in a roundabout way? You know all about my arrogant thoughts?'

Cha Eun-hyeok looked at the face of 'Sergio Hunter'. He saw the eyes that were as blue as the ocean, and the mouth that had a gentle smile. There was no condemnation or disgust anywhere. Of course, he could control those facial muscles at any time.

A strange silence flowed. Cha Eun-hyeok instinctively realized that the staff of the collection store were trying to keep their mouths shut. For some reason, Cha Eun-hyeok couldn’t shake the feeling that every word of ‘Sergio Hunter’ and the silence of that moment were like some kind of ritual.

‘… Something feels strange… .’

And then a huge being 'praised' him.

“You are a kind person.”

“…….”

And then, it happened.

“—…Uh, uh! Uh uh!!”

A familiar voice was heard from far away.

“Huh!!”

“…….”

“Hyung, hyung, hyung!! Huh! Hyung!!”

“…….”

“Brother, I’m hungry!!!”

It was Chae Sol, with Iru Da and Kang Seo Dam by her side.

“Give me some food…!!”

And then the sight of her crying loudly.

Chae Sol, who was running towards him from beyond the jewel vault, was exactly as he knew. No, it was his younger brother, who was injured and had bandages wrapped around his feet, but all his limbs were intact. That is, unless this was a hallucination.

But if he really is Cha Eun-hyeok's younger brother.

"…her."

…the black cloak is said to give gifts to ‘good people.’

I guess that's really true.

* * *

“……!”

Oh my god, my God.

'What in the world is this?'

By the way, this was an appearance that even Geo didn't know about.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (352)

352

Episode 352

As Cha Eun-hyeok looked as if he had lost his mind while hugging his younger brother, Yoo Seong-woon approached Geo. He whispered so quietly that no one else could hear.

“What? Did you give me a present?”

"? no?"

“This isn’t a gift?”

“Does it hurt when you treat people like gifts?”

"oh…."

Yoo Seong-un looked at Geo with a strange look. It was a look that said, 'Why is he admitting that he did it anyway?' Geo, who confirmed it, actively denied it.

“It wasn't me who did it.”

“Oh, I see. It wasn’t you, it was Black Cloak who did it. His grace is truly amazing.”

“It wasn't me who did it.”

Geo felt wronged. It was fortunate that the Cha family had a touching

reunion, but he couldn't understand why they were treating it as something he had done. Timing? Was it because of this amazing timing?

'Why did the person involved appear when Isul was talking?'

That surprised Geo too. Cha Eun-hyeok, who was struggling with the disappearance of his younger siblings, felt sorry for him, so he spoke to Cha Sol, who appeared at that moment. It was as if good people were blessed.

“If I had to be specific, I think I should be thankful to the god of fate.”

“…Do you raise things like that too?”

"yes?"

“I’ll take note of that for now.”

“What?”

I'm not raising one.

'What exactly was the question?'

Even though he didn’t know what it was, it was clear that he wasn’t raising it. Geo wanted to make that point clear, but Yoo Seong-woon’s gaze had already moved to his guild leader. Geo, who had missed the timing to refute, watched him with a lingering sense of discomfort.

Yoo Seong-un asked Bisabal something similar.

“Did you say that because you knew Chaisol was coming?”

“What does that mean?”

“Didn’t you really scratch Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok? Didn’t you react awkwardly when you found out that you would be meeting your

younger sibling soon? I thought it would be somewhat resolved this way anyway….”

“You really are going too far in framing me like that.”

“Aha, did I misunderstand?”

“I was just saying it with pure intentions.”

The visage grinned with a snake-like face.

“I didn’t even know that Chaisol was coming.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un had a face that seemed to have understood something. Even if he didn’t know, Geo thought it was probably related to the personality of the leader of the Bisabal Guild. He also happened to be thinking similar thoughts at the time.

It was a talent to elicit such a reaction from Yoo Seong-un, who had also embraced the characteristic of Geo's possessed portrait. Bisabyeol, who had been enjoying Yoo Seong-un's expression, added a beat later.

“I have been keeping an eye on the prospective priest Chaisol, as he is a talent I am interested in, but strangely, I don’t see him very often in this dungeon.”

“You didn’t see it?”

“Yes, I didn’t mean to look at it on purpose.”

“It’s surprising that such a disturbance could block the guild leader’s eyes.”

“I think Sergio Hunter is probably in a similar situation….”

“Oh, really?”

Yoo Seong-un looked back at Geo with a surprised face. Geo, sensing an opportunity to explain himself in that face, nodded repeatedly. Thanks to Giovanni’s characteristically calm demeanor, it was not obvious, but it was a desperate nod.

“Yes, I didn’t know that either. It really was.”

“Uh… I’m sorry I misunderstood…?”

“I am glad that the misunderstanding has been resolved.”

“All those good eyes are blocked. Is there some evil in here?”

“I never thought my eyes were that good….”

Geo, who was touching his eyes, continued speaking.

“Well, it is a very mentally demanding place, so there are many things that are difficult to do.”

The Cha family was a family that Geo also really liked. They were a ray of light in this bleak society. I can't tell you how nice it was to see their rare kind and honest appearances.

He wasn't a person who believed in helping all the good people in the world, but he had a personal connection to the Cha family. So he didn't want to see them depressed over the disappearance of his siblings anymore, so he wanted to help them in some way...

“You can’t even draw pictures here. It’s probably because, unlike my house, there aren’t any materials.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been dazed for a moment, blinked.

“…? Wait a minute, isn’t that a bit dangerous?”

“I thought it was a rare occurrence.”

A portrait possessed by a ghost cannot draw. His identity was on the verge of being shaken. He tried to supply food with a lot of selfish intentions by drawing pictures whenever possible, but it was all ruined.

“In the same vein, the door to our house was also jammed.”

“The door isn’t closed, it’s tangled? What do you mean, tangled?”

“It meant that instead of the picture I originally wanted to draw, an odd frame was dragged in.”

“Well… considering the nature of this dungeon, it’s not that strange.”

Isn't this a dungeon that even mocks goodwill and justice?

“But the pictures you draw are mostly safe.”

“They are good kids.”

“Then wouldn’t it be okay to just keep dragging until the door you originally wanted to open appears? Even if it’s probabilistic, wouldn’t it appear eventually?”

“Well, I thought about that too….”

“I guess there is a reason why it won’t work.”

“For some reason, all my children were angry.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un was speechless for a moment.

“…What do you mean, you’re angry?”

“I don’t know if he was angry or excited, but he didn’t seem to listen to me.”

“Is the Earth in danger right now?”

“In preparation for that point, all the doors to the painting have been closed for the time being.”

“Oh, that’s good. Thank you.”

“Anyway, I decided to stop for now because I thought bringing my children into this situation might be counterproductive.”

“Thank you for that too.”

Yoo Seong-un nodded and asked after a moment of silence.

“…Do you have any idea why that happened?”

“I think it might be Mr. George’s influence.”

“Did you… do something?”

“It’s not impossible, but it feels like we’re seeing antibodies trying to kill the virus.”

“Does that mean your children judged 'George' to be a foreign substance?”

“Yes, that’s why I think it’ll be hard to persuade them. Since this is a move to protect me, it’ll be harder to persuade them. I guess….”

An error occurred

An error occurred

An error occurred

Error occurred… .

“…I had a strong feeling that it was out of my hands.”

They were children who usually listened so well. They were called children, but he also knew that they were beings who absolutely obeyed Geo's words. Nevertheless, this situation had come.

This meant that there was another influence. And Geo thought that the person who had that 'other influence' was probably the System. That is, Mr. Sergio.

'I've felt this way for a while now, but Sergio, you don't have any emotions?'

Basically, they had similar tendencies and views, but sometimes Geo felt that the system was only concerned with right and wrong. Perhaps, to the system, 'Geo' was someone who deserved to be punished.

'But I've already fallen for her. Even though she's a 21-year-old loser who I hate, I figured I'd give her a good beating and sucking...'

So Geo did not agree with the system's opinion. Because of that, Geo himself was fine, but his children were particularly angry. It was as if the 'rejection Geo should feel' was also transferred to them.

“Anyway, I think it’ll take some time to calm down.”

“Roughly how much…?”

“Oh, I misspoke. I think I’ll be in this state until I leave this dungeon. So it’ll be a bit difficult to get help from the drawings I made before.”

“Well, I wasn’t expecting that kind of trick, but I’m a little worried. I hope it doesn’t hurt you too much or anything.”

“I’m not that incompetent, so I don’t think I’ll get hurt badly enough to warrant your concern.”

Divine power was a characteristic of 'Giovanni', and physical ability could be resolved with the help of 'Argio'. Even if Sergio was in a situation where he could not draw, it did not seem like there would be any particular problem.

“But I think our honey….”

“Oh my.”

Honey, who was curled up in Geo's hands, was squirming. She looked so hot that it looked like water was bubbling, and Geo said while covering Honey with his other hand.

“I’ve become very sensitive.”

“Well, Honey was your child too.”

To be exact, he was included in the 'children drawn by Geo'. In the case of his family members, such as his teddy bear father and Dana, who he did not draw, there was no particular effect, but well, it was difficult to say that he was very safe.

Geo was momentarily speechless at the strange sensation inside his hand.

“…….”

"what's the matter?"

“It might be better not to know.”

“Did I ask you something?”

“Oh, you are wise.”

For some reason, he felt that the shape of Honey, trapped in his two hands, was uneven. Geo's eldest son only wanted to show him his cute appearance, but as his vision was obstructed, its shape was

changing.

'I knew I wanted to be cute, but I didn't know it would be such an extreme obsession.'

I thought it would be better to keep Honey in sight.

“Honey, do you want to be on my shoulder?”

“Kururuk….”

“Why is our son so upset?”

“Kung-kung.”

“It’s cute.”

In the meantime, the small talk between father and son continued.

As time passed and Cha Eun-hyeok showed no signs of letting go of his younger brother, Kang Seo-dam approached Bisabal and Geo. He too looked quite tattered, as if he had been busy.

“Can you excuse me for a moment?”

“Oh, of course. It’s been a while.”

“I am embarrassed to see you like this, but as you can see, I need your help.”

Despite his exhausted appearance, Kang Seo-dam still had a strong sense of responsibility. He continued speaking after seeing Chae Sol, who was being held by Cha Eun-hyeok and was just observing him, and Iru Da, who was struggling next to him.

“…It’s embarrassing to say, but the Sun Cult team among the advance party was almost completely wiped out. There were some who escaped during the incident, but they were all scattered and could not

be found again.”

“Can you tell me exactly what happened?”

“Internal conflict was the most fundamental cause. Our church has always had severe generational conflicts. That and other small conflicts escalated into something bigger, which eventually led to this incident.”

“I expected that, but I never thought a religious sect as big as the Sun Church would be completely destroyed.”

“Fortunately, there are some parts that can be excused.”

Kang Seo-dam soon showed me an earring.

“There was a clown attack.”

It was an invisible attack.

* * *

Putting aside the detailed information sharing for a moment, the collector decided to focus on taking care of the other hunters he encountered for the first time upon entering the dungeon, as their condition was not very good.

“If you wish, our collector can take care of storing the earrings.”

“I don’t distrust your ability to manage your items, but I’m not sure if I’m still in a distorted state or not. Could you give me some time?”

“Then I think that would be a good idea. Get some rest first.”

Bisabal didn't necessarily urge Kang Seodam.

“Just by not leaving this place, you must have at least some confidence.”

“…Yes, it’s a team with excellent priests and gardeners. The influence of distortion would have been minimal. However, I can’t rule out the possibility that what I see and hear is all a hallucination.”

Kang Seo-dam nodded. In the first place, since they were a team with 'Sergio Hunter', I didn't think their words and actions would be distorted. The problem would be if the existence of the collection team itself was distorted, but that was something that needed to be looked into further over time.

Geo asked with a worried expression at Kang Seo-dam's cautiousness.

“Then you’re not even going to eat…?”

"…that…."

Kang Seo-dam hesitated for a moment, then corrected his posture and answered politely.

“…I am in charge of two prospective priests. I think it would be better to stay away from all possible variables in case something happens. If something happens to me, I won’t be able to guarantee the safety of the prospective priests.”

The leader will be the safest. It is not uncommon for abuse to occur, but it was an unspoken rule that had to be followed if one was responsible for a young hunter. It was the same principle as when an airplane crashes, the adults take action first and then the children.

“Of course, if you prepare the meal, I will check it first.”

“Because the food could be dangerous?”

“If you try a little bit and it tastes good, you should feed it to the prospective priests.”

“Hmm, I guess I should prepare some food that you can eat comfortably.”

“…Please don’t give me too much strength….”

“I will keep that in mind.”

So, for a moment, a break came.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (353)

353

Episode 353

Kang Seo-dam wasn't a rational person from the beginning.

“Hey, Kang Seo-dam.”

Of course. Humans are creatures that grow as they age. There are bound to be some who waste their time, but that is basically how it is. Kang Seo-dam was one of those ordinary people who grew up like that.

Although it was something that was completely natural, there were times when I felt it was unfair. I didn't even know who I should complain to about the unfairness, but I still felt a little bit wronged. It just passed by.

“Why are you thinking so much?”

“…….”

“This kid is ignoring me again.”

However, all the scars in the world are forgotten one day. Even if scars remain, it is impossible to live looking at them every day. There were several scars that I forgot naturally as I lived.

Don't we all live like that? The past is just the past. If time passes and

we can forget it, it's better to forget it. Humans are creatures who have to live looking toward the future as they grow.

“It’s very common for you to chew on my words.”

“…….”

“What is it? An order to go on a business trip? Another order from the higher-ups?”

“…….”

“I told you to just let it all out?”

But as always, it was too clear to be a passing voice, so Kang Seo-dam rubbed his stuffy ears. He wanted to tear out his ears and rip his eardrums, but he knew that it was not a sound that he would not hear even if he did.

“That’s just what old people who don’t know how to do do. It’s not like it’s been a day or two since that happened, right? Or did you start calling me a foreigner again? I’m telling you, you’re really a bunch of senile bastards.”

“…….”

“Who doesn’t know you’re Korean, kid? I don’t know what you heard when you were called in this time, but don’t act so stuffy and say something. Then this big brother will buy you a drink.”

This is a sound heard in the brain. No, it's just an auditory hallucination that you think you hear. So let's forget it. But can you forget a voice that you're hearing in real time? I don't know. I don't know.

“You, what are you? You know? Right? The future of the Solar Church is ours to take over.”

“…What do you mean by ‘receive’?”

“You really have to tell me nonsense before I answer.”

“That crazy guy….”

“It’s so comforting to have a crazy dog like me.”

He asks if life isn't happier when you have a friend who will yell at you for you.

Instead of answering, Kang Seo-dam rubbed his face with his hand. His palm touched the facial bone structure that was far from the 'native Korean' that the elders sometimes referred to. So, he suddenly remembered what kind of face the owner of this voice had.

Blonde hair dyed with dye and dark brown eyes. An idiot who would turn a deaf ear to the priests who told him to let out some of the hair dye because he looked like a gangster.

“…What are you talking about, native chicken?”

“Why are you so grumpy? What did I do wrong?”

“Be quiet.”

So surprisingly it becomes quiet.

“…….”

This damned auditory hallucination would even quiet down when I told it to.

'Fuck.'

It's a shit situation.

'It would have been better if it had been just a normal auditory hallucination.'

This auditory hallucination is interactive. Now, it borrows the voice that

it has almost forgotten and responds and reacts according to its personality. It even closes its mouth as if it is checking the situation because the condition looks serious, which is very similar to that guy.

I think about it again. I want to tear out my ears. I want to rupture my eardrums. I know it's a sound coming from my brain, but I want to relieve this inexplicable urge.

'But then it would be a nuisance.'

Kang Seo Dam wasn't alone now. He had two other prospective priests to take responsibility for. If it weren't for those idiots from the Sun Church who were wasting their time and going crazy, this wouldn't have happened. Ah, I wish I had just laid down on the floor and kicked my butt in front of those handsome faces.

The very idea of sending a 'prospective priest' to a dungeon like this was wrong.

“…Gangseo Dam.”

“…….”

“It's not your fault.”

I wish you would just shut up.

'If you're going to attack, act like an attack.'

Those words rose to the tip of my tongue.

I wish it had been a word of resentment. I wish it had been a curse that I died because of you, that you were a hypocrite. Then I would have been sure that these were whispers from the enemy testing me.

But this voice was really an exact imitation of his old partner.

'No, but was it really an imitation? What if it really was that guy's soul?'

Even so, it doesn't change the fact that this is an attack in this dungeon. So it would have been right to refuse and pretend not to know. That's what I should have done, but strangely enough, I ended up listening.

Yes, that was the voice. Yes, that was the way he spoke. Yes, that was the person. Memories that I had forgotten one by one as I was busy living came back to me. It wasn't a very pleasant experience.

“Good-looking guys like us don’t have any self-reproach.”

“…….”

Correct, it was a little bit cheerful.

“Father Kang Seo-dam?”

“…Sergio Hunter.”

“Are you tired?”

“…….”

“That voice.”

A compassionate voice speaks with a smile.

“I didn’t put it away because I thought you wanted to keep listening.”

I couldn't tell if it was mercy or indifference.

“…Usually, if you think you’re hallucinating, don’t you treat it?”

“Judging from your expression, it seems like you’ve been having a long time.”

“Still.”

“If you ask me what is right and what is wrong, I can only tell you that I am not the judge.”

“I didn’t ask that difficult of a question.”

Kang Seo-dam rubbed his ears.

“It becomes quiet when you talk to me.”

“Hmm, I haven’t really touched it.”

“Didn’t you defeat evil spirits just by existing?”

“You’ve gotten better at telling jokes than before.”

I heard a faint laugh.

'Satisfaction? Amazed?'

Kang Seo-dam lowered the hand that was rubbing her ear at the laughter filled with the affection of an adult. Feeling slightly awkward, her eyes narrowed as she looked at the other person.

“…I guess you’re having fun.”

“I am happy that you treat me more comfortably than usual.”

“To be honest, I’m just a little out of my mind, and I’m sure you’re not happy about it.”

“Isn’t it my own pleasure that I determine for myself?”

“…Are you talking to me?”

It may be a convenient thought, but it seemed as if God was telling me that it was okay to keep hearing this voice, that it was okay to indulge in a brief nostalgia for the past.

“If this lowly person gets into an accident, wouldn’t it be a big deal?”

“I don’t think you’d be the type of person to fall to that extent.”

“You seem to have high expectations, but I fall more often than you think.”

“I didn’t know you were like that because I always saw you standing up. I guess that shows how skilled you are.”

“I see. I’m glad that I’ve become a pretty decent adult.”

I saw the prospective priest Chaisol sleeping in my brother's arms. His partner, prospective priest Iruda, was lying right next to him. They looked very happy to have this long-awaited rest.

“…….”

Did he find any comfort in the faces of the children who had fallen asleep like that? Normally, he would not have done this, but suddenly, even his remaining sanity melted away. In the end, Kang Seo-dam looked at God again.

The merciful and loving sun. A gigantic fire so big that it embraces even the sea.

“…Can you listen to my story for a moment?”

“I like that kind of thing.”

“I thought you would do that.”

It was really, really a choice I would not have made in normal times. Nowhere has God been treated in this way. I had no idea what kind of side effects such close contact with the divine might bring.

But what does that all matter? Even if you suffer such side effects, what does it matter? Kang Seo-dam looked at Sergio Hunter sitting across from him. He had a nice face and smile.

“Can I hear the priest’s story?”

"…sure."

It was a cliche.

“I used to have a partner. The Solar Church was the first one, and that’s how… they help the prospective priests adapt.”

His story was really cliché.

A pair with very different personalities but a great combination of abilities. They fought many times but eventually became friends and trusted and relied on each other, but one of them ended up making a wrong choice due to an unexpected accident and the irrationality of society.

Kang Seo Dam killed his partner who was contaminated by the evil spirit while trying to summon it. He was sentenced to death. So he proved his innocence to the Sun Church and the world. However, he could not save his friend's soul...

“…….”

“…I guess that was a bit of a predictable story.”

“I don’t know much about that, but I listened carefully.”

“I wonder what you thought of it.”

“I’d like to meet you sometime.”

“…the answer exceeded all my expectations.”

Well, since he is divine, it might really be possible. The black cloak is said to depict the afterlife. I also heard that his messenger, shining like a garnet, guides good, young souls directly.

“But I’m not sure if my friend is nice enough for you to like.”

“If Father Kang Seo-dam is a person who likes this much, then isn’t he a good person?”

“Even though he was the one who threw away the money while trying to summon the evil spirit.”

“Humans always show various appearances.”

“It makes more sense when Sergio Hunter tells it.”

“I’m just curious. You seem like an interesting person.”

“…He was a crazy guy.”

He was completely different from Kang Seo-dam, who felt like the sky would fall if he didn't follow all the principles of the world. He was such a mess that you'd wonder if he was a priest. He was a punk who acted like he didn't even have basic manners or common sense.

"…still…."

Nonetheless, to be honest.

“…Yes, it was fun.”

“I knew it.”

“Because he’s such a funny guy.”

“Are you still talking to me?”

“You’re grumbling. I guess you think I’m making fun of you.”

“Then raise him well.”

“Can you also increase auditory hallucinations?”

“That’s up to your discretion.”

As expected of a divine being, the idea was amazing. Of all things, to increase auditory hallucinations, and of course, to increase the 'attack' of the dungeon. However, Sergio Hunter gave a rather refreshing answer.

“If you drink just enough to not get drunk, who would stop you?”

“Oh, you’re treating this as alcohol. But alcohol isn’t supposed to be very good for your health.”

“What if you know how to control yourself? After all, it’s a luxury item. Above all, I can’t imagine Father Kang Seo-dam getting drunk.”

“That applies to me too.”

“Why?”

“I don’t really enjoy drinking, so I’ve never been there.”

“That’s a good habit.”

“…….”

Kang Seo-dam, who had been pressing his ear for a moment, asked Sergio.

“…I know that you spare two catechumens.”

“No matter what happens, I will take care of the two children.”

“I feel relieved when you say it like that.”

Seeing him feel so relieved that he was free from responsibility, it seemed that he was not yet an adult. At least, it didn't seem like he had anything to console himself with by thinking that he was better than his partner.

“If I become a clown, will I die?”

“Is that what you want?”

“In that case, I thought I’d go look for that guy….”

“Aha, so you wish to become a wandering ghost in the nine heavens.”

“It just occurred to me that it might not be so bad.”

“Then come find me and be my friend.”

Sergio Hunter smiled happily.

“I am also a possessed portrait.”

“…Okay.”

Kang Seo-dam also smiled a little as if he had no choice.

“My ghost friend….”

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah, that wouldn’t be bad either.”

I got enough rest.

“I will keep that in mind.”

So now, I have to live my life again.

* * *

“I will report and proceed in that regard.”

“Wait a minute, Father Kang Seo-dam.”

Yoo Seong-un, with a calm face, raised his hand and said.

“I have a question.”

“Yes, go ahead.”

“Where on earth did ‘that kind of meaning’ come from?”

“Does that matter?”

“Oh, it’s not important.”

Certainly, what was important now was conquering the dungeon.

“Please continue.”

“Yes, then….”

Ahem, Kang Seo-dam cleared his throat and continued speaking with his characteristically blunt expression.

“The incident occurred approximately five weeks ago, in my time and that of the two novice priests.”

“Can I ask you a question?”

“Yes, Teacher Cha Eun-hyeok. Do whatever you want.”

“Are you saying that my child has been a vagrant for about five weeks now?”

“It was very accurate.”

“Can’t we get the kids out of the dungeon first and then continue the story?”

“If that’s the case, I did it first.”

Kang Seo-dam continued her story, leaving behind Cha Eun-hyeok, who was clutching his head.

“The Sun Church’s advance team has had many conflicts in the past. If

they had been able to communicate, they would have shared information to some extent, but in short, it was just a pile of gunpowder that had not been lit."

"And that spark…?"

"Yes, this was it."

Kang Seodam held up a pair of gorgeous earrings. They were a little worn and broken, but they were large and full of jewels. When they were first made, they were probably ornaments that scattered light like lights.

But now, despite all the jewels attached to it, it somehow looked unsightly. At least, it was clear that it had not been cared for with affection by its owner.

"The problem arose immediately after this was discovered by the prospective priest Chaisol."

Cha Eun-hyeok, whose hair was disheveled, looked at his younger brother without saying a word, and Chae Sol avoided his gaze without saying a word. Kang Seo-dam continued her report, not paying attention to the subtle confrontation between the brothers.

"The entire Taeyanggyo team complained of auditory hallucinations, and as time went on, their other senses were also affected."

"The whole team?"

"Yes, I guess that was the trigger."

"Similar reports came from other teams a few times. They found the necklace, but the clown's appearance was secondary, and the words they were spitting out were seriously distorted…."

"As you said, it seems that if you find the strategy point of this

dungeon, you will receive a debuff."

"Is this a debuff related to the body part where the accessory is equipped?"

"As of now, that seems highly likely."

What happened next was obvious. The already toxic Solar Cult team began to experience internal divisions, and the clowns entered the fray.

"If it was a clown… did it attack you? Was it a physical attack?"

"It's not that there weren't any, but I think it was mainly a mental attack."

"So what was the method?"

"They naturally sneaked in between us and spread all sorts of rumors. The priests, whose mental powers were low, were easily taken in by the clowns and started attacking each other."

Until everyone dies.

"I was lucky that I wasn't possessed by a clown, so I took the two acolytes and left the place. Leaving the team may not be a good thing, but…."

"If I had stayed still, I would have gotten caught up in the chaos, so it would have been a wise decision to come out in time."

"I thought so too. It wasn't a situation where I could stop them even if I tried. I had a gut feeling that the Sun Cult's advance team's attack would be a complete failure, so I went out with the reserve priests to find another team."

"With earrings?"

“I don’t think the trigger that has already been activated will have any additional effects if you just keep it. It seems like it only explodes once when it’s first discovered. I took it because it might help with the strategy, and I’ll have to show it to other teams.”

“Was that our collection?”

“That’s right, and fortunately you weren’t hallucinating.”

This time, Bisabal, who had been quietly listening to the story, asked.

“How do clowns charm people? Is it similar to the feeling on Earth?”

“Yes, it made me feel like I didn’t feel any discomfort. I also realized that the clown’s appearance was strange only after I saw some blood.”

“Even so, I don’t think the priests of the Sun Church are that incompetent. The internal conflicts before must have been quite serious. How serious must it have been for it to get to that point….”

“Isn’t this dungeon made with the concept of a person’s weaknesses as the basis for a small dungeon? It definitely had a big impact. It was difficult to endure with just divine power, not the power of a gardener. And….”

Kang Seo-dam, who had been hesitating, cleared his throat and continued speaking.

“…Because corruption within the Solar Church has been revealed in such a way several times, it has become a situation where it is impossible to trust each other even if we try to do so.”

“Oh, my.”

“I guess the collector has never created a dungeon before?”

“Don’t we have some great talents?”

Bisabal pointed at Sergio Hunter and Yoo Seong-un with a proud face. Geo, who was immediately pointed out, handed Yoo Seong-un a cup of warm flower tea and opened his eyes wide, and Yoo Seong-un looked at Bisabal while fixing the blanket.

Yoo Seong-un said with a trembling face.

“Why, what?”

“Look at that angry face.”

“I’m dying of cold.”

“As you can see, Mr. Yoo Seong-un’s sacrifice was great.”

Kang Seo-dam nodded in agreement.

“It is true that the dungeon does not change because there is a gardener. Even though it is called a dungeon, the essence of this place is a garden, so the power of the gardener who managed the transformation and maintenance of the garden must have been of great help.”

“It’s so cold I could die.”

“To be honest, I’m jealous that you have a gardener on your team.”

“It’s a very disadvantageous fight without a gardener.”

Giovanni sympathized with him with a pitiful heart. This wicked dungeon did not allow people to rest comfortably. It was just like the garden of George, who was sociable but had no social skills.

“Will other teams also suffer a lot of damage?”

“Hmm, well….”

The squirrel who had been rubbing his chin blinked and answered.

“I don’t think it will be too much.”

Everyone has flaws.

Even if they seem like the perfect person.

* * *

"oh."

Another transformed garden.

Dan Hae-ra muttered while caressing my cheek.

“It’s a pretty familiar place.”

This time, it looked like a school from a certain day.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (354)

354

Episode 354

How does this garden specifically address the vulnerabilities of individuals?

'At least it wasn't based on memory.'

Danhae looked around in silence.

“…….”

The school seen through a gap in the trees.

Although it was twisted and deformed, it was clear what this garden was trying to show her. This was Danhae-ra's alma mater. It was still imitating its former appearance, before it burned down and was not a closed school.

'What on earth is the standard?'

I was organizing the characteristics of this garden called Danhae while taking individual actions. Since it was a type of dungeon that had never been seen before, the way it progressed was quite unique.

This place created another dungeon inside the dungeon and tormented the participants. The small dungeon was formed with someone's 'happiness' as its theme and was also presented in a

twisted way.

'This is the primary attack on this garden.'

It was a characteristic that would have made the attack much easier if the number of advance parties had been smaller.

'Next up is the appearance of a clown.'

All cases discovered so far are triggers in the form of jewelry.

The moment this is discovered, a curse will be inflicted on the team depending on where the trinket is worn. At the same time, clowns will infiltrate and drain people's souls just like on Earth.

'Unlike on Earth, where happiness was simply achieved in an evil form, it is a bit more direct. The fact that we cannot perceive the strangeness even though it is visible is definitely a problem… .'

If it's an anklet, it distorts your steps, if it's a necklace, it distorts the words you speak, and if it's an earring, it distorts the sounds you hear. If you add the tricks of clowns to it, you wouldn't be able to endure it unless you have a strong heart.

Up to this point, the garden's attack method was quite clear.

“…Hmm….”

However, what I still wonder is, what criteria does this small dungeon use to determine 'individuals'?

'The person most suited to cause trouble?'

It could have been completely random. That was also quite possible. After all, there is no such thing as a perfect person in this world, and it is a world where everyone has one or two embarrassing happinesses that they can't show off to others.

Dan Hae-ra smiled mechanically.

“A war of exposure is definitely a war of exposure.”

I thought it was a good idea to act individually. If the 'vulnerability' of someone in her position is exposed, the colleagues who act together will also easily be ruined and collapse. It shouldn't be like that yet.

I slowly looked around Danhae and saw her own dungeon. It felt like I was the owner of a dungeon, which was amazing. She hadn't made any 'promises' in a while, so I was able to experience quite a variety of emotions.

“It’s a little bit fun.”

“Oh, really?”

“At least I don’t feel bored.”

“If it’s not boring, is it fun?”

Jeong Hae-woon sat on the steps in front of the school gate and smiled.

“That sounds plausible.”

“You must be bored, picking a fight the first time you saw me in a long time.”

“I was so upset that I didn’t even have time to be bored.”

“What could have been so upsetting, my friend?”

“I was wondering when you would create a human being.”

Jeong Hae-woon got up and shook his butt.

“Want to take a look?”

"what?"

“This school.”

“Well, I guess we can’t look anywhere else until we conquer this.”

“Just enjoy it, this is a garden after all. It’s not like a normal dungeon where the deeper you go, the more a boss appears.”

“That’s not very welcome news.”

I had heard reports about the garden before. It was a project that Jeong Hae-un was in charge of alone. It seemed like an image close to endless nature, and this dungeon was probably the same.

“I don’t even have a clue how to conquer this garden.”

“I guess there’s no other way than to hit the garden itself.”

“Was nature something that could be conquered?”

“I used to do that a lot. At least when there’s a forest fire, the mountain becomes barren.”

“But trees and grass continue to grow.”

“We can just throw it away and build apartments on top of it. We can turn the ocean into a garbage dump, and we can build an ozone layer in the sky.”

“That makes sense.”

Danhae-ra drew a smile on her face.

“If I really conquer, why are you giving me all this advice?”

In the end, the story was that in order to destroy this dungeon and the garden, you had to influence the source itself. Looking at the

accessories that kept appearing, you could get a rough idea of how that could be done.

“Weren’t you allies with Mr. George?”

“Uh… it’s a bit of a complicated relationship.”

“So, it’s okay to die someday?”

“Who died?”

“You or Mr. George. Either way, you seem to have no regrets.”

“Well, I don’t know what the future holds.”

Jeong Hae-woon soon smiled broadly. It was the smile he always gave to his friends.

“I just want to achieve my goals while the garden runs wild.”

“…That face suits you well right now.”

“I think there is no need to mix with people anymore.”

Jeong Hae-woon's face now was that of a man in his 20s or 30s. At some point, he stopped aging. Dan Hae-ra thought that his face, which he was seeing for the first time in a long time, seemed a little unfamiliar.

But it suited me very well at this school.

“You look just like a student, Haeun.”

“Speak sense.”

Jeong Hae-woon giggled and entered the school. Dan Hae-ra followed him. There was a need to find out what this clever friend was thinking when he came to see her.

“…….”

It was quite quiet inside the school.

“…It seemed like it was a bit more noisy before.”

“That’s right.”

“Are you sure it’s not composed based on memory?”

“That could be the case.”

Jeong Hae-un didn't seem to have any intention of guiding anyone, and just wandered around. Perhaps because this place was created by Danhae-ra, it seemed like a place that would pique Jeong Hae-un's interest.

After wandering around for a while, Dan Hae-ra asked.

“What do you want?”

“Bumping your head in and out.”

“Hmm, how romantic.”

“Don’t you know what romance is?”

“You might know.”

“The teacher was a good person.”

“I know.”

“I don’t know….”

Jeong Hae-woon stopped in front of a classroom.

“…….”

“Was it an art room?”

“That’s right.”

“What is that?”

Inside the classroom, which was like a day in the afternoon when the sunlight was dimly coming in, warm shadows were falling. Dan Hae-ra passed Jeong Hae-un, who was just standing still, and went into the classroom. It was because something like a pole was visible beyond the transparent glass window.

It was a straw doll.

“…….”

It was quite tall and well built, but it had no face or clothes. It was just a very messy doll, with a soft leather body like a stuffed animal, stuffed with straw.

Dan Hae-ra, who had been watching it quietly, tilted her head and muttered.

“Cursed doll?”

“Are you crazy?”

“I have a rough idea of who you are portraying. It must be Professor Sergio, right?”

“You’re really amazing, you couldn’t make that pretty face any better than this.”

“What can I do if I don’t remember?”

Danhae stroked the thousand faces that had nothing drawn on them.

“Oh.”

The doll looked at Danhae.

“It’s moving?”

“…….”

“I can’t say… anything, though.”

Didn't you have a mouth?

“If I cut it, won’t it hit you with its mouth?”

“Please don’t, really.”

“It’s a doll anyway.”

“Everything I see makes me feel strange.”

“I just wondered what you would say if you had a mouth.”

“That’s a bit surprising.”

Jeong Hae-woon asked while looking at Dan Hae-ra.

“Has it been a while?”

“If you’re asking about the period of time that wasn’t ‘promised’, then maybe.”

Danhae continued to touch the doll's face without even looking at Jeong Hae-un. What was it that made his hands reach for this shabby doll that didn't even have clothes on? It seemed strange, fun, and strange at the same time.

She said, touching the area where her mouth would probably be.

“Can’t you speak?”

The doll moved to him.

Dan Hae-ra blinked, as it seemed like it had no intention of attacking.

The doll passed her and walked through the art room. Then it took out a pair of scissors from the area where the common art supplies were gathered.

"…ah."

He cut off his own face like that.

“You have a mouth.”

“Do it.”

“Now you can talk.”

Danhae looked back at Jeong Hae-un without realizing it. For some reason, his face was pale and astonished. He was surprised, but more than that, he looked terribly disgusted.

Suddenly, a new question occurred to Dan Hae-ra and she asked.

“Why did you come here?”

“I was just trying to see what you were going to do.”

“Then what’s different?”

“I don’t know….”

“Are you going to stay here forever?”

“I’m getting a little tired of it.”

“I understand.”

Jeong Hae-woon was just a passing bystander. He could have done something or just watched and left. But at least he didn't think he would return to his position as the 'symbol of eternity'. Given his personality, he wouldn't do that easily.

'I'll have to catch Jeong Hae-un again someday, but not now.'

Even if his promise was broken, it was okay. He believed that there would definitely be a way to restore things to their original state. Thinking so, Dan Hae-ra turned her gaze. Towards this doll that she had some kind of attachment to.

She said, staring into the mouth of the doll, which was made in a ignorant way.

“What did you do this for, sir?”

“Because you wanted to talk to me.”

“Will you do whatever the student wants?”

“If I can do it, there is no reason why I shouldn’t.”

“You are dedicated.”

Why would someone like this want to destroy the system so badly?

'Maybe there is a reason why you can't and shouldn't do it.'

Or maybe he was transformed into something inhuman and his thoughts changed.

'There are quite a few cases like that.'

In the first place, it is rare for a human being to become a mystery, but it is common for their way of thinking to change when they become so corrupted. So is that the case with 'Sergio the Master'? Did he abandon this devoted way of thinking for the sake of his own preservation?

I slowly ran my finger along the corner of the mouth of the doll named Danhae.

“…….”

… Well, no.

'I don't think that would have been the case.'

There was no reason.

There was no reason for me to think that way.

* * *

While moving diligently, Geo suddenly narrowed his eyes.

“Huh.”

“Huh? Why are you suddenly like that?”

“I feel like I’ve been kicked in the butt by someone.”

“Can you even know that?”

“No, it just feels that way.”

Geo made a rare, subtle expression.

"…what?"

What are these good and bad feelings?

* * *

At some point, Jeong Hae-un disappeared.

“He lives up to his name as a gardener.”

Could it be that he was the gardener who showed the best ability in the garden? For a moment, Dan Hae-ra felt a strange sense of regret at the empty space left by Jeong Hae-un who had disappeared without a sound, and then she looked at the long doll next to her.

“I believe that you will be with me, teacher.”

“It can’t last forever.”

“Maybe it could last forever.”

She stroked my cheek and said.

“…I guess we were close?”

Perhaps it was because of the emotions I had accumulated without spending them. My attachment to this crude doll was clear.

'Just because a promise erases memories doesn't mean the affection engraved in one's soul is erased. I guess it must have been influenced by that, but this is also quite interesting.'

Perhaps this could not have happened if it wasn't an imitation of 'Sergio the Sergio'. Strictly speaking, it was close to a monster, so it was impossible to feel attached to it. But now, it was. My heart and hands went to it.

He was holding the wrist of this worthless doll named Danhae.

“I hope you don’t run away.”

“I am always by your side.”

“Are you talking about the system? You have many secrets.”

“It wouldn’t have been a secret I made up.”

“Then maybe I made it.”

To be honest, I was quite greedy for this doll called Danhae. Danhae didn't realize that her desire was like a child's greed. It had been a long time since she had abandoned her memories and emotions.

If she hadn't been greedy and hoarded memories and emotions for a while, she wouldn't have felt this desire. She just smiled and asked, as if she was being stubborn, but with a sophisticated smile.

“How can I get you to come with me?”

If this dungeon collapses, this doll will eventually disappear as well.

“I don’t want to throw it away.”

“You can eat me.”

“…….”

That moment.

“…Eat it?”

I felt a very unfamiliar feeling called Danhae.

“You can eat me.”

"…what…."

“You can eat me.”

“…….”

"me."

But I couldn't define that feeling.

What kind of feeling was this?

“…….”

“Eat.”

I don't remember very well.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (355)

355

Episode 355

The collector, who had paused for a moment after a long time of communication, heard unexpected news.

“I heard that the president of the association has started taking individual action.”

“This is why all symbols of eternity are unreliable.”

Geo stroked his chin expressionlessly with the priest's face. Yoo Seong-un, who was next to him, asked quietly at his reaction, which was difficult to confirm.

“Are you feeling unwell?”

“Not really.”

“At least you’re not smiling, now.”

“I don’t always smile. Um, no, actually….”

"actually?"

“I find it unpleasant.”

“Oh my.”

Geo smiled like a priest again at Yoo Seong-un's joke.

“Haha, it’s nothing serious. It’s just my personal opinion.”

“If there is a problem related to the symbol of eternity, it is difficult to see it as not serious….”

“I’m just worried.”

“But you have experiences worthy of your name, so don’t worry too much.”

“It feels a little different from that.”

If the information from the communications organized so far is true, Jeong Hae-un has either gone missing or betrayed her. The guild leader of Justitia is outside the dungeon, and Dan Hae-ra is moving around individually, so it would be impossible to know the news unless she contacted him first.

“Where should I look….”

As he said that, Geo rolled his eyes for a moment and looked up. In fact, Yoo Seong-un thought that it was more like he was pretending to calculate something rather than looking. It became ominous to think about what kind of prophecy would come out of that mouth.

Soon Geo opened his mouth. The first thing that came out was a question.

“Hasn’t it been quite some time since we started our campaign?”

“Uh, well. It’s hard to give a clear answer because time is so distorted… but it must have been quite a while, right?”

“What if we include the time on Earth when we were preparing for the invasion?”

“Oh, then that would really be quite a lot of time. Of course, the amount of time felt would vary greatly from person to person, but even taking that into account? Probably?”

“I think the president has been refraining from making ‘promises’ all this time.”

“…Is that so?”

A meteor shower swept across my neck.

“I guess so.”

After thinking about it carefully, I realized that what my portrait said was right.

This is the president of the association who had expressed his intention to directly participate in such an important strategy. Since her ability is fueled by memory or emotion, it is highly likely that she has stockpiled it for use in serious situations.

Unlike things like magic power or stamina, such fuel is not easily recovered.

“But why is that?”

“Am I the only one who thinks this is dangerous?”

“That’s… Oh, I guess you could think of it that way.”

“Right?”

The criteria for creating sub-dungeons for this dungeon are still unknown. Some are created based on subjective memories, while others are formed based on actual objective pasts.

However, the larger the group, the lower the probability of being selected as a dungeon target. Up until now, sub-dungeons have only

appeared one at a time in front of each team.

In other words, this means that if you take individual action, you will almost inevitably encounter a sub-dungeon with your own concept. And Danhae would be in a rare state of rich memories and emotions.

“Geo, are you worried that the president will be swayed by emotions?”

“Isn’t their immunity lower than that of the average person?”

“There have been several instances in the past where the president has hoarded memories and emotions in this manner. There have never been any problems during that time.”

“I want to think that way and feel at ease, but doesn’t this dungeon strike at my personal vulnerabilities? I know that the Chairman has faced evil spirits in that way many times….”

“Yes, even evil spirits are no slouch when it comes to poking at human weaknesses. However, so far, they have overcome all the hardships and challenges without any major problems. Shouldn’t we ease our worries a little?”

"well."

The portrait artist, who had been pretending to think a little longer, soon added:

“Wouldn’t that be a problem if we become much more vulnerable than before?”

“…A lot more vulnerable than before?”

“For example, one huge ‘promise’ might be broken.”

“Oh.”

“The signs were already there.”

“You mean the system is shutting down? But that doesn’t mean all of the Hunters’ systems have shut down. Maybe the ‘Promise’ is still in operation on the Earth outside the dungeon?”

“I’m just worried.”

In fact, Geo doesn't know much either. What would he know in this world where he's too busy taking care of himself? However, he was certain that the pasts of the four disciples who were entangled with 'Sergio' were anything but ordinary.

'I don't know for sure, but I think there must have been a big accident.'

Looking at the scale of the situation, I had a bad feeling.

'If I think back to the time when our Eunhye was so scared, she must have done something really serious back then. Even though she knew my personality, she was so worried that I would get in trouble and abandon her…'

It wasn't like he had any memories of that day. He didn't even show any signs of remembering it. It was okay to know it, and it didn't matter if he forgot about it, but what was important were his disciples.

'At least if you're in your right mind, you'll know that you did something wrong and tremble in fear. It might be because Eunhye's personality is soft, but would that make a big difference to Hae-ra?'

Well, I guess not.

“…I don’t feel well.”

“Okay, can I call it a prophecy?”

“I can’t make predictions, Mr. Yoo Seong-un. Please don’t spread rumors.”

“I’ll just keep that in mind for now.”

“Do you really know that?”

Even as he said that, Geo shrugged his shoulders at the sight of Yoo Seong-un acting coy.

“Somehow it will work out.”

“That was the scariest thing you’ve said lately, Geo.”

“To be honest, I just want things to be as they are.”

“Have you fallen for us?”

“What kind of accusation is that? I feel wronged.”

“If that’s not the case, then that’s a good thing, but I feel like I’ve let go.”

“Once you become a grown adult, you should know how to take responsibility for your own life.”

“Well, that’s true. Is that ‘grown-up adult’ by any chance the president of the association?”

“Probably including this and that.”

From the moment he met and talked with his former disciple who had become the president, Geo had already made up his mind. If he got that kind of reaction, he thought he had done something really wrong. But that was all he felt.

Geo had a pretty good imagination. He used his imagination to imagine the worst, but he didn't think he'd be upset if it were true. In other words, it really didn't matter.

'It's not my place to be troubled by a bad past.'

The teacher believes that our smart Hae-ra will do well on her own.

* * *

“…….”

“Do it.”

"…ah."

Did you just blank out for a moment?

“…What kind of feeling is this?”

“Are you asking the teacher?”

“Well, maybe… I guess so.”

“You’re scared.”

“I see, that was scary.”

I raised my hand and lightly brushed my forehead. I realized that my fingertips were trembling slightly in that small action called Danhae. I tried to control my breathing and actions as usual, but it wasn't easy.

It felt like a slight dizziness, and a faint tinnitus piercing through my ears and brain. Fear, fear. Danhae reflexively calculated the value of this emotion.

‘It would be a pretty good price for the promise, but it’s an emotion I’ve never felt before… .’

As I was calculating naturally, my thoughts became blocked. Similar thoughts kept echoing in my head. I thought that this was probably the weight of fear, that I was experiencing it.

“…I wonder why you said that.”

“What are you curious about?”

“Why did you tell me to eat you?”

“You did it.”

“…….”

Dan Hae-ra let out a hollow laugh. It was a very weak and unstable laugh that was unlike anything you'd see from the 'Chairman of the Association'. The words spilled out before she could even recognize her own appearance.

“It’s more surprising than I expected.”

Eat god.

“It’s a very common method, very classic.”

“I am always here.”

“It may be barbaric, but it must have been effective. In any mysterious history, the act of eating has various meanings and has a great impact.”

“I will always be here.”

“I hope it wasn’t in such an unsophisticated way as tearing off the teacher’s flesh. Yes, but until now… I never thought of doing something like that. Why is that?”

It was an obvious answer, if you will. Didn't Jung Hae-woon already tell you that he had acquired S-class abilities by taking on 'Professor Sergio' once?

'And yet I couldn't think of that classic method.'

Was it an unconscious choice? To preserve my own dignity, which I

thought I had already thrown away? For some reason, I instinctively excluded 'that act' altogether.

“…You’re not lying, are you?”

“There is no reason to do that.”

“That’s true too.”

It could be a lie. But it could also be the truth. Thinking so, Danhae raised his hand and wiped the face of the straw doll. Unlike before, it was trembling slightly as if it was feeling some kind of rejection.

“What are we….”

Dan Hae-ra's mouth, which was about to ask something, was immediately shut.

“…….”

“Do it.”

“I’m out of my mind.”

Feelings, feelings, feelings.

Ah, this troublesome thing. I didn't like myself being swayed by the feeling of being single. It felt like a parasite had crawled into my body, which was always in a comfortable state.

Now the parasite is crawling into my brain, churning through my intestines. That's why my hands are shaking like this. I want to take the bug out and kill it. I want to get rid of it. But I can't do that.

'It's a useful price.'

My precious fuel. The monster's ability to create a better future. Someone said that this ability was equivalent to the power of a god.

The word god suddenly reminded Danhae of a face he had seen before.

A pale man in a black suit… .

“…….”

Was he once a god of men?

'It probably wouldn't have been very fun.'

Suddenly, I had that thought and I quickly erased it.

'Why do I have such useless thoughts?'

The aftereffects of the emotions that had built up without being cleared away in advance were this great. In that short moment, it became difficult to make a proper judgment.

But I didn't want to wonder or ruminate about what was dulling my actions. I felt so ashamed and dissatisfied with myself for being swayed by a few words. So much so that I wanted to just get rid of it.

“…I need to get out of here quickly.”

The system will be a good teaching material for humans. For my greed as Danhae, I will obtain the system for my work as the president of the association. I have to maintain it. So I shouldn't know about the 'past' any more.

Even so, the reason why it looks so unsightly is because I didn't know that it would have such a low immunity.

“It wasn’t the time to be having fun.”

“Are you leaving?”

“I guess so, teacher.”

To the symbol of eternity, ‘Teacher’ is an unnecessary being.

So if I just pretend not to know and get away with it, then… .

* * *

“I wish Seo Seo-hee had come in too.”

As he muttered like that, Jeong Hae-woon looked at the clowns scattered here and there. It would be a lie to say that he didn’t feel sorry for the dolls piled up without any life, but he just looked away.

What was important to Jeong Hae-un right now was not his human nature or his conscience.

“…From the beginning, it was nonsense for people like us to lead someone.”

Even though I consciously said those words, it was not clear who I was talking about. It could have been my crazy friends, the people who foolishly believed them, or myself.

“Then those were things that shouldn’t have happened.”

Suddenly I saw my face reflected in the spring water.

“…….”

Around 20s or 30s. At some point, aging stopped, and they were in their prime. Jeong Hae-woon thought back to a time when they were a little younger. He couldn't remember it well, but he could recall it somehow.

Jeong Hae-woon rested his chin on his hand as he recalled his days as a student.

‘…There is no way to turn back the past.’

In fact, Jeong Hae-woon himself didn't know exactly why he was doing this. He thought he couldn't stand being called and praised as a symbol of eternity. That's why he was doing this.

Maybe it was the same goal as George. To act like trash as much as possible, and then stay here and die as a traitor to humanity. It wasn't such a bad ending for the first gardener who was full of corruption and words.

“Yeah. Okay, let’s say that’s true….”

Jeong Hae-woon, who had been quietly looking at himself reflected in the spring water, soon walked over and stood in front of a clown.

“Let’s see.”

“…….”

“Yes, it’s pretty. It suits you very well.”

“…….”

“I guess I’m not a human being after all.”

Jeong Hae-woon smiled brightly.

“We’re not old friends, are we, Mr. Cha Hunter?”

It had already been decided where she had to go.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (356)

356

Episode 356

Each piece of jewelry had a story behind it.

“Teacher, how are you?”

“Aram has grown a lot too.”

“It’s all thanks to you, teacher.”

And it was the priests of the Dalnim Church who figured it out.

The attempt to simplify the so-called 'garden formula' failed. No, to be precise, it was postponed. The prevailing opinion was that no matter how simple it was, hunters would not understand it. It could also be because they, as priests, deal with divine powers and thus understand the formula more easily.

So, what Dalnimgyo chose was a full-scale exploration.

“Thank you, I am so happy to see you in person like this, teacher. I heard that you were recovering your health and resting inside the collection, but I can’t believe you were dragged into such a big matter….”

“I wish I could take a walk on this occasion. But is it because of that that you were able to come to us so easily? That thing called the

garden formula?”

“That’s right. In fact, I wasn’t looking for you, the teacher, or the collectors, but rather, I was following the location of the dungeon’s accessories. I’m still surprised that the reason the Solar Cult split was because of the accessories. I thought it was a purely internal conflict because they kept pulling out my hair.”

“And it would be surprising if those earrings ended up in the hands of Priest Kang Seo-dam and came to us.”

“Yes, it would be really difficult to meet other participants unless they read the formula of this garden like us. It is clear that the benevolent Sun Goddess is looking after Priest Kang Seo Dam.”

This meant that it was difficult to meet other survivors in this dungeon without taking any action, to the point where it could only be explained by divine luck.

“Of course, we cannot rule out the possibility that he was taken into consideration by the owner of this dungeon….”

Aram looked at Geo again as if she understood Kang Seodam, who avoided her gaze with a subtle expression.

“Then can I finish explaining?”

“It’s been a while since I’ve seen you. In many ways, you’ve lost all your strengths.”

“I’m glad that there was some growth during the short time I was in the ministry.”

“Of course, increased self-confidence is a very good growth for a human being.”

By the way, Aram shouted 'Earrings-!!!!' as soon as he encountered

the collectors. It was a natural reaction, considering that he had been chasing the earrings from the beginning and not the survivors. In many ways, I couldn't help but think that his face had gotten thicker than before.

Anyway, Aram continued his explanation with a serious expression, as if he was planning to devote his time properly.

“The ornaments found in this dungeon, that is, in this garden, are special. If it were a normal dungeon, they would be so important that they could be conquered by destroying them.”

“It doesn’t seem like it’s really destroyed.”

“That’s because they are part of this garden. As long as the garden doesn’t collapse, those ornaments won’t be destroyed. That’s why we were able to come here.”

“Was it hard to find other accessories?”

“No, it’s a bit of a weak idea… I heard that if you find a trinket, you’ll be attacked by a clown right away. That’s why the Dalnim Church has already agreed to go and find the trinket that has already been found.”

“The reason we judged that the earrings we were holding were ‘already discovered jewelry’… was probably thanks to Priest Kang, who was wandering around with the earrings himself?”

“That’s correct. The only piece of jewelry that’s still moving is this earring.”

Unfortunately, the anklet and necklace were no longer moving. This would mean that the team that had been keeping the trinkets had either left them behind or been wiped out. And given the circumstances, the latter was more likely.

No matter how much they racked their brains, they couldn't figure out

the specific form of the item other than the fact that it was 'an item presumed to be an accessory', so Dalnimgyo decided to go with the one that was clearly in the possession of the person who bought it rather than gambling.

“We didn’t know it would be in the form of earrings.”

“But when you first saw us, you were definitely….”

“Yes, I cried out for earrings. Let me explain the ‘story’ I just mentioned here.”

The Dalnim Church did not simply chase after trinkets.

After establishing the formula, he would have more time to himself, and he would be able to see how the mystery flows in this complex garden. Dalnimgyo moved while carefully checking the singular points that could be confirmed during the movement process. The scholar’s fierce curiosity to see the truth played a part.

“In the process, I discovered this.”

“…Is this a letter?”

“It is probably interpreted as a love letter.”

Yoo Seong-un, who had been quietly standing next to Geo, glanced at him and frowned.

“…? It seems like this is a language I’ve never seen before?”

“That’s why I just said that I ‘interpreted’ it.”

“You created something from almost nothing.”

“Thank you for your understanding.”

It was really difficult to interpret such unfamiliar characters. If there had

been more than enough data, it would have been different, but the letters Aram was holding now were only three.

Judging from the fact that he was able to roughly interpret it, it seems that there are rules to language… but it was a skill that was hard to imagine for a meteor shower.

At the sight of such a meteor cloud, Aram pointed to the moon that the priests behind him were holding with pride. He was a respectful yet proud figure, a guardian who would not give up his arms.

“Our moon played a big role.”

“It seems that the majesty of the moon never goes away.”

“That goes without saying.”

So, back to the explanation.

“Each of these letters has a connected trinket. While the presence of the trinket or similar objects can be felt here and there, the presence of the letters is only three, so it seems that the letters appear after the trinket is discovered.”

“Then how do you know that among these there is a letter connected to the earring? Can you tell the difference?”

“Yes, of course. As you can see….”

Aram nodded to Geo's question and showed him the letter.

“Their colors are the same.”

"oh."

“The earrings are blue gems and the letter is also blue. Of course, we didn’t treat them as a set just by looking at these one-dimensional aspects. However, our Dalnim Church clearly confirmed that the

mystery of the same particles and colors is connected to the two.”

“That garden formula is amazing, look at the colors too.”

“I am glad that you are so impressed, sir. Anyway, we have already finished interpreting the contents of the letter. That is why we have guessed from the beginning that the jewelry you are wearing will be in the form of blue earrings.”

At that, Yoo Seong-un rubbed his chin and let out a nasal sound.

“Hmm….”

“Why are you doing that?”

“No, that’s it.”

Yoo Seong-un answered Aram's question with a slightly awkward expression.

“I realized once again that everything that comes from here is nothing but a mystery.”

“At least we are human, so don’t worry.”

“I’m just a little disappointed, don’t worry.”

As you move, the appearance of the world changes, and the objects and backgrounds that make up it also change. It is a bit funny to think that even the dazzling chandeliers and luxurious mansions that you see now are just made of mysterious particles or are illusions.

Yoo Seong-un, who had thought that far, was amazed once again.

“But you are truly amazing. You are seeing things that even I, a gardener, cannot see.”

“Actually, it’s closer to calculating than seeing. You remember the state

of the particles floating in the air, plug it into a formula, and come to a conclusion.”

“So you also knew that the earrings were blue? That’s almost a miracle of calculation.”

“I had calculated in advance that it would be blue, but even if it wasn’t, I would have guessed it. The color of the letter was so vivid that I thought it must be a hint.”

Blue, green, yellow. It wasn't bright enough to look childish, but when I put it all together, I could tell that it wasn't ordinary letter paper. It was a clear color that clearly showed that the color of the letter had some meaning.

“So, let me tell you the contents of the letter….”

Aram opened the letter carefully and said.

“You chose a dud.”

"oh my god."

Is this terrible garden ever involved in speculative activity?

Geo lamented the learning ability of George, who only learned bad things. He didn't know how to learn games of probability even though he learned something on Earth. He could feel 'Mr. Giovanni' silently cursing inside him.

“A dud? No way?”

“This… there is a separate correct answer. I think so.”

Aram turned his head and looked at Kang Seo Dam.

“Where did you say the earrings were found?”

“…I didn’t find it, but they say there was a hidden treasure chest. It was a small treasure chest hidden in a place where people couldn’t easily see it, and they said they took what was inside.”

“You’re saying that you disguised it as if you were hiding something valuable?”

“From what you’re saying now, it seems like you’ve discovered something completely worthless. Is that right? That it was a trap reflecting human thought that was hidden in that way from the beginning?”

“It’s more of a scam than a trap, since it’s designed to look precious.”

Aram lowered her head and unfolded the blue letter she was holding. She checked to see if anything unusual had occurred in the meantime, then nodded and explained the contents.

“This is a love letter to the person who is presumed to be the dungeon master. Upon examining it, it seems like it wasn’t a letter made specifically for the dungeon story, but rather an actual letter. Even if the language is like that, the various idioms, objects, and buildings that appear in the letter accurately reflect the common era….”

“Ahem, Bishop.”

“The private message was long. And we think the owner of these letters is a stalker. Or a kidnapper, or a slave trader. They are showing affection to the point of almost being possessed… It is definitely not the kind of affection that the other person would like.”

“It seemed more like an obsession.”

“Yes, honestly, I got goosebumps while reading it.”

They all nodded as if they were displeased with the Dalnim Church.

They agreed with Aram and the priest who had intervened. As a scholar and a normal human being before being a priest, it was natural for them to feel uncomfortable with this kind of sticky emotion.

“And I guess the recipient of the letter wasn’t in a very good mood either. No, I’m not really sure about that. But what I’m sure of is that the writer’s feelings weren’t of much value to the recipient.”

“It wasn’t worth it.”

“You can tell just by looking at the condition of the earrings. If they were a precious gift from someone truly precious, even if this place is a kind of dungeon… would they really exist in such a tattered state?”

Even if it is not an actual real object, but rather a re-creation or reconstruction of a mysterious particle, it is impossible for selfish thoughts to enter it.

“If we think about the position of the dungeon owner who put his/her will into the process of reproduction, it could be evidence that he/she did not have enough affection to manage it so that it would shine. Although we cannot rule out the possibility that it was a trap that made us think this way….”

Considering that the basic direction of this dungeon and this garden is 'exposure war', the probability that even this is a trick is relatively low. In particular, this is a place where the black cloak changed the garden into a dungeon format. It would be right to think that the dungeon owner is affected as much as the humans are affected.

Just as the sub-dungeon was created with the concept of the participants' 'happiness', it seemed almost certain that this space was created with the concept of the dungeon owner's 'happiness'.

“So let’s assume for now that it’s not a trick. Then, don’t you feel that there’s definitely not much affection?”

“Aha, so it’s a dud?”

“Actually, it would be a bit difficult to say that it was a dud, but, well, I don’t know. At least it seems certain that the dungeon master is not very fond of these kinds of trinkets and letters.”

The same goes for the clowns attacking immediately after they are discovered. It could be that the dungeon master is trying to stop them before they find out more about the weakness, but even so, the clowns don't bother to retrieve any trinkets. They even seem relaxed, as if they're just playing around.

“We suspect that the appearance of such a clown is a kind of punishment. That’s why we said it was a dud. It may not be of much value to the dungeon owner, but it will bring disaster to the person who finds it, so it’s understandable to say it’s a dud.”

“So does that mean we haven’t found the opposite, the ‘correct answer’ yet?”

“…….”

Aram blinked and quickly answered Geo's question.

“…I haven’t discovered it, but there is a mysterious particle flow that is similar to these trinkets, but a little more gentle.”

“What does being gentle mean…?”

“It seems like it’s not just a piece of the garden, like a letter that was simply reproduced, but a real object. And that means it’s something that the owner of this dungeon cherishes and treasures. But maybe that’s why it’s hard to find its location.”

“It seems like your presence is blurred.”

“Rather than feeling a void, it’s more like, well, weeds. It’s very natural,

but its presence isn't really obvious. Rather, it's mixed in, so it's hard to find. I guess it's a similar principle to how it's said that clowns are hard to recognize in reality."

"Then I guess we need to find that first."

"Only then can we verify whether there really is a 'correct answer'."

After literally countless hours, I finally have a goal.

(Continued in the next episode)

The Artist Who Paints Dungeon RAW novel - Chapter (357)

357

Episode 357

The key point of conquering a dungeon is hidden by its owner.

“It’s typical.”

“That’s true, but….”

Yoo Seong-un nodded at Aram's words, but his expression was subtle.

“It was so typical that I couldn’t even think about it.”

This was no ordinary dungeon.

Basically, it was a garden, and the garden was turned into a dungeon with the power of the black cloak. There was talk during the meeting before entering that there might be a strategy like this, but most people didn't give it much weight.

It was the same after entering.

“Because it wasn’t a dungeon with a familiar structure… I felt that way even more after entering. So most people seemed to have given up on the concept of a ‘dungeon’ from the start. We were the same.”

“We were only sure after we figured out the flow. Before that, it was just one of many assumptions. It’s natural to be confused, especially in a situation with so many distortions.”

Aram, who had the greatest sociability in the Dalnim Church, naturally comforted Yoo Seong-un. It seemed that he was trying to talk to her as much as possible, considering that he would be moving with the collector for a while.

Around that time, Geo appeared quietly. He seemed to have been talking to Cha Eun-hyeok ever since he left after a short meeting with Dalnimgyo, and now he seemed interested in this.

“What were you talking about?”

“Ah, a story about conquering dungeons.”

“I definitely didn’t think it would be that way.”

“…….”

Yoo Seong-un was about to say, as usual, 'Did you really not know?' but stopped himself. Wasn't the new bishop of the Dalnim Church next door relying on 'Sergio Hunter' as a human teacher?

It would do no good to find out that he was a much more mischievous and mysterious being than the world knew.

'It looks like you're having a great time playing the human teacher... As a curator, I shouldn't interfere with that.'

Yoo Seong-un, who had thought that far, just smiled.

“Isn’t that fortunate? Thanks to this, we can do something. In fact, I was worried that if things continued like this, the entire advance party, except for a few, would fall behind. To be honest, I think we could all be wiped out in this situation….”

“I doubt it would have led to total annihilation, but I agree that it wasn’t a good situation. Aram and Dalnimgyo really did a great job.”

As Geo said that, he smiled brightly and looked at Dalnim in Aram's

arms.

“Our moon too.”

At that moment the moon twinkled.

“…….”

“Huh…? Dalnim….”

"hmm."

“You’ve never shown such a bright reaction to my words before. You really are a teacher! Would it be okay if I conducted research on the relationship between Dalnim and you later?”

“Can I check and answer later?”

“Oh, of course. I was a little excited. This kind of reaction is so rare….”

"haha."

Yoo Seong-woon was looking at Geo, who was skillfully trying to laugh it off, with a strange look in his eyes.

‘… The new bishop of Dalnim Church is definitely not a stupid person, but he is just letting this slide.’

Thanks to Aram's strong prejudice, it was easy to overlook, but this guy occasionally showed signs of trying to hide the fact that he was not human.

“By the way, I have a question.”

Geo asked Aram, as if trying to change the subject.

“May I hear the exact contents of the letter, Bishop?”

“It feels a little strange when you call me Bishop….”

“You seem skilled, but you’re a joke.”

“Actually, it took some time for this to happen. I have a lot of heartbreaking stories that I can’t help but tell, but I’ll tell you that story later. Well, anyway.”

Perhaps it was because the conversation was with Geo, who had been relying on her as an adult from the beginning. Although Aram looked a little more mature than before, she nodded to Geo like a child who had become much more relaxed.

“As I told you before I moved, it was a love letter.”

“What about gender?”

“If it weren’t for the fact that men wear dresses, the letter would probably have been written by a woman. There was one mention of a dress she would wear.”

“In most cultures, a dress would be quite expensive. Could it have been worn by a nobleman?”

“I guess so. However, the recipient of this letter seemed to be of a lower status. There was no direct mention of the caste system….”

“If Aram understood it that way, then it must be right.”

“Thank you. And as for the exact details, well.”

Aram, who had been thinking for a moment, continued speaking.

“The letter’s author called the recipient ‘my love.’”

"oh my god."

“Or it was something like ‘My Flower’ or ‘My Little Bird’. So the age range of the recipients of the letters is quite unclear.”

“The tongue seems quite sweet, so I guess the sender was a bit older?”

“I think at least it wasn’t a child, but the problem is the recipient. The letter describes the recipient as a very young child, but also as a respectable adult.”

“That’s… strange.”

“Personally, I wish it was an adult. I feel bad for the writer thinking he might be a pedophile.”

The letter was quite thick. If it had been a short letter, even the most skilled Dalnimgyo would have had a hard time interpreting the content. Thanks to this, I was able to interpret the language and analyze the content more richly.

“Perhaps the recipient of the letter was truly able to control his appearance at will. We believe that the recipient of this letter was the dungeon master or someone closely related to him.”

“It wouldn’t be strange if such a being had various powers since the time of humanity, right? I understand that too.”

“Or maybe there was something wrong with the mind of the person who sent the letter. Anyway, he was a very obsessive person. I think he gave the recipient various gifts to see how they would react. He even praised them for their beautiful singing and dancing.”

The content of the letter was so sweet and heavy that it even felt like a tinge of disgust. I judged that the language he used was quite sophisticated, but no matter how nicely I packaged it, I couldn't erase that tingling obsession.

“It was like someone was possessed… I still don’t know whose fault it was. Was it because the person who wrote the letter was so greedy

from the beginning, or did the recipient make it happen?”

The problem was that either way, the possibility was high. There were many psychopaths in the world who were so obsessed with 'love', and on the other hand, this dungeon was very easy to get people hooked on. Maybe it was both.

“The three letters we found all had similar content. We could get a sense of the era and culture from the various missives, but it wasn’t enough to figure out the exact flow of the story they were intertwined with.”

“Do we really need more clues?”

“I wish the dungeon master would show up at least once since it’s come to this, but. Well, that’s all we know for now.”

“You’ve had a hard time.”

Aram smiled as if she was grateful and soon turned to her colleagues. The priests of the Dalnim Church met her eyes and nodded. They all seemed to have sensed something, or rather, calculated it.

“I think we are slowly entering the realm of what is assumed to be the ‘correct answer’.”

As he said, the surrounding scenery was changing little by little.

“This place is….”

“I can’t see very well.”

"…ah!"

Someone in the collection let out a gasp.

“The vein of jewels!”

It definitely resembled that place.

* * *

“If it’s the vein of jewels….”

Geo nodded at Cha Eun-hyeok’s muttering.

“I think the place that Mr. Cha Eun-hyeok is thinking of is right.”

“Does the Earth dungeon usually appear in the garden?”

“If we really have to be specific, it doesn’t seem to be the same place.”

“Then it’s really just a similar level?”

“There must be a reason for this, but it certainly seems like a different place with the same format.”

“…I’ve heard Cha Ara talk about it.”

Eunhyuk Cha, who said that, looked at Geo with a strange look.

“I was really scared back then.”

“Was that all?”

“You said the food was delicious.”

“Oh, you feel so good.”

“Is that so?”

After admitting that they both knew of the existence of the Black Cloak, Cha Ara and Cha Eunhyuk had quite a few conversations. The 'Jewel Vein' where they first encountered him was one of them.

“Actually, I can’t see anything very well….”

“But you can clearly see the jewels, right?”

“Yes, it’s amazing. I can only see the jewel and the area right around it.”

“It’s because there is a kind of monster growing in abundance in the air.”

Geo waved his hand lightly.

“Fortunately, the sunlight penetrates to some extent.”

My vision became clearer around his faintly glowing hands.

“How are the priests of Dalnim Church?”

“It seems our power isn’t working well.”

The moon, unlike the sun, could not shine on its own. Aram shook his head as the representative.

“I’ve never actually been inside the ‘Jewel Vein’, but I think the air there is a bit heavier. Among us, it feels like only Dalnim is exerting a little bit of strength.”

As the saying goes, the view was clear up to the moon and Aram, who was holding it in her arms. It seemed as if the moon, judging that securing the view was important, had begun to shine on its own.

However, the surroundings were not fully revealed. No matter how similar it was to Earth, it was definitely a dungeon of a higher level, or a strict garden. It did not easily give something away.

“…….”

And Geo just blinked his eyes without saying anything.

‘…Am I the only one who sees this again?’

Even though monsters were floating around, there was no reaction from the people around.

'I remember when I first met Dana.'

First of all, the 'Jewel's Vein' was basically a place with strong negative energy. I'm not sure if it's actually strong, but since Mr. Meteor Cloud, who looks like the sky, said it was, it must be. Anyway, there were quite a few ghost-shaped monsters in the 'Jewel's Vein'.

‘Here too, is it a bit similar…?’

Some ghosts with distorted shapes were visible.

'It really seems like only I am looking at it.'

Geo hesitated for a moment, wondering whether to keep his mouth shut until others saw him, or to tell them in advance. However, this was a scary dungeon. It would be better to let them know before any casualties occurred.

“…A ghost-shaped monster is observed, just like the veins of the jewel.”

“Oh, I see.”

“It’s similar to the dungeons on Earth, so the monsters here don’t seem to be particularly aggressive, but it’s best to be careful because this could be distorted in some way.”

“It would be good to be prepared.”

Fortunately, the people gathered here were priests who boasted overwhelming superiority over undead monsters and collectors who were skilled in all kinds of curses and abnormal phenomena. They proceeded with their exploration relatively smoothly.

“Hmm, what is the connection between the ‘Garden of Delights’ and

the ‘Jewel Vein’? I understand that it’s not a very well-known dungeon on Earth….”

“Well, to put it bluntly, it is known as a dungeon that is not very tasty, Your Majesty.”

Yoo Seong-un continued speaking with his characteristically innocent smile.

“It’s hard to escape in a way that’s recognized as a raid, but the rewards are especially small. Since you get less for the effort you put in, it’s a place that most hunters avoid. However, if there’s anything that can be made illegally, it would be Anti-Cat.”

“Curator Yoo Seong-un, you know a lot about the ‘Jewel Vein’? Have you ever been inside? Was there anything special about it other than Anticat?”

“Oh, nothing really. It’s just that my partner, Sergio Hunter, showed interest, so I did a little research and presented it to him.”

“Teacher…?”

Geo smiled and stroked the round water bird on my shoulder.

“It’s because our eldest son really likes jewelry.”

“Aha, I understand.”

Aram nodded, having memorized everything about the habits of water birds.

“As far as I know, Dana is from the ‘Jewel Vein’….”

“That’s right. I brought him home and raised him, and it was really amazing to see him grow so well. He’s also very charming.”

“It’s the first time I’ve heard that Anticat is very cute.”

It was around that time.

“Ah, there’s something wrong with the particles over there….”

“…….”

“…There’s someone there.”

Geo, who was the only one with a clear view, opened his mouth at Aram's words with a hardened face.

“It’s a clown.”

A clown with a somewhat familiar appearance.

(Continued in the next episode)